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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

A THEORY is advanced by some students of character that in what concerns the formation of the individual nature, the shaping and determination of it in the plastic stage, and especially in respect to the moral elements on which the stability and purpose of a man's life depend, a man is indebted to his mother, for good or for ill. The question is too subtle for argument, but so far as my own observation goes, it tends to a confirmation of the theory. I have often noticed, in children of friends, that in childhood the likeness to the mother was so vivid that one found no trace of the father, but that in maturity this likeness disappeared to give place to that of the father. In my own case, taking it for what it is worth, I can only wish that the mother's part had been more enduring; not that I regret the effect of my father's influence, but because I think my mother had some qualities from which my best are derived, and which I should like to see completely carried out in the life of a man, while I recognize in a certain vagarious tendency in my father the probable hereditary basis of the inconstancy of purpose and pursuit which may not have deprived my life of interest to others, but which has made it comparatively barren of practical result. As a study of a characteristic phase of New England life which has now entirely disappeared, I believe that a picture of my mother and her family will not be without interest.

My mother, Eliza Ward Maxson, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, as nearly as I can determine, in 1782, my father being seven years her senior. The childhood of both was therefore surrounded by the facts and associations of the war of American independence. My father in fact, as I have heard him say, was born under the rule of the king of England, and his father considered the Revolution so little justified that to the day of his death he refused to recognize the government of the United States; but, living a quiet life on his farm, he was never disturbed by the measures which exiled the noted and active Tories.

My mother's earliest recorded ancestor was a John Maxson, one of the band of Roger Williams, driven by the Puritans out of Massachusetts into the wilder parts of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," where they might worship God in the way their consciences dictated, free from the restrictions on the liberty of belief and practice imposed by the Pilgrim Fathers. There at last complete freedom of dissent was found, and one of the consequences was that the colony became a sort of field for Christian dialectics, where the most extreme doctrines on all points of Christian belief were discussed without more serious results of the *odium theologicum* than the building of many meeting houses and the multiplication of sects. Among these sects was one which played an important part in the local theology of that day, and for many years afterward, known as the Seventh-Day Bap-

tist, to which, it seems, John Maxson belonged. It was not a new invention of the colonists, but had existed in England since the days of early dissent, and it is possible that John Maxson had brought the doctrine with him from England. Adhering to the practice of baptism by immersion, the sect also maintained the immutable obligation of the Seventh-Day Sabbath of the ten commandments, the Jewish day of rest.

The grave disabilities imposed upon them in Massachusetts by the obligatory abstention from labor on two days — on one day by conscience, and the other by the rigorous laws of the Puritans — made Roger Williams's little state the paradise of the Sabbatarians, and the sect flourished greatly in it, while the social isolation consequent on the practice of contracting marriages only within their church membership (made imperative if family dissensions were to be avoided on a question of primary importance to that community, which had sacrificed all worldly advantages to what it believed to be obedience to the Word of God) at once knit together their church in closer relations, and drew to it others from the outside, attracted by the magnetism of a more ascetic faith.

Amongst the emigrants from England on the Restoration were a family by the name of Stillman, who having become involved with the Regicides went into what was then the most obscure and remote part of New England, and settled at Wethersfield in Connecticut. One of the brothers, George, hearing of this strange doctrine denying the sanctity of the "Lord's Day," came to Newport to convert the erring brothers; but, convinced by them, remained in the colony, where he became a shining light. Thus it happened that both lines of my ancestry became involved in the mystic bonds of a faith which shut them off in a peculiar manner from all around them. The consequent isolation, I fear, made much for self-righteousness. In their eyes it was this observance which maintained continuity between the Christian church and the institutions imposed in Paradise, and therefore made them peculiarly the people of God. This amiable fanaticism, fervent without being uncharitable, interfered in nowise with the widest exercise of Christian sympathy with other sects, the observance of the Seventh-Day Sabbath not being held as an essential to godliness, or to Christian fellowship, the nonobservance being possibly only due to ignorance, so that the relations of the historic First Seventh-Day Baptist Church at Newport with the churches observing the "Lord's-Day" Sabbath were always most kindly. The meeting house occupied by the Sabbatarians on the seventh day was occupied by one of the Sunday-observing sects on the first, and the preachers of one often officiated for the other. But the worldly advantage enjoyed by the Sunday keeper was so considerable that all who did not hold to the finest scruple of conscience in their conduct passed over to the majority and were excluded from the communion, as a precaution against the Sunday keepers becoming a majority in the church and taking it away from the Sabbath keepers, as did actually occur with one of their congregations in Vermont. In our community generally there was a most scrupulous avoidance of any occupation on Sunday which might annoy these who held it as Sabbath, and though in the state of New York the laws were extremely liberal in this respect, my father in my boyhood always made it a point not to allow in his workshop any work which would be heard by the neighbors. It can be readily understood that this continual selection of the most scrupulous consciences, the closest thinkers and the least worldly characters, in the church of my ancestors, must have developed a singularly fine and cutting-edge temper in its adherents; and the succession of generations of men and women who had graduated in the school

of Scripture dialectics, and knew every text and its various interpretations, made a community of Bible disputants such as even Massachusetts could not show.

My mother was the eldest of a family of five, left motherless when she was sixteen. Her father was the director of the smallpox hospital in Newport, then an institution of grave importance to the community, as the practice of obligatory inoculation prevailed, and all the young people of the colony had to go up in classes to the hospital and pass the ordeal. Her mother's death left her the matron of the hospital and caretaker of her sister and brothers, and the stories of her life at that time which she told me now and then showed that with the position she assumed the effective authority, and ruled her brothers with a severity which my own experience of her maturer years enables me to understand. "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," was the maxim which flamed in the air before every father and mother of that New England, and my mother's physical vigor at sixty, when her conception of authority began to relax, I being then a lad six feet high and indisposed to physical persuasion, satisfied me that when her duty had required her to assume the responsibility bequeathed her by her mother she was fully competent to meet it.

Accustomed to the hardest life, the most rigid economy in the household, and without servants, — for except rare and lately emancipated negro slaves there was then no servile class in that colony, — the children had to perform all the duties pertaining to the daily life, official or private, and my mother was able to pull an oar or manage the sailboat with her brothers, and catch the horses and ride them bareback from pasture, when necessary, for the daily work, which was not insignificant; for Newport was really the seaport of that section of the state, and being on an island of importance, the intercourse with the mainland called for sea and land service. The boys were all fishermen, for a large part of the subsistence of the family came from the fishing grounds outside the harbor; and as the oldest brother took early to the sailor's life, my mother had to assume a larger share of all the harder services. The hospital was also the quarantine station, and received all the cases of smallpox which came to the port; and they must have been many and fatal, for I have heard her say that she had to go the rounds of the hospital at night, and that there would sometimes be more than one dead in the dead-room at once.

The first acquaintance of my parents with each other was made in the inoculating class, my father being resident in Westerly, a town of Rhode Island, on the borders of Connecticut. The marriage must have taken place about two years later, on the second marriage of my grandfather Maxson to the daughter of Samuel Ward, one of the leading delegates from Rhode Island to the convention which drew up and promulgated the Declaration of Independence.[1] The early days of their married life must have been passed in an extreme frugality. My father was one of a large number of children, and, after childhood on a farm, learned the trade of ship carpenter, which he alternated, as was often the habit of the young men of the New England coast, with voyages to the banks of Newfoundland in the codfishing season. Having in addition a share of Yankee inventiveness, he became interested in the perfecting of a fulling-machine, to introduce which into what was then the West he made a temporary residence in the state of New York at the old Dutch town of Schenectady, at that time an important entrepot of commerce between the Eastern cities and the state of New York, and the Northwest. Utica was a frontier settlement, Buffalo an outpost in the wilderness.

[1] Mr. Ward died just before the signing of the Declaration, so that his name does not figure in the list of signers.

The country was recovering from the war of 1812–15 between the United States and England, and enterprise was beginning to push through the thin lines of settlements along the valleys of the Mohawk and upper Hudson, westward by Buffalo and the Great Lakes, to Ohio, and northward to the valley of the St. Lawrence. Schenectady was the distributing point of this wagon-borne commerce and movement until the completion of the Erie Canal, which down to my own period of recollection was the quickest channel of communication westward, with its horse "packets," traveling at the creditable speed of four miles an hour, the traffic barges making scarcely more than two.

Hardly established in what was intended for a temporary visit, the residence of the family became fixed in New York state, owing to my father's partner, who had been left to manage the business at Westerly, becoming involved in personal embarrassments, which brought on the bankruptcy of the firm and the seizure of all my father's little property, and, what was worse, the risk of imprisonment for debt in the case of his returning home. Owing to the judgments hanging over him, which a succession of misfortunes prevented him from ever satisfying, it was late in my own remembrance — I think about 1848 or 1850 — before he was enabled to visit his early home. Hard times came on the whole people of that section, and the practical destruction of his business by the loss of all his capital drove him into seeking any employment which would give a momentary relief. Of this period of their existence my mother rarely spoke, and it must have been one of severe privations. She has told me that she often went to bed hungry, that the children might have enough to eat. She had no assistance in her domestic labors except that of her daughter, a girl of tender years, and, having her husband's five journeymen as members of the household, with five children, of whom my sister was the second, she not only did the daily household duties, including washing and baking, but spun and wove the cloth for the clothes of her husband and children, cut them and made them up. Her cheerful faith in an overruling Providence must have been, in those days, a supreme consolation; for even in recalling them in the days of my boyhood, the light of it still illumined her, and she never questioned that He who had led them into the wilderness would maintain them in it. She seemed to have but one care in her life while I knew her, — to know and do her duty. She found a special providence in every instance of relief from their pressing wants, and I recall the religious serenity with which she told me of the greatest strait of the hardest winter of that period, when resources had been exhausted almost to the last crumb, and they unexpectedly received from one of her half-brothers, who had gone further west, and lived in what was practically the wilderness, a barrel of salted pigeons' breasts. There had been one of those almost fabulous flights of the now nearly extinct passenger pigeons which used to come north to breed, in such numbers that the forests where they colonized were so filled with their nests that the settlers went into them and beat the young down with poles, and the branches became so overloaded with the broods in their nests that their weight sometimes broke them down and threw the young on the ground. The birds had that year chosen the forests in my uncle's neighborhood for their nesting ground, and had been killed by thousands, and salted down for winter provision; only the breast being used, owing to the superabundance of the birds. The gift came like the answer to a prayer, for there was hunger in the house, and the snow heavy on the ground, all the community being more or less in the same straits.

Being the youngest of nine children,

I can only remember my mother in the days of comparative freedom from anxiety, when, the day's work over and the house quiet, she used, as she sat by the fire with her knitting, — which occupied all the moments when her hands were not required for other duties, — to tell me incidents of her past life, mostly to show how kind God had been to her and hers, and how faith in His providence was justified in the event. Of herself she only spoke incidentally. Dominating every act and thought of her existence was the profoundest religious veneration I have ever met with, an openness of her mind upward, as if she felt that the Eternal Eye was on her and reading her thoughts. The sense of her responsibility was so serious that I think that only the absorbing activity of her daily life and the way in which every moment was occupied with positive duties prevented her from falling into religious insanity. Her life was a constant prayer, a wrestling with God for the salvation of her children. No image of her remains in my mind so clear as that in which I see her sitting by the fireside, in the dim light of our single home-made candle, her knitting needles flying, and her lips moving in prayer, while the tears stole down her cheeks, in the fervency of her devotion, until she felt that she was being noticed, when the windows of her soul were suddenly shut, and she turned to some subject of common interest as if ashamed to be discovered praying; for she permitted herself no ostentation of devotion, but reserved it for her nights and solitary moments. Of her own salvation she had only a faltering hope, harassed always by a fear that she had at some time in her life unconsciously committed the unpardonable sin, the nature of which being unknown made it all the more fearful, — the terrible mystery of life and death. What I inherit from her, and doubtless the indelible impression of her fervent faith overshadowing my young life, produced a moulding of my character which has never changed. I lived in an atmosphere of prayer and trust in God which so impressed me, that to this day the habit of thought and conduct thus formed is invincible; and in all the subsequent modifications of the primitive and Hebraic conception of the spiritual life with which she inoculated me, an unconscious aspiration in prayer and an absolute and organic trust in the protection of the divine Providence persist in my character, though reason has long assured me that this is but a crude and personal conception of the divine law, — a conception which my reason repudiates.

My mother was also haunted by the dread of God's wrath at her loving her children more than she did Him, for with all the fervency of her gentle devotion, she never escaped the ghastly Hebrew conception of a God, always in wrath at every omission or transgression of the law, who at the last great day would demand of her an account of every neglect of duty, every idle word and thought, and especially of the manner in which she had taught her children to obey His commandments. She seemed to scan her life continually to find some sin in the past for which she had not specifically repented, and at times, as I knew by her confidences to me in later years, when she would appeal to me for my opinion, the problem of the unpardonable sin became one of absorbing study, which she finally laid aside in the supreme trust in His goodness who alone knew her intentions and desire to be obedient to the Law. Every one of her sons, as they were born, she dedicated to the service of the Lord, in the ardent hope that one of them would become a minister, and over me, the last, she let her hopes linger longest, for, as I was considered a delicate child, unable to support the life of hard work to which my older brothers had taken one by one, she hoped that I might be spared for study.

Only the eldest son ever responded to her desire by the wish to enter the service of the church, and he was far too important to my father's little workshop to be spared for the necessary schooling. He struggled through night schools and in the intervals of day leisure to qualify himself to enter the College in our city. Before doing so he fell under the notice of old Dr. Nott, President of the College, who was, beside being a teacher of wonderful ability, a clever inventor, and, perceiving my brother's mechanical capacity, persuaded him to abandon the plan of entering the ministry, and made him foreman of his establishment, the Novelty Iron Works, at New York, for many years known as the leading establishment of its kind in America. The next two brothers, having more or less the same gifts, followed the eldest to New York; the next, an incurable stammerer, was disqualified for the pulpit, and studied medicine, being moreover of a fragile constitution; and the next, having the least possible sympathy for the calling, also took to medicine.

With the migration of the three older brothers to New York, the diminution of the family and the aid the brothers in New York were able to give the younger children at home, my mother's life took on a new activity, in her resolute determination that the younger boys should have such an education as the College (Union) afforded them. This determination was opposed by my father, whose idea of the education needed by boys did not go beyond the elements, and who wanted them in the workshop. But it had become to my mother a conception of her duty, that as the relations between my eldest brother and the President of the College led to an offer of what was practically a free education, the younger boys should have equal advantages, and when duty entered her head there was no force capable of driving it out. Charles, the first of us to graduate, was, during his course, the College bell ringer, to pay his fees, but Jacob and myself were in turn dispensed even from this service. My father's practical opposition, the refusal to pay the incidental expenses for what he always persisted in regarding as an useless education, was met in Charles's case by my mother's taking in the students' washing to provide them. In the cases of Jacob and myself, this drudgery was exchanged for that of a students' boarding house. In all the housework involved in this complication of her duties, she never had a servant until shortly before my birth, when she took into the house a liberated African slave, the only other assistance in the house in my childhood being a sister six years older than myself, and the daughter of one of our neighbors, who came as a "help" at the time of my birth, and subsequently married my second brother. My mother was also the family doctor, for, except in very grave cases, we never had any other physician. She pulled our teeth and prescribed all our medicines. I was well grown before I wore a suit which was not of her cutting and making, though sometimes she was obliged to have in a sewing woman for the light work. She made all the bread we ate, cured the hams, and made great batches of sausages and mince pies, sufficient for the winter's consumption as well as huge pig's-head cheeses. How she accomplished all she did I never understood.

But with all her passionate desire to see one of her boys in what she considered the service of God, there was never on my mother's part the least pressure in that direction, no suggestion that the sacrifices she was making demanded any measure of deviation from our views as to the future. It was her hope that one of us would feel as she did, but she cheerfully resigned the hope, as son after son turned the other way. A brother born three years before me, and who was taken from her before my birth, was perhaps in her mind the fulfillment

of her dedication, for he was, according to the accounts of friends of the family, a child of extraordinary intelligence, and she felt that God had taken him from her. In one of those moments of confidence in the years when I had become a counselor to her, I remember her telling me of this boy (known as *little* William to distinguish him from me) and the sufferings she endured through her doubts lest he should have lived long enough to sin, and had not repented; for, her dreary creed taught that the rigors of eternal damnation rested on every one who had not repented of each individual sin, and that adult baptism was the only assurance of redemption. All the rest of her children had professed religion and received baptism according to the rites of the Baptist Church, but little William left in her mother's heart the sting of uncertainty. Had he lived long enough to transgress the Law and not repented? This was to her an ever present question of terrible import. Years rolled by without weakening this torture of apprehension that this little lamb of all her flock might be expiating the sin of Adam in the flames of Eternity, a perpetual babyhood of woe. The depth of the misery this haunting fear inflicted on her can only be imagined by one who knew the passionate intensity of her love for her children, a love which she feared to be sinful, but could not abate. Finally one night, as she lay perplexing her soul with this and other problems of sin and righteousness, she saw, standing near her bed, her lost child, not as she supposed him to be, a baby for eternity, but apparently a youth of sixteen, regarding her silently, but with an expression of such radiant happiness in his face that the shadow passed from her soul forever. She needed no longer to be told that he was amongst the blessed. She told me this one day, timidly, as something she had never dared tell the older children, lest they should think her superstitious, or, perhaps dissipate her consolation by the assurance that she had dreamed.

In charity, comfort for the afflicted, help, — not in money, for of that there was little to spare, but in food; in watching with the sick, and consoling the bereaved in her own loving, sympathetic, mother's way, she abounded. There was always something for the really needy, and I remember one of her most painful experiences from having refused food to a woman who came to beg, and to whose deathbed she was called the next day, — a deathbed of literal starvation. She recognized the woman, who had come to our house with a story of a family of starving children; but as my mother's experienced eye assured her she had never been a mother, she refused to her, as a deceiver, what the honest poor always got. "Why did you tell me you had children," my mother asked her, "when you came to me yesterday?" "It was not true," said the dying woman, "but I was starving and I thought you would be more willing to help me if you thought I had children." And from that day no beggar was turned from our door without food. Silently and in secret she did what good works came to her to be done, letting not her right hand know what her left hand was doing, but all the poor knew her and her works. Silent, too, and undemonstrative in all her domestic relations she always was, and I question if to any other of her family than myself she ever confided her secret hopes or fears. And to me even she was so undemonstrative that I never remember her kissing me from a passing warmth; only when I went away on a journey, or returned from one, did she offer to kiss me, and this was the manner of the family. Her maintenance of family discipline was on the same rigorous level, dispassionate as the Law. If I transgressed the commands of herself or of my father the punishment was inevitable, never in wrath, generally on the

day after the offense, but inexorable; she never meant to spoil the child by sparing the rod, but flogged with tears in her eyes and an aching heart, often giving the punishment herself to prevent my father from giving it, as he always flogged mercilessly and in anger, though if I could keep out of his sight till the next day he forgot all about it; she never forgot, and though the flogging might not come for a week, it was never omitted. And her worst severity never raised a feeling of resentment in me, for I recognized it as well deserved, while my father's floggings always made me rebellious. I only remember one occasion on which I was punished unjustly by my mother. A neighboring farmer had asked me to go to his field close by and shake down the apples of two trees belonging to him. It was in the hour before dinner, and the regulations of the family were very severe about being at meals, and unfortunately I had, in my glee at having a job of paying work to do, infringed on the dinner time. In payment for my services I received from the farmer two huge pumpkins, charged with which I hastened home, looking forward to my mother's praise and pleasure, but was met by her in the hall, strap in hand, with which she administered a solid flogging, explaining that my father was so angry at my being out at dinner that she gave me the punishment to forestall his, which would be, as I well knew, much severer. It is more than sixty years since that punishment fell on my shoulders, but the astonishment with which I received the flogging instead of the thanks I anticipated for the wages I was bringing her, the haste with which my mother administered it lest my father should anticipate her and beat me after his fashion, are as vivid in my recollection as if it had taken place last year. This was a sample of the family discipline: I was forbidden to walk with other boys when I drove the cow to pasture; forbidden to bathe in the millpond near by, except at stated times; to play with certain children; to amuse myself on the Sabbath, and other similar doings, — all to my childish apprehension harmless in themselves, and the punishment never failed to follow the discovery of the transgression. Naturally I learned to lie, a thing contrary to my inclination and nature, and a torture to my conscience, but I had not the courage to meet the flogging, or the firmness to resist temptation and the persuasion of my young companions who rejoiced in a domestic freedom of which I knew nothing. My father's severity finally brought emancipation by its excess. He used to follow me to see if I obeyed his orders, and one day when I had been persuaded by some boys of our neighborhood to go and bathe in the forbidden hours, he found me in the pond, led me home, and, after cutting two tough pear-tree switches about the thickness, at the butt, of his forefinger, he took me down into the cellar, and, making me strip off my jacket, broke them up to stumps over my back, protected only by a cotton shirt. This was the deciding event which determined me to run away from home, which I did the next week, and though my escapade did not last beyond ten days, on my return the rod was buried.

Looking back at my mother, after the lapse of thirty-seven years since I saw her last, I am surprised at the largeness of character developed in the narrow and illiberal mould of the exclusive Puritanism of the church of her inheritance; at her freedom from bigotry and the breadth of her knowledge of human nature, as well as at the justice of her instincts of religious essentials, which kept her cheerful and hopeful in spite of the gloomy doctrine imposed on her by her education and surroundings. Believing firmly in the eternity of hell fire, with the logical and terrible day of judgment casting its gloomy shadow over

her life, she maintained an unbounded charity for all humanity except herself, admitting the extenuation of ignorance for all others, and condoning, in her judgment of those who differed from her, the offenses which for herself she would have thought mortal sins. In her own household, all latitude in religious observance was resisted with all her strength. In my paternal grandfather's house the seventh day was a day of feasting, and after the church services all the connection went to the ancestral home to eat the most sumptuous dinner of the week. Against this infraction of the law which forbade on the Sabbath all work not of mercy or necessity my mother set her face, and when this was done there was no long resistance possible and my father had to give way, so that on that day we had a cold dinner, cooked on Friday. At sunset on Friday all work and all secular reading or amusements ceased, and on Saturday only a Sabbath-Day's journey was permitted so far as she could control. But my father was a rover from his youth, and Saturday being his only leisure day he used to take me with him on long walks in the woods and fields, according to the season; and the weather and the length of the day were his only limitations. In the house she ruled, but out of it he made his own conscience, and so it happened that the only pleasures that I owe him, except the bringing me a few books when he came back from his business trips to New York to sell his machines, were these long walks in the face of nature. He was, in his family, apparently a cold, hard man, but out of it, kindly and benevolent, melting always to distress which came in his way, with a passionate love of animals and of nature. He was a poor business man, for he could never press for the payment of debts due him, and of an honesty so rigid that it became a proverb in our town that a man should "be as honest as old Joe Stillman," and his good name was all he gave or left his children.

My father died in one of my occasional absences in Europe, and when I saw my old mother in the black she never again laid off, she told me, tranquilly and with a firm voice, but with the tears running down her cheeks, how he died, and said, "He was so handsome that I wanted to keep him another day." The warmth of expression struck me strangely, for in all my home experience I had never heard before a word which could be taken as a token of conjugal tenderness, but when I reflected, I could see that it was and always had been the same with the children. Of the nine children she bore, five died before she did, including her second and, during my life, her only daughter, but in all the bereavements she retained her calm, self-contained manner, weeping silently, and tranquilly going about the house, comforting those who shared the sorrow, uncomplaining, reconciled in advance; she had consigned her beloved to the God who gave them to her, and would have thought it rebellion to repine at any dispensation which He sent her. In the most sudden and crushing grief I remember her to have experienced, that which came with the news that my brother Alfred had been killed by the explosion of a boiler at New Orleans, there was one brief breakdown of her fortitude, an hour's yielding, and then all her thought was for his widow and children. No detail of the household duties was neglected, and nothing was forgotten that concerned the comfort of others. She avoided all external signs of grief, and until my father died, she never wore mourning. Her bereavements and her prayers were matters that concerned only God and herself.

What I have said might give her the character of an ascetic, but nothing could be further from her. She was always optimistic as to earthly troubles, habitually cheerful, and fond of mild festivities. At times no one was more merry than she, and I have seen her laughing

at a good joke or story till the tears ran down her cheeks.

Her ardent desire that her children should have a liberal education came to a climax on me, the last of them. She taught me my letters before I could articulate them, and when I was two I could read, and at three I was put on a high stool to read the Bible for visitors, so that I cannot remember when I could not read, and when not more than five or six I used to be at the head of the spelling classes and spelling matches, in which all the boys and girls were divided into equal companies, and the schoolteacher gave out the hardest words in the spelling book, to each side in turn, all who failed to spell their word sitting down, until the solitary survivor on one side or the other decided the victory; even before I was seven I was generally that survivor. I read insatiably all the good story books I was allowed to have, and I cannot recall the time at which any part of the Bible was new to me. With an incipient passion for nature and animal life, I read also all the books of natural history I could get, and I have heard in later years, that in all the community of Sabbatarianism I was known as a prodigy. Fortunately I was saved from a probable idiocy in my later life by a severe attack of typhoid fever at seven, out of which I came a model of stupidity, and so remained until I was fourteen, my thinking powers being so completely suspended, that at the dame's school to which I was sent, I was repeatedly flogged for not comprehending the simplest things. I got through simple arithmetic as far as "long division," and there had to turn back to the beginning three times, before I could be made to understand the principle of division by more than one number.

In the humiliation of this period of my life, in which I came to consider myself as little better than a fool, my only consolation was the large liberty I enjoyed in the woods and fields either with my father on Saturdays, or my brothers Charles and Jacob on their long botanizing excursions, or in the moments of leisure when I was not wanted to turn the grindstone, or blow the bellows in the workshop. Those long walks in which I was indefatigable, and the days or nights when I went fishing with my brother Jacob, who was ten years older than myself, and who inherited the wandering and adventurous longings of my father, are the only things I can remember of this period which gave me any pleasure. I can see vividly the banks of the Mohawk where we used to fish for perch, bream, and pike-perch; I recall where my brother Charles and I found the rarer flowers of the valley, the cypripediums, the most rare wild ginger, only to be found in one locality, and the walking fern, equally rare.

The murmur of the west wind in the branches of the pine forests fascinated me more than any other thing in nature, and my first rapturous vision of the open sea comes back to me with the memory of the pines. I had gone with my father and mother to New York on a visit to my eldest brother who had just then finished the engines of the steamer Diamond, which was the first that by her build was enabled to run through from New York to Albany, past the "overslaugh" or bar formed in the Hudson, which prevented the steamers of greater draught from getting up to the wharf at Albany, and he had profited by her first trip to visit home again, and take us back with him. My brother pointed out to me the Clermont, Fulton's trial steamer, then disused and lying at Hoboken, but a cockboat to the Diamond, which was one of the great successes of the day. Machinery fascinated me, being of the mechanical breed, and I can recall the engines of the boat, which were of a new type, working horizontally, and so permitting larger engines in proportion to the draught of the steamer than had been before used. We all went one day

to Coney Island on the southern shore of Long Island, since a much frequented bathing place for New York, but then a solitary stretch of seashore, with a few bathing boxes and a temporary structure where bathers might get refreshments. We drove out in my brother's "buggy," and as, at a turn in the road, I caught a glimpse of the distant sea horizon, I rose in the buggy, shouting, "The sea! the sea!" and, in an uncontrollable frenzy, caught the whip from my brother's hand and slashed the horse in wild delirium, unconscious of what I was doing. The emotion remains ineffaceable after more than threescore years, one of the most vivid of my life. And how ecstatic was the sensation of the plunge into the breakers while I held fast to my mother's hand, and then the race up the beach before the next comber, trembling lest it should catch me, as if it were a living thing ready to devour me. They never come back, these first emotions of childhood, and though I have loved the sea all my life, I have never again felt the sight of it as then.

I remember, too, very well the grand occasion of the opening of the Hudson and Mohawk Railway, the first link in that line which is now the New York Central, and see vividly the curious old coaches, three coach bodies together on one truck. This was in 1832, when I was four years old. The road was, I believe, the first successful passenger railway in America, and was sixteen miles long, with two inclined planes up which the trains were drawn, and down which they were lowered, by cables. There was an opposition line of stage-coaches between Albany and Schenectady, running at the same price, and making the same time.

Before I was seven I began to try to draw, especially birds and beautiful forms, though years before I had been used to color the woodcuts in my books. My mother, who had an utterly uncultivated but most tender love of art, gave up finally the oft-renewed ambition to see one of her boys in the pulpit, and, I never quite understood why, made every opportunity for me to learn drawing, for my abilities in that line were little more than nine boys out of ten show. It was a fortunate thing for my after life that I lived so near the forests that all my odd time was spent in them and in the surrounding fields. I knew every apple tree of early fruiting for miles around, and every hickory tree whose nuts were choice. One of the joyous experiences of the time was the running down a young gray squirrel in the woods and catching him with my bare hands, which he bit sharply. I took him home and tamed him perfectly, and was very happy with him, my first pet. He used to come and sleep in my pocket and was never kept in a cage. My father one morning left the window of our room open and "Bob" went out to explore, and when trying to find his way back again a dog of the neighborhood, as a neighbor told us, chased him away, and to my intense grief he was shot by a hunter a few days after in the adjoining forest. I cannot to this day see a squirrel without emotion and affectionate remembrance of Bob. The love of animals, which I inherited from my father, was one of the passions of my childhood, and I had an insatiate longing for pets.

Naturally my religious education during these early years was of the severest orthodox character, and my mother's sincere, fervent, and practical piety brought home to me with the conviction of certainty the persuasion of its divine authority. Hell and its terrors were always present to me, and she taught me that the wandering suggestions of the childish imagination, the recurrence of profane expressions heard from others, and all forms of impious fantasies were the very whisperings of the Devil, to her as to me, consequently, an ever present spirit, perpetually tempting me to re-

peat and so make myself responsible for the wickedness in them. I was never allowed a candle to go to bed with, and as I slept in the huge garret, which formed the whole upper story of the house, I used to shut my eyes when I left the kitchen where we all sat in the evening, and grope my way to bed without ever again opening my eyes till the next morning, for fear of seeing the Devil. Awful spiritual presences haunted me always in the dark, when I passed a churchyard or an empty and solitary house. A deserted house stood in the pasture where I used to drive the cow, and when it happened that she had not come home at nightfall and I had to go to find her, the panic I endured from the necessity to search around this old dwelling no one can imagine but a boy naturally timid and accustomed to fancy ghosts and evil spirits in the dusk. But I kept my fears to myself, and always made a conscientious search.

The whole community in which we lived, with exception of a small Episcopal (Anglican) church, was nonconformist, with the same ideas of conversion and regeneration; and a prominent feature in our social existence was the frequent recurrence of the great revival meetings in which all the rude eloquence of celebrated and powerful preachers, Baptist, Methodist, and of other sects, was poured out on excited congregations. There were "protracted meetings," or campaigns of prayer and exhortation, lasting often a fortnight, at which all the resources of popular theology were employed to awaken and maintain their audiences in a state of frenzy and religious delirium, in which conviction of sin was supposed to enter the heart more effectually.

To these meetings my mother used to send me, giving me a holiday for all the time the protracted meeting lasted. But conviction never came. I was honest with myself, and though the frenzied and ghastly exhortations harried my soul with dread, and I longed for the coming of the ecstasy which was the recognizable sign of the grace of God, I could not rise to the participation in it which the most material and hysterical of the congregation enjoyed, so that day after day I went home, saddened by the conviction that I was still one of the unregenerate. The sign never came, but several years later, I went to make a visit to my brother Charles, who had then removed to Plainfield, N. J., where he practiced medicine and was one of the main supports of our church in a community where the sect was large enough to have a constant worship, which it never had in Schenectady. Here I came under the influence of a beloved brother of my mother, one of the most earnest and humble Christians I have ever known, and here were gathered others of the denomination at a protracted meeting, at which some of my friends of my own age became seriously inclined, and we drifted together into the profession of Christian faith. But here there was nothing of the ghastly terrors of the great revival agitations. My uncle was a man of the world, had been all his early life a sailor, and had taken late to what, in his experiences of men and the vicissitudes of life, he considered the only reality, the duty of making known to his fellows the importance of the spiritual life. To fit himself for the ministry, he taught himself Hebrew and Greek as well as Latin, and many years later was chosen as one of the New Testament revisers for the American revision committee. But to him the profession of religion was an act of the reason, not of revival excitement, and in his ministrations he shunned carefully all the frenzied exhortation of the revivalists.

The movement at Plainfield, finding me in different surroundings from those in my native place, and under the influence of deliberate and sober-minded people, put the religious question in an-

other light, but, being still under the persuasion, the natural result of my life's training, that some special emotion or spiritual change was an indispensable sign of the "change of heart" which was desired, I was unhappy that no such sign appeared. I can distinctly remember that the desire to satisfy my mother's passionate longing for what she considered my regeneration was a large part of my desire to meet the change and, if I might, provoke it. I longed for it, prayed for it, and considered myself forsaken of God because it would not come; but come it never did, and it seemed to me that I was attempting to deceive both my mother and the church when I finally yielded to the current which carried along my young friends, and took the grace for granted, since, as I thought, having asked the special prayers of the elders, men of God, and powerful in influence with Him, I had a right to assume the descent of the redeeming light on me, though I had never been conscious of that peculiar manifestation of it which my companions professed to have experienced. Still, I felt not a little twinge of conscience in assuming so much, but I could not consent to prolong my mother's suspense and grave concern at the exclusion of one of her children from the fold of grace. I put down the doubts, accepted the conversion as logical and real, and went forward with the others. We were baptized, my companions and I, in the little river in midwinter after a partial thaw, the blocks of ice floating by us in the water. I must have been about ten or eleven when I went through this experience, and I never got rid of the feeling of a certain unreality in the whole transaction, but on the other hand I had the same feeling of unreality in the system of theology which led to it. I tried to do my best to carry out the line of spiritual duties imposed upon me. I made no question that I was a bad boy, but the conception of total depravity in the theological sense never gained a hold on me, and once inside the church there seemed to be a certain safeguard thrown over me. The sense of *ecstasy* (which my uncle William had experienced in his religious relation, the "power" of the revivalists) I have since known in conditions of extraordinary mental exaltation, and understand it as a mental phenomenon, the momentary extension of the consciousness of the individual beyond the limitations of the bodily sense, — a being snatched away from the body and made to see and feel things not describable in terms of ordinary experience; but in my religious evolution it had no place then or since.

The intellectual slowness of which I have spoken continued year after year. I had left the dame's school where the rule of long division proved my *pons asinorum*, and went to a man's school, where I earned my schooling by making the fires and sweeping the schoolroom, and here I learned by rote some Latin and the higher rules in arithmetic, always with the reputation of a stupid boy, good in the snowball fights of the intermissions, when we had two snow forts to capture and defend; in running foot races the speediest, and in backhand wrestling the strongest, but mentally hopeless. All this period of my life seems dreary and void, except when I got to nature, and the delight of my hours in the fields and woods is all that remains to me of a childhood tormented by burthens of conscience laid on me prematurely, and by a severity of domestic discipline, which, with all the reverence and gratitude I bear my parents, I can hardly consider otherwise than gravely mistaken and disastrous to me. Our winters were long and hard, and I remember the snow falling on Thanksgiving Day (the last Thursday in November) and not thawing again until the beginning of March. The fall of snow was so heavy that the drift cov-

ered the house, and we had to tunnel a path to the barn door. The coming of spring was my constant preoccupation, and my joy was intense at the first swelling of the buds, the fresh color in the willow twigs, then the catkins, and at last the leaves. The long rains which carried off the snow were welcome as daylight after a weary night because they restored me to the forests and the wild flowers, the fields and the streams; and for miles around I sought every sunny spot where came the first anemones, hepaticas, and, before all, the trailing arbutus, joy of my childhood, the little white violets, their yellow sisters, then the "dogtooth violet," and many another flower whose name I have long forgotten. Then began the excursions into the forests around us and the succession of new sights and sounds, the order of the unfolding of the leaves, from the willow to the oak, the singing of the frogs in the marshes, and of the birds in the copses and fields. I knew them all and when and where to hear them. The arctic bluebird, or blue robin as it was called in our neighborhood, was the first, and his plaintive song, the sweetest to memory of all nature's voices, assured us that spring had really come. Then the robin (the migratory thrush), with his bold, cheery note, full of summer life; and after these the chief was the bobolink, singing up into the sky the merriest and most rollicking of all bird songs, as that of the bluebird was the tenderest. Then came the hermit thrush, heard only in the forest, shy and remote in his life and nesting, and the whip-poor-will, in the evening. Each was a new leaf turned over in my book of life, the reading of which was my only happiness. What else, or more, could be expected of an existence hedged in by the terrors of eternity, the hauntings of an inevitable condemnation unless I could obtain some mysterious renovation only attainable through an act of divine grace which no human merit could entitle me to, and of which I tried in vain to win the benediction? And how dreary seemed the heaven I was set to win! No birds, no flowers, no fields or forests; only the eternal continuation of the hymn-singing and protracted meetings in which, in our system, consisted the glorification of God which was the end and aim of our existences. I wonder how many religious parents conceive the misery of child life under such influences!

The struggles of conscience through which I went in these days can be imagined by no one, and I can hardly realize them myself, except by recalling little incidents which show what the pressure must have been. I have mentioned an escapade of this period, connected with the last flogging my father gave me. It was a matter of conscience at bottom. My mother had, when I was about six years old, taken a little octoroon girl of three, — the illegitimate daughter of a quadroon in our neighborhood, — with the intention of bringing her up as a servant. The child was quick-witted and irrepressible, and disputes began between us as soon as she felt at home. Every outbreak of temper induced by her conduct toward me became occasion of a period of penitence, for I was taught that such outbreaks were sinful, and the self-reproaches that my conscience had to bear up under became an intolerable load. At this juncture came the brutal and, as I felt, most unmerited flogging of which I have told the story earlier: this precipitated a decision which had been slowly forming from my conscientious worries. I determined to go away from home and seek a state of life in which I could maintain my spiritual tranquillity. I discussed the subject with a playmate of my age, the son of a gardener living near us, and as his father had even a stronger propensity to the rod than mine, we sympathized on that ground and agreed to run away and work our passages on some ship to a land where we could live in a modified Robinson

Crusoe manner, not an uninhabited land, but one where we could earn, by fishing and similar devices, enough to live on. I had been employed for a few months before in carrying to and fro the students' clothes for a washerwoman, one of the neighbors, and had earned three or four dollars, which my mother had, as usual with any trifle I earned, put into the fund for the daily expenses. I do not know how it was with the elder boys, but for me the rule was rigid, — what I could earn was a part of the household income. I inwardly rebelled against this, but to no effect, so I never had any pocket money. I submitted, as any son of my mother must have done at my age, but on this occasion when money was indispensable to that expedition on which so much depended, I quietly reasserted my right to my earnings, and took the wages I had received from the drawer where they were kept. My companion had no money at all, and thus my trifle had to pay for both as far as it would go; fortunately, perhaps, as it shortened the duration of the expedition. We went by train to Albany, where we took deck passage on a towing steamer for New York. The run was longer than that of a passenger steamer, so that the New York police, who were warned to look out for us by the post, had given us up before we arrived and search was diverted in another direction. When we reached New York my funds were already nearly exhausted by the food expenses en route, and my companion's courage had already given out; he was homesick and discouraged, and announced his determination to return home. My own courage, I can honestly say, had not failed me, — I was ready for hardship, but not yet to go alone into a strange world. I yielded, and with the last few shillings in my pocket bargained for a deck passage without board on a barge back to Albany. It was midsummer, and the sleeping on some bags of wool which formed the better part of the deckload gave me no inconvenience, and the want of provisions of any sort was remedied as well as might be by a pile of salt codfish which was the other part of the deckload, and which afforded us the only food we had until our arrival at Albany, where we arrived at night after a voyage of twenty-four hours. We slept under a boat by the riverside that night until the rising tide drove us out, when we decided to take the road back to Schenectady on foot, through a wide pine forest that occupied the intervening country, a distance of about sixteen miles. Passing on the way a stable in which there was nobody, not even a beast, we turned in to sleep away the darkness, and I remember very well what a yielding bed a manger filled with salt gave me. With the dawn we resumed the journey, and by the way ate our fill of whortleberries with which the forest abounded. The joy of my mother at our unhoped-for arrival — for she had received no news of us since our departure — is easily imagined, but for me the failure of all my plans for an ascetic and more spiritual life was made more bitter by the fact that the little octoroon who had heard read the letter which I left for my mother, giving the motives for my self-exile, had repeated it to all the neighborhood, so that I had not only failed but became the butt of the jokes of the boys of the neighborhood who already looked askance on me for my serious ways and my habit of rebuking certain vices amongst them. I was jeered at as the boy "who left his mother to seek religion," and this made life for a time almost intolerable. But it was in part compensated for by the change in my situation in the household. Henceforth I was to be taken *au sérieux*, and reasoned with rather than flogged. I had escaped from the pupa stage of existence.

I still look back with surprise to the unflinching confidence in the future with which I committed myself to this esca-

pade. I thought I was right, and that the aspiration for spiritual freedom which was the chief motive of my leaving home was certain to be supported by Providence, to whom I looked with serene complacence. If my companion had not deserted me I should not have turned back, but his defection destroyed all my plans. In several of my maturer ventures I can recognize the same mental condition of serene indifference to danger while doing what I thought my duty, owing perhaps in a great measure to ignorance or incapacity to realize the danger, but also largely to ingrained confidence in an overruling Providence which took account of my steps and would carry me through.

William James Stillman.

REFORM IN THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

At the recent International Congregational Council, the question which sharply divided the audience, was twice reopened by special order, and furnished the chief topic of discussion for the remainder of the session was one not primarily of doctrine or polity, but of education. Yet problems of education are always rooted in philosophy, and affect the conduct of life. As Principal Fairbairn pointed out, the education of the minister involves the conception of theology on which the ministry is based. It also involves the momentous issue of the sort of man the minister shall be.

Under the limitations of time and mode of treatment which a great assembly imposes, these deeper aspects of the subject the discussion at the Council could not touch. The sharp collision of opposing views is valuable as a means of bringing needed reforms to public attention, but is incompetent to throw much light on the issues raised. For, as Edward Caird has said, "controversy is apt to narrow a principle, and to deprive it of the full riches of its meaning, just because it tends to reduce it to the mere negative of that to which it is opposed." In the present article I propose to contrast two conceptions of theology, two types of minister, two policies of theological education which are struggling for supremacy in all our Protestant denominations; and to point out the reforms which are needed to make our American seminaries expressive of the theology which the world is fast coming to believe, and productive of the kind of minister which the churches are already beginning to demand. For, though institutions are slower to change than either ideas or men, doctrines, men, and institutions must ultimately become all of one type or all of the other.

One conception of theology regards God as a Being beyond the clouds, who at sundry times and in divers manners has broken through the mechanical world order to promulgate his laws, inflict his vengeance, and rescue his favorites; and in due time sent his Son to suffer the penalty which otherwise would have fallen upon all mankind. Man's salvation depends on rightly apprehending the exact letter of the law which God miraculously revealed, the precise terms of the covenant he arbitrarily made, the specific conditions of pardon which he graciously established. Because God is holy and Christ is gracious, it follows as a logical inference and implication that man should be holy and gracious too. Yet these ethical and social obligations are deductions from the decree of God and the sacrifice of Christ, rather than the eternal principle and substance out of which God's law and Christ's sacrifice alike proceed.

The other conception of theology regards God not so much as an arbitrary authority outside the world as the spirit of love and sacrifice within it. All righteous legislation and moral insight are the progressive unfolding of his will; and the unique position of Hebrew law and prophecy is due to intrinsic ethical and social superiority, and the clearness with which legal code and prophetic insight in fictitious and literary rather than in scientific and historically accurate form, but with substantial truth and practical impressiveness, are ascribed to the one God who rules the world in righteousness and mercy. Christ is the well-authenticated Son of God, because the righteousness and mercy which are the very essence of divinity became his constant meat and drink, and the spirit of love, which is the Spirit of God, was without measure upon him. Sin is selfishness; and pain to others, degradation of self, are its inevitable and indissoluble penalties. The wrong sin does and the degradation it works can be redeemed by nothing less personal and costly than that bearing of the sufferer's sorrows and that sharing of the sinner's shame of which the cross of Christ is the consummate and typical example. Salvation is restoration to the lost life of love. Whatever goes to the making of a happy home, the upbuilding of an honest fortune, the just administration of industry, the wise conduct of public affairs, is part and parcel of that life of love wherein the Christian walks humbly with the omnipresent God, lives in fellowship with the ever living Christ, holds communion with the Holy Spirit. Heaven is not merely the hope of a happy hereafter, but the present experience of the joys of human love and the glory of human service and sacrifice, when seen in their true light as a participation in the life and love of the Father, in whose image all mankind are made. Concern for sinners is not an apprehension, deduced from passages of Scripture, that they will be punished by and by; but perception of the obvious fact that, in so far as they are selfish, sensual, cruel, mean, they are already dead to their best capacities, lost to their true estate, and that nothing but the resurrection of the crucified Christ within them can save them from the death and degradation in which they actually are.

Corresponding to these two theological conceptions are two types of minister. The minister of the first type knows that since all men are descendants of Adam, all have sinned. He is prepared to warn them of the punishment that is in store for them hereafter. At the same time he holds out the pardon which, in consideration of the sufferings of Christ, God offers to all who will accept it on the proffered terms. To all who thus repent of their sin in the lump, and accept the covenant of grace, he gives assurance of "abundant entrance" into heaven. To be sure, this bare theological outline is not the total content of the gospel he proclaims. The minister of this type has inherited common sense, and shares the common notions of morality which are recognized by the community in which he was brought up. He is prompt to condemn the obvious vices, like lying, stealing, drunkenness, and licentiousness, which both the Bible and public sentiment denounce; and to commend the staple virtues of temperance, chastity, truthfulness, and honesty. He is usually a man of tender human sympathy; and, through meditation, prayer, and the study of the Scriptures, he has become deeply imbued with a Christlike holiness and charity. His office and function, his common sense and sympathy, his conduct and character, make him a power for good, second to none in the community in which he lives and works. Ministers and missionaries of this type are often men of a depth of piety, a force of character, a wealth of sympathy, a record of heroic conflict with evil and sacrificing service to their fellows, so strong and deep and sweet and pure that those of

us who fancy we hold broader views of spiritual truth feel personally unworthy to unloose the latchet of their shoes. Nevertheless, we must resolutely refuse to confound in our minds the nobleness of personal character, which is due to a great combination of influences, with the more specific question of the adequacy of a conception of theology or a method of theological training.

The minister of the second type, of whom, in certain respects, Henry Ward Beecher was the great forerunner, has a vision of what God's love would make of human life. He sees the happy children, the eager youth, the pure lovers, the tender husbands and fathers, the devoted wives and mothers, the considerate brothers and sisters, the revered grandparents, God's love begets within the Christian home. He sees the honest work, the thrifty economy, the independent self-respect, the fair exchange, the mutual good will, which God's love breathes into industrial and commercial life. He sees the loyalty and enthusiasm and heroism and self-sacrifice which God's love inspires in the citizen of a free Christian state. He sees how ennobling to the mind, how chastening to the affections, how steadying to the will, God's love becomes when, in the form of education, it trains ardent youth to trace the workings of God's mind in natural laws, and the expressions of his will in human institutions. He sees how beautiful and sweet is social intercourse when God's love brings together men and women in mutual admiration and helpfulness, enjoyment and improvement.

The minister of this second type, just because he carries with him to every heart and home, to every custom and institution, this beauteous picture of the heaven God's love would make of them, finds much sorrow to share, much sin to rebuke and correct. Every child's unhappiness is to him a personal grief, the cause of which it is his care to remove. The bitterness that is in store for each wanton, wayward youth he feels pressed to his own lips; and by warning and counsel is as anxious to avert it as though the cup that holds it were his own. The young girl, heedless of the priceless pearl of pure affection she bears within her maiden breast, he will gently warn against the swinishness that would flatter and caress merely to trample and defile. He will be tactful to point out to the hard and mercenary father the greater riches he is missing in neglecting to win the confidence and share the innocent enthusiasms of his children; and to show the anxious and troubled mother the point at which a just maternal fondness and solicitude pass over into slavishness and fussiness on the one hand, or pride and vanity on the other. He knows how to drop here and there the needed hint to make the neglected wife more appreciated by the thoughtless husband, or the aged parent more prized by the grown-up children, before it is too late.

The minister of this second type feels with every workingman in his parish the fearful temptation to do shiftless work, when good work receives no more recognition and pay than bad, and studies how to make it worth the poor man's while to persevere in unappreciated and unrewarded integrity. He shares with the merchant and contractor the tremendous stress of competition with inferior and adulterated products, with men and firms who do not intend to pay their creditors, with corporations which have secured from public or quasi-public officials exemptions, discriminations, and rebates, which only bribery or power can buy. He will stand with the member of the trade union at the parting of the ways, and tell him whether he will best honor God, and least dishonor himself and wrong his fellows, by standing alone in support of his wife and children, or by joining his comrades in an attempt to secure the claims, just or unjust, of the union. He will stand up for the employer when all men revile him, so long as in his ac-

tion the employer is simply obeying the great impersonal forces of supply and demand, market rate of wages, competition, and combination; and he will dare to reprove him to his face the moment he goes a step beyond this, and by his personal choice adds a feather's weight to the burdens and privations of the workers in his employ. He will not attempt to dictate to his people what political views they shall support; but he will hold them strictly responsible for giving the full measure of influence and efficacy that belongs to their position to whatever views they hold. He will know enough about education to give advice as to whether a boy is better fitted to the plough or the bar, to bookkeeping or authorship; and to tell young girls and their mammas what fools they make of themselves when they purchase artistic accomplishments, or college education, or social position, at the cost of impaired health, unbalanced nerves, and prematurely exhausted vigor and vitality. He will be keen to discover and disclose the difference between the wholesome social life which is a joy to those who give and those who receive, and its wretched counterfeit which is begotten of rivalry, born of ostentation, and fruitful in heart-burnings and bickerings and jealousies and animosities.

Yet clearly as he sees and grasps these multitudinous details of human life, the minister of this second type does not, like a mere ethical teacher, regard them as so many unrelated fragments. He sees them all as cases of the presence or absence of God's love in human hearts. To all these various problems he applies the one sovereign remedy of the love of God, as it came into the world in Jesus Christ, and dwells here to-day as the Holy Spirit in which Christian men and women live and do their work.

Corresponding to these two conceptions of theology and types of minister are two plans of theological education. A seminary course constructed on the first plan consists chiefly of five parts, each of which may have subordinate branches. First, Hebrew, to get the text of the divine law and covenant. Chaldee, Assyrian, and Arabic may be added as options. Second, Greek, to get the letter of the new covenant, and the precise word of the latest inspiration. Hebrew and Greek exegesis may be duplicated by Biblical theology, which binds into sheaves the gleanings from these linguistic fields. Third, dogmatic theology, which weaves into a single system the separate strands of truth gathered from the Scriptures. Subordinate to this is apologetics, the defense of the established doctrines against critics and heretics. Fourth, church history, the study of the ways in which previous dogmatic theologians have done their work, including the forms and institutions in which the Christian truth has found embodiment. Subsidiary to this may be added excursions into patristic literature, mediæval customs, and modern controversies. Fifth, homiletics, the art of fitting a doctrine to a text, and proclaiming it convincingly. To this department elocution is the most usual and important appendage.

Seminaries established on this plan may appropriately be tied to a creed, which professors must sign, and in which the students are to be so trained that they shall believe and preach the creed, the whole creed, and nothing but the creed. In view of the immense importance of having precisely these doctrines, and no others, proclaimed to the churches, every student who goes through the three years' course without dissent, however listlessly and indifferently, should be graduated and ordained to the ministry. Indeed, where this view is carried to its logical conclusion, short cuts, devised by well-meaning evangelists, prepare a man in a few months, without either of the languages or much of the history and philosophy, to go forth and proclaim the simple story of how God came into the

world, what he said and did, what terms he laid down for man's salvation, and what men must do to avail themselves of the offer that he made. The readiness of many churches to be content with these undisciplined exhorters shows how firmly the old conception of theology is still rooted in rural regions, and how little the new type of minister is appreciated there.

Whether the course is long or short, provision will be made that little or no original thinking and investigation shall be done. The favorite method of instruction in seminaries conducted on this plan is the dictated lecture, which gives in finished and final form the interpretations, doctrines, and motives the students are expected passively to receive, and forever after subserviently to proclaim. Seminaries which are the chosen arks for such precious traditions will not hesitate, by free tuition, free room rent, doubled-up scholarships, and indiscriminate charity, to fill up with as many duly docile students as they can afford to hire; and to retain them, regardless of whether they are industrious or lazy, bright or stupid, thoughtful or superficial.

The seminary course constructed on the second plan will include most of the traditional theological subjects; but it will approach them in a different spirit. Imbued with the historical method, it will trace the beginnings of our faith in Jewish and Christian sources, availing itself of the most exact literary and historical criticism and antiquarian research. Yet it will value the Hebrew prophets for the light they throw on the labor problem, the problems of taxation and currency and expansion, the problems of charity and correction and municipal government, the problems of domestic happiness and social purity and industrial opportunity. It will read the Biblical writers with constant reference to the writers who are stirring the conscience and creating the ideals of the modern world. It will teach theology in order to show all truths of nature and of man reduced to rational unity around the central insight of that loving purpose of God which finds its consummate fulfillment in the supreme character of Christ. But the unity thus gained will not be a little closed circle apart from the scientific, ethical, and philosophical conceptions of the age. It will be a strenuous attempt to see through these conceptions to the Divine Thought which is at their common centre, and gives them all whatever measure of reasonableness they contain. It will teach church history, not as a single section of the life of the past, but as showing how spiritual conceptions have moulded secular institutions, and divine forces have guided human affairs. It will present Athanasius against the world as the inspiration of the modern Christian scholar, whose task it is to make men see and believe that there is a God within the world, in an age when agnosticism has conclusively demonstrated that we can prove the existence of no God outside it. It will hold up Luther as an example to the theological reformer of to-day who will venture to carry to its logical conclusion the principles of the Reformation. It will set before its students the Puritan of the seventeenth century as the model for the preacher of the twentieth, who shall abandon the rhetorical ritualism of the sermon, and plead with his congregation, simply as a man with men, to live the life they know they ought to live. It will teach homiletics, not to show how to make sermons of the approved pattern, but, by incessant practice under severe criticism, every week throughout the whole three years, to train the minister to drive home, by telling phrase and luminous figure and logical demonstration, the truth he sees, into the hearts and consciences of the men who see it not.

Such a seminary will leave its professor free to

> "Draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are."

It will insist that its students shall either come from families which have acquired the economic virtues of thrift and independence, or else in some degree shall have worked out these virtues for themselves. It will compel them to make their own investigations, do their own thinking, and present satisfactory original results, as a condition of scholarship aid and ultimate approbation to preach. It will introduce into its curriculum enough secular subjects, like philosophy, ethics, sociology, and literature, which underlie the ministry as anatomy and physiology and chemistry underlie medicine, to give the students sufficient material for the application of their spiritual principles, and to keep them in close touch with actual life. It will take for its province whatever truth is necessary to help its students to grasp human life in the unity of the love of God.

This plain statement of the case renders argument superfluous. The adherent of the first conception of theology, who hopes to perpetuate the minister of the first type, does not need to be told that the new plan of seminary instruction will gently lay his favorite theological positions upon the shelf, and in due time render the old type of minister extinct. Neither does the adherent of the second conception of theology, who prefers the minister of the second type, need to be told that the old seminary curriculum can never, save by the provocation of opposition and reaction, foster the modern theological opinions, or turn out the modern minister. Still, by way of summary, it may not be amiss to state in definite terms the precise steps which must be taken to transfer the seminaries from the old basis to the new.

First, indiscriminate eleemosynary aid to theological students must be stopped. If law and medicine held out the opportunity of board and room, heat and light, clothing and furniture, instruction, and all the comforts and refinements of a cultivated club to anybody who could raise fifty dollars a year, these professions would soon be swamped by the horde of idlers and degenerates who would apply. It is one of the highest testimonials to the Christian ministry that it has suffered so little harm from these pauperizing processes which would have been the utter ruin of any other profession. Under these eleemosynary conditions natural selection does not get a fair chance to do its wholesome work of toning up the manhood of the ministry.

Second, a high standard of scholarship must be maintained. Men who seek to enter the ministry by short cuts from the Young Men's Christian Association or the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, through a few months of cramming in a school for "workers" or a preparatory course for evangelists, must be rigidly rejected. They are as little fit for the profession of the ministry as a Christian Scientist is fit for the practice of surgery. To help out these would-be preachers, plagiarism has been reduced to a profession, and unscrupulous publishing houses are growing rich out of this miserable merchandise. With the most liberal borrowing from pernicious homiletical helps, and the most ingenious "reshuffling of cant phrases," these premature preachers burn the ground of their parishes over in shorter time than it took them to learn their trade; and the last state of the fields which they have devastated is like that of the swept and garnished chamber of the parable. The regular seminaries need to rigidly exclude unpromising material at the start, and weed out the indolent and the incompetent throughout the course. A year ago, Union Seminary in New York, on careful sifting of applicants, found that out of seventy-two candidates thirty-six were not sufficiently promising to spend time and money upon, and had the conscience and courage to reject them. Several of those who were admitted were discouraged from returning at the close

of the first year. The Chicago Congregational Seminary reports this year a move in the same direction. The minister must be taught to endure intellectual hardship, equal at least to that of professions like engineering and journalism, which have less to say about consecration and self-sacrifice.

Third, the seminaries must not tie their professors to the teaching of a prescribed creed. A man can dictate the views of another man, or body of men; he can teach no views but those he individually holds. The attempt to tie teaching to creeds is either futile or pernicious. If a man believes the identical creed set forth, then there is no use in making him sign it; for in that case he will teach it, whether he signs or not. If he does not believe it, he must either teach what he does not believe, which is in every way disastrous and reprehensible; or else, as all men under such circumstances do, he must crawl away from his signature through some such loophole as "for substance of doctrine," or "subject to the further light which may yet break forth from God's Holy Word." If he must sign, he of course must resort to some such device to nullify his action. For that any candid and open-minded man should find himself in exact agreement with the substance and what Professor James calls the "fringe" of doctrinal systems drawn up generations ago is psychologically impossible. Human minds are not cast in moulds which can be employed unaltered year after year. They grow in correspondence to their environment. To evade the strict consequences of agreement to teach a creed is a less evil than to teach it contrary to one's convictions; though neither attitude is ideal. That the men who sign these creeds, and then contrive to find liberty under them, are perfectly honest and conscientious, one does not question for a moment. But the position in which the requirement to sign a creed places them is a very unfortunate one, and exposes them to much annoyance and misunderstanding. For a Protestant, imbued with the scientific spirit, to teach the letter of an ancient creed is absolutely impossible; and to explain to the satisfaction of the public his necessary departure from it is not always easy. Hereafter no seminary should be founded with such impossible conditions; any more than a charter should be granted to a college which proposed to bind its professors forever to teach the McKinley doctrine of the tariff or the Bryan views of the free coinage of silver. If a man is as sure of the truth of a theological position as he is of the law of gravitation or the equality of the three angles of a triangle to two right angles, he will not feel the need of stipulating that the professors in the institution which he founds shall always teach those views. It is the doubter posing as believer who ties up teaching to a creed. For he is afraid that, if left to candid inquiry and fair discussion, the views he thus seeks to protect may be disproved and overthrown. When you see a baseball bat or a golf club tightly wound around with cord, you instinctively infer that there is some weakness or crack at the protected point. These creeds which are wound so tightly around our theological professorships are everlasting proclamations of the weakness of the doctrines they thus artificially protect. If professors in Protestant seminaries generally would resolutely refuse to sign any creed whatever as a basis of their teaching, not on grounds of dissent from this or that objectionable dogma in this or that particular document, but on the principle that all such subscription is inconsistent with the first principles of Protestantism, then either the courts would excuse professors from signing, as Quakers are now excused from taking oath, or else new foundations would be forthcoming to support men who should be nominally as well as actually free.

Fourth, secular studies must be car-

ried on side by side with the traditional theological subjects, throughout the seminary course. A seminary in which the bulk of the student's time and attention for the three years previous to his entering upon the ministry is devoted to events that happened, languages that were spoken, views that were formulated, more than a thousand years ago, is not a place where men are most effectively fitted to become leaders of their fellows. Men so trained are in danger of becoming mere blind leaders of the blind, whose common destination is the ditch of tradition; dead buriers of the dead in the grave of conventionalities. The seminary should keep its men constantly grappling with philosophical, ethical, social, industrial, political problems. It should keep them busy reading the literature in which the temptations and struggles, the ambitions and passions, the complications and entanglements, characteristic of this modern life are reflected and portrayed. It cannot throw the burden back upon the colleges, and say that it is their business to teach these subjects. Partly from the limitation of time, partly from the immaturity of the students, partly from the difficulty of finding men competent to teach them in a vital way, the colleges make at best only a beginning. The proper attitude and approach to these subjects for a professional student is very much more thorough and fundamental than the average college is able to give to its undergraduates. Then what is wanted of the seminary is their presentation in the light of the central Christian principle. The seminary student should know not only how men actually think and feel and act in their domestic, industrial, social, and public life, but how the Christian spirit will help them to transform each of these relations into the sweet, pure, just, generous, heroic life which is at once the will of God and the glory of man. As a matter of fact, the average graduate of the seminary in time past has not gone forth to his parish with clear-cut conceptions of just the changes which he hopes to see the spirit of love work in these concrete conditions. A pitcher of a university baseball nine tells me that he keeps a list of all the men on other teams with which he ever expects to play, and over against each name is noted down whatever weaknesses and peculiarities that player has. The moment one of these players comes up to the bat, this pitcher knows the kind of ball most likely to make him strike out, or bat into a baseman's hands, and pitches accordingly. How many ministers have such a clear conception of just how each member of his congregation stands toward the spiritual life, and is prepared, in public or in private, to say the precise word which will help that man to improve his course of life at the particular point of greatest selfishness and meanness and animality? How large a part of the seminary course is fitted to equip its students for this task of taking men just where they are, in moral obtuseness and deterioration, in philosophical crudeness and perplexity, in social indifference to the condition of their fellows, in economic parasitism and political irresponsibility, and wake them up to insight and sympathy and responsibility and practical serviceableness? The study of Hebrew and Greek and church history and theology and homiletics is indeed a help in this direction. In these days of the historical method, no one would think of cutting these subjects out of the seminary course. But they ought to be carried farther, and brought down to date. Hebrew and American moral and social problems should be made to shed light on each other. The literature of Palestine and the literature of England should be studied together, so that the ideals of the former should measure the worth of the ideals of the latter; and the methods of the latter should explain the figures of speech and other rhetorical expedients of the former. Carlyle and

Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Emerson, Newman and Browning, all have points in common with the prophets of the Old Testament, and the biographers and letter-writers of the New. Only the man who can appreciate these points which Biblical and modern writers have in common is in a position to recognize the profound superiority of the Bible writers over all who have come after them, in the directness with which they seize the central point of spiritual significance, and by holding fast to that are able not only to sway and mould the men and issues of their day, but to exercise a perpetual influence over all succeeding generations. In the same way, the man who is not grappling with the problems of tariff, coinage, corporations, and imperialism will never appreciate the real greatness of Moses and the prophets who were the successful solvers, on spiritual principles, of the kindred problems of their day. The man who has never seen the inside of a prison, a settlement, a tenement-house sweatshop, a cheap lodging house, or known the hard conditions in which the less fortunate workers in our cities toil for the mere conditions of subsistence, with nothing left for comfort or even decency, can scarce understand either Christ's sympathy with the poor and the outcast, or his fierce outbursts of indignation against the prosperous hypocrites who were responsible for their condition.

The actual life of the men and women of to-day, in all its heights and depths, in all its hopes and fears, in all its despair and aspiration, in all its cruelty and bitterness, in all its impersonal grinding and its personal brutality; life as it is affected by customs, institutions, and ideals; life as it is dependent on charity, correction, and legislation; life as it is reflected in amusements, education, literature, and art; life as it looks to God; life as it stands related to the purpose of Christ; life as it can be transformed by the Holy Spirit,— that should form no small part of the subject matter of study and investigation, reflection and prayer, of the theological student throughout his seminary course. A theological course which makes no adequate provision for these things is as wide of the mark as a medical course which should recite the origin and history of medicine, the names of the diseases to which men are liable and the prescribed remedies therefor; but should give no opportunity for dissection of the human body, no study of normal and pathological physiological processes, no histological and bacteriological study of the minute tissues and the organisms which, by fastening and feeding on them, are the occasion of the disease of the body as a whole.

Fifth, methods of instruction must be more individual and original. In the lower grades, we can teach children the elements of history, geography, grammar, and science by the authority of book or teacher. But we do not expect them to become geographers, historians, or grammarians as the result of such a process. Even in the lower grades these methods are rapidly being supplemented by more first-hand methods. Long before he leaves college, the student learns to make his own selection of subjects for study, and to regard the pages of text-book or the notes of lecture simply as guides for the independent reading and discussion of the subject. The seminaries, on the other hand, were established, not to investigate truth, but to propagate specific views and doctrines. Hence the dictated lecture, handing on the received doctrine in final and finished form, was the appropriate mode of instruction. Nevertheless, the departures from this method have been notable. Had the single element of candor been added, had there been a disposition to welcome and adjust to considerations not included in the assumed premises, the classroom of Professor Park, where some were set to attack, others to defend the lectures,

would have presented as fine a spectacle of intellectual gymnastics as the world has witnessed since the days of Socrates. There are lecture rooms of theology in American seminaries to-day where the atmosphere is as free as in any German university. On the other hand, there are many such rooms where the air is very hot and close and stifling, where the windows are never opened and ventilators are unknown. There is some research in church history; some (but nowhere enough) systematic writing throughout the entire course, with merciless and constant criticism, in homiletics. But on the whole, the tradition of passive receptivity, rather than active, independent, and original investigation, still dominates the seminaries of the country. Too many students are content with what the book or the professor says, rather than eager to discover for themselves the dictate of reason or the deliverance of research. When these students become ministers they lose power as years go on. No one can stock up in three years with enough ideas to feed a congregation upon for the following forty. Even the truth that a man gets in this second-hand way speedily dries up and shrivels on his hands. The true function of the seminary is, not to impart fixed and final information, but to awaken interest, open up fields for reading and investigation, give a central germinal principle, and train the student to apply it in a limited field, so that he can go out and continue to apply it for himself to whatever new matter he may meet. The minister ought to be the man who knows that the principle of love is competent to solve all moral and spiritual problems in earth, or heaven, or hell; who has been trained to solve a few problems in the light of it; and who, when he strikes a domestic sorrow, a labor difficulty, a political policy, a social custom, will know how to analyze it and show just how the lack of love accounts for whatever is bad in it, and how the application of love can make it better. No man who has merely listened respectfully to the lectures of his professor, no matter how wise that professor may be, will ever be able to unravel and disentangle the complicated problems of life, and bring in the principle of love to make them smooth and straight. Everywhere else the graduate student must present some work of his own, in law case or dissection or thesis or experiment, to show, not what he has heard from a man or read in a book, but what he can do for himself. More work akin to this should be required of the student of theology.

I do not mean to say that most men hold *in toto* either the one or the other of the contrasted conceptions of theology; or that most of our seminaries are altogether antiquated, while few or none have any redeeming features; or that most ministers are hopelessly abstract and general in their views; and that we must wait until the reconstructed seminary turns out a new crop before we shall have men who are fit to preach the gospel. The broader conceptions of theology are stealing over the world without observation, silently and gradually, as sunlight breaks upon the sleeping world at dawn. Few of us fortunately have gotten the old altogether out of our blood; and fewer still can pretend to have thought the modern view through to its logical conclusions. Between seminaries there are great differences. A majority of those connected with the more conservative sects are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, so far as either theological progress or pedagogical improvement is concerned. On the other hand, the Harvard and the Episcopal schools in Cambridge, Union Seminary in New York, the Baptist Seminary in Chicago, most of the Congregational seminaries, and some others have taken decided and promising steps in the direction of one or more of the reforms suggested. In all these seminaries there are departments

which have been completely and radically reconstructed on a thoroughly modern and scientific basis. In some of them sociological opportunities have been opened, philosophical and literary courses offered, which are all that could be desired.

The seminaries, however, were built on a model which was furnished by a theology which is fast becoming obsolete, and so far as they cling to that model they tend to turn out men who are not properly fitted to grapple with the complex problems of the modern world. I once heard Professor Paulsen, in a lecture at the University of Berlin, attempt to account for the fact that at the beginning of the century among professional students at the university the majority were students of theology, and the minority were students of medicine, while at the end of the century the proportion is exactly reversed. "Formerly," he said, "when one had anything the matter with his body he assumed that nature would bring him out all right; but if anything was the matter with his soul, he went at once to the clergyman to get it cured. Whereas now, if one has any ailment of the body, he runs straight for a doctor; but if there is any trouble in his soul, he keeps it to himself."

The reason, I fancy, is deeper than the mere change of disposition in the patient. The science of medicine, which then was vague, general, clumsy, and often false, has made enormous strides, until at the end of the century it is prepared to ascertain the causes, describe the course, and accurately, if not always successfully, prescribe the remedy for most of the diseases to which flesh is heir. Theology, on the contrary, has made no corresponding increase in the precision and definiteness with which it attacks the problems of the spiritual life. It still deals with sin in the mass, and administers drastic doses, indicated by general symptoms, laid down in the authoritative books. Give the world a theology as detailed and definite as modern medicine, and ministers as skillful to trace the workings of the spirit of man in holiness and sin as is the modern physician to trace physiological processes in health and disease, and both the minister and the salvation he preaches and applies will be as much in demand as ever. The theological seminaries hold the key to the situation. Hence it is not in unkindly criticism, but in an earnest desire to secure official expression for the theology which the world has come to believe, and adequate training for the ministers the times demand, that attention is called to their traditional weaknesses and inherited shortcomings.

William DeWitt Hyde.

BETWEEN ELECTIONS.

An election is like a flash of lightning at midnight. You get an instantaneous photograph of what every man is doing. You see his real relation toward his government. But an election happens only once a year. Government goes on day and night.

It is hard breaking down the popular fallacy that there is such a thing as "politics" governed by peculiar conditions, which must be understood and respected; that the whole thing is a mystic avocation, run as a trade by high priests and low priests, and is remote from our daily life. Our system of party government has been developed with this end in view: to keep the control in the hands of professionals by multiplying technicalities and increasing the complexity of the rules of the game. There exists, con-

sequently, an unformulated impression that the corruption of politics is something by itself. Yet there probably never was a civilization where the mesh of powers and interests was so close. It is like the interlocking of roots in a swamp. Such density and cohesion were never seen in any epoch, such a mat and tangle of personalities where every man is tied up with the fibres of every other. If you take an axe or a saw, and cut a clean piece out of it anywhere, you will maim every member of society. How idle, then, even to think of politics as a subject by itself, or of the corruptions of the times as localized!

Politics gives what the chemists call a "mirror," and shows the ingredients in the average man's composition. But you must take your mind off of politics if you want to understand America. You must take up the lives of individuals, and follow them out, as they play against one another in counterpoint. As soon as you do this you will not be able to determine where politics begins and where it stops. It is all politics. It is all social intercourse; it is all business. Any square foot of this soil will give you the whole fauna and flora of the land. Where will you put in your wedge of reform? There is not a cranny anywhere. The mass is like crude copper ore that cannot be blasted. It blows out the charge.

We think that political agitation must show political results. This is like trying to alter the shape of a shadow without touching its object. The hope is not only mistaken, it is absurd. The results to be obtained from reform movements cannot show in the political field till they have passed through the social world.

"But, after all, what you want is votes, is it not?" "It would be so encouraging to see virtue win that everybody would vote for you thereafter. Why don't you manage it somehow?" This sort of talk is the best record of incompetence that corruption has imprinted. Enlighten this class and you have saved the republic. Why, my friend, you are so lost, you are so much a mere product of tyranny that you do not know what a vote is. True, we want votes, but the votes we want must be cast spontaneously. We do not want them so badly as to buy them. A vote is only important because it is an opinion. Even a dictator cannot force opinions upon his subjects by six months of rule; and yet the complaint is that decency gets few votes after a year of effort by a handful of unimportant and contemptible people. We only enter the field of politics because we can there get a hearing. The candidates in reform movements are tools. They are like crowbars that break open the mind of the age. They cannot be dodged, concealed, or laughed away. Every one is aroused from his lethargy by seeing a real man walk on the scene amid all the stage properties and marionettes of conventional politics. "No fair!" the people cry. They do not vote for him, of course, but they talk about the portent with a vigor no mere doctrine could call forth, and the discussion blossoms at a later date into a new public spirit, a new and genuine demand for better things.

It is apparent that between the initial political activity of reformers and their ultimate political accomplishments there must intervene the real agitation, the part that does the work, which goes on in the brains and souls of individual men, and which can only be observed in social life, in manners and conversation.

Now let us take up the steps by which in practical life the reaction is set going. Enter the nearest coterie of radicals, and listen to the quarrel. Reformers proverbially disagree, and "their sects mince themselves almost to atoms." With us the quarrel always arises over the same point. "Can we afford under these particular circumstances to tell the exact truth?" I have never known a reform movement in which this discussion did not rage from start to finish, nor

have I known one where any other point was involved. You are a citizens' committee. The parties offer to give you half a loaf. Well and good. But this is not their main object. They want you to call it a whole loaf. They want to dissipate your agitation by getting you to tell the public that you are satisfied. What they hate is the standard. The war between you and them is a spiritual game of chess. They must get you to say they are right. It is their only means of retaining their power.

Thus the apple of discord falls into the reform camp. Half its members take the bait. In New York city our politics have been so picturesque, the pleas of the politician so shallow, the lies demanded from the reformers so obvious, that the eternal principles of the situation have been revealed in their elemental simplicity. It is just because the impulse toward better things carries no material content, — we do not want any particular thing, but we want an improvement in everything, — it is just because the whole movement is purely moral, that the same questions always arise.

We ought not to grieve over the discussion, over the heartburn and heated argument that start from a knot of radicals and run through the community, setting men against one another. The initiative of all this wholesome life is the quarrel in the executive committee of some reform body. They are no more responsible for it, they can no more avoid it, the community can no more advance to higher standards before they have had it, than a child can skate before it can walk.

The executive committee is discussing the schools. In consequence of a recent agitation the politicians have put up a candidate who will give new plumbing, even if he does steal the books, and the question is whether the School Association shall indorse this candidate. If it does, he wins. If it does not, both plumbing and books are likely to remain the prey of the other party, and the Lord knows how bad that is. The fight rages in the committee and some sincere old gentleman is prophesying typhoid.

The practical question is, "Do you want good plumbing, or do you want the truth?" You cannot have both this year. If the Association goes out and tells the public exactly what it knows, it will get itself laughed at, insult the candidate, and elect his opponent. If it tells the truth, it might as well run a candidate of its own as a protest and an advertisement of that truth. It can buy good plumbing with a lie, and the old gentleman thinks it ought to do so. The reformers are going to indorse the candidate, and upon their heads will be visited his theft of the books. They have sold out the little public confidence they held. Had they stood out for another year, under the practical régime which they had already endured for twenty, and had they devoted themselves to augmenting the public interest in the school question, both parties would have offered them plumbing and books to allay the excitement. Perhaps the parties would have relaxed their grip on the whole school system rather than meet the issue.

But the Association does not understand this. It does not as yet clearly know its own mind. All this procedure, this going forward and back, is necessary. The community must pass through these experiences before it discovers that the shortest road to good schools is truth. A few men learn by each turn of the wheel, and these men tend to consolidate. They become a sort of school of political thought. They see that they do not care a whit more about the schools than they do about the parks; that the school agitation is a handy way to make the citizens take notice of maladministration in all departments; that the parties may be left to reform themselves, and to choose the most telling bid for popu-

lar favor; that the parties must do this, and will do this, in so far as the public demands it, and will not do it under any other circumstances.

It is the very greatest folly in the world for an agitator to be content with a partial success. It destroys his cause. He fades instantly. You cannot see him. He is become part of the corrupt and contented public. His business is to make others demand good administration. He must never reap, but always sow. Let him leave the reaping to others. There will be many of them, and their material accomplishments will be the same whether he indorses them or not. If by chance some party, some administration gives him one hundred per cent of what he demands, let him acknowledge it handsomely; but he need not thank them. They did it because they had to, or because their conscience compelled them. In neither case was it done for him.

In other words, reform is an idea that must be taken up as a whole. You do not want any specific thing. You use every issue as a symbol. Let us give up the hope of finding any simpler way out of it. Let us take up the burden at its heaviest end, and acknowledge that nothing but an increase of personal force in every American can change our politics. It is curious that this course, which is the shortest cut to the millennium, should be met with the reproach that it puts off victory. This is entirely due to a defect in the imagination of people who are dealing with an unfamiliar subject. We have to learn its principles. We know that what we really want is all of virtue; but it seems so unreasonable to claim this that we try to buy it piecemeal, — item a schoolhouse, item four parks; and with each gain comes a sacrifice of principle, disintegration, discouragement. Fools, if you had asked for all, you would have had this and more. We are defeated by compromise, because no matter how much we may deceive ourselves into thinking that good government is an aggregate of laws and parks, this is not true. Good government is the outcome of private virtue, and virtue is one thing, a unit, a force, a mode of motion. It cannot pass through a nonconductor of selfishness at any point. Compromise is loss: first, because it stops the movement, and kills energy; second, because it encourages the illusion that the wooden schoolhouse is good government. As against this you have the fact that some hundreds of school children do get housed six months before they would have been housed otherwise. But this is like cashing a draft for a thousand pounds with a dish of oatmeal.

We have perhaps followed in the wake of some little reform movement, and it has left us with an insight into the relation between private opinion and public occurrences. We have really found out two things: first, that, in order to have better government, the talk and private intelligence upon which it rests must be going forward all the time; and second, that the individual conscience, intelligence, or private will is always set free by the same process, to wit, by the telling of truth. The identity between public and private life reveals itself the instant a man adopts the plan of indiscriminate truth-telling. He unmasks batteries and discloses wires at every dinner party; he sees practical politics in every law office, and social influence in every convention, and wherever he is, he suddenly finds himself, by his own will or against it, a centre of forces. Let him blurt out his opinion. Instantly there follows a little flash of reality. The shams drop, and the lines of human influence, the vital currents of energy, are disclosed. The only difference between a reform movement, so called, and the private act of any man who desires to better conditions is that the private man sets one drawing-room in a ferment by speaking his mind or by cutting his friend, and the agitator sets

ten thousand in a ferment by attacking the age.

As a practical matter the conduct of politics depends upon the dinner-table talk of men who are not in politics at all. For instance, there is a public excitement about Civil Service Reform. A law is passed and is being evaded. If the governor is to set it up again he must be sustained by the public. They must follow and understand the situation or the official is helpless. Government is carried on from moment to moment by the people. The executive is a mere hand and arm. But do we sustain him? We do not. We are half-hearted. To lend power to his hand we shall have to be strong men. If we now stood ready to denounce him for himself falling short by the breadth of a hair of his whole duty, our support when we gave it would be worth having. But we are starchless and deserve a starchless service.

What did you find out at the last meeting of the Library Committee? You found out that Commissioner Hopkins's nephew was in the piano business. Hence the commissioner's views on the music question. Repeat it to the first man you meet in the street, and bring it up at the next meeting of the committee. You did not think you had much influence in town politics and hardly knew how to begin. Yet the town seems to have no time for any other subject than your attack on the commissioner. From this point on you begin to understand conditions. Every man in town reveals his real character and his real relation to the town wickedness and to the universe by the way he treats you. You are beginning to get near to something real and something interesting. There is no one in the United States, no matter how small a town he lives in, or how inconspicuous he or she is, who does not have three invitations a week to enter practical politics by such a door as this. It makes no difference whether he regards himself as a scientific man studying phenomena, or a saint purifying society; he will become both. There is no way to study sociology but this. The books give no hint of what the science is like. They are written by men who do not know the world, but who go about gleaning information instead of trying experiments.

The first discovery we make is that the worst enemy of good government is not our ignorant foreign voter, but our educated domestic railroad president, our prominent business man, our leading lawyer.

If there is any truth in the optimistic belief that our standards are now going up, we shall soon see proofs of it in our homes. We shall not note our increase of virtue so much by seeing more crooks in Sing Sing as by seeing fewer of them in the drawing-rooms. You can acquire more knowledge of American politics by attacking in open talk a political lawyer of social standing than you can in a year of study. These backstair men are in every Bar Association and every Reform Club. They are the agents who supervise the details of corruption. They run between the capitalist, the boss, and the public official. They know as fact what every one else knows as inference. They are the priestly class of commerce, and correspond to the intriguing ecclesiastics in periods of church ascendency. Some want money, some office, some mere power, others want social prominence; and their art is to play off interest against interest and advance themselves.

As the president of a social club, I have a power which I can use against my party boss, or for him. If he can count upon me to serve him at need, it is a gain to him to have me establish myself as a reformer. The most dependable of these confidence men (for they betray nobody and are universally used and trusted) can amass money and stand in the forefront of social life; and now and then one of them is made an

archbishop or a foreign minister. They are indeed the figureheads of the age, the essence of all the wickedness and degradation of our times. So long as such men enjoy public confidence we shall remain as we are. They must be deposed in the public mind.

These gentlemen and their attorneys are the weakest point in the serried ranks of iniquity. They are weak because they have social ambition, and the place to reach them is in their clubs. They are the best possible object lessons, because everybody knows them. Social punishment is the one cruel reality, the one terrible weapon, the one judgment against which lawyers cannot protect a man. It is as silent as theft, and it raises the cry of "Stop thief!" like a burglar alarm.

The general cowardice of this age covers itself with the illusion of charity, and asks in the name of Christ that no one's feelings be hurt. But there is not in the New Testament any hint that hypocrites are to be treated with charity. This class is so intrenched on all sides that the enthusiasts cannot touch them. Their elbows are interlocked; they sit cheek by jowl with virtue. They are rich; they possess the earth. How shall we strike them? Very easily. They are so soft with feeding on politic lies that they drop dead if you give them a dose of ridicule in a drawing-room. Denunciation is well enough, but laughter is the true ratsbane for hypocrites. If you set off a few jests the air is changed. The men themselves cannot laugh or be laughed at, for nature's revenge has given them masks for faces. You may see a whole roomful of them crack with pain because they cannot laugh. They are angry, and do not speak.

Everybody in America is soft, and hates conflict. The cure for this both in politics and social life is the same, — hardihood. Give them raw truth. They think they will die. Their friends call you a murderer. Four thousand ladies and eighty bank directors brought vinegar and brown paper to Low when he was attacked, and Roosevelt posed as a martyr because it was said up and down that he acted the part of a selfish politician. What humbug! How is it that all these things grow on the same root, — fraud, cowardice, formality, sentimentalism, and a lack of humor? Why do people become so solemn when they are making a deal, and so angry when they are defending it? The righteous indignation expended in protecting Roosevelt would have founded a church.

The whole problem of better government is a question of how to get people to stop simpering and saying "After you" to cant. A is an aristocrat. B is a boss. C is a candidate. D is a distiller. E is an excellent citizen. They dine. Gloomy silence would be more respectable than this chipper concern that all shall go well. Is not this politics? Yes, and the very essence of it. Is not the exposure of it practical reform? How easily the arrow goes in! A does not think you should confound him with B, nor E with C. Each is a reformer when he looks to the right, and a scamp as seen from the left. What is their fault? Collusion. "But A means so well!" They all mean well. Let us not confound the gradations of their virtue, but can we call any one an honest man who knowingly consorts with thieves? This they all do. Let us declare it. Their resentment at finding themselves classed together drives the wedge into the clique.

Remember, too, that there is no such thing as abstract truth. You must talk facts, you must name names, you must impute motives. You must say what is in your mind. It is the only means you have to cut yourself free from the body of this death. Innuendo will not do. Nobody minds innuendo. We live and breathe nothing else. If you are not strong enough to face the issue in private life, do not dream that you can do

anything for public affairs. This, of course, means fight, not to-morrow, but now. It is only in the course of conflict that any one can come to understand the system, the habit of thought, the mental condition, out of which all our evils arise. The first difficulty is to see the evils clearly; and when we do see them, it is like fighting an atmosphere to contend against them. They are so universal and omnipresent that you have no terms to name them by. We must burn a disinfectant.

We have observed thus far that no question is ever involved in practical agitation except truth-telling. So long as a man is trying to tell the truth his remarks will contain a margin which other people will regard as mystifying and irritating exaggeration. It is this very margin of controversy that does the work. The more accurate he is, the less he exaggerates, the more he will excite people. It is only by the true part of what is said that the interest is roused. No explosion follows a lie.

The awakening of the better feelings of the individual man is not only the immediate but the ultimate end of all politics. Nor need we be alarmed at any collateral results. No one has ever succeeded in drawing any valid distinction between positive and negative educational work, except this: that in so far as a man is positive himself he does positive work. It is necessary to destroy reputations when they are lies. Peace be to their ashes. But war and fire until they be ashes. This is positive and constructive work. You cannot state your case without using popular illustrations, and in clearing the ground for justice and mercy some little great man gets shown up as a make-believe. This is constructive work.

It is impossible to do harm to reform unless you are taking some course which tends to put people to sleep. Strangely enough, the great outcry is made upon occasions when men are refusing to take such a course. This is due to the hypnotism of self-interest. "Don't wake us up!" they cry; "we cannot stand the agony of it," and the rising energy with which they speak wakes other sleepers. In the early stages of any new idea the only advertising it gets is denunciation. This is so much better than silence that one may hail it as the dawn. You must speak till you draw blood. The agitators have always understood this. Such men as Wendell Phillips were not extravagant. They were practical men. Their business was to get heard. They used vitriol, but they were dealing with the hide of the rhinoceros.

If you look at the work of the anti-slavery people by the light of what they were trying to do, you will find that they had a very clear understanding of their task. The reason of some of them canted a little from the strain and stress, but they are so much nearer being right-minded than their contemporaries that we may claim them as respectable human beings. They were the rock on which the old politics split. They were a new force. As soon as they had gathered head enough to affect political issues they broke every public man at the North by forcing him to take sides. There is not a man of the era whom they did not shatter. Finally their own leaders got into public life, and it was not till then that the new era began. The same thing is happening to-day. It is the function of the reformer to crack up any public man who dodges the issue of corruption, or who tries to ride two horses by remaining a straight party man and shouting reform. This is no one's fault. It is a natural process. It is fate. Some fall on one side of the line, and some on the other. One gets the office and the next loses it, but oblivion yawns for all of them. There is no cassia that can embalm their deeds; they can do nothing interesting, nothing that it lies in the power of the human mind to remember. Why is it that Calhoun's

speeches are unreadable? He had the earnestness of a prophet and the ability almost of a Titan; but he was engaged in framing a philosophy to protect an interest. He was maintaining something that was not true. It was a fallacy. It was a pretense. It was a house built on the sands of temporary conditions. Such are the ideas of those middling good men who profess honesty, in just that degree which will keep them in office. Honesty beyond this point is, in their philosophy, incompatible with earthly conditions. These men must exist at present. They are an organic product of the times; they are samples of mediocrity. But they have nothing to offer to the curiosity of the next generation. No, not though their talent was employed in protecting an empire, — as it is now employed in piecing out the supremacy of a disease in a country whose deeper health is beginning to throw the poison off.

Our public men are confronted with two systems of politics. They cannot hedge. If the question were suddenly to be lost in a riot, no doubt a good administrator might win applause, even a Tammany chief. But we have no riots. We have finished the war with Spain, and, unless foreign complications shall set in, we are about to sit down with the politicians over our domestic issue, theft. Are you for theft or against it? You can't be both; and your conversation, the views you hold and express to your friends, are the test. It is only because politics affect or reflect these views that politics have any importance at all. Your agents, Croker, Platt, Hanna, are serving you faithfully now. Nothing else is to be heard at the clubs but the sound of little hammers riveting abuse.

There is another side to this shield, that calls not for scorn, but for pity. Have you ever been in need of money? Almost every man who enters our society joins it as a young man in need of money. His instincts are unsullied, his intellect is fresh and strong, but he must live. How comes it that the country is full of maimed human beings, of cynics and feeble good men, and outside of this no form of life except the diabolical intelligence of pure business?

How to make yourself needed: this is the sycophant's problem, and why should we expect a young American to act differently from a young Spaniard at the court of Philip II.? He must get on. He goes into a law office, and if he is offended at its dishonest practices he cannot speak. He soon accepts them. Thereafter he cannot see them. He goes into a newspaper office. The same. A banker's, a merchant's, a dry-goods shop. What has happened to these fellows at the end of three years, that their minds seem to be drying up? I have seen many men I knew in college grow more and more uninteresting from year to year. Is there something in trade that desiccates and flattens out, that turns men into dried leaves at the age of forty? Certainly there is. It is not due to trade, but to intensity of self-seeking combined with narrowness of occupation. If I had to make my way at the court of Queen Elizabeth, I should need more kinds of wits and more knowledge of human nature than in the New York button trade. No doubt I should be a preoccupied, cringing, and odious sort of person at a feudal festivity, but I should be a fascinating man of genius compared to John H. Painter, who at the age of thirty is making fifteen thousand dollars a year by keeping his mouth shut and attending to business. Put a pressure gauge into Painter, and measure the business tension at New York in 1900. He is passing his youth in a trance over a game of skill, and thereby earning the respect and admiration of all men. Do not blame him. The great current of business force that passes through the port of New York has touched him, and he is rigid. There are hundreds of these fellows, and they make us think of the

well-meaning young man who has to support his family, and who must compete against them for the confidence of his business patrons. Our standard of commercial honesty is set by that current. It is entirely the result of the competition that comes from everybody's wanting to do the same thing.

"But," you say, "we are here dealing with a natural force. If you like, it withers character, and preoccupies one part of a man for so long that the rest of him becomes numb. He is hard and queer. He cannot write because he cannot think; he cannot draw because he cannot think; he cannot enter real politics because he cannot think. He is all the wretch you depict him, but we must have him. Such are men." This is the biggest folly in the world, and shows as deep an intellectual injury in the mind that thinks it as self-seeking can inflict. Business has destroyed the very knowledge in us of all other natural forces except business. What shall we do to diminish this awful pressure that makes politics a hell and wrings out our manhood, till (you will find) the Americans condone the death of their brothers and fathers who perished in home camps during the war, because it all happened in the cause of trade, it was business thrift, done by smart men in pursuance of self-interest? You ask what you can do to diminish the tension of selfishness which is as cruel as superstition, and which is not in one place but everywhere in the United States. It runs a hot iron over young intellect, and crushes character in the bud. It is blindness, palsy, and hip disease. You can hardly find a man who has not got some form of it. There is no newspaper which does not show signs of it. You can hardly find a man who does not proclaim it to be the elixir of life, the vade mecum of civilization. What can you do? Why, you can oppose it with other natural forces. You yourself cannot turn Niagara; but there is not a town in America, where one single man cannot make his force felt against the whole torrent. He takes a stand on a practical matter. He takes action against some abuse. What does this accomplish? Everything.

How many people are there in your town? Well, every one of them gets a thrill that strikes deeper than any sermon he ever heard. He may howl, but he hears. The grocer's boy, for the first time in his life, believes that the whole outfit of morality has a place in the practical world. Every class contributes its comment. Next year a new element comes forward in politics as if the franchise had been extended. Remember this: you cannot, though you owned the world, do any good in it except by devising new ways of advertising the fact that you felt in a particular way. It is the personal influence of example that is the power. Nothing else counts. You can do harm by other methods, but not good. This influence is a natural force, and works like steam power. Why all this commotion over your protest? If you accuse the mayor of being a thief, why does he not reply in the words of modern philosophy, "Of course I 'm a thief; I 'm made that way"? Instead of that he resents it, and there ensues a discussion that takes people's attention off of trade, and qualifies the atmosphere of the place. You have appreciably relieved the tension and checked the plague.

This whole subject must be looked at as a crusade in the cause of humanity. You are making it easier for every young man in town to earn his livelihood without paying out his soul and conscience. There is no royal road to this change. You cannot help any one man. You are forced into helping them all at once. Every time a man asserts himself he cuts a cord that is strangling somebody. The first time that independent candidates for local office were run in New York city strong men cried in the street for rage. The supremacy of commerce had been affronted. New York, in all

that makes life worth living, is a new city since the reform movements began to break up the torpor of serfdom.

You asked how to fight force. It must be fought with force, and not with arguments. Indeed, it is easier to start a reform and carry it through than it is to explain either why or how it is done. You can only understand this after you have been three times ridiculed as a reformer, and then you will begin to see that throughout the community, running through every one, there are currents of power that accomplish changes, sometimes visible, sometimes hard to see; that this power is in its nature quite as strong, quite as real and reliable, as that Wall Street current, — terrible forces both of them, forever operative and struggling and contending together as they surge and swell through the people. It is the sight of that second power that you need. I cannot give it to you. You must sink your own shaft for it. It is this current passing from man to man that makes the unity of all efforts for public betterment. You have a movement and an excitement over bad water, and it leaves you with kindergartens in your schools. It is this current that turns your remark at the Club (which every one repeated in order to injure you) into a piece of encouragement to the banker's clerk, who could not have made it himself except at the cost of his livelihood. It is this current, not only the fear of it but the presence of it in the heart of your merchants, that leaves them at your mercy. Cast anything into this current and it goes everywhere, like aniline dye put into a reservoir; it tinges the whole local life in twenty-four hours. It is to this current that all appeals are made. All party platforms, all resolutions, all lies are dedicated to it, all literature lives by it. The head of power is near and easy if you strike directly for it.

There is an opinion abroad that good politics requires that every man should give his whole time to politics. This is another of the superstitions disseminated by the politicians who want us to go to their primaries, and accepted by people so ignorant of life that they believe that the temperature depends upon the thermometer.

Why, you are running those primaries now. If you were different, they would become different. You need never go near them. Go into that camp where your instinct leads you. The improvement in politics will not be marked by any cyclonic overturn. There will always be two parties competing for your vote. It takes no more time to vote for a good man than for a bad man. There will be no more men in public life then than now. There will be no overt change in conditions. A few leaders will stand for the new forces. It is true that it requires a general increase of interest on the part of every one in order that these men shall be found. Your personal duty is to support them in private and public. That is all. The extent to which you yourself become involved in public affairs depends upon forces with which you need not concern yourself. Only try to understand what is happening under your eyes. Every time you see a group of men advancing some cause that seems sensible, and being denounced on all hands as "self-appointed," see if it was not something in yourself, after all, that appointed those men.

As we grow old, what have we to rely on as a touchstone for the times? You once had your own causes and enthusiasms, but you cannot understand these new ones. You had your certificate from the Almighty, but these fellows are "self-appointed." What you wanted was clear, but these men want something unattainable, something that society as you know it cannot supply. Calm yourself, my friend: perhaps they bring it.

Has the great Philosophy of Evolution done nothing for the mind of man,

that new developments as they arrive are received with the same stony solemnity, are greeted with the same phrases as ever? How can you have the ingenuousness to argue soberly against me, supplying me by every word you say with new illustrations, new hope, new fuel? Until I heard you repeat word by word the prayer book of crumbling conservatism I was not sure I was right. You have placed the great seal of the world upon new truth. Thus should it be received.

The radicals are really always saying the same thing. They do not change; every one else changes. They are accused of the most incompatible crimes, of egoism and a mania for power, indifference to the fate of their own cause, fanaticism, triviality, want of humor, buffoonery, and irreverence. But they sound a certain note. Hence the great practical power of consistent radicals. To all appearance nobody follows them, yet every one believes them. They hold a tuning fork and sound A, and everybody knows it really is A, though the time-honored pitch is G flat. The community cannot get that A out of its head. Nothing can prevent an upward tendency in the popular tone so long as the real A is kept sounding. Every now and then the whole town strikes it for a week, and all the bells ring; and then all sinks to suppressed discord and denial.

The only reason why we have not, of late years, had strong consistent centres of influence, focuses of steady political power, has been that the community had not developed men who could hold the note. It was only when the note made a temporary concord with some heavy political scheme that the reform leaders could hear it themselves. For the rest of the time it threw the whole civilization out of tune. The terrible clash of interests drowned it. The reformers themselves lost it, and wandered up and down guessing.

It is imagined that nature goes by jumps, and that a whole community can suddenly sing in tune after it has been caterwauling and murdering the scale for twenty years. The truth is, we ought to thank God when any man or body of men makes the discovery that there is such a thing as absolute pitch, or absolute honesty, or absolute personal and intellectual integrity. A few years of this spirit will identify certain men with the fundamental idea that truth is stronger than consequences, and these men will become the most serious force and the only truly political force in their community. Their ambition is illimitable, for you cannot set bounds to personal influence. But it is an ambition that cannot be abused. A departure from their own course will ruin any one of them in a night, and undo twenty years of service.

It would be natural that such sets of men should arise all over the country, men who "wanted" nothing, and should reveal the inverse position of the boss system; a set of moral bosses with no organizations, no politics; men thrown into prominence by the operation of all the forces of human nature now suppressed, and the suppression of those now operative. It is obvious that one such man will suffice for a town. In the competition of character, one man will be naturally fixed upon whom his competitors will be the first to honor; and upon him will be condensed the public feeling, the confidence of the community. If the extreme case do not arise, nevertheless it is certain that the tendencies toward a destruction of the present system will reveal themselves as a tendency making for the weight of personal character in practical politics.

Reform politics is after all a simple thing. It demands no great attainments. You can play the game in the dark. A child can understand it. There are no subtleties nor obscurities, no

higher analysis or mystery of any sort. If you want a compass at any moment in the midst of some difficult situation, you have only to say to yourself, "Life is larger than this little imbroglio. I shall follow my instinct." As you say this your compass swings true. You may be surprised to find what course it points to. But what it tells you to do will be practical agitation.

John Jay Chapman.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN INDIAN CHILDHOOD.

I.

MY MOTHER.

A WIGWAM of weather-stained canvas stood at the base of some irregularly ascending hills. A footpath wound its way gently down the sloping land till it reached the broad river bottom; creeping through the long swamp grasses that bent over it on either side, it came out on the edge of the Missouri.

Here, morning, noon, and evening, my mother came to draw water from the muddy stream for our household use. Always, when my mother started for the river, I stopped my play to run along with her. She was only of medium height. Often she was sad and silent, at which times her full arched lips were compressed into hard and bitter lines, and shadows fell under her black eyes. Then I clung to her hand and begged to know what made the tears fall.

"Hush; my little daughter must never talk about my tears;" and smiling through them, she patted my head and said, "Now let me see how fast you can run to-day." Whereupon I tore away at my highest possible speed, with my long black hair blowing in the breeze.

I was a wild little girl of seven. Loosely clad in a slip of brown buckskin, and light-footed with a pair of soft moccasins on my feet, I was as free as the wind that blew my hair, and no less spirited than a bounding deer. These were my mother's pride, — my wild freedom and overflowing spirits. She taught me no fear save that of intruding myself upon others.

Having gone many paces ahead I stopped, panting for breath, and laughing with glee as my mother watched my every movement. I was not wholly conscious of myself, but was more keenly alive to the fire within. It was as if I were the activity, and my hands and feet were only experiments for my spirit to work upon.

Returning from the river, I tugged beside my mother, with my hand upon the bucket I believed I was carrying. One time, on such a return, I remember a bit of conversation we had. My grown-up cousin, Warca-Ziwin (Sunflower), who was then seventeen, always went to the river alone for water for her mother. Their wigwam was not far from ours; and I saw her daily going to and from the river. I admired my cousin greatly. So I said: "Mother, when I am tall as my cousin Warca-Ziwin, you shall not have to come for water. I will do it for you."

With a strange tremor in her voice which I could not understand, she answered, "If the paleface does not take away from us the river we drink."

"Mother, who is this bad paleface?" I asked.

"My little daughter, he is a sham, — a sickly sham! The bronzed Dakota is the only real man."

I looked up into my mother's face while she spoke; and seeing her bite her lips,

I knew she was unhappy. This aroused revenge in my small soul. Stamping my foot on the earth, I cried aloud, "I hate the paleface that makes my mother cry!"

Setting the pail of water on the ground, my mother stooped, and stretching her left hand out on the level with my eyes, she placed her other arm about me; she pointed to the hill where my uncle and my only sister lay buried.

"There is what the paleface has done! Since then your father too has been buried in a hill nearer the rising sun. We were once very happy. But the paleface has stolen our lands and driven us hither. Having defrauded us of our land, the paleface forced us away.

"Well, it happened on the day we moved camp that your sister and uncle were both very sick. Many others were ailing, but there seemed to be no help. We traveled many days and nights; not in the grand happy way that we moved camp when I was a little girl, but we were driven, my child, driven like a herd of buffalo. With every step, your sister, who was not as large as you are now, shrieked with the painful jar until she was hoarse with crying. She grew more and more feverish. Her little hands and cheeks were burning hot. Her little lips were parched and dry, but she would not drink the water I gave her. Then I discovered that her throat was swollen and red. My poor child, how I cried with her because the Great Spirit had forgotten us!

"At last, when we reached this western country, on the first weary night your sister died. And soon your uncle died also, leaving a widow and an orphan daughter, your cousin Warca-Ziwin. Both your sister and uncle might have been happy with us to-day, had it not been for the heartless paleface."

My mother was silent the rest of the way to our wigwam. Though I saw no tears in her eyes, I knew that was because I was with her. She seldom wept before me.

II.

THE LEGENDS.

During the summer days, my mother built her fire in the shadow of our wigwam.

In the early morning our simple breakfast was spread upon the grass west of our tepee. At the farthest point of the shade my mother sat beside her fire, toasting a savory piece of dried meat. Near her, I sat upon my feet, eating my dried meat with unleavened bread, and drinking strong black coffee.

The morning meal was our quiet hour, when we two were entirely alone. At noon, several who chanced to be passing by stopped to rest, and to share our luncheon with us, for they were sure of our hospitality.

My uncle, whose death my mother ever lamented, was one of our nation's bravest warriors. His name was on the lips of old men when talking of the proud feats of valor; and it was mentioned by younger men, too, in connection with deeds of gallantry. Old women praised him for his kindness toward them; young women held him up as an ideal to their sweethearts. Every one loved him, and my mother worshiped his memory. Thus it happened that even strangers were sure of welcome in our lodge, if they but asked a favor in my uncle's name.

Though I heard many strange experiences related by these wayfarers, I loved best the evening meal, for that was the time old legends were told. I was always glad when the sun hung low in the west, for then my mother sent me to invite the neighboring old men and women to eat supper with us. Running all the way to the wigwams, I halted shyly at the entrances. Sometimes I stood long moments without saying a word. It was not any fear that made me so dumb when out upon such a happy errand; nor was it that I wished to

withhold the invitation, for it was all I could do to observe this very proper silence. But it was a sensing of the atmosphere, to assure myself that I should not hinder other plans. My mother used to say to me, as I was almost bounding away for the old people: "Wait a moment before you invite any one. If other plans are being discussed, do not interfere, but go elsewhere."

The old folks knew the meaning of my pauses; and often they coaxed my confidence by asking, "What do you seek, little granddaughter?"

"My mother says you are to come to our tepee this evening," I instantly exploded, and breathed the freer afterwards.

"Yes, yes, gladly, gladly I shall come!" each replied. Rising at once and carrying their blankets across one shoulder, they flocked leisurely from their various wigwams toward our dwelling.

My mission done, I ran back, skipping and jumping with delight. All out of breath, I told my mother almost the exact words of the answers to my invitation. Frequently she asked, "What were they doing when you entered their tepee?" This taught me to remember all I saw at a single glance. Often I told my mother my impressions without being questioned.

While in the neighboring wigwams sometimes an old Indian woman asked me, "What is your mother doing?" Unless my mother had cautioned me not to tell, I generally answered her questions without reserve.

At the arrival of our guests I sat close to my mother, and did not leave her side without first asking her consent. I ate my supper in quiet, listening patiently to the talk of the old people, wishing all the time that they would begin the stories I loved best. At last, when I could not wait any longer, I whispered in my mother's ear, "Ask them to tell an Iktomi story, mother."

Soothing my impatience, my mother said aloud, "My little daughter is anxious to hear your legends." By this time all were through eating, and the evening was fast deepening into twilight.

As each in turn began to tell a legend, I pillowed my head in my mother's lap; and lying flat upon my back, I watched the stars as they peeped down upon me, one by one. The increasing interest of the tale aroused me, and I sat up eagerly listening for every word. The old women made funny remarks, and laughed so heartily that I could not help joining them.

The distant howling of a pack of wolves or the hooting of an owl in the river bottom frightened me, and I nestled into my mother's lap. She added some dry sticks to the open fire, and the bright flames leaped up into the faces of the old folks as they sat around in a great circle.

On such an evening, I remember the glare of the fire shone on a tattooed star upon the brow of the old warrior who was telling a story. I watched him curiously as he made his unconscious gestures. The blue star upon his bronzed forehead was a puzzle to me. Looking about, I saw two parallel lines on the chin of one of the old women. The rest had none. I examined my mother's face, but found no sign there.

After the warrior's story was finished, I asked the old woman the meaning of the blue lines on her chin, looking all the while out of the corners of my eyes at the warrior with the star on his forehead. I was a little afraid that he would rebuke me for my boldness.

Here the old woman began: "Why, my grandchild, they are signs, — secret signs I dare not tell you. I shall, however, tell you a wonderful story about a woman who had a cross tattooed upon each of her cheeks."

It was a long story of a woman whose magic power lay hidden behind the marks upon her face. I fell asleep before the story was completed.

Ever after that night I felt suspicious of tattooed people. Wherever I saw one I glanced furtively at the mark and round about it, wondering what terrible magic power was covered there.

It was rarely that such a fearful story as this one was told by the camp fire. Its impression was so acute that the picture still remains vividly clear and pronounced.

III.

THE BEADWORK.

Soon after breakfast, mother sometimes began her beadwork. On a bright clear day, she pulled out the wooden pegs that pinned the skirt of our wigwam to the ground, and rolled the canvas part way up on its frame of slender poles. Then the cool morning breezes swept freely through our dwelling, now and then wafting the perfume of sweet grasses from newly burnt prairie.

Untying the long tasseled strings that bound a small brown buckskin bag, my mother spread upon a mat beside her bunches of colored beads, just as an artist arranges the paints upon his palette. On a lapboard she smoothed out a double sheet of soft white buckskin; and drawing from a beaded case that hung on the left of her wide belt a long, narrow blade, she trimmed the buckskin into shape. Often she worked upon small moccasins for her small daughter. Then I became intensely interested in her designing. With a proud, beaming face, I watched her work. In imagination, I saw myself walking in a new pair of snugly fitting moccasins. I felt the envious eyes of my playmates upon the pretty red beads decorating my feet.

Close beside my mother I sat on a rug, with a scrap of buckskin in one hand and an awl in the other. This was the beginning of my practical observation lessons in the art of beadwork. From a skein of finely twisted threads of silvery sinews my mother pulled out a single one. With an awl she pierced the buckskin, and skillfully threaded it with the white sinew. Picking up the tiny beads one by one, she strung them with the point of her thread, always twisting it carefully after every stitch.

It took many trials before I learned how to knot my sinew thread on the point of my finger, as I saw her do. Then the next difficulty was in keeping my thread stiffly twisted, so that I could easily string my beads upon it. My mother required of me original designs for my lessons in beading. At first I frequently ensnared many a sunny hour into working a long design. Soon I learned from self-inflicted punishment to refrain from drawing complex patterns, for I had to finish whatever I began.

After some experience I usually drew easy and simple crosses and squares. These were some of the set forms. My original designs were not always symmetrical nor sufficiently characteristic, two faults with which my mother had little patience. The quietness of her oversight made me feel strongly responsible and dependent upon my own judgment. She treated me as a dignified little individual as long as I was on my good behavior; and how humiliated I was when some boldness of mine drew forth a rebuke from her!

In the choice of colors she left me to my own taste. I was pleased with an outline of yellow upon a background of dark blue, or a combination of red and myrtle-green. There was another of red with a bluish gray that was more conventionally used. When I became a little familiar with designing and the various pleasing combinations of color, a harder lesson was given me. It was the sewing on, instead of beads, some tinted porcupine quills, moistened and flattened between the nails of the thumb and forefinger. My mother cut off the prickly ends and burned them at once in the centre fire. These sharp points were

poisonous, and worked into the flesh wherever they lodged. For this reason, my mother said, I should not do much alone in quills until I was as tall as my cousin Warca-Ziwin.

Always after these confining lessons I was wild with surplus spirits, and found joyous relief in running loose in the open again. Many a summer afternoon, a party of four or five of my playmates roamed over the hills with me. We each carried a light sharpened rod about four feet long, with which we pried up certain sweet roots. When we had eaten all the choice roots we chanced upon, we shouldered our rods and strayed off into patches of a stalky plant under whose yellow blossoms we found little crystal drops of gum. Drop by drop we gathered this nature's rock-candy, until each of us could boast of a lump the size of a small bird's egg. Soon satiated with its woody flavor, we tossed away our gum, to return again to the sweet roots.

I remember well how we used to exchange our necklaces, beaded belts, and sometimes even our moccasins. We pretended to offer them as gifts to one another. We delighted in impersonating our own mothers. We talked of things we had heard them say in their conversations. We imitated their various manners, even to the inflection of their voices. In the lap of the prairie we seated ourselves upon our feet; and leaning our painted cheeks in the palms of our hands, we rested our elbows on our knees, and bent forward as old women were most accustomed to do.

While one was telling of some heroic deed recently done by a near relative, the rest of us listened attentively, and exclaimed in undertones, "Han! han!" (yes! yes!) whenever the speaker paused for breath, or sometimes for our sympathy. As the discourse became more thrilling, according to our ideas, we raised our voices in these interjections. In these impersonations our parents were led to say only those things that were in common favor.

No matter how exciting a tale we might be rehearsing, the mere shifting of a cloud shadow in the landscape near by was sufficient to change our impulses; and soon we were all chasing the great shadows that played among the hills. We shouted and whooped in the chase; laughing and calling to one another, we were like little sportive nymphs on that Dakota sea of rolling green.

On one occasion, I forgot the cloud shadow in a strange notion to catch up with my own shadow. Standing straight and still, I began to glide after it, putting out one foot cautiously. When, with the greatest care, I set my foot in advance of myself, my shadow crept onward too. Then again I tried it; this time with the other foot. Still again my shadow escaped me. I began to run; and away flew my shadow, always just a step beyond me. Faster and faster I ran, setting my teeth and clenching my fists, determined to overtake my own fleet shadow. But ever swifter it glided before me, while I was growing breathless and hot. Slackening my speed, I was greatly vexed that my shadow should check its pace also. Daring it to the utmost, as I thought, I sat down upon a rock imbedded in the hillside.

So! my shadow had the impudence to sit down beside me!

Now my comrades caught up with me, and began to ask why I was running away so fast.

"Oh, I was chasing my shadow! Did n't you ever do that?" I inquired, surprised that they should not understand.

They planted their moccasined feet firmly upon my shadow to stay it, and I arose. Again my shadow slipped away, and moved as often as I did. Then we gave up trying to catch my shadow.

Before this peculiar experience I have no distinct memory of having recognized any vital bond between myself and my

own shadow. I never gave it an afterthought.

Returning our borrowed belts and trinkets, we rambled homeward. That evening, as on other evenings, I went to sleep over my legends.

IV.

THE COFFEE-MAKING.

One summer afternoon, my mother left me alone in our wigwam, while she went across the way to my aunt's dwelling.

I did not much like to stay alone in our tepee, for I feared a tall, broad-shouldered crazy man, some forty years old, who walked loose among the hills. Wiyaka-Napbina (Wearer of a Feather Necklace) was harmless, and whenever he came into a wigwam he was driven there by extreme hunger. He went nude except for the half of a red blanket he girdled around his waist. In one tawny arm he used to carry a heavy bunch of wild sunflowers that he gathered in his aimless ramblings. His black hair was matted by the winds, and scorched into a dry red by the constant summer sun. As he took great strides, placing one brown bare foot directly in front of the other, he swung his long lean arm to and fro.

Frequently he paused in his walk and gazed far backward, shading his eyes with his hand. He was under the belief that an evil spirit was haunting his steps. This was what my mother told me once, when I sneered at such a silly big man. I was brave when my mother was near by, and Wiyaka-Napbina walking farther and farther away.

"Pity the man, my child. I knew him when he was a brave and handsome youth. He was overtaken by a malicious spirit among the hills, one day, when he went hither and thither after his ponies. Since then he cannot stay away from the hills," she said.

I felt so sorry for the man in his misfortune that I prayed to the Great Spirit to restore him. But though I pitied him at a distance, I was still afraid of him when he appeared near our wigwam.

Thus, when my mother left me by myself that afternoon, I sat in a fearful mood within our tepee. I recalled all I had ever heard about Wiyaka-Napbina; and I tried to assure myself that though he might pass near by, he would not come to our wigwam because there was no little girl around our grounds.

Just then, from without a hand lifted the canvas covering of the entrance; the shadow of a man fell within the wigwam, and a large roughly moccasined foot was planted inside.

For a moment I did not dare to breathe or stir, for I thought that could be no other than Wiyaka-Napbina. The next instant I sighed aloud in relief. It was an old grandfather who had often told me Iktomi legends.

"Where is your mother, my little grandchild?" were his first words.

"My mother is soon coming back from my aunt's tepee," I replied.

"Then I shall wait awhile for her return," he said, crossing his feet and seating himself upon a mat.

At once I began to play the part of a generous hostess. I turned to my mother's coffeepot.

Lifting the lid, I found nothing but coffee grounds in the bottom. I set the pot on a heap of cold ashes in the centre, and filled it half full of warm Missouri River water. During this performance I felt conscious of being watched. Then breaking off a small piece of our unleavened bread, I placed it in a bowl. Turning soon to the coffeepot, which would never have boiled on a dead fire had I waited forever, I poured out a cup of worse than muddy warm water. Carrying the bowl in one hand and cup in the other, I handed the light luncheon to the old warrior. I offered them to him

with the air of bestowing generous hospitality.

"How! how!" he said, and placed the dishes on the ground in front of his crossed feet. He nibbled at the bread and sipped from the cup. I sat back against a pole watching him. I was proud to have succeeded so well in serving refreshments to a guest all by myself. Before the old warrior had finished eating, my mother entered. Immediately she wondered where I had found coffee, for she knew I had never made any, and that she had left the coffeepot empty. Answering the question in my mother's eyes, the warrior remarked, "My granddaughter made coffee on a heap of dead ashes, and served me the moment I came."

They both laughed, and mother said, "Wait a little longer, and I shall build a fire." She meant to make some real coffee. But neither she nor the warrior, whom the law of our custom had compelled to partake of my insipid hospitality, said anything to embarrass me. They treated my best judgment, poor as it was, with the utmost respect. It was not till long years afterward that I learned how ridiculous a thing I had done.

V.

THE DEAD MAN'S PLUM BUSH.

One autumn afternoon, many people came streaming toward the dwelling of our near neighbor. With painted faces, and wearing broad white bosoms of elk's teeth, they hurried down the narrow footpath to Haraka Wambdi's wigwam. Young mothers held their children by the hand, and half pulled them along in their haste. They overtook and passed by the bent old grandmothers who were trudging along with crooked canes toward the centre of excitement. Most of the young braves galloped hither on their ponies. Toothless warriors, like the old women, came more slowly, though mounted on lively ponies. They sat proudly erect on their horses. They wore their eagle plumes, and waved their various trophies of former wars.

In front of the wigwam a great fire was built, and several large black kettles of venison were suspended over it. The crowd were seated about it on the grass in a great circle. Behind them some of the braves stood leaning against the necks of their ponies, their tall figures draped in loose robes which were well drawn over their eyes.

Young girls, with their faces glowing like bright red autumn leaves, their glossy braids falling over each ear, sat coquettishly beside their chaperons. It was a custom for young Indian women to invite some older relative to escort them to the public feasts. Though it was not an iron law, it was generally observed.

Haraka Wambdi was a strong young brave, who had just returned from his first battle, a warrior. His near relatives, to celebrate his new rank, were spreading a feast to which the whole of the Indian village was invited.

Holding my pretty striped blanket in readiness to throw over my shoulders, I grew more and more restless as I watched the gay throng assembling. My mother was busily broiling a wild duck that my aunt had that morning brought over.

"Mother, mother, why do you stop to cook a small meal when we are invited to a feast?" I asked, with a snarl in my voice.

"My child, learn to wait. On our way to the celebration we are going to stop at Chanyu's wigwam. His aged mother-in-law is lying very ill, and I think she would like a taste of this small game."

Having once seen the suffering on the thin, pinched features of this dying woman, I felt a momentary shame that I had not remembered her before.

On our way, I ran ahead of my mother, and was reaching out my hand to

pick some purple plums that grew on a small bush, when I was checked by a low "Sh!" from my mother.

"Why, mother, I want to taste the plums!" I exclaimed, as I dropped my hand to my side in disappointment.

"Never pluck a single plum from this bush, my child, for its roots are wrapped around an Indian's skeleton. A brave is buried here. While he lived, he was so fond of playing the game of striped plum seeds that, at his death, his set of plum seeds were buried in his hands. From them sprang up this little bush."

Eyeing the forbidden fruit, I trod lightly on the sacred ground, and dared to speak only in whispers, until we had gone many paces from it. After that time, I halted in my ramblings whenever I came in sight of the plum bush. I grew sober with awe, and was alert to hear a long-drawn-out whistle rise from the roots of it. Though I had never heard with my own ears this strange whistle of departed spirits, yet I had listened so frequently to hear the old folks describe it that I knew I should recognize it at once.

The lasting impression of that day, as I recall it now, is what my mother told me about the dead man's plum bush.

VI.

THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

In the busy autumn days, my cousin Warca-Ziwin's mother came to our wigwam to help my mother preserve foods for our winter use. I was very fond of my aunt, because she was not so quiet as my mother. Though she was older, she was more jovial and less reserved. She was slender and remarkably erect. While my mother's hair was heavy and black, my aunt had unusually thin locks.

Ever since I knew her, she wore a string of large blue beads around her neck, — beads that were precious because my uncle had given them to her when she was a younger woman. She had a peculiar swing in her gait, caused by a long stride rarely natural to so slight a figure. It was during my aunt's visit with us that my mother forgot her accustomed quietness, often laughing heartily at some of my aunt's witty remarks.

I loved my aunt threefold: for her hearty laughter, for the cheerfulness she caused my mother, and most of all for the times she dried my tears and held me in her lap, when my mother had reproved me.

Early in the cool mornings, just as the yellow rim of the sun rose above the hills, we were up and eating our breakfast. We awoke so early that we saw the sacred hour when a misty smoke hung over a pit surrounded by an impassable sinking mire. This strange smoke appeared every morning, both winter and summer; but most visibly in midwinter it rose immediately above the marshy spot. By the time the full face of the sun appeared above the eastern horizon, the smoke vanished. Even very old men, who had known this country the longest, said that the smoke from this pit had never failed a single day to rise heavenward.

As I frolicked about our dwelling, I used to stop suddenly, and with a fearful awe watch the smoking of the unknown fires. While the vapor was visible, I was afraid to go very far from our wigwam unless I went with my mother.

From a field in the fertile river bottom my mother and aunt gathered an abundant supply of corn. Near our tepee, they spread a large canvas upon the grass, and dried their sweet corn in it. I was left to watch the corn, that nothing should disturb it. I played around it with dolls made of ears of corn. I braided their soft fine silk for hair, and gave them blankets as various as the scraps I found in my mother's workbag.

There was a little stranger with a black-and-yellow-striped coat that used

to come to the drying corn. It was a little ground squirrel, who was so fearless of me that he came to one corner of the canvas and carried away as much of the sweet corn as he could hold. I wanted very much to catch him, and rub his pretty fur back, but my mother said he would be so frightened if I caught him that he would bite my fingers. So I was as content as he to keep the corn between us. Every morning he came for more corn. Some evenings I have seen him creeping about our grounds; and when I gave a sudden whoop of recognition, he ran quickly out of sight.

When mother had dried all the corn she wished, then she sliced great pumpkins into thin rings; and these she doubled and linked together into long chains. She hung them on a pole that stretched between two forked posts. The wind and sun soon thoroughly dried the chains of pumpkin. Then she packed them away in a case of thick and stiff buckskin.

In the sun and wind she also dried many wild fruits, — cherries, berries, and plums. But chiefest among my early recollections of autumn is that one of the corn drying and the ground squirrel.

I have few memories of winter days, at this period of my life, though many of the summer. There is one only which I can recall.

Some missionaries gave me a little bag of marbles. They were all sizes and colors. Among them were some of colored glass. Walking with my mother to the river, on a late winter day, we found great chunks of ice piled all along the bank. The ice on the river was floating in huge pieces. As I stood beside one large block, I noticed for the first time the colors of the rainbow in the crystal ice. Immediately I thought of my glass marbles at home. With my bare fingers I tried to pick out some of the colors, for they seemed so near the surface. But my fingers began to sting with the intense cold, and I had to bite them hard to keep from crying.

From that day on, for many a moon, I believed that glass marbles had river ice inside of them.

VII.

THE BIG RED APPLES.

The first turning away from the easy, natural flow of my life occurred in an early spring. It was in my eighth year; in the month of March, I afterward learned. At this age I knew but one language, and that was my mother's native tongue.

From some of my playmates I heard that two paleface missionaries were in our village. They were from that class of white men who wore big hats and carried large hearts, they said. Running direct to my mother, I began to question her why these two strangers were among us. She told me, after I had teased much, that they had come to take away Indian boys and girls to the East. My mother did not seem to want me to talk about them. But in a day or two, I gleaned many wonderful stories from my playfellows concerning the strangers.

"Mother, my friend Judéwin is going home with the missionaries. She is going to a more beautiful country than ours; the palefaces told her so!" I said wistfully, wishing in my heart that I too might go.

Mother sat in a chair, and I was hanging on her knee. Within the last two seasons my big brother Dawée had returned from a three years' education in the East, and his coming back influenced my mother to take a farther step from her native way of living. First it was a change from the buffalo skin to the white man's canvas that covered our wigwam. Now she had given up her wigwam of slender poles, to live, a foreigner, in a home of clumsy logs.

"Yes, my child, several others besides

Judéwin are going away with the palefaces. Your brother said the missionaries had inquired about his little sister," she said, watching my face very closely.

My heart thumped so hard against my breast, I wondered if she could hear it.

"Did he tell them to take me, mother?" I asked, fearing lest Dawée had forbidden the palefaces to see me, and that my hope of going to the Wonderland would be entirely blighted.

With a sad, slow smile, she answered: "There! I knew you were wishing to go, because Judéwin has filled your ears with the white men's lies. Don't believe a word they say! Their words are sweet, but, my child, their deeds are bitter. You will cry for me, but they will not even soothe you. Stay with me, my little one! Your brother Dawée says that going East, away from your mother, is too hard an experience for his baby sister."

Thus my mother discouraged my curiosity about the lands beyond our eastern horizon; for it was not yet an ambition for Letters that was stirring me. But on the following day the missionaries did come to our very house. I spied them coming up the footpath leading to our cottage. A third man was with them, but he was not my brother Dawée. It was another, a young interpreter, a paleface who had a smattering of the Indian language. I was ready to run out to meet them, but I did not dare to displease my mother. With great glee, I jumped up and down on our ground floor. I begged my mother to open the door, that they would be sure to come to us. Alas! They came, they saw, and they conquered!

Judéwin had told me of the great tree where grew red, red apples; and how we could reach out our hands and pick all the red apples we could eat. I had never seen apple trees. I had never tasted more than a dozen red apples in my life; and when I heard of the orchards of the East, I was eager to roam among them. The missionaries smiled into my eyes, and patted my head. I wondered how mother could say such hard words against them.

"Mother, ask them if little girls may have all the red apples they want, when they go East," I whispered aloud, in my excitement.

The interpreter heard me, and answered: "Yes, little girl, the nice red apples are for those who pick them; and you will have a ride on the iron horse if you go with these good people."

I had never seen a train, and he knew it.

"Mother, I 'm going East! I like big red apples, and I want to ride on the iron horse! Mother, say yes!" I pleaded.

My mother said nothing. The missionaries waited in silence; and my eyes began to blur with tears, though I struggled to choke them back. The corners of my mouth twitched, and my mother saw me.

"I am not ready to give you any word," she said to them. "To-morrow I shall send you my answer by my son."

With this they left us. Alone with my mother, I yielded to my tears, and cried aloud, shaking my head so as not to hear what she was saying to me. This was the first time I had ever been so unwilling to give up my own desire that I refused to hearken to my mother's voice.

There was a solemn silence in our home that night. Before I went to bed I begged the Great Spirit to make my mother willing I should go with the missionaries.

The next morning came, and my mother called me to her side. "My daughter, do you still persist in wishing to leave your mother?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, it is not that I wish to leave you, but I want to see the wonderful Eastern land," I answered.

My dear old aunt came to our house that morning, and I heard her say, "Let her try it."

I hoped that, as usual, my aunt was

pleading on my side. My brother Dawée came for mother's decision. I dropped my play, and crept close to my aunt.

"Yes, Dawée, my daughter, though she does not understand what it all means, is anxious to go. She will need an education when she is grown, for then there will be fewer real Dakotas, and many more palefaces. This tearing her away, so young, from her mother is necessary, if I would have her an educated woman. The palefaces, who owe us a large debt for stolen lands, have begun to pay a tardy justice in offering some education to our children. But I know my daughter must suffer keenly in this experiment. For her sake, I dread to tell you my reply to the missionaries. Go, tell them that they may take my little daughter, and that the Great Spirit shall not fail to reward them according to their hearts."

Wrapped in my heavy blanket, I walked with my mother to the carriage that was soon to take us to the iron horse. I was happy. I met my playmates, who were also wearing their best thick blankets. We showed one another our new beaded moccasins, and the width of the belts that girdled our new dresses. Soon we were being drawn rapidly away by the white man's horses. When I saw the lonely figure of my mother vanish in the distance, a sense of regret settled heavily upon me. I felt suddenly weak, as if I might fall limp to the ground. I was in the hands of strangers whom my mother did not fully trust. I no longer felt free to be myself, or to voice my own feelings. The tears trickled down my cheeks, and I buried my face in the folds of my blanket. Now the first step, parting me from my mother, was taken, and all my belated tears availed nothing.

Having driven thirty miles to the ferryboat, we crossed the Missouri in the evening. Then riding again a few miles eastward, we stopped before a massive brick building. I looked at it in amazement, and with a vague misgiving, for in our village I had never seen so large a house. Trembling with fear and distrust of the palefaces, my teeth chattering from the chilly ride, I crept noiselessly in my soft moccasins along the narrow hall, keeping very close to the bare wall. I was as frightened and bewildered as the captured young of a wild creature.

Zitkala-Ša.

DISARMING THE TRUSTS.

THERE has recently been held in Chicago a conference on the subject of trusts. The members of it represented many sections and many interests, and the addresses that were delivered ma[y] be taken as revealing the positi[on] American people on th[e] monopolies. In ad[dition] expression of the [people] will be given dur[ing] dential canvass, t[his] haps, affords the [best] ceiving at a glance [how] this country think [on] they will pro[bably] those va[rious] in[terests]

make a deep analysis of the situation. They do not fully understand the commercial evolution that is going on in the world. In their opposition to the monopolistic action of trusts, they are likely to undervalue their productive power. The statutes that they will favor, and that they will often enact, will be sweeping prohibitions with plentiful penalties attached to them. They will be laws that cannot be enforced, and that would do harm if they were enforced. And yet, in a way, what this section of the people has to contribute toward the solution of the trust problem is worth more than is anything that other sections can contribute. A zeal that is not now according to knowledge will be pretty certain to be according to it before the struggle is over. It will, at least, begin to do something; and if what it does proves to be not the right thing, it will do something else. In the end it will solve the problem; while, on the other hand, a knowledge that is not backed by zeal will do nothing either at the outset or afterwards.

Fortunately, not all of the zeal is confined to the South and West. Agriculture develops the most powerful opposition to trusts; but all through the country capital that is not massed in colossal holdings is opposed to them. The country as a whole has little use for real monopoly, or for political parties that [illegible]le themselves with monopolies. [illegible]ctions is to be had only un[illegible] of economic freedom. [illegible]lasses of people [illegible]sts, even [illegible]po-

a trust that has a real monopolistic power may form an alliance with its workmen, or with important classes of its workmen, against the public. In that case the laborers who benefit by the high prices that are secured are attached to the trust, though it is by a conditional and precarious friendship.

What is the attitude of the great body of the people? Has it not taken any decided attitude? Does it not know what it thinks and wishes? In so far as the details of law-making are concerned, it certainly does not. It is in the inquirer's position; and the question that it is hoping to have answered is whether it should try to frame statutes that will crush the trusts, or should content itself with trying to regulate them, or even with letting them alone. On the more fundamental issue, as I venture to affirm, the mind of the people is made up. There is one thing that it wants and will have; and there is another thing that it fears, hates, and will repress. What it wants is productive efficiency. The people will have capital so organized that it can compete successfully with any capital in the world. What they will not have is capital so endowed with special and abnormal powers that it can do a plundering work as well as a productive one.

There are certain distinctions that the people almost never make with sufficient clearness, and that they must at some time make, if their moral earnestness is, in a practical way, to be good for much. There are three things, not at all identical, which the people, in their thought and speech, jumble together, and even attack [illegible]ithout any discrimination. They are, [illegible]ital as such; secondly, central[illegible]; thirdly, monopoly. When [illegible] pending, the word [illegible]et fashion, to cover [illegible]." Whenever the [illegible]ment takes the shape [illegible] bondholders or stock[illegible] that the first discrim-

ination has not been made. Capital as such is confounded with capital endowed with pernicious powers.

This, fortunately, is not the attitude of the people in general. It was not the attitude of those representatives of the people who were recently gathered at the Chicago conference. There are persons who have a quarrel with bondholders and stockholders as such, because they are opposed to the men who have something. They are, however, in a very small minority. It is only in the heat of a contest that an attack on monopoly becomes, to any important extent, an actual attack on capital.

An attack on monopoly easily becomes an attack on centralization. Clear discrimination is rare in this connection. To many people the massing of capital seems necessarily to make it monopolistic. If it does so, then there is no distinction in fact between highly centralized capital and monopoly. We cannot have capital in very big masses without being "in the grip of an octopus" or "enslaved," as some of our friends from the West and South think that we already are.

There is one great question of fact pending: Does centralization carried to great lengths necessarily involve monopoly? If so, the people are perfectly right in jumbling the two together, and attacking them both with all the energy of which they are capable. Monopoly is unendurable. If we cannot exterminate it or reduce it to harmless dimensions, we shall begin even to listen to the seductions of the socialists. We shall think better than we ever thought before of the plan of letting the trusts do their utmost, to the end that, as soon as one vast network of them shall have full possession of the industrial fiel[illegible] seize its whole capital a[illegible] benefit of the people.

Is this the only altern[illegible] if centralization and mon[illegible] tically the same thing, and[illegible]

izing tendency cannot be stopped. If they are not the same, then we may have centralization without having monopoly. We may get the good that there is in the trust, and cast away the evil. We may save all the productive energy that vast capitals involve, and make ourselves victorious competitors in the struggle for the traffic of the world. We may enable ourselves to undersell every one else, not because our workmen will take low wages, but because, thanks to our big shops and our automatic machines, they produce more than any other workmen. If America is, as it seems to be, the natural home of the trust, and if we can draw the fangs of the monster and tame him to good uses, we can get all that it is possible to get out of material civilization. We can be commercially dominant and the leaders in economic progress. We can win the prizes that leadership brings, — and there is no measuring the value of those prizes; for wealth honestly gained and honestly dispersed among the people means a high level of life, intellectual and moral as well as physical.

Momentous beyond the power of language to measure is the question whether centralization may be allowed to go to the utmost lengths without fastening on the people the intolerable burden of monopoly. Answer this question in one way, and you will probably be a socialist, and certainly you ought to be one. Answer it in another way, and you will be an "individualist," though that is an inexact term for indicating the development for which you hope. You will believe, however, in freedom of individual action, in competition, in the right of contract; in short, in the things that have made our civilization thus far what it is. You will keep your optimism in [illegible] either case, for you will be sure that, in [illegible]nd, we shall get out of our troubles [illegible]gers; but if you think that the [illegible] that can save us is the seizing [illegible]l by the state, then the eco-

nomic millennium, the vision of which will cheer you in the dark days before it can be realized, will be a time of fraternal sharing of everything, of the keeping of a common purse for humanity, and of a forced equality that will leave little chance for liberty. If, on the other hand, you think that competition and private initiative can save us, if only they have a fair trial, what you will see before you is an endless era of progress insured by old and familiar forces. You will see the wealth-creating power of the social organism always growing, wages always rising, wealth often massed, indeed, in great corporate capitals, but also divided, in its ownership, into a myriad of holdings scattered widely among the people. You will see workers acquiring capital, while still earning wages in the mill; and, as an outcome not so remote as a Philistine view would make it, you may see production moving so steadily that the bonds of great corporations, and even the stocks, may become common and safe forms of investment of workmen's savings. Not indeed without very intelligent action on the part of the government, and therefore not without much experimenting, will all this come. But it will come ultimately. And the guarantee of this fact is the overwhelming probability that socialism will never come to stay. If it shall be tried in one of our states or in one country of Europe, the results of the experiment will cause it to be rejected both there and elsewhere

The practical thing to be decided, therefore, is what a state can do to open the rift between centralization and monopoly, — to enable the mills to produce and to sell as cheaply as the biggest establishments can do, but to stop the extortion that trusts practice, and ward off the greater extortion that they threaten to practice.

What is the kind of legislati[illegible] a government needs to enact. [illegible] pluck the flower of comme[illegible] from a very thorny and dangerous bush? The key to the solution of this problem is afforded by the natural forces that are already curbing the great corporations. We have only to act according to nature. We must do what a skillful physician does when he wishes his patient to get well, and must remove the obstructions that prevent nature from doing its healing work. Great corporations would never be monopolies if competition were not abnormally fettered, and if individual action had a fair field and no favor.

When prices are unduly high, owing to the grasping policy of some trust, what happens? New competition usually appears in the field. Capital is seeking outlets; and it has become hard to find them. Readily, and sometimes almost recklessly, does it build new mills and begin to compete with trusts, when these consolidated companies do not know enough to proceed on a conservative plan. Let any combination of producers raise the prices beyond a certain limit, and it will encounter this difficulty. The new mills that will spring into existence will break down prices; and the fear of these new mills, without their actual coming, is often enough to keep prices from rising to an extortionate height. The mill that has never been built is already a power in the market; for if it surely will be built under certain conditions, the effect of this certainty is to keep prices down.

The real and serious difficulty is the fact that the curbing influence of this latent competition cannot always be depended on to prevent a real and considerable extortion. There is often a considerable range within which trusts can raise prices without calling potential competition into a positive activity. The possible competitor does not become a [illegible] means, as promptly as he [illegible]ouble is, that he has not [illegible]r his life when he actually [illegible]e scene. He is in very [illegible] of being crushed by the

trust, by virtue of certain abnormal things that the trust is now allowed to do. If the great company could not do these abnormal things, the new competitor would be safe. He would appear promptly, whenever profits should become high enough to call for him. The possibility of his coming would hold prices at a natural level. The trust would benefit the people by its economies, and would not trouble them by its exactions.

Potential competition is certainly a real force. Experience has proved this a hundred times, in the short period within which modern trusts have existed. It is, however, a force that can be easily obstructed. Capital is proverbially timid; and here is a case where it has to be bold, if it is to do what the public needs to have it do. Our system of laws now permits overgrown capitals to bully small ones. The big company has a right to beat the little one in an honest race for cheapness in making and selling goods; but it has no right to foul its competitor and disable it by an underhanded blow; and this is exactly what great trusts are doing. Where a state needs to secure a delicate action by a highly sensitive agent, its clumsy laws and clumsier policing allow that agent to receive rough handling when it comes into the field, or to be so terrorized in advance that it often does not come at all.

The fact is that a trust is allowed to do things that are out of harmony with the spirit of the law, — things that it could not do if the law were accomplishing even the single task that a narrow Spencerian policy demands of it, namely, the protection of property. There are actions that have in them the essence of robbery, though they lie altogether outside of the scope of statutes heretofore enacted. It is not so clear that they are outside of the scope of common law; but they are not actually suppressed by it. I may be a manufacturer outside of the trust, selling my product in a limited section of the country. A trust may sell goods in my particular field for less than it costs to produce them; and if, while it thus loses money in my territory, it can make money in twenty other places, there is no doubt as to the way in which the struggle between it and myself will result. If, on the other hand, in order to get away my trade, it were obliged to reduce prices everywhere below the cost of production, there is no reason to suppose that it could hold out in competition any longer than I could. A trust would never think of lowering prices in a ruinous way all over the country, for the purpose of crushing out competition in one corner of the country.

It is commonly supposed that mere size gives corporations a competing advantage; but this is an inaccurate supposition. A concern with a capital of twenty million dollars cannot lose a million a year any more safely than one with a capital of twenty thousand dollars can lose a thousand a year. If the losses that a corporation sustains by cutthroat competition are in proportion to the amount of its capital, it is not necessarily a dangerous competitor. As a practical fact, a new mill, equipped with most recent and perfect machinery, is often a stronger competitor than a trust that is encumbered with antiquated plants.

Quite akin to that predatory competition which lowers prices in one corner of the country and sustains them elsewhere, for the purpose of ruining somebody whose market is in that limited region, is the kind that lowers prices on particular grades or qualities of goods which happen to be made by a competing concern, and sustains prices on all other grades and qualities. The discrimination may be, not between one locality and another, but between a type of goods made by some one whose production is highly specialized and other types. It is easy for the trust, if it makes many kinds of goods, to crush a competitor who makes only one.

Closely affiliated with these methods of price discrimination is another that has been much used, namely, a kind of "factors' agreement." The trust may make with merchants who sell its goods a contract that compels them not only to keep prices at the level which the trust prescribes, but to handle no goods of a general class other than those which the trust makes. Under these circumstances the new competitor has hard work to find a market; for unless the wholesale merchants are willing to give up handling any of the goods manufactured by the trust, they are unable to buy from him. If then this producer betakes himself directly to the retailer, the trust may still pursue him and deprive the retailer of the privilege of handling any of its products unless he too refuse to buy and sell competing goods. The factors' agreement may take the shape, not of absolutely refusing to sell to merchants who handle goods made outside of the trust, but that of refusing to give to those who sell competing goods the full discounts that are given to those who do not sell them.

All these things are "in restraint of trade," and contrary to the public interest and to the spirit of common law. All of them, moreover, involve personal discrimination in the treatment of different customers, and could not be practiced with success without such unequal and unfair treatment. If trusts were compelled to treat all of their customers alike, none of this kind of predatory work could be done. The independent producer would have a fair field and no favor; and that is all he needs. If that were secured, there would be in every department of industry some actual competition and a great deal of competition of the potential kind. Between them they would protect the public from extortion. Moreover, it could be shown that protecting the public from high prices shields the laborer from the lowering of wages.

There is much to be said about tariff laws and patent laws; for it is often partly by means of them that a great corporation becomes a quasi-monopoly. The total abolition of import duties and patent laws would be a rash measure; but a reformation of these laws that would prevent them from playing into the hands of trusts would be an entirely reasonable measure. This means of curbing the power of trusts has been considerably discussed. The suppression of that favoritism which railroads show to certain producers is so obviously necessary that we have no need of discussing it. The policy that is unfamiliar to our people, and that is most promising, though, like other good things, it encounters difficulties, aims at the complete suppression of personal discrimination by the trusts themselves in their dealings with their customers. The ruinous local cutting of prices, and the ruinous cutting of the prices of particular grades of goods, for like predatory purposes, must at all hazards be stopped. The factors' agreement that forces merchants to boycott independent producers must also be stopped. We must find or make a way to accomplish these things. It will be hard to do it; and yet it will be easier than to force a way to success in prohibitory legislation. Reforming the tariff, reforming the patent laws, controlling the common carriers, and, above all, securing uniform treatment of all customers by the trusts themselves, this combination of measures constitutes a policy in regard to trusts that, however difficult it may at first be, is possible, because it is in harmony with powerful tendencies that are already working. It appeals to a latent power of competition that even now holds trusts greatly in check. To hold them more in check, and to do it in a natural way, is to solve the problem of trusts.

A consideration which has far less weight than it should have when the evils of monopoly are in the foreground

is the necessity of preserving for our country the productive power that combination gives. In the international field there is a great question to be settled: which country is to come out uppermost in the struggle which is growing fiercer and fiercer for dominance in the trade of the world? The country that invents machinery rapidly will have an advantage over others; and so will the one that fosters centralization by allowing corporations to become greater and still greater, so long as they do not gain the position of real monopolies. There is little doubt that the competition of nations will force every one of them, in the end, to tolerate production on the largest scale. If that is so, there are two general alternatives, and only two, open to the different countries. One and all of them must choose between some kind of state socialism, on the one hand, and the appeal to the power of competition, on the other. It looks, superficially, as if socialism might be the easier. It looks as though a nation, tired of futile attempts to regulate trusts, might find it more practicable to take possession of them. We shall see what we shall see; for the issue must be decided experimentally. But if laws and tendencies that are now at work are a guide, it is safe to conclude that the surviving system will be the competitive one. States will do many things that they do not now do; but they will not seize and conduct all industries. If one state were to do this, its example would deter others from following suit. If one state should keep the principle of competition alive, with all that that means in the way of progress, its example would compel others to do the same. By a law of evolution, the state where industries are centralized, but not monopolistic, will succeed in the international contest.

These are assertions that one article cannot undertake to prove; but fortunately the experience of a comparatively few years will either confirm or refute them. The real uncertainty is not so much what will be the type of trust legislation that will prevail in the end, as how many wasteful experiments, how many disturbances and disruptions, we must experience before we get it. Shall we trust wholly to future experiment? Shall we make, by costly blundering, a list of things that are surely not to be done, in order that, by elimination, we may ultimately get the remainder of things that are to be done? Something of this kind we may have before us; but there is a chance of avoiding a disastrous amount of it. We may try the right experiment early. We may use insight and perceive how nature is already working. We may liberate the competitive forces that, even now, trammeled as they are, make our state a tolerable one, and enable them to develop their full influence. The monsters that alarm us are tied by a half visible leash that we did not consciously put on them; but it is one that we can strengthen to the point at which it will hold and tame them, and make them serve us. Success in the fierce rivalries into which nations are now entering will come to those which utilize, for all that it is worth, the power that massed capital gives, without surrendering their economic freedom.

John Bates Clark.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXXI.

IN WHICH AN INDIAN FORGIVES AND FORGETS.

A MAN who hath been a soldier and an adventurer into far and strange countries must needs have faced Death many times and in many guises. I had learned to know that grim countenance, and to have no great fear of it. And beneath the ugliness of the mask that now presented itself there was only Death at last. I was no babe to whimper at a sudden darkness, to cry out against a curtain that a Hand chose to drop between me and the life I had lived. Death frighted me not, but when I thought of one whom I should leave behind me I feared lest I should go mad. Had this thing come to me a year before, I could have slept the night through; now — now —

I lay, bound to the log, before the open door of the lodge, and, looking through it, saw the pines waving in the night wind and the gleam of the river beneath the stars, and saw her as plainly as though she had stood there under the trees, in a flood of noon sunshine. Now she was the Jocelyn Percy of Weyanoke, now of the minister's house, now of a storm-tossed boat and a pirate ship, now of the gaol at Jamestown. One of my arms was free; I could take from within my doublet the little purple flower, and drop my face upon the hand that held it. The bloom was quite withered, and scalding tears would not give it life again.

The face that was now gay, now defiant, now pale and suffering, became steadfastly the face that had leaned upon my breast in the Jamestown gaol, and looked at me with a mournful brightness of love and sorrow. Spring was in the land, and the summer would come, but not to us. I stretched forth my hand to the wife who was not there, and my heart lay crushed within me. She had been my wife not a year; it was but the other day that I knew she loved me —

After a while the anguish lessened, and I lay, dull and hopeless, thinking of trifling things, counting the stars between the pines. Another slow hour, and, a braver mood coming upon me, I thought of Diccon who was in that plight because of me, and spoke to him, asking him how he did. He answered from the other side of the lodge, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before our guard broke in upon us commanding silence. Diccon cursed them, whereupon a savage struck him across the head with the handle of a tomahawk, stunning him for a time. As soon as I heard him move I spoke again, to know if he were much hurt; when he had answered in the negative we said no more.

It was now moonlight without the lodge and very quiet. The night was far gone; already we could smell the morning, and it would come apace. Knowing the swiftness of that approach, and what the early light would bring, I strove for a courage which should be the steadfastness of the Christian, and not the vainglorious pride of the heathen. If my thoughts wandered, if her face would come athwart the verses I tried to remember, the prayer I tried to frame, perhaps He who made her lovely understood and forgave. I said the prayer I used to say when I was a child, and wished with all my heart for Jeremy.

Suddenly, in the first gray dawn, as at a trumpet's call, the village awoke. From the long, communal houses poured

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forth men, women, and children; fires sprang up, dispersing the mist, and a commotion arose through the length and breadth of the place. The women made haste with their cooking, and bore maize cakes and broiled fish to the warriors who sat on the ground in front of the royal lodge. Diccon and I were loosed, brought without, and allotted our share of the food. We ate sitting side by side with our captors, and Diccon, with a great cut across his head, seized the Indian girl who brought him his platter of fish, and pulling her down beside him kissed her soundly, whereat the maid seemed not ill pleased and the warriors laughed.

In the usual order of things, the meal over, tobacco should have followed. But now not a pipe was lit, and the women made haste to take away the platters and to get all things in readiness. The werowance of the Paspaheghs rose to his feet, cast aside his mantle, and began to speak. He was a man in the prime of life, of a great figure, strong as a Susquehannock, and a savage cruel and crafty beyond measure. Over his breast, stained with strange figures, hung a chain of small bones, and the scalp locks of his enemies fringed his moccasins. His tribe being the nearest to Jamestown, and in frequent altercation with us, I had heard him speak many times, and knew his power over the passions of his people. No player could be more skillful in gesture and expression, no poet more nice in the choice of words, no general more quick to raise a wild enthusiasm in the soldiers to whom he called. All Indians are eloquent, but this savage was a leader among them.

He spoke now to some effect. Commencing with a day in the moon of blossoms when for the first time winged canoes brought white men into the Powhatan, he came down through year after year to the present hour, ceased, and stood in silence, regarding his triumph. It was complete. In its wild excitement the village was ready then and there to make an end of us who had sprung to our feet and stood with our backs against a great bay tree, facing the maddened throng. So much the best for us would it be if the tomahawks left the hands that were drawn back to throw, if the knives that were flourished in our faces should be buried to the haft in our hearts, that we courted death, striving with word and look to infuriate our executioners to the point of forgetting their former purpose in the lust for instant vengeance. It was not to be. The werowance spoke again, pointing to the hills with the black houses upon them, dimly seen through the mist. A moment, and the hands clenched upon the weapons fell; another, and we were upon the march.

As one man, the village swept through the forest toward the rising ground that was but a few bowshots away. The young men bounded ahead to make preparation; but the approved warriors and the old men went more sedately, and with them walked Diccon and I, as steady of step as they. The women and children for the most part brought up the rear, though a few impatient hags ran past us, calling the men tortoises who would never reach the goal. One of these women bore a great burning torch, the flame and smoke streaming over her shoulder as she ran. Others carried pieces of bark heaped with the slivers of pine of which every wigwam has store.

The sun was yet to rise when we reached a hollow amongst the low red hills. Above us were the three long houses in which they keep the image of Okee and the mummies of their kings. These temples faced the crimson east, and the mist was yet about them. Hideous priests, painted over with strange devices, the stuffed skins of snakes knotted about their heads, in their hands great rattles which they shook vehemently, rushed through the doors and down the bank to meet us, and began to dance around us, contorting their bodies, throwing up their

arms, and making a hellish noise. Diccon stared at them, shrugged his shoulders, and with a grunt of contempt sat down upon a fallen tree to watch the enemy's manœuvres.

The place was a natural amphitheatre, well fitted for a spectacle. Those Indians who could not crowd into the narrow level spread themselves over the rising ground, and looked down with fierce laughter upon the driving of the stakes which the young men brought. The women and children scattered into the woods beyond the cleft between the hills, and returned bearing great armfuls of dry branches. The hollow rang to the exultation of the playgoers. Taunting laughter, cries of savage triumph, the shaking of the rattles, and the furious beating of two great drums combined to make a clamor deafening to stupor. And above the hollow was the angry reddening of the heavens, and the white mist curling up like smoke.

I sat down beside Diccon on the log. Beneath it there were growing tufts of a pale blue, slender-stemmed flower. I plucked a handful of the blossoms, and thought how blue they would look against the whiteness of her hand; then dropped them in a sudden shame that in that hour I was so little steadfast to things which were not of earth. I did not speak to Diccon, nor he to me. There seemed no need of speech. In the pandemonium to which the world had narrowed, the one familiar, matter-of-course thing was that he and I were to die together.

The stakes were in the ground and painted red, the wood properly arranged. The Indian woman who held the torch that was to light the pile ran past us, whirling the wood around her head to make it blaze more fiercely. As she went by she lowered the brand and slowly dragged it across my wrists. The beating of the drums suddenly ceased, and the loud voices died away. To Indians no music is so sweet as the cry of an enemy; if they have wrung it from a brave man who has striven to endure, so much the better. They were very still now, because they would not lose so much as a drawing in of the breath.

Seeing that they were coming for us, Diccon and I rose to await them. When they were nearly upon us I turned to him and held out my hand.

He made no motion to take it. Instead he stood with fixed eyes looking past me and slightly upwards. A sudden pallor had overspread the bronze of his face. "There 's a verse somewhere," he said in a quiet voice, — "it 's in the Bible, I think, — I heard it once long ago, before I was lost: '*I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help*' — Look, sir!"

I turned and followed with my eyes the pointing of his finger. In front of us the bank rose steeply, bare to the summit, — no trees, only the red sand, with here and there a low growth of leafless bushes. Behind it was the eastern sky. Upon the crest, against the sunrise, stood the figure of a man, — an Indian. From one shoulder hung an otterskin, and a great bow was in his hand. His limbs were bare, and as he stood motionless, bathed in the rosy light, he looked like some bronze god, perfect from the beaded moccasins to the calm, uneager face below the feathered headdress. He had but just risen above the brow of the hill; the Indians in the hollow saw him not.

While Diccon and I stared our tormentors were upon us. They came a dozen or more at once, and we had no weapons. Two hung upon my arms, while a third laid hold of my doublet to rend it from me. An arrow whistled over our heads and struck into a tree behind us. The hands that clutched me dropped, and with a yell the busy throng turned their faces in the direction whence had come the arrow.

The Indian from whose quiver it was missing was descending the bank. An instant's breathless hush while they stared at the solitary figure; then the dark

forms bent forward for the rush straightened, and there arose a loud cry of recognition. "The son of Powhatan! The son of Powhatan!"

He came down the hillside to the level of the hollow, the authority of his look and gesture making way for him through the crowd that surged this way and that, and walked up to us where we stood, hemmed round, but no longer in the clutch of our enemies. "It was a very big wolf this time, Captain Percy," he said.

"You were never more welcome, Nantauquas," I answered, — "unless, indeed, the wolf intends making a meal of three instead of two."

He smiled. "The wolf will go hungry to-day." Taking my hand in his he turned to his frowning countrymen. "Men of the Pamunkeys!" he cried. "This is Nantauquas' friend, and so the friend of all the tribes that called Powhatan 'father.' The fire is not for him nor for his servant; keep it for the Monacans and for the dogs of the Long House! The calumet is for the friend of Nantauquas, and the dance of the maidens, the noblest buck and the best of the weirs" —

There was a surging forward of the Indians, and a fierce murmur of dissent. The werowance, standing out from the throng, lifted his voice. "There was a time," he cried, "when Nantauquas was the panther crouched upon the bough above the leader of the herd; now Nantauquas is a tame panther and rolls at the white men's feet! There was a time when the word of the son of Powhatan weighed more than the lives of many dogs such as these, but now I know not why we should put out the fire at his command! He is war chief no longer, for Opechancanough will have no tame panther to lead the tribes. Opechancanough is our head, and Opechancanough kindleth a fire indeed! We will give to this one what fuel we choose, and to-night Nantauquas may look for the bones of the white men!"

He ended, and a great clamor arose. The Paspaheghs would have cast themselves upon us again but for a sudden action of the young chief, who had stood motionless, with raised head and unmoved face, during the werowance's bitter speech. Now he flung up his hand, and in it was a bracelet of gold carved and twisted like a coiled snake and set with a green stone. I had never seen the toy before, but evidently others had done so. The excited voices fell, and the Indians, Pamunkeys and Paspaheghs alike, stood as though turned to stone.

Nantauquas smiled coldly. "This day hath Opechancanough made me war chief again. We have smoked the peace pipe together — my father's brother and I — in the starlight, sitting before his lodge, with the wide marshes and the river dark at our feet. Singing birds in the forest have been many; evil tales have they told; Opechancanough has stopped his ears against their false singing. My friends are his friends, my brother is his brother, my word is his word: witness the armlet that hath no like; that Opechancanough brought with him when he came from no man knows where to the land of the Powhatans, many Huskanawings ago; that no white men but these have ever seen. Opechancanough is at hand; he comes through the forest with his two hundred warriors that are as tall as Susquehannocks, and as brave as the children of Wahunsonacock. He comes to the temples to pray to Kiwassa for a great hunting. Will you, when you lie at his feet, that he ask you, 'Where is the friend of my friend, of my war chief, of the Panther who is one with me again?'"

There came a long, deep breath from the Indians, then a silence, in which they fell back, slowly and sullenly; whipped hounds, but with the will to break that leash of fear.

"Hark!" said Nantauquas, smiling. "I hear Opechancanough and his warriors coming over the leaves."

The noise of many footsteps was indeed audible, coming toward the hollow from the woods beyond. With a burst of cries, the priests and the conjurer whirled away to bear the welcome of Okee to the royal worshiper, and at their heels went the chief men of the Pamunkeys. The werowance of the Paspaheghs was one that sailed with the wind; he listened to the deepening sound, and glanced at the son of Powhatan where he stood, calm and confident, then smoothed his own countenance and made a most pacific speech, in which all the blame of the late proceedings was laid upon the singing birds. When he had done speaking, the young men tore the stakes from the earth and threw them into a thicket, while the women plucked apart the newly kindled fire and flung the brands into a little near-by stream, where they went out in a cloud of hissing steam.

I turned to the Indian who had wrought this miracle. "Art sure it is not a dream, Nantauquas?" I said. "I think that Opechancanough would not lift a finger to save me from all the deaths the tribes could invent."

"Opechancanough is very wise," he answered quietly. "He says that now the English will believe in his love indeed when they see that he holds dear even one who might be called his enemy, who hath spoken against him at the Englishmen's council fire. He says that for five suns Captain Percy shall feast with Opechancanough, and that then he shall be sent back free to Jamestown. He thinks that then Captain Percy will not speak against him any more, calling his love to the white men only words with no good deeds behind."

He spoke simply, out of the nobility of his nature, believing his own speech. I that was older, and had more knowledge of men and the masks that they wear, was but half deceived. My belief in the hatred of the dark Emperor was not shaken, and I looked yet to find the drop of poison within this honey flower. How poisoned was that bloom God knows I could not guess!

"When you were missed, three suns ago," Nantauquas went on, "I and my brother tracked you to the hut beside the forest, where we found only the dead panther. There we struck the trail of the Paspaheghs; but presently we came to running water, and the trail was gone."

"We walked up the bed of the stream for half the night," I said.

The Indian nodded. "I know. My brother went back to Jamestown for men and boats and guns to go to the Paspahegh village and up the Powhatan. He was wise with the wisdom of the white men, but I, who needed no gun, and who would not fight against my own people, I stepped into the stream and walked up it until past the full sun power. Then I found a broken twig and the print of a moccasin, half hidden by a bush, overlooked when the other prints were smoothed away. I left the stream and followed the trail until it was broken again. I looked for it no more then, for I knew that the Paspaheghs had turned their faces toward Uttamussac, and that they would make a fire where many others had been made, in the hollow below the three temples. Instead I went with speed to seek Opechancanough. Yesterday, when the sun was low, I found him, sitting in his lodge above the marshes and the colored river. We smoked the peace pipe together, and I am his war chief again. I asked for the green stone, that I might show it to the Paspaheghs for a sign. He gave it, but he willed to come to Uttamussac with me."

"I owe you my life," I said, with my hand upon his. "I and Diccon" —

What I would have said he put aside with a fine gesture. "Captain Percy is my friend. My brother loves him, and he was kind to Matoax when she was brought prisoner to Jamestown. I am glad that I could pull off this wolf."

"Tell me one thing," I asked. "Before you left Jamestown had you heard aught of my wife or of my enemy?"

He shook his head. "At sunrise the commander came to rouse my brother, crying out that you had broken gaol and were nowhere to be found, and that the man you hate was lying within the guest house, sorely torn by some beast of the forest. My brother and I followed your trail at once; the town was scarce awake when we left it behind us, — and I did not return."

By this we three were alone in the hollow, for all the savages, men and women, had gone forth to meet the Indian whose word was law from the falls of the far west to the Chesapeake. The sun now rode above the low hills, pouring its gold into the hollow and brightening all the world besides. The little stream flashed diamonds, and the carven devils upon the black houses above us were frightful no longer. There was not a menace anywhere from the cloudless skies to the sweet and plaintive chant to Kiwassa, sung by women and floating to us from the woods beyond the hollow. The singing grew nearer, and the rustling of the leaves beneath many feet more loud and deep; then all noise ceased, and Opechancanough entered the hollow alone. An eagle feather was thrust through his scalp lock; over his naked breast, that was neither painted nor pricked into strange figures, hung a triple row of pearls; his mantle was woven of bluebird feathers, as soft and sleek as satin. The face of this barbarian was dark, cold and impassive as death. Behind that changeless mask, as in a safe retreat, the supersubtle devil that was the man might plot destruction and plan the laying of dreadful mines. He had dignity and courage, — no man denied him that. I suppose he thought that he and his had wrongs: God knows! perhaps they had. But if ever we were hard or unjust in our dealings with the savages, — I say not that this was the case, — at least we were not treacherous and dealt not in Judas kisses.

I stepped forward, and met him on the spot where the fire had been. For a minute neither spoke. It was true that I had striven against him many a time, and I knew that he knew it. It was also true that without his aid Nantauquas could not have rescued us from that dire peril. And it was again the truth that an Indian neither forgives nor forgets. He was my savior, and I knew that mercy had been shown for some dark reason which I could not divine. Yet I owed him thanks, and gave them as shortly and simply as I could.

He heard me out with neither liking nor disliking nor any other emotion written upon his face; but when I had finished, as though he suddenly bethought himself, he smiled and held out his hand, white-man fashion. Now, when a man's lips widen I look into his eyes. The eyes of Opechancanough were as fathomless as the pool at midnight, and as devoid of mirth or friendliness as the staring orbs of the carven imps upon the temple corners.

"Singing birds have lied to Captain Percy," he said, and his voice was like his eyes. "Opechancanough thinks that Captain Percy will never listen to them again. The chief of the Powhatans is a lover of the white men, of the English, and of other white men, — if there are others. He would call the Englishmen his brothers, and be taught of them how to rule, and who to pray to" —

"Let Opechancanough go with me to-day to Jamestown," I said. "He hath the wisdom of the woods; let him come and gain that of the town."

The Emperor smiled again. "I will come to Jamestown soon, but not to-day nor to-morrow nor the next day. And Captain Percy must smoke the peace pipe in my lodge above the Pamunkey, and watch my young men and maidens dance, and eat with me five days. Then he may go back to Jamestown with pre-

sents for the great white father there, and with a message that Opechancanough is coming soon to learn of the white men."

I could have gnashed my teeth at that delay when she must think me dead, but it would have been the madness of folly to show the impatience which I felt. I too could smile with my lips when occasion drove, and drink a bitter draught as though my soul delighted in it. Blithe enough to all seeming, and with as few inward misgivings as the case called for, Diccon and I went with the subtle Emperor and the young chief he had bound to himself once more, and with their fierce train, back to that village which we had never thought to see again. A day and a night we stayed there; then Opechancanough sent away the Paspaheghs, — where we knew not, — and taking us with him went to his own village above the great marshes of the Pamunkey.

XXXII.

IN WHICH WE ARE THE GUESTS OF AN EMPEROR.

I had before this spent days among the Indians, on voyages of discovery, as conqueror, as negotiator for food, exchanging blue beads for corn and turkeys. Other Englishmen had been with me. Knowing those with whom we dealt for sly and fierce heathen, friends to-day, to-morrow deadly foes, we kept our muskets ready and our eyes and ears open, and, what with the danger and the novelty and the bold wild life, managed to extract some merriment as well as profit from these visits. It was different now.

Day after day I ate my heart out in that cursed village. The feasting and the hunting and the triumph, the wild songs and wilder dances, the fantastic mummeries, the sudden rages, the sudden laughter, the great fires with their rings of painted warriors, the sleepless sentinels, the wide marshes that could not be crossed by night, the leaves that rustled so loudly beneath the lightest footfall, the monotonous days, the endless nights when I thought of her grief, of her peril, maybe, — it was an evil dream, and for my own pleasure I could not wake too soon.

Should we ever wake? Should we not sink from that dream without pause into a deeper sleep whence there would be no waking? It was a question that I asked myself each morning, half looking to find another hollow between the hills before the night should fall. The night fell, and there was no change in the dream.

I will allow that the dark Emperor to whom we were so much beholden gave us courteous keeping. The best of the hunt was ours, the noblest fish, the most delicate roots. The skins beneath which we slept were fine and soft; the women waited upon us, and the old men and warriors held with us much stately converse, sitting beneath the budding trees with the blue tobacco smoke curling above our heads. We were alive and sound of limb, well treated and with the promise of release; we might have waited, seeing that wait we must, in some measure of content. We did not so. There was a horror in the air. From the marshes that were growing green, from the sluggish river, from the rotting leaves and cold black earth and naked forest, it rose like an exhalation. We knew not what it was, but we breathed it in, and it went to the marrow of our bones.

Opechancanough we rarely saw, though we were bestowed so near to him that his sentinels served for ours. Like some god, he kept within his lodge with the winding passage, and the hanging mats between him and the world without. At other times, issuing from that retirement, he would stride away into the forest. Picked men went with him, and they were gone for hours; but when they returned they bore no trophies, brute or

human. What they did we could not guess. We might have had much comfort in Nantauquas, but the morning after our arrival in this village the Emperor sent him upon an embassy to the Rappahannocks, and when for the fourth time the forest stood black against the sunset he had not returned. If escape had been possible, we would not have awaited the doubtful fulfillment of that promise made to us below the Uttamussac temples. But the vigilance of the Indians never slept; they watched us like hawks, night and day. And the dry leaves underfoot would not hold their peace, and there were the marshes to cross and the river.

Thus four days dragged themselves by, and in the early morning of the fifth, when we came from our wigwam, it was to find Nantauquas sitting by the fire, magnificent in the paint and trappings of the ambassador, motionless as a piece of bronze, and apparently quite unmindful of the admiring glances of the women who knelt about the fire preparing our breakfast. When he saw us he rose and came to meet us, and I embraced him, I was so glad to see him. "The Rappahannocks feasted me long," he said. "I was afraid that Captain Percy would be gone to Jamestown before I was back upon the Pamunkey."

"Shall I ever see Jamestown again, Nantauquas?" I demanded. "I have my doubts."

He looked me full in the eyes, and there was no doubting the candor of his own. "You go with the next sunrise," he answered. "Opechancanough has given me his word."

"I am glad to hear it," I said. "Why have we been kept at all? Why did he not free us five days agone?"

He shook his head. "I do not know. Opechancanough has many thoughts which he shares with no man. But now he will send you with presents for the Governor, and with messages of his love to the white men. There will be a great feast to-day, and to-night the young men and maidens will dance before you. Then in the morning you will go."

"Will you not come with us?" I asked. "You are ever welcome amongst us, Nantauquas, both for your sister's sake and for your own. Rolfe will rejoice to have you with him again; he ever grudgeth you to the forest."

He shook his head again. "Nantauquas, the son of Powhatan, hath had much talk with himself lately," he said simply. "The white men's ways have seemed very good to him, and the God of the white men he knows to be greater than Okee and to be good and tender; not like Okee, who sucks the blood of the children. He remembers Matoax, too, and how she loved and cared for the white men and would weep when danger threatened them. And Rolfe is his brother and his teacher. But Opechancanough is his king, and the red men are his people, and the forest is his home. If, because he loved Rolfe, and because the ways of the white men seemed to him better than his own ways, he forgot these things, he did wrong, and the One Over All frowns upon him. Now he has come back to his home again, to the forest and the hunting and the warpath, to his king and his people. He will be again the panther crouching upon the bough" —

"Above the white men?"

He gazed at me in silence, a shadow upon his face. "Above the Monacans," he answered slowly. "Why did Captain Percy say 'above the white men'? Opechancanough and the English have buried the hatchet forever, and the smoke of the peace pipe will never fade from the air. Nantauquas meant 'above the Monacans or the Long House dogs.'"

I put my hand upon his shoulder. "I know you did, brother of Rolfe by nature if not by blood! Forget what I said; it was without thought or meaning. If we go indeed to-morrow, I shall be loath to leave you behind; and yet,

were I in your place, I should do as you are doing."

The shadow left his face and he drew himself up. "Is it what you call faith and loyalty and like a knight?" he demanded, with a touch of eagerness breaking through the slowness and gravity with which an Indian speaks.

"Yea," I made reply. "I think you good knight and true, Nantauquas, and my friend, moreover, who saved my life."

His smile was like his sister's, quick and very bright, and leaving behind it a most entire gravity. Together we sat down by the fire and ate of the sylvan breakfast, with shy brown maidens to serve us and with the sunshine streaming down upon us through the trees that were growing faintly green. It was a thing to smile at to see how the Indian girls manœuvred to give the choicest meat, the most delicate maize cakes, to the young war chief, and to see how quietly he turned aside their benevolence. The meal over, he went to divest himself of his red and white paint, of the stuffed hawk and strings of copper that formed his headdress, of his gorgeous belt and quiver and his mantle of raccoon skins, while Diccon and I sat still before our wigwam, smoking, and reckoning the distance to Jamestown and the shortest time in which we could cover it.

When we had sat there for an hour the old men and the warriors came to visit us, and the smoking must commence all over again. The women laid mats in a great half circle, and each savage took his seat with perfect breeding; that is, in absolute silence and with a face like a stone. The peace paint was upon them all, — red, or red and white; they sat and looked at the ground until I had made the speech of welcome. Soon the air was dense with the fragrant smoke; in the thick blue haze the sweep of painted figures had the seeming of some fantastic dream. An old man arose and made a long and touching speech with much reference to calumets and buried hatchets. When he had finished a chief talked of Opechancanough's love for the English, "high as the stars, deep as Popogusso, wide as from the sunrise to the sunset," adding that the death of Nemattanow last year and the troubles over the hunting grounds had kindled in the breasts of the Indians no desire for revenge. With which highly probable statement he made an end, and all sat in silence looking at me and waiting for my contribution of honeyed words. These Pamunkeys, living at a distance from the settlements, had but little English to their credit, and the learning of the Paspaheghs was not much greater. I sat and repeated to them the better part of the seventh canto of the second book of Master Spenser's Faery Queen. Then I told them the story of the Moor of Venice, and ended by relating Smith's tale of the three Turks' heads. It all answered the purpose to admiration. When at length they went away to change their paint for the coming feast Diccon and I laughed at that foolery as though there were none beside us who could juggle with words. We were as light-hearted as children — God forgive us!

The day wore on, with relay after relay of food which we must taste at least, with endless smoking of pipes and speeches that must be listened to and answered. When evening came and our entertainers drew off to prepare for the dance, they left us as wearied as by a long day's march.

The wind had been high during the day, but with the sunset it sank to a desolate murmur. The sky wore the strange crimson of the past year at Weyanoke. Against that sea of color the pines were drawn in ink, and beneath it the winding, threadlike creeks that pierced the marshes had the look of spilt blood moving slowly and heavily to join the river that was black where the pines shadowed it, red where the light touched it. From the marsh arose the cry of some great bird that made its home there; it had a

lonely and a boding sound, like a trumpet blown above the dead. The color died into an ashen gray and the air grew cold, with a heaviness beside that dragged at the very soul. Diccon shivered violently, turned restlessly upon the log that served him as settle, and began to mutter to himself.

"Art cold?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Something walked over my grave," he said. "I would give all the pohickory that was ever brewed by heathen for a toss of aqua vitæ!"

In the centre of the village rose a great heap of logs and dry branches, built during the day by the women and children. When the twilight fell and the owls began to hoot this pile was fired, and lit the place from end to end. The scattered wigwams, the scaffolding where the fish were dried, the tall pines and wide-branching mulberries, the trodden grass, — all flashed into sight as the flame roared up to the topmost withered bough. The village glowed like a lamp set in the dead blackness of marsh and forest. Opechancanough came from the forest with a score of warriors behind him, and stopped beside me. I rose to greet him, as was decent; for he was an Emperor, albeit a savage and a pagan. "Tell the English that Opechancanough grows old," he said. "The years that once were as light upon him as the dew upon the maize are now hailstones to beat him back to the earth whence he came. His arm is not swift to strike and strong as it once was. He is old; the warpath and the scalp dance please him no longer. He would die at peace with all men. Tell the English this; tell them also that Opechancanough knows that they are good and just, that they do not treat men whose color is not their own like babes, fooling them with toys, thrusting them out of their path when they grow troublesome. The land is wide and the hunting grounds are many. Let the red men who were here as many moons ago as there are leaves in summer and the white men who came yesterday dwell side by side in peace, sharing the maize fields and the weirs and the hunting grounds together." He waited not for my answer, but passed on, and there was no sign of age in his stately figure and his slow, firm step. I watched him with a frown until the darkness of his lodge had swallowed up him and his warriors, and mistrusted him for a cold and subtle devil.

Suddenly, as we sat staring at the fire we were beset by a band of maidens, coming out of the woods, painted, with antlers upon their heads and pine branches in their hands. They danced about us, now advancing until the green needles met above our heads, now retreating until there was a space of turf between us. Their slender limbs gleamed in the firelight; they moved with grace, keeping time to a plaintive song, now raised by the whole choir, now fallen to a single voice. Pocahontas had danced thus before the English many a time. I thought of the little maid, of her great wondering eyes and her piteous, untimely death, of how loving she was to Rolfe and how happy they had been in their brief wedded life. It had bloomed like a rose, as fair and as early fallen, with only a memory of past sweetness. Death was a coward, passing by men whose trade it was to outbrave him, and striking at the young and lovely and innocent. . . .

We were tired with all the mummery of the day; moreover, every fibre of our souls had been strained to meet the hours that had passed since we left the gaol at Jamestown. The elation we had felt earlier in the day was all gone. Now, the plaintive song, the swaying figures, the red light beating against the trees, the blackness of the enshrouding forest, the low, melancholy wind, — all things seemed strange, and yet deadly old, as though we had seen and heard them since the beginning of the world. All at once a fear fell upon me, causeless and un-

reasonable, but weighing upon my heart like a stone. She was in a palisaded town, under the Governor's protection, with my friends about her and my enemy lying sick, unable to harm her. It was I, not she, that was in danger. I laughed at myself, but my heart was heavy and I was in a fever to be gone.

The Indian girls danced more and more swiftly, and their song changed, becoming gay and shrill and sweet. Higher and higher rang the notes, faster and faster moved the dark limbs; then, quite suddenly, song and motion ceased together. They who had danced with the abandonment of wild priestesses to some wild god were again but shy brown Indian maids who went and sat them meekly down upon the grass beneath the trees. From the darkness now came a burst of savage cries only less appalling than the war whoop itself. In a moment the men of the village had rushed from the shadow of the trees into the broad, firelit space before us. Now they circled around us, now around the fire; now each man danced and stamped and muttered to himself. For the most part they were painted red, but some were white from head to heel, — statues come to life, — while others had first oiled their bodies, then plastered them over with small bright-colored feathers. The tall headdresses made giants of them all; as they leaped and danced in the glare of the fire they had a fiendish look. They sang, too, but the air was rude, and broken by dreadful cries. Out of a hut behind us burst two or three priests, the conjurer, and a score or more of old men. They had Indian drums upon which they beat furiously, and long pipes made of reeds which gave forth no uncertain sound. Fixed upon a pole and borne high above them was the image of their Okee, a hideous thing of stuffed skins and rattling chains of copper. When they had joined themselves to the throng in the firelight the clamor became deafening. Some one piled on more logs, and the place grew light as day. Opechancanough was not there, nor Nantauquas.

Diccon and I watched that uncouth spectacle, that Virginian masque, as we had watched many another one, with disgust and weariness. It would last, we knew, for the better part of the night. It was in our honor, and for a while we must stay and testify our pleasure; but after a time, when they had sung and danced themselves into oblivion of our presence, we might retire, and leave the very old men, the women, and the children sole spectators. We waited for that relief with impatience, though we showed it not to those who pressed about us.

Time passed, and the noise deepened and the dancing became more frantic. The dancers struck at one another as they leaped and whirled, the sweat rolled from their bodies, and from their lips came hoarse, animal-like cries. The fire, ever freshly fed, roared and crackled, mocking the silent stars. The pines were bronze-red, the woods beyond a dead black. All noises of marsh and forest were lost in the scream of the pipes, the wild yelling, and the beating of the drums.

From the ranks of the women beneath the reddened pines rose shrill laughter and applause as they sat or knelt, bent forward, watching the dancers. One girl alone watched not them, but us. She stood somewhat back of her companions, one slim brown hand touching the trunk of a tree, one brown foot advanced, her attitude that of one who waits but for a signal to be gone. Now and then she glanced impatiently at the wheeling figures or at the old men and the few warriors who took no part in the masque, but her eyes always came back to us. She had been among the maidens who danced before us earlier in the night; when they rested beneath the trees she had gone away, and the night was much older when I marked her again, com-

ing out of the firelit distance back to the fire and her dusky mates. It was soon after this that I became aware that she must have some reason for her anxious scrutiny, some message to deliver or warning to give. Once when I made a slight motion as if to go to her, she shook her head and laid her finger upon her lips.

A dancer fell from sheer exhaustion, another and another, and warriors from the dozen or more seated at our right began to take the places of the fallen. The priests shook their rattles, and made themselves dizzy with bending and whirling about their Okee; the old men, too, though they sat like statues, thought only of the dance, and of how they themselves had excelled, long ago when they were young.

I rose, and making my way to the werowance of the village where he sat with his eyes fixed upon a young Indian, his son, who bade fair to outlast all others in that wild contest, told him that I was wearied and would go to my hut, I and my servant, to rest for the few hours that yet remained of the night. He listened dreamily, his eyes upon the dancing Indian, but made offer to escort me thither. I pointed out to him that my quarters were not fifty yards away, in the broad firelight, in sight of them all, and that it were a pity to take him or any others from the contemplation of that whirling Indian, so strong and so brave that he would surely one day lead the war parties.

After a moment he acquiesced, and Diccon and I, quietly and yet with some ostentation, so as to avoid all appearance of stealing away, left the press of savages and began to cross the firelit turf between them and our lodge. When we had gone fifty paces I glanced over my shoulder and saw that the Indian maid no longer stood where we had last seen her, beneath the pines. A little farther on we caught a glimpse of her winding in and out among a row of trees to our left. The trees ran past our lodge. When we had reached its entrance we paused and looked back to the throng we had left. Every back seemed turned to us, every eye intent upon the leaping figures around the great fire. Swiftly and quietly we walked across the bit of even ground to the friendly trees, and found ourselves in a thin strip of shadow between the light of the great fire we had left and that of a lesser one burning redly before the Emperor's lodge. Beneath the trees, waiting for us, was the Indian maid, with her light form, and large, shy eyes, and finger upon her lips. She would not speak or tarry, but flitted before us as dusk and noiseless as a moth, and we followed her into the darkness beyond the firelight, well-nigh to the line of sentinels. A wigwam, larger than common and shadowed by trees, rose in our path; the girl, gliding in front of us, held aside the mats that curtained the entrance. We hesitated a moment, then stooped and entered the place.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLAND IN 1899.

In England to-day we have almost forgotten Dreyfus. But it is not many months since press and people alike were clamorous with righteous indignation over the spectacle of "justice insulted, innocence condemned, a nation without honor." France, as usual, was enlightening the world by an intensely dramatic illustration of the difficulties which beset the government of an emotional people. At present she is committed to the impossible position of being democratic under military control. The army has its own ethics, its own methods of government; and suddenly, unexpectedly, they are exposed to the light of day and the test of democratic codes. France clings wildly to her rights, her prestige, her honor; and there issues — chaos. Whatever be the facts of the original question, Dreyfus had been set up as the banner of a party: in the eyes of the world he was twice condemned without evidence. We are scandalized, France is bruised.

The pardon has, at least temporarily, diverted public attention; but it is her own affairs which have most effectually silenced the unmeasured indignation and complacently implied self-congratulations of England. In France we have seen a struggle between the ideals of militarism and democracy: we turn to find ourselves in conduct of a great crisis in the progress of democracy along the warpath of imperialism. It remains to-day for England to bear witness that the people may be trusted with the conscience and the honor of an empire. Our policy must be governed entirely by consideration of the interests and the duties of the colony. Our troops have gone out as policemen, not as bullies. However justly and enthusiastically we may rejoice in individual gallantry or mourn over heavy losses, there can be no patriotic excitement over victory, no national pride in conquest. We are fighting to stamp out race prejudices, not to inflame them. And if the power be put in our hands, it is our imperative duty to use it for the establishment of peace, contentment, and equal liberties among the peoples of what is probably destined to become a federal union of self-governing South African colonies. It is our disgrace that, by vacillation and want of faith, we have missed in bygone years the opportunities of establishing such a federation by pacific and conciliatory methods. Which stage of our diplomacy was most at fault may be questioned; but now, being committed to a "forward" policy, we had best act with decision and, if possible, with finality.

Imperialism, though liable to the noisy support of thoughtless jingoism, is the dream of a humanitarian imagination. To accept its inspiration is to accept responsibilities of immeasurable extent and variety. The problem before us to-day is whether a democracy, necessarily eager about home affairs, fitfully occupied with a class warfare for the abolition of classes, selfishly or philanthropically agog with schemes of social reform, — whether a democracy with so many legitimate interests of its own can possess the time, the inclination, or the foresight needed for imperial government. It will prove, no doubt, that we must leave even more than we have been accustomed to do to competent men on the spot, and that Home Rule is the ideal for every colony, the ultimate safeguard of her loyalty; but there will always be times of transition like the present, and other emergencies, when a policy must be adopted by the imperial government, to be indorsed or condemned by the English people. We have seen, more than ever since the public emotion over Mr. Rud-

yard Kipling's illness and the introduction of the colonial penny postage, that imperialism is with us, and must be fairly faced. As Englishmen we have no intention of being beaten by its complexities.

It was, no doubt, the fact of our being a geographically small country with vast colonial possessions which specialized for us the problems before the Peace Conference, and accounted for the attitude of our representative at the Hague. The first World's Parliament produced no very sensational results, and it cannot be pretended that the bulk, at least, of English thoughtlessness was much interested in its sittings or its conclusions. But our peace societies have been greatly encouraged in their good work; and among the few who are capable of feeling for humanity there is cause indeed for rejoicing over a real advance in the progress of civilization. It is much that such a conference should have been proposed and held; that it will be followed by others; that the principle of arresting armaments has been formally indorsed; and that a project for investigation, mediation, and arbitration has been actually adopted.

The International Council of Women, which held its congress in London last summer, claims — not altogether fantastically — to be the forerunner of the permanent International Parliament which may result from the arbitration schemes discussed at the Hague; and it is certain that the furtherance of peace was the only positive propaganda to which its members were universally committed. The congress, indeed, as a whole, was somewhat dissipated by the widely varied subjects of its deliberations; but a good many important questions were well ventilated, and earnest leaders of thought had the opportunity of comparing notes. The opinion seemed generally dominant that men and women will always work best in coöperation.

Peace talked over, war dreaded, and the weight of a compact ministerial majority have combined to deaden political activity; and the social reformers, who are ever knocking at the doors of our national assembly, can record but one achievement, — the provision of seats for shopgirls. Outside the House, however, a certain amount has been accomplished. The new London teaching and examining university, whose home will be the Imperial Institute, is gradually taking shape in the hands of a statutory commission. No details are yet made public; but the principles of the University of London Act, 1898, which the commission has been appointed to embody, are calculated to insure a real advance in education by dignifying, centralizing, developing, and consolidating the teaching institutions of the capital. Kindred movements have been the proposal for a Stopford Brooke Lectureship in Literature at University College, London, and Mrs. Ryland's magnificent gift of the late Lord Spencer's library to the city of Manchester.

The seven days' newspaper has been born, and strangled in its cradle — by the nonconformist conscience. The first numbers of the Sunday Telegraph and the Sunday Mail naturally sold in their thousands, but the innovation was not suffered in silence. The pulpit spoke for the people; the advertisements of the Telegraph fell suddenly to what they had been twenty-five years ago, and no doubt the Mail was similarly affected. Then Lord Rosebery seized the opportunity of a news-venders' dinner for an appeal to the rival proprietors, and they agreed simultaneously to accept the public verdict. The triumph of good feeling and social instinct over the tyranny of commercial enterprise was signal and complete. But apart from this check the feverish multiplication of papers and magazines has gone on as usual; and the latest advertisement craze — of pushing solid books through newspapers — threatens to absorb the entire press.

In literature proper, always the first to fall, and the last to recover from any period of trade depression, very little of great distinction has been produced. The year has witnessed, on the other hand, the most foolish, and may we not hope the last of the steps by which so-called reformers have nearly driven the publishing trade into the quagmire of commercial speculation in which the stage has long floundered. First came the literary agent, who destroys small authors and small publishers by creating fictitious prices for the favorites, and endangers the permanent success of the latter by handing their manuscripts to the highest bidder, thus dissipating their interests among the fortunes of many houses. The short-sighted abolition of the three-volume editions of fiction, by demanding large profits and quick returns, has temporarily shut the door on all distinguished, original, but not quite popular novelists. And now, in 1899, we are faced by the crowning absurdity of new copyright sixpenny novels, which, if successful, would rapidly make literature the slave of advertisement, and transform our publishing houses into co-operative general stores. The venture, I understand, has proved financially suicidal, and it is to be hoped that this may teach us a lesson.

The new fiction most characteristic of the moment falls naturally into two groups of quite contradictory interests. Superior in literary form, perhaps, are the quiet studies of country life, for which the ground had been more or less prepared by Dean Hole's enthusiasm for roses, the charming gardening books by Mrs. Dewe Smith and others, and Mrs. Earle's fascinating Potpourri of a Surrey Garden, — of which, by the way, a no less delightful sequel has actually appeared this year. Elizabeth and her German Garden, despite its touches of vulgarity, has been generally accepted as preëminent in this kind, and the same author's The Solitary Summer was anticipated with much interest by the reading inner circle. It appears, however, that Elizabeth has not conquered her idle incapacity for lifting a finger of her own in her beloved garden: she perseveres in her foolish trick of nicknames, and is still most lamentably wanting in the grace of neighborly charity. She remains convinced that existence without an army of servants, as much money as you want, and the convenience of a husband to manage your affairs would be intolerably fatiguing. But, on the other hand, her taste and her enthusiasms for nature, her occasional humor, and the atmosphere of genuine country life surrounding her are as vital as ever. They combine to produce a manner of very potent and restful charm.

Similar, but far more distinguished, are the Etchingham Letters, by Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock. Elizabeth Etchingham, too, has never been touched by material care, but she lives under the shadow of a great sorrow, most delicately and sympathetically revealed. Like Mrs. Maitland's Berthia Hardacre she has a passion for herbals, and she betrays other symptoms of the cultured bibliophile; but her letters are instinct with humanity, playing lightly round the dangerous topics of an uncongenial stepmother, a pompous wooer, a perverse pair of lovers, yet never commonplace or dull. In their company we may linger awhile under the twilight which rests and strengthens our eyes for the hot noontide of passion and toil. In all their leisured complacency the Etchinghams are never indifferent to the realities of life.

In marked contrast to these somewhat dreamy volumes, redolent alike of the library and the garden, may be noticed the handful of vivid studies in London street life which have been issued this year. They come in response to a demand created by the restless philanthropy which goes slumming and studies Mr. Booth's map; by the taste for

so-called realism which has exhausted "problems," and, being aweary of the kail yard, will have its local color by the awakening self-consciousness to the melodrama of the metropolis, which has substituted an intimacy with "the Halls" for "the grand tour," as a factor in the education of experience.

The growing fascination of London for her sons is witnessed by the praise accorded to Mr. Richard Whiteing's No. 5 John Street, a book with a thousand artistic faults, and almost entirely lacking in personal human interest. Based on the clumsy and familiar artifice of an aristocrat masquerading as a casual laborer, for the would-be humorous purpose of reporting on "Civilization" to a foolishly imagined "happy Island," it is in reality no more than a series of loose-jointed sketches from the lives of the very poor and the preposterously rich. It ends with a false touch of heroics. But Mr. Whiteing's types are quite living, and he possesses the saving grace of earnestness.

To London Town, by Mr. Arthur Morrison, is much more effectively constructed. It should be read in connection with its author's Tales of Mean Streets and A Child of the Jago; for it pictures the same stratum of life from a similar standpoint, but the happier possibilities are here revealed. Mr. Morrison has given us, with unerring certainty of touch, a dull gray monotone of the daily struggles to be met with in honest poverty, and, by resisting every temptation to stage effect, has secured our sympathy for quite commonplace people. A few carefully drawn figures suffice to fill his canvas, centred around a young widow of strictly limited imagination, but upright, courageous, and possessing an unexpected talent for business. Mrs. May is suddenly called upon to support her family in London, and Mr. Morrison has wisely confined himself to the direct narration of her simple difficulties and triumphs. She is deceived, naturally, by the most obvious of adventurers, and befriended by the sheer kindliness of a very ordinary neighbor. Her daughter is only an affectionate cripple; her son but a clever apprentice, honest lover, and very good fellow. No one of them is stirred by subtle, abnormal emotions, or tempted to heroism in vice or virtue. Their joys, their sorrows, their interests, their ambitions, are thoroughly and prosaically plebeian; their experience is not even illumined by the glare of crime. The whole atmosphere of the book is solidly real.

Of that quite other London, Society with a big S and the city, long the favorite hunting ground of the novelists, we have also heard much from somewhat elder writers.

Mr. Henry James, whose masterly restraint and exquisite finish have been so conspicuously revived in all his latest work, chooses this year, in a sudden burst of confidence, to reveal himself, the affectionate and keenly appreciative onlooker. Mr. Longdon, of The Awkward Age, is of course a creation, not a portrait; but his attitude of whimsical tolerant pride and insatiable curiosity toward the set called "smart" is that of the writer himself. This is entirely distinct from the manner of Mr. Benson, who is in it and enjoys it; of the small minority who know and condemn it, and of the majority who are only linked thereto by an ambition to write of it with an air of familiarity. Its characteristics, as seen through Mr. Longdon's eyes, are marked and unmistakable; so that those who are in it, but not wholly of it, like his hero and heroine, work their way inevitably to tragic issues of temperament battling with circumstances. The realism of Mr. Henry James, moreover, is entirely his own. His characters, for the most part, are perpetually engaged in analyzing their own emotions, thus stultifying their impulse to action, and they delight in elaborate discussions of the process. Yet while

thus speaking of what in real life we allow ourselves only to think, they do not use the elemental language of passion (which is the language of great dramas), but retain instead the elusive and detached conversational style of a polished and reticent civilization. Thus it happens that all they do and say is so bewilderingly unreal, and they themselves are so convincing.

Mr. E. F. Benson is a far less careful workman, but he stands out from his peers by virtue of a certain indefinable freshness and sincere vigor. Lady Conybeare, known as Kit, the heroine and very corner stone of Mammon & Co., is Dodo with the old charm of audacity less obtrusively indicated. She appears, however, in two entirely new rôles: as the good comrade of her husband, and — having tumbled into tragedy — as the earnest penitent. Mr. Benson's highly correct moralizings may seem, at first sight, to be thin and conventional, but I suspect that he has the wit to realize how simple and undeveloped the inner nature of an externally complicated and artificial individuality may remain. To Kit and her circle genuine emotions are almost an unknown quantity, and, when accidentally excited, will prove to be elementary and crude. As sinners and as saints Lady Conybeare and her husband are most admirably drawn; but Mr. Benson is rather reckless about the minor persons of the drama, and has, in particular, a bad habit of attributing qualities to a character which he forgets to substantiate.

Company promoters, incidentally prominent, as its title suggests, in Mammon & Co., form the entire subject-matter of Mr. Harold Frederic's The Market Place, which indeed is overladen with financial detail. The central character of Joly or Stormont Thorpe, in its rugged vitality recalling the work of Mr. George Meredith, is powerfully conceived and portrayed. He is coarse in mind and manner; generous enough to his own people, but absolutely selfish and relentless in fight. Yet the dominant passion for conquest in the man is his one fascination, and Mr. Frederic has done well to exhibit it through the eyes of Lady Cressage, who, womanlike, leads back her hero to the warpath from a restless period of inglorious ease. The Market Place is a book with a single motive admirably driven home, but not entirely its author's best.

Three writers alone have altogether escaped the influence of the town: Mr. George Gissing, who is seldom local; Mr. Anthony Hope, who in this matter wisely stands by the Dolly Dialogues; and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who apparently has never felt the temptation.

Mr. Gissing, after all, is an incorrigible idealist. What may have been already suspected is proved beyond question by The Crown of Life. He has not, indeed, thrown off the old unreasoning prejudice against university men and the professions; he cannot escape altogether from the atmosphere of sordidness; he is still bitter enough against average humanity, and — in the accidents of character — he does not rise to the conception of a higher manhood than the modern "drifting" type created for all time in Mr. C. F. Keery's Herbert Vanlennert. But his latest hero, Piers Otway, is an idealist of the first water. With a rarely fine and passionate nature that can feel and inspire a great love, he has the emotional intuition to choose quickly and well; the concentrated will power to hope, wait, and win. True marriage will be his Crown of Life; anything short of it, for him, spells failure and ultimate degradation. The companion picture of an honest and joyous girlhood, developing, through mistakes courageously repudiated, to the perfect woman, is worthy of its setting. Mr. Gissing has seldom done better work.

Mr. Hope's The King's Mirror belongs to the class of romantic character studies owning R. L. Stevenson for their

legitimate father. Like A Prisoner of Zenda and several plays by William Shakespeare, it is entirely concerned with the effect on character of regal responsibilities. The atmosphere is surprisingly free from adventure, but lighthearted, as it should be, and not quite real to a strenuous modernity. Yet the problems of temperament may fairly be stated in the language of romance; for, though few are born kings, we have all some "part" to play; and every moment of life is, consciously or unconsciously, occupied, among other ways, in striking a compromise between our real and our stage, or apparent, selves. For the children of romance, particularly royal children, the chains of circumstance are more obvious, the extrapersonal duties apparently more significant. The situation, in a word, is more picturesque, more dramatic, more susceptible to artistic treatment. But its fascination lies in its universal application; and the first duty of the romancist is, by isolating character from its familiar and accidental trappings, to expose its reality.

Stalky & Co., by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is certainly not a volume of romance. It is daringly, almost brusquely realistic. These nine thrilling stories of mischievous ingenuity are absolutely alive with memories of one sort of English schoolboy: foul-mouthed but cleanhearted, impish, rebellious, bursting with vitality, loyal to the core, but simply fiendish in attack. For such as Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle — partially a reminiscence of himself — the last word has been written. The type is created, and will live forever. But we expect, perhaps unreasonably, something more than this from Mr. Kipling. These boys are very Ishmaels, and have a dozen peculiarities which make them abnormal, unpopular, and above all un-English. Beyond scoring off the rest of the world, they have no powers of enjoyment save from reading, talking, and smoking. They hate games, and are entirely devoid of public spirit. Yet the Epilogue suggests that it is they who have made our empire. The book is splendid reading, — unflagging in interest; but it has not done for our generation what Tom Brown did for our fathers. That is our claim on the author of The Jungle Book; for he, of all men, can see into the heart of a boy.

The poets have been almost entirely silent this year. Mr. Swinburne, indeed, has embodied the story of Lombard Rosamund in one of those intensely passionate and relentless dramas by which it may prove that he will ultimately live. He shows himself, here as always, a master of blank verse, in which he is less liable to false notes than in the swinging rhyme music of his lyrics. With classic concentration and directness he paints the lurid tragedy, trusting wholly to its primitive appeal, seeking no aid from the pomp of circumstance or the play of contrast. The action is confined to four characters, and they serve only for the development of one idea. Save in beauty of language the play is absolutely without relief. The beauty is supreme.

On primitive religions, we have had the interesting chapters on Fetish in Miss Mary Kingsley's West African Studies, almost as thrilling as her Travels; and the valuable second series of Asiatic Studies which Sir Alfred Lyall has added to his new edition of the volume of 1882. "The comparative study of natural religion," as he points out, "divides itself into two working departments. In one of them is the collector of materials, who roams far afield and scrambles about among wild folk to gather his specimens and take note of varieties; in the other is the philosophic savant, who remains at home to receive what is brought him from many countries, — to classify, collate, and form his scientific inductions." The general aim of the present essays is to check a growing tend-

ency in the latter to "speculative generalization founded on an arbitrary selection of examples and precedents from the vast repertory" provided by the former. In particular, Sir Alfred Lyall distrusts the use of evolutionary principles for the explanation of certain primitive customs and beliefs. His words are always well weighed and well worth weighing.

Several important additions have been made to the literature on Shakespeare, which is ever growing. From the Dictionary of National Biography has been reprinted Mr. Sidney Lee's admirable Life, — so welcome for its sound judgment and dispassionate statement, so irritating (the more by being possibly right) in its prosaic interpretation of the sonnet dedication. Mr. Frank Harris, perverse, unbalanced, and yet endlessly suggestive, has been disclosing, to The Saturday Review, the soul of Shakespeare as incidentally revealed in the plays: his conclusions are to be reprinted. Professor Herford, meanwhile, has nearly completed his useful and attractive "Eversley" edition, "designed for the cultivated but not learned reader;" containing, "in the briefest possible form, such information as may smooth his path without insulting his intelligence." The work gives evidence on every page of cultured scholarship.

Other important biographies, whose arrivals are governed rather by accident than by mental atmosphere, have come out this year. Mr. Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences are only a trifle more personal and less ordered than his histories, but quite as entertaining. The Letters of Benjamin Jowett, published by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell as a supplement to his Life and Letters of 1897, are grouped under subjects; and the volume includes many detached utterances from his notebooks and remembered sayings. Revelations of a vivid personality so influential as his are always interesting, and Jowett's language is generally forcible without being dogmatic. He faces the really important questions of life. "Any one who will," he declares, "may find his way through this world with sufficient knowledge to light him to another."

The publication of The Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is a sacrilege which there are many temptations to justify. All of us knew, if Browning himself had not told us in a few perfect verses, that to him had been given the rare high gift of truly loving and being truly loved; but in the Letters his beautiful possession is laid before us in a setting of absolute sincerity and literary grace. The vision is not ours by right; for the soul's sacred places are man's first trust, and

> "the meanest of God's creatures
> Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her!"

But now that the wrong has been committed, it is possible, if we will, to enjoy justly without at least actively participating therein. Forget that these are actual letters written by two who were once living amongst us. Read them as fiction, the mating of poet with poetess, and every man will be made better and more hopeful by the study of so perfect a union.

The Life of William Morris, by Mr. J. W. Mackail, appropriately supreme among commercially produced books in its form, evinces at once good taste by its reticence, and sympathetic insight by its vigorous frankness. Though Morris preached Arcadia and socialism, he spent his whole life in producing fine work that can only be possessed, or even appreciated, under the complex and luxurious civilization in which he always personally lived. He was apparently without a moral or spiritual imagination, and he neglected entirely the highest fields of thought and emotion; while he could not away with those indifferent to his own subjects or questioning his own

ideals. Yet the serious simplicity of the man conquers us, and it must not be forgotten that his boyish, rugged nature was able to captivate alike the great and the little ones of the earth who were his daily comrades and very dear friends. He was a "rare instance of a man who, without ever once swerving from truth or duty, knew what he liked and did what he liked all his life long." But he was always eager to make "everything something different from what it was," and the "modern or scientific spirit, so long fought against, first by his aristocratic, and then by his artistic instincts," in the end "took hold of him against his will, and made him a dogmatic socialist." The real man, nevertheless, "not only as a craftsman and manufacturer, a worker in dyed stuffs and textiles and glass, a pattern designer and decorator, but throughout the whole range of life, was from first to last the architect, the master craftsman." He felt that architecture, "connected at a thousand points with all the specific arts which ministered to it out of a thousand sources, was itself the tangible expression of all the order, the comeliness, the sweetness, — nay, even the mystery and the law, — which sustain man's world and make human life what it is. To him the House Beautiful represented the visible form of life itself." This is the central creed, the inspiration, of what Morris has done for the world. He created domestic taste, made universal what was once a pose called æstheticism, revived honest serious craftsmanship, revealed the higher possibilities of bookmaking, and popularized the saga and mediævalism generally. In one word, he forced the rare and the beautiful upon the notice of a society steeped in commercialism and worshiping machinery. He has realized, as it is seldom given us to realize, the dream and the ambition of his very soul, to be, "though men call you dead, a part and parcel of the living wisdom of all things."

The band of his ardent disciples, with their splendidly self-denying idealism and their provokingly material limitations, are carrying on the good work. This year they have held another arts and crafts exhibition, containing much distinguished work, and have produced a "masque of winter and spring" called Beauty's Awakening. This was designed to "set forth, as well by poetry and music as by the various arts that appeal to and address the eye, that love (on the one hand) of London, our city, and (on the other) of the art we follow, which makes us hope that a day and time will come when, as our city is the greatest in the world, so she shall be the most beautiful, and that, preëminent now in commerce, so shall she also be the leader of cities in the symbolizing of her greatness by the beauty of her outward show." The allegory was simple enough, but no trouble or expense was spared to show by every detail of pictorial effect how the cities of olden days achieved at least some progress toward an ideal of beauty, to which London for the present seems quite indifferent. Amidst the reign of expensive upholstery and glaring lime light, the guild of art workers have dared to offer us a pageant really artistic and harmonious. May their originality be rewarded!

The ordinary theatres, spoilt by long runs and the rage for spectacular effects, have been duller than ever. Mr. Martin Harvey, who bounded on to the serious stage some years ago by striking a discord in Little Eyolf, and then developed a poetical imagination in Pelleas and Melisande, has established his reputation by a successful season at the Lyceum in The Only Way. Miss Irene Vanburgh has stepped into the front rank by a most telling interpretation of the masseuse in Mr. Pinero's cynical Gay Lord Quex. It cannot be claimed, meanwhile, that the promoters of literary drama have been very active. The New Century Theatre, which rose out

of the ashes of the genuinely pioneering Independent Theatre, after sitting upon its balance for many months, produced — Mr. H. V. Esmond's Grierson's Way, a pitifully conventional attempt at thought, — technically a brilliant play, intellectually worthless. Mr. George Bernard Shaw's The Devil's Disciple has reached the suburbs; and I hear of a new society, formed apparently for the performance of other plays by that author and by Ibsen. The honors belong to Dublin, where Mr. W. B. Yeats has inaugurated the Irish Literary Theatre by the production of his own beautiful Countess Kathleen and Mr. Edward Martin's The Heather Field, serious efforts after the visionary and the poetic.

The Celtic revival, indeed, has made itself felt in many directions. Mr. W. B. Yeats has also brought out his long-promised new volume of poems, The Wind among the Reeds, — a further exposition of the Symbolism of the Rose; and Fiona Macleod has advanced on former work in her Dominion of Dreams. Herein are written, in language of great beauty and vigor, many weird and mystic legends of passion, magic, and fate. "Symbols, — yes: to some foolish; to others clear as the moon, — the clearness that is absolute in light, that is so obvious, and is unfathomable."

The intellectual and emotional event of the year has been the Church crisis, which turns, of course, on wider and deeper issues than the two questions of liturgical usage, — burning incense and carrying lights in procession, — on which the archbishops have delivered their famous charge, in accordance with that political compromise of the sixteenth century now embodied in the law of our state Church. Judgment on the value or the dangers of ritualistic practices seems to be inextricably confused by the peculiar position of a Church at once established and reformed; and by the uncertainty prevailing as to the actual significance of the Reformation, which, in its origin, was concerned neither with church government nor with doctrine. The interpretations offered of the motives inspiring the men responsible for our Prayer Book, by which the Church must stand or fall, are very various, but they may be provisionally grouped under four main heads: (1.) A desire to avoid the sanction of any authority except the Word of God. (2.) A determination to approximate as nearly as possible to the customs of the Early Christian Church. (3.) A resolution to revive the English Catholic Church, which, by this contention, claims to have existed for many centuries, in communion with the whole Western Church, but acknowledging no canonical submission to the See of Rome. (4.) An attempt to maintain the unity of the Catholic Church hitherto centred at Rome, without treason to the civil authority of England, and to take the opportunity of removing certain doctrines and practices which many earnest and loyal sons of the Church had already reviled as abuses. Speaking roughly, the first and second positions represent the Low Church view, while High Churchmen adopt the third or fourth. Meanwhile, Professor Maitland has republished six essays on Roman Canon Law in the Church of England, which are mainly concerned to prove, in opposition to the third position outlined above, that papal authority had been always supreme in English ecclesiastical courts until summarily rejected by order of Henry VIII. The name of Professor Maitland alone would give weight to his conclusions, which, however, are also supported with great wealth of scholarly detail. From this historical confusion, and from the inherent difficulty of blending reason with authority in spiritual matters, it comes to pass that those who feel strongly and speak eloquently on these questions are wont to base their arguments on such various appeals as the conscience or personal faith of man, the words of Christ or

the Bible, doctrines held essential by the Catholic Church, the temperament of a nation, custom, tradition, law, the beauty of symbolism, the æsthetic power of ceremonial. Thus one party is quite unable to answer the other; for they do not, here at least, accept the same ultimatum.

The present crisis has long been gradually approaching on the heels of a strong reaction. In former days it was the evangelical school whose magnificent moral energy awoke a sleeping Church. Now the ritualists, in their turn, have glorified her more spiritual message by adding dignity and beauty to her services; in particular, by restoring to its properly central position the sacrament of Communion. But they have gone further, until, by rejecting the merely æsthetic or symbolic aspect of ceremonies for their mystic or doctrinal significance, and by teaching a subtle form of sacerdotalism, they have excited the opposition of a spirit, very prevalent among us and essentially English, which hates the priest and distrusts the mystic. But the Church is a body of very strong and very earnest men. She has quieted the unseemly ardor of a few aggressive "protestants," which for a time seemed to threaten disestablishment, and provided a new current of thought. The prominent note of the Church Congress, held this year in London, was aspiration after a genuine catholicity which should lead mankind by a more permanent because less exacting authority than the paternal government of the Middle Ages. It is a dream which has never been long absent from the hearts of thoughtful nonconformists, and has lately found expression among the most cultured of English Jews.

It is noticeable, meanwhile, that at present, though the strength in numbers and in intellect of the clergy is ritualistic, the great majority of conforming laymen are evangelical. Here the clergy are in touch with much of the deepest thought of the day. Education has taught us that brain is stronger than muscle; we are but just beginning to realize that imagination can dominate both. Amidst the feverish energy of social reform, philanthropy, and rampant commercialism may be heard the still small voice of the human soul, not yet insistent, and perhaps always inarticulate. Maeterlinck's Wisdom Destiny, recently translated here, is one expression of an underlying desire for that spiritual strength to be gained from what has been called communion with God, — the influence of mysticism on character. It has many manifestations to-day. To the orthodox Christian it means the rethroning of the sacraments; to the man of science, the recognition of a temporary quality in the so-called laws of nature, and of the importance of psychic phenomena; to the man of letters, the romantic — especially the Celtic — revival; to the superstitious majority, Christian Science, dogmatic spiritualism, palmistry, and witchcraft.

However varied, however foolish, however inadequate, they are elevating and progressive in their original and ever present inspiration, which is the first need and ultimate strength of humanity, its invincible Faith.

R. Brimley Johnson.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

THE question What is to be the future of the Chinese people? is not identical with the question What is to be the future of the Chinese nation? The nation in its present form of government may disappear, and the people come under the government of other nations, and yet the Chinese race continue, and the civilization in its essential features be perpetuated.

It is perhaps natural for us to think of the life of a people as contemporaneous with the life of the nation, or at least that the extinction of national life causes sooner or later the disappearance of the race. Many historical instances can be pointed out to confirm this judgment. We should search in vain for the descendants of the ancient Babylonians, Assyrians, or Romans, and the descendants of the ancient Greeks and Egyptians are but degenerate representatives of the remarkable civilizations which their forefathers created. But it is unsafe to judge the future by the past without considering the altered relations of the nations of the earth. In ancient times rulers of nations were largely occupied with war, either for conquest or for defense. Weapons of warfare were crude and imperfect, and soldiers representing an advanced civilization were often overmatched by fierce and powerful barbarian adversaries; so that once and again with the termination of national life races disappeared, either by extinction or by amalgamation. In modern times the art of war in its highest perfection is possessed by the most civilized nations, and Christianity has exerted its influence to soften the fierceness of human passions, and to ameliorate some of the worst features of ancient warfare. Wars of extermination, especially against a people so almost infinite in number as the Chinese, cannot be carried on as they were in former ages. If the Chinese are conquered by other nations, they must still be left in their places, must be given a government, and must be taken into account in the international problems of the future.

To the question Will the Chinese government continue under the administration of the Chinese? no certain answer can be given. The presence of powerful Western nations on the soil or at the door of China, with their naval and military equipments, already marking out their "spheres of influence" in Chinese territory, and the ignorance, jealousy, selfishness, and corruption among the rulers who have blindly allowed their country to drift into its present danger, unite in emphasizing the fact that there is a sick man in the Far East whose recovery is doubtful. China cannot continue to exist as a nation without the thorough renovation of her national life. She has no men in power who have either the disposition or the ability to begin the renovation. The Emperor is now a prisoner in his own palace, and the reforms which he feebly attempted are in prison with him. There are many intelligent Chinese, who love their country, and desire to see the introduction of national and social reforms; but they are relatively few as compared with the masses of their countrymen, and their influence with the government is slight. The Empress Dowager is a cunning and ambitious woman, who has lived for more than a generation with Western civilization knocking at the door of the nation for admittance; and yet she and her counselors have failed to interpret the meaning of that which their eyes have been compelled to see and their ears to hear, and they have lived in external contact with the civilization nineteen centuries after Christ, vainly imagining that they could keep them-

selves isolated from it, and preserve their own petrified civilization of nineteen centuries before Christ.

It is a principle of international law that every nation should be left to itself to develop its form of government and regulate its internal affairs; but no nation has the right to close the door to intercourse with other nations, and decline to have with them either political, social, or mercantile relations. There is no doubt that, down to the present hour, this is what is desired by the vast majority of the officials, the literati, the merchants, and the common people of China. They would shut and bolt the door against other nations, and live on into the ages of the future as they have lived from the ages of the past; praising the institutions that have been bequeathed to them by the ancients; struggling with one another to secure from nature a sufficient ministry to the necessities of the masses, and to the comforts and luxuries of the few; and not doubting that, in spite of the sorrows which they experience in life, their inheritance from the past is vastly superior to that of the outside nations.

It is clear that in dealing with China, with her petrified and exclusive civilization, the principles of Western international law must have a modified application. It would be difficult to do a greater wrong to the people of China than to leave the nation to itself, — to the operation of those forces of evil that have their source in the selfishness, the passions, and the ambitions of men, and are of the nature of an organic disease in all strata of government and all conditions of society. It is a fact deeply regretted by the best friends of China that she has failed to improve the opportunities for reform that have been presented to her during the last forty years. This immobility is not to be wondered at when we consider her mass and her historical inertia. It is idle to censure the ignorant man who has neglected to become intelligent, and does not know what he has lost; it is, however, in order to censure men of intelligence who have dwelt by his side, but have failed to improve occasions once and again presented to them to lift their fellow out of his ignorance, and help him to become a man among men. Thus our censure of China for her present melancholy condition must be given with charity, but must fall with heavier weight upon the nations that have had the opportunity to save China from herself, since they have only partly improved it, and with selfish rather than benevolent motives.

When in 1860 the armies of England and France invested the capital of China, and dictated a treaty looking toward the reformation of her institutions, the development of her resources, and her introduction into the family of nations, these nations, and especially England with her predominant power and interests in the East, became in a very real sense sponsors for the material, social, and political reorganization of China. No more difficult and no greater task was ever committed to a nation than was then committed to England. With well-digested plans as to the reforms which China should be urged to inaugurate, and with a firm insistence that they should be inaugurated and carried out, China would now stand in a totally different relation to the nations of the earth from the one she occupies. That which has taken place since the war with Japan, in what may prove to be the national death throes of China, ought to have taken place during the years from 1860 to 1890, when China was free from international complications; and with the counsel of a wise and benevolent sister nation she would have been able to enter upon a far-reaching system of reform, which at this date would have been approaching its realization.

China ought not to have been left to herself to decide as to what reforms should be undertaken, or as to the time

and manner of carrying them out. Adequate pressure should have been used to compel China to move. She should have been made to open her doors more rapidly and completely to foreign trade and intercourse, and to give more thorough protection to foreigners in her midst. She should have been made to administer proper punishment to the instigators of mobs and persecutions, and to call her officers to strict account for their neglect of duty toward foreigners residing in China. She should not have been allowed to resist the introduction of telegraph lines for half a generation, and of railroads for an entire generation. She should have been pressed to reform her antediluvian system of education, to introduce Western learning, to multiply schools under the care of foreign instructors, and to send selected students abroad for a wider education. If these and other lines of national reform had not only been proposed, but insisted upon, the international problems of the Far East would have been wholly different from those that now occupy the thoughts of statesmen.

The time for change and reform has fully come to China. New ideas from the Western world are already operating in the thoughts of many of the people, and new aspirations and hopes are beginning to be awakened. She must move from this time forth, and her great need is that type of sympathetic guidance and help that will promote her best interests; but under existing international complications it is not easy to give such assistance. The question now at the front relates to the problem of the relative strength of the forces operating on the one side to disintegrate China, and on the other to preserve her national life. Russia has secured a hold on Manchuria, which she will surrender only under the compulsion of defeat in war. France, from her colonial possessions south of China, has already revealed her desire to gain possession of the border provinces. Germany is actively strengthening her position in Shan-Tung, and is watching to extend her power at any favorable opportunity.

The interests of England, the United States, and Japan are distinctly opposed to the international policy that looks to the dismemberment of China. If these nations could unite in a compact to preserve her integrity, their naval power is sufficient to secure the result without an appeal to arms; but much as the friends of China may desire that such a compact should be entered upon, it is doubtful if the desire will be realized. The element of doubt in the problem is the part to be taken by the United States. For more than a century she has been absorbed in developing her own institutions and gaining possession of her vast territory. She has now reached that stage in her material progress when she needs the markets of the world for the overplus products from her soil and from her ever expanding manufactories. It is difficult for a nation governed by the people to change suddenly its traditional policy, however clearly it may be for the general interests to do so. Men put forth greater efforts to obtain the known good of the present than the uncertain good of the future. The interests of England in the integrity of China are present and manifest, while those of the United States, though potentially only second to those of England, are still problematic.

Citizens of the United States who have lived in the East for a generation — proud as they have a right to be of their country, and conscious of her power — have been sorely tried at the lack of a definite and vigorous international policy, which has made our nation to appear as a fifth-rate power among the nations of the world. Through the accidents of war the Philippine Islands have fallen into the hands of the United States, and demand a well-ordered government. If, through this unlooked-for result, the

United States is forced to recognize itself as one of the great world powers, not for selfish aggrandizement, but to protect the rights of the weaker nations, to promote intercourse, and to stimulate trade, then we may rejoice in the attainment of a higher good that has come through a present evil. In the meantime, as relates to China, we can only hope, almost against hope, that while the hands of the nations already outstretched for her partition are stayed for a little, new elements may enter into the problem from sources as yet unseen, that will tip the balance in favor of continuing China in her integrity, that she may enter in earnest upon the great problems of national and social reform.

But our interest in the organic life of a nation has its source in our concern for the social life and institutions of the people. Though China as a self-directed government may disappear for a time from among the nations, there is no ground for doubt that her social life, with its institutions modified and ennobled by Christianity, will continue, and that the Chinese people will exert an important influence in solving the social and political problems that are now engaging the serious attention of men.

The Chinese people are not physically effete. No race of men propagate more rapidly, or adapt themselves more readily to a wide variety of climate and condition. Throughout long ages, wars and pestilences, famines and floods, have been active in reducing their numbers. They have spent their lives under the most unsanitary conditions, breathing impurity and poison, and yet they have multiplied from generation to generation, slowly absorbing outlying lands, and filling them with their unnumbered progeny. If they come under the government of Western nations, their conditions of life will vastly improve, with the certain result that they will multiply in the future more rapidly than they have done in the past.

No race of men can surpass the Chinese in habits of industry and thrift. These habits seem to have the stamp of heredity, and they are further enforced upon the young by the authority and example of their elders. With the masses of the people life is one long struggle to obtain the necessities and a few of the comforts of existence; and their estimate of the comforts of existence is a very modest one. With the introduction of Western civilization the vast resources of the country will be developed, the products of the soil and manufacture will indefinitely increase, and domestic and international trade will greatly expand. Now, in all this material regeneration of China the Chinaman will be in evidence. Not a dollar will be gathered from the soil, from trade, from mines, from manufactories, without his securing a due proportion as a reward for his part in the enterprise. He will patiently and faithfully work for a master for half a generation, and in the second half he will appear as his own master, at the head of a thriving business. Thus, in the industries of the future, wherever there is work to be done, there will be found Chinese ready to "sell strength," as working for hire is called in China; and they will sell more strength for the money than will men of any other nation. Again, a dollar in the hands of a Chinaman represents far greater purchasing power than it does in the hands of a European. In China two ounces of silver have the value, in the general scale of living, that an ounce of gold has in the United States. In that country, a dollar will purchase fifteen hundred pieces of cash composed of copper and zinc. These cash, with a hole in the centre and strung on a cord, weigh seven pounds. In Peking, a servant or common laborer is glad to give ten days of labor, and a carpenter or mason six days, to secure this amount of cash. So much money would give a comfortable support to an average family. Three dollars a

month, or thirty-six dollars a year, would cover the earnings of a Chinese family of the working class. The meaning of this is that the Chinaman will survive and prosper under conditions of life which would discourage, and finally overwhelm, the European.

The Chinese are skillful workmen, and of good inventive talent. They invented the art of weaving and coloring silk, at the very dawn of civilization; they invented a remarkable system of symbols with which they have written their language for four thousand years; they invented the art of printing, and carried it to a high degree of perfection, centuries before it was known in Europe, and the claim that we learned it from China rests upon reasonable inferences. The Chinese have produced porcelain, pottery, lacquerware, cloisonné, which are the admiration and despair of the Western world. They show a high degree of skill in their work in wood and metal. There are old bronze castings among the astronomical instruments mounted upon the eastern wall of Peking that rival any works of their kind that have been produced by other nations. As to labor-saving inventions, good reasons can be given for their discouragement in China, where the problem is not how to multiply labor power for the work that is waiting to be done, but rather to find work for the labor power that is waiting to be employed. A machine that accomplishes the work of ten men would be accounted a boon to industry in the United States, but it would be worthless in China, as ten men are waiting to do the work at a saving in cost. Why, asks the puzzled Chinaman, do you spend twenty dollars to purchase a machine, which requires a man to operate, to pump water from a well, when the same man could bring up the water so much more easily with a rope and a bucket? Why spend a hundred dollars to purchase a windmill to irrigate your garden, when you can accomplish the object at a great saving in cost by employing two men with a rope and a bucket swung in the centre? Why build a steam mill, at great expense, to saw lumber, while thousands of coolies are waiting to cut it up for you with handsaws, and must starve in idleness if the mills take away their work?

Foreigners are occasionally surprised, in China, to note the skill of the people in many lines of handicraft, and the results accomplished in the use of cheap and crude tools and appliances. Delicate and wonderful patterns are woven in the clumsiest looms. A beautiful book is produced in a shop perhaps ten feet square, with a pile of blank paper for material, with blocks for cutting the characters, a few steel rods terminating in knife points, needles and thread, two brushes, and a puddle of ink. Broken glass and crockery are mended with small brass clamps set in holes made with a minute diamond drill, the diamond squeezed into the end of a coarse iron drill-holder. I once saw a workman mending a huge hole in the bottom of a cast-iron kettle by melting iron in a porcelain crucible, ladling it in small quantities upon an asbestos pad, placing it in position, and squeezing it into shape with another pad, and thus building in the hole. The Chinaman, after proper training, will use Western tools, manipulate machinery, and reach results that will win him recognition for his skill and bring his services into requisition; and his faithfulness in work, his keenness of observation, his power of imitation, will make these services more and more valuable.

The Chinese are born traders. No line of activity by which a livelihood can be obtained is more overcrowded than that of the trafficker; and while many fail, it is surprising how many succeed under the most adverse conditions. No Jew can smell out with keener instinct an opportunity where money may be made to grow than can a Chinaman. There is no chance so insignificant to plant a

cash and make it bear fruit that it will not be improved. There is almost nothing that does not have a value in trade, even to crooked nails, scraps of iron, cast-off shoes, and decayed vegetables. The rejected contents of an American garret, if placed in the hands of a Chinaman, would set him up in a business that would give him an advantage over his less wealthy competitors. An American traveler once called with me upon a Chinese Christian, who was a business man having a thriving trade. His merchandise was spread out on an unused section of an old bridge in the suburbs of the city, and covered a hundred square feet of space. The traveler could with difficulty suppress a smile at this variegated display of what seemed to be the results of a thorough house-cleaning. In reply to a question as to the value of his stock, the merchant said, with evident pride in his prosperity, "These goods represent the accumulations of many years, and it is impossible to state their exact value." It is probable that the asking price would not have exceeded five dollars. But the Chinese trader is not a mere huckster; his capacities expand with growing opportunities and requirements, until he manages a large and successful business with skill and prudence. The open ports of China are already full of Chinese traders in foreign commodities, who have been in the employ of foreign merchants, but, after mastering the business, have set up in trade in their own names; and in many lines of trade they have already driven out the foreigner, since they have lighter expenses and are satisfied with smaller returns. At the present time China is filled with discussions as to the methods of developing the vast agricultural and mineral resources of the country. There is manifest need of foreign capital and knowledge and skill, to accomplish this object with moderate rapidity and success; but the chief reason that such capital and knowledge and skill are so tardily employed is jealousy lest the larger number of dollars should find their way into foreign pockets. Those who know the Chinese best have little doubt that, in all enterprises in their country where gain is to be realized, the Chinaman will have his bag under the opening where the dollars are running out.

What shall we say as to the ability of the Chinese to acquire Western learning, and finally to contribute something to the extension of knowledge? It is generally thought that the Chinese must fail in the higher regions of imagination, of reflection, and of close and accurate observation. It should be remembered that modern science, and the habits of thought begotten of the study of science, are of recent development in Western lands. To do justice to the Chinese, we must remind ourselves that their civilization is an ancient one, and must be compared, not with the Europe of the nineteenth century, but with the most progressive portions of the Asia and Europe of the centuries immediately before Christ. In such comparison the literary productions of China would stand second only to those of Greece; and if we give the highest place to the ethical elements in literature, the teachings of the sages of China are undoubtedly on an altitude above the teachings of the sages of Greece. Confucius and Mencius had higher conceptions of the sacredness of the family, of the duties of rulers, and of the obligations of men in the varied relations of life than had Socrates and Plato.

All down the centuries Chinese education has been conducted on narrow lines; but while the contents and methods of education have tended to dwarf the powers of reflection and imagination, they have wonderfully stimulated the power of memory; and memory is the storehouse of material for the use of the other faculties. In our modern Western method of education, stimulating as we do the reflective powers of children to

precocious development, while we place a low estimate upon the training of the memory, are we not committing an error opposite to that committed by the Chinese? Chinese students far surpass students of their class in Western lands in studies that especially exercise memory, and under the awakening process of instruction in Western lines of study they develop excellent powers of thought, and become keen and accurate in their observations. Many Chinese show especial aptitude for mathematical studies. There are students now revealing themselves to foreigners in all parts of China, who have gained a good knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry from the study of Western books translated into Chinese; and they have pursued this study without any help of teachers.

It is difficult for the people of one civilization to appreciate at their full worth the people of a widely different civilization. Thus the Chinese are proud of their literature, and do not imagine that there can be anything comparable to it in the literature of Western nations. This is the inappreciation of ignorance, and we may easily be betrayed into the same fault by our ignorance of the achievements of the scholars of China. To the Chinese scholar, a thoroughly studied composition is the highest work of art. The thought is carefully wedded to the words, and there is a rhythm and melody and life in the movement of the clauses, as he hums them to himself, that delights him as music delights the foreign ear. If the Chinese have shown a high order of literary ability while nature and providence and the deeper meaning of life were hidden from them, there is good ground for hope that they will enter upon a yet higher order of literary activity when they are taught the deeper truths that are the inspiration of a Christian civilization, and have more inspiring themes upon which to exercise their powers of imagination, of thought, and of expression.

Once and again we hear the opinion offered that the Chinese language is so crude and bungling, so imperfect a medium through which to express thought, that it must ultimately disappear from among the languages of the earth. This assumption is based upon ignorance of facts. It is true that every Chinese word is a monosyllable, a little block of sound identical in dimensions with every other sound; that a word in speech undergoes no inflection; that it takes neither prefixes nor suffixes, but remains unchanged in its atomic unity. How can creatures run without legs, or fly without wings? How can words be woven into intelligent speech without modifications essential to speech in other languages? Yet the Chinese language accomplishes this apparent impossibility, and gives clear and accurate expression to thought without the legs or wings of Western methods of articulating speech. It is said — and I believe with truth — that the Chinese language is the most difficult of all languages for a foreigner to acquire and use with accuracy; but it is, notwithstanding, the easiest of all languages in the pronunciation of words and in their simpler combinations. A few dozens of square blocks are easily set up to produce a toy house, but they are not so readily fastened together to produce an elaborate structure. Children born in China of foreign parents learn to speak the language more easily than they do Western languages; and yet, a learned foreign sinologue, to the end of his life, employs a native literary assistant to give form and beauty to his productions in the language. In spite of the defects of the Chinese language, we must remember that it was produced by the Chinese people, and that it fits the thoughts which they desire to express. The language is a living language, and has never ceased to grow. It has indefinite powers of adaptation to the needs of the new learning and of the higher civilization that are now being introduced into China.

The most thorough instruction that is given in China in Western learning is through the medium of the Chinese rather than of the English language. The reason is that students of English must put years of work into the acquisition of the new and difficult medium in which to give expression to thought. Meanwhile, other students, who have given a like amount of time to the study of Western learning in the use of the Chinese language, have gained a good mastery of the subjects pursued, and are able readily to communicate their new knowledge to others, as they possess it in the form of language that is familiar to their countrymen. There is as little probability that the Chinese language, in which has been produced a splendid literature, and which is spoken by a people embracing one fourth of the population of the earth, will ultimately become extinct as that the people will disappear.

How shall we judge of the Chinese as regards their capacities for moral and religious development? We are often told by men who write about China from a distance that the people are lacking in moral sensibilities. It must be admitted that, as a nation, they are untruthful in speech, and are selfish and sordid in their lives. On the other hand, in no literature, apart from the literature of Christianity, have the principles of right, covering the varied relations of man with man, been more fully and accurately set forth than in the literature of China; and among no people have these principles been more habitually discussed than among the Chinese. Their fault is that they say, and do not; that they urge right conduct upon others, but too easily disregard its obligations upon themselves. This is only stating that they are very human beings, and their knowledge of the right is proof of their capacity to love and do the right. It is a misapprehension of the character of the Chinese to think of them in their mutual intercourse as forgetful of the principles of right and truth and duty. Where self-interest does not enter as a beam into their eye to obstruct vision, they are clear-sighted to distinguish between right and wrong. In their struggle for existence, they are constantly defending themselves, or condemning others, by appealing to the universal law of right.

A people who have a high order of moral capacities must of necessity have a like high order of religious capacities, since, if we speak with exactness, men's moral and religious capacities are the same, and differ only in their application. Love, honor, and obedience paid to man spring from the same capacities of mind and heart as do love, honor, and obedience paid to God. It is often said that the teachings of the sages of China are ethical rather than religious; that they do not contain the elements of worship. In truth, religion permeates the entire system of Confucian teachings, and gives to it in good degree the measure of vitality which it possesses. There is a state religion that is the bed rock of what is commonly known as Confucianism, and this elaborate ceremonial of worship exists to-day in substantial form as it existed four thousand years ago. Worship is paid by the Emperor to the great powers of nature, to ancient sages and deified heroes, to deceased Emperors, and to the family ancestors. There is a ritual of worship in which all officers of government must participate, and custom prescribes a form of worship which must be observed by the head of each family. It is true that this worship is largely a matter of ceremony, and that its end is temporal rather than spiritual good; but this has been equally true of Christian worship in times of decadence. The fact of the persistence of the spirit of worship throughout the centuries, in spite of the secularizing motives that have operated upon the minds of the people, is proof sufficient of the religious capacity of the

Chinese nature. To this may be added the further proof that comes from the progress of modern Christian missions. In the seventeenth century Roman Catholic missions in China gathered converts by many tens of thousands; and its membership might now be numbered by millions, if suspicions had not been aroused against that church as to the temporal ambitions of its representatives. Protestant missions in China are now in full vigor of growth; and there is abundant proof that when the Chinese are properly instructed, and their hearts are thoroughly aroused, they can learn to fear God and work righteousness with as much devotion and single-heartedness as can men of any other nationality.

Here is the substance of the matter: China needs protection and guidance, even to the point of wise compulsion, at the hands of such Christian nations as are truly interested in her welfare, that she may be preserved in her integrity, and enter in earnest upon her career of reform. Though the Chinese national life should disappear for a time, the life of the people will continue. There is no lack of virility to perpetuate and multiply their racial type. The Chinese are a people of industry and thrift, and in the sharp competition with other races will secure for themselves their relative share in the world's productions. They will prove themselves to be skillful workmen, ready to adapt means to ends, and will make their labor a necessity in the varied activities of the world. They will be cautious and judicious traders, competing on equal terms with men of other nations. Chinese students will prove their ability to master and use the learning of the West, and finally, we may believe, contribute something to enlarge the sum of human knowledge. The Chinese language and literature will survive along with the race, and will be enlarged and enriched for use as the civilization advances. All that is best in the Confucian civilization will be preserved by the Chinese people, and the future Christianity of China will not destroy, but rather renovate, the institutions of China. The Chinese have moral and religious capacities to develop a civilization of high moral purpose and of steadfast religious life which will not be below the best type of civilization that Christianity has produced in Western lands.

Men are disposed to think lightly and superficially of problems that do not immediately concern themselves; but the question What of China? will not down by its being dismissed from thought. It enters as an important factor into the great world problems that are now pressing for solution. It is a question not only concerning the future of one fourth of the human race, but also concerning the influence of that portion of the race upon the other three fourths. The vast potential resources of China, the labor power of the people, and their undeveloped capacity to share in the consumption of the products of the world's industries will compel statesmen and students of political and social problems to acquire that knowledge of China which as yet is possessed only by the few; and the opportunity for the religious and social renovation of that people will more and more draw out the interest and claim the help of Christian teachers and philanthropists. Already the forces that are destined to create a new China are beginning to operate upon the lives of the people. The nation is waking from its long dream of the past to live in the present. There are many "signs of the times" which assure us that the day is not distant when China will be delivered from its effete civilization, will enjoy a stable and well-ordered government, will enter upon a period of material prosperity, and will come under the power of those motives which have their source in the vital truths of the Christian revelation.

D. Z. Sheffield.

AN ODYSSEY OF THE NORTH.

I.

"SIXTY ounces, without even a piece of paper! Ever expect to see it again?"

Malemute Kid shrugged his shoulders.

"Why did he quit?" Prince was interested in the Indian dog-driver whom his partner had just bought out of her Majesty's mail service.

"Don't know. He could n't desert and then stay here, and he was just wild to remain in the country. Palavered around like a crazy man. Something happened to him when he got to Dawson, — could n't make out what, — and he made up his mind on the jump; and in the same breath he said he 'd been working to this very end for years. He had everything mixed up. Talked of making me rich, putting me onto a mine with more gold than Eldorado and Bonanza together. Never saw a man take on so in my life. It was only sixty ounces, and the look in his face when I agreed was worth the price."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Don't know. But he 's a fellow to whet your curiosity. I never saw him before, but all the Coast was talking about him eight years ago. Sort of mysterious, you know. They called him the 'Strange One,' 'Ulysses,' and the 'Man with the Otter Skins.' He came down out of the north, in the dead of winter, skirting Bering Sea and traveling like mad. No one ever learned where he came from, but he must have come far. He was badly travel-worn when he got food from the Swedish missionary on Golovin Bay, and asked the way south. We heard of this afterward. Then he abandoned the shore line, heading right across Norton Sound. Terrible weather, snowstorms and high winds, but he pulled through where a thousand other men would have died; missing St. Michaels, and making the land at Pastilik. He 'd lost all but two dogs, and was nearly gone with starvation.

"He was so anxious to go on that Father Roubeau fitted him out with grub; but he could n't let him have any dogs, for he was only waiting my arrival to go on trail himself. Mr. Ulysses knew too much to start without animals, and fretted around for several days. He had on his sled a bunch of beautifully cured otter skins, — sea otters, you know, worth their weight in gold. There happened to be at Pastilik an old Shylock of a Russian trader, who had dogs to kill. Well, they did n't dicker very long, but when the Strange One headed south again, it was in the rear of a spanking dog team. Mr. Shylock, by the way, had the otter skins. I saw them. Dogs must have brought him five hundred apiece. And it was n't as if the Strange One did n't know the value of sea otter: he was Indian; and besides, what little he talked showed he 'd been among white men.

"After the ice passed out of the sea, word came up from Nunivak Island that he had gone in there for grub. Then he dropped from sight, and this is the first heard of him in eight years. Now where did he come from? And what was he doing there? And why did he come from there? Another mystery of the north, Prince, for you to solve."

"Thanks, awfully," was the mining engineer's response, muffled and sleepy, from his sleeping-furs; "but you have so many confounded mysteries up here that my hands are full as it is. Anyway, I don't expect I 'll ever hear of the chap again, — nor you, either, of your sixty ounces."

The cold weather had come on with the long nights, and the sun had begun to play his ancient game of peekaboo

along the southern snow line ere aught was heard of Malemute Kid's grubstake. And then, one bleak morning in early January, a heavily laden dog train pulled into his cabin below Stuart River. He of the Otter Skins was there, and with him walked a man such as the gods have almost forgotten how to fashion. Men never talked of luck and pluck and five-hundred-dollar dirt without bringing in the name of Axel Gunderson; nor could tales of nerve or strength or daring pass up and down the camp fire without the summoning of his presence. And when the conversation flagged, it blazed anew at mention of the woman who shared his fortunes.

As has been noted, in the making of Axel Gunderson the gods had remembered their old-time cunning, and cast him after the manner of men who were born when the world was young. Full seven feet he towered in his picturesque costume which marked a king of Eldorado. His chest, neck, and limbs were those of a giant. To bear his three hundred pounds of bone and muscle, his snowshoes were greater by a generous yard than those of other men. Roughhewn, with rugged brow and massive jaw and unflinching eyes of palest blue, his face told the tale of one who knew but the law of might. Of the yellow of ripe corn silk, his frost-incrusted hair swept like day across the night, and fell far down his coat of bearskin. A vague tradition of the sea seemed to cling about him, as he swung down the narrow trail in advance of the dogs; and he brought the butt of his dogwhip against Malemute Kid's door as a Norse sea rover, on southern foray, might thunder for admittance at the castle gate.

Prince bared his womanly arms and kneaded sour-dough bread, casting, as he did so, many a glance at the three guests, — three guests the like of which might never come under a man's roof in a lifetime. The Strange One, whom Malemute Kid had surnamed "Ulysses," still fascinated him; but his interest chiefly gravitated between Axel Gunderson and Axel Gunderson's wife. She felt the day's journey, for she had softened in comfortable cabins during the many days since her husband mastered the wealth of frozen pay streaks, and she was tired. She rested against his great breast like a slender flower against a wall, replying lazily to Malemute Kid's good-natured banter, and stirring Prince's blood strangely with an occasional sweep of her deep, dark eyes. For Prince was a man, and healthy, and had seen few women in many months. And she was older than he, and an Indian besides. But she was different from all native wives he had met: she had traveled, — had been in his country among others, he gathered from the conversation; and she knew most of the things the women of his own race knew, and much more that it was not in the nature of things for them to know. She could make a meal of sun-dried fish or a bed in the snow; yet she teased them with tantalizing details of many-course dinners, and caused strange internal dissensions to arise at the mention of various quondam dishes which they had well-nigh forgotten. She knew the ways of the moose, the bear, and the little blue fox, and of the wild amphibians of the northern seas; she was skilled in the lore of the woods and the streams, and the tale writ by man and bird and beast upon the delicate snow crust was to her an open book; yet Prince caught the appreciative twinkle in her eye as she read the Rules of the Camp. These Rules had been fathered by the Unquenchable Bettles at a time when his blood ran high, and were remarkable for the terse simplicity of their humor. Prince always turned them to the wall before the arrival of ladies; but who could suspect that this native wife — Well, it was too late now.

This, then, was the wife of Axel Gunderson, a woman whose name and fame had traveled with her husband's, hand

in hand, through all the northland. At table, Malemute Kid baited her with the assurance of an old friend, and Prince shook off the shyness of first acquaintance and joined in. But she held her own in the unequal contest, while her husband, slower in wit, ventured naught but applause. And he was very proud of her; his every look and action revealed the magnitude of the place she occupied in his life. He of the Otter Skins ate in silence, forgotten in the merry battle; and long ere the others were done he pushed back from the table and went out among the dogs. Yet all too soon his fellow travelers drew on their mittens and *parkas*, and followed him.

There had been no snow for many days, and the sleds slipped along the hard-packed Yukon trail as easily as if it had been glare ice. Ulysses led the first sled; with the second came Prince and Axel Gunderson's wife; while Malemute Kid and the yellow-haired giant brought up the third.

"It 's only a 'hunch,' Kid," he said; "but I think it 's straight. He 's never been there, but he tells a good story, and shows a map I heard of when I was in the Kootenay country, years ago. I 'd like to have you go along; but he 's a strange one, and swore point-blank to throw it up if any one was brought in. But when I come back you 'll get first tip, and I 'll stake you next to me, and give you a half share in the town site besides.

"No! no!" he cried, as the other strove to interrupt. "I 'm running this, and before I 'm done it 'll need two heads. If it 's all right, why it 'll be a second Cripple Creek, man; do you hear? — a second Cripple Creek! It 's quartz, you know, not placer; and if we work it right we 'll corral the whole thing, — millions upon millions. I 've heard of the place before, and so have you. We 'll build a town — thousands of workmen — good waterways — steamship lines — big carrying trade — light-draught steamers for head-reaches — survey a railroad, perhaps — sawmills — electric-light plant — do our own banking — commercial company — syndicate — Say! just you hold your hush till I get back, and then we 'll see!"

The sleds came to a halt where the trail crossed the mouth of Stuart River. An unbroken sea of frost, its wide expanse stretched away into the unknown east. The snowshoes were withdrawn from the lashings of the sleds. Axel Gunderson shook hands and stepped to the fore, his great webbed shoes sinking a fair half yard into the feathery surface and packing the snow so the dogs should not wallow. His wife fell in behind the last sled, betraying long practice in the art of handling the awkward footgear. The stillness was broken with cheery farewells; the dogs whined; and He of the Otter Skins talked with his whip to a recalcitrant wheeler.

An hour later, the train had taken on the likeness of a black pencil crawling in a long, straight line across a mighty sheet of foolscap.

II.

One night, many weeks later, Malemute Kid and Prince fell to solving chess problems from the torn page of an ancient magazine. The Kid had just returned from his Bonanza properties, and was resting up preparatory to a long moose hunt. Prince too had been on creek and trail nearly all winter, and had grown hungry for a blissful week of cabin life.

"Interpose the black knight, and force the king. No, that won't do. See, the next move" —

"Why advance the pawn two squares? Bound to take it in transit, and with the bishop out of the way" —

"But hold on! That leaves a hole, and" —

"No; it's protected. Go ahead! You'll see it works."

It was very interesting. Somebody knocked at the door a second time before Malemute Kid said, "Come in." The door swung open. Something staggered in. Prince caught one square look, and sprang to his feet. The horror in his eyes caused Malemute Kid to whirl about; and he too was startled, though he had seen bad things before. The thing tottered blindly toward them. Prince edged away till he reached the nail from which hung his Smith & Wesson.

"My God! what is it?" he whispered to Malemute Kid.

"Don't know. Looks like a case of freezing and no grub," replied the Kid, sliding away in the opposite direction. "Watch out! It may be mad," he warned, coming back from closing the door.

The thing advanced to the table. The bright flame of the slush lamp caught its eye. It was amused, and gave voice to eldritch cackles which betokened mirth. Then, suddenly, he — for it was a man — swayed back, with a hitch to his skin trousers, and began to sing a chanty, such as men lift when they swing around the capstan circle and the sea snorts in their ears: —

"Yan-kee ship come down de ri-ib-er,
Pull! my bully boys! Pull!
D' yeh want — to know de captain ru-uns her?
Pull! my bully boys! Pull!
Jon-a-than Jones ob South Caho-li-in-a,
Pull! my bully" —

He broke off abruptly, tottered with a wolfish snarl to the meat shelf, and before they could intercept was tearing with his teeth at a chunk of raw bacon. The struggle was fierce between him and Malemute Kid; but his mad strength left him as suddenly as it had come, and he weakly surrendered the spoil. Between them they got him upon a stool, where he sprawled with half his body across the table. A small dose of whiskey strengthened him, so that he could dip a spoon into the sugar caddy which Malemute Kid placed before him. After his appetite had been somewhat cloyed, Prince, shuddering as he did so, passed him a mug of weak beef tea.

The creature's eyes were alight with a sombre frenzy, which blazed and waned with every mouthful. There was very little skin to the face. The face, for that matter, sunken and emaciated, bore very little likeness to human countenance. Frost after frost had bitten deeply, each depositing its stratum of scab upon the half-healed scar that went before. This dry, hard surface was of a bloody-black color, serrated by grievous cracks wherein the raw red flesh peeped forth. His skin garments were dirty and in tatters, and the fur of one side was singed and burned away, showing where he had lain upon his fire.

Malemute Kid pointed to where the sun-tanned hide had been cut away, strip by strip, — the grim signature of famine.

"Who — are — you?" slowly and distinctly enunciated the Kid.

The man paid no heed.

"Where do you come from?"

"Yan-kee ship come down de ri-ib-er," was the quavering response.

"Don't doubt the beggar came down the river," the Kid said, shaking him in an endeavor to start a more lucid flow of talk.

But the man shrieked at the contact, clapping a hand to his side in evident pain. He rose slowly to his feet, half leaning on the table.

"She laughed at me — so — with the hate in her eye; and she — would — not — come."

His voice died away, and he was sinking back, when Malemute Kid gripped him by the wrist and shouted, "Who? Who would not come?"

"She, Unga. She laughed, and struck at me, so, and so. And then" —

"Yes?"

"And then" —

"And then what?"

"And then he lay very still, in the snow, a long time. He is — still in — the — snow."

The two men looked at each other helplessly.

"Who is in the snow?"

"She, Unga. She looked at me with the hate in her eye, and then" —

"Yes, yes."

"And then she took the knife, so; and once, twice — she was weak. I traveled very slow. And there is much gold in that place, very much gold."

"Where is Unga?" For all Malemute Kid knew, she might be dying a mile away. He shook the man savagely, repeating again and again, "Where is Unga?"

"She — is — in — the — snow."

"Go on!" The Kid was pressing his wrist cruelly.

"So — I — would — be — in — the snow — but — I — had — a — debt — to — pay. It — was — heavy — I — had — a — debt — to — pay — a — debt — to — pay — I — had" — The faltering monosyllables ceased, as he fumbled in his pouch and drew forth a buckskin sack. "A — debt — to — pay — five — pounds — of — gold — grub — stake — Mal — e — mute — Kid — I" — The exhausted head dropped upon the table; nor could Malemute Kid rouse it again.

"It 's Ulysses," he said quietly, tossing the bag of dust on the table. "Guess it 's all day with Axel Gunderson and the woman. Come on, let 's get him between the blankets. He 's Indian: he 'll pull through, and tell a tale besides."

As they cut his garments from him, near his right breast could be seen two unhealed, hard-lipped knife thrusts.

III.

"I will talk of the things which were, in my own way; but you will understand. I will begin at the beginning, and tell of myself and the woman, and, after that, of the man."

He of the Otter Skins drew over to the stove as do men who have been deprived of fire and are afraid the Promethean gift may vanish at any moment. Malemute Kid pricked up the slush lamp, and placed it so its light might fall upon the face of the narrator. Prince slid his body over the edge of the bunk and joined them.

"I am Naass, a chief, and the son of a chief, born between a sunset and a rising, on the dark seas, in my father's *oomiak*. All of a night the men toiled at the paddles, and the women cast out the waves which threw in upon us, and we fought with the storm. The salt spray froze upon my mother's breast till her breath passed with the passing of the tide. But I, — I raised my voice with the wind and the storm, and lived.

"We dwelt in Akatan" —

"Where?" asked Malemute Kid.

"Akatan, which is in the Aleutians; Akatan, beyond Chignik, beyond Kardalak, beyond Unimak. As I say, we dwelt in Akatan, which lies in the midst of the sea on the edge of the world. We farmed the salt seas for the fish, the seal, and the otter; and our homes shouldered about one another on the rocky strip between the rim of the forest and the yellow beach where our *kayaks* lay. We were not many, and the world was very small. There were strange lands to the east, — islands like Akatan; so we thought all the world was islands, and did not mind.

"I was different from my people. In the sands of the beach were the crooked timbers and wave-warped planks of a boat such as my people never built; and I remember on the point of the island which overlooked the ocean three ways there stood a pine tree which never grew there, smooth and straight and tall. It is said the two men came to that spot, turn about, through many days, and

watched with the passing of the light. These two men came from out of the sea in the boat which lay in pieces on the beach. And they were white, like you, and weak as the little children when the seal have gone away and the hunters come home empty. I know of these things from the old men and the old women, who got them from their fathers and mothers before them. These strange white men did not take kindly to our ways at first, but they grew strong, what of the fish and the oil, and fierce. And they built them each his own house, and took the pick of our women, and in time children came. Thus he was born who was to become the father of my father's father.

"As I said, I was different from my people, for I carried the strong, strange blood of this white man who came out of the sea. It is said we had other laws in the days before these men; but they were fierce and quarrelsome, and fought with our men till there were no more left who dared to fight. Then they made themselves chiefs, and took away our old laws and gave us new ones, insomuch that the man was the son of his father, and not his mother, as our way had been. They also ruled that the son, firstborn, should have all things which were his father's before him, and that the brothers and sisters should shift for themselves. And they gave us other laws. They showed us new ways in the catching of fish and the killing of bear which were thick in the woods; and they taught us to lay by bigger stores for the time of famine. And these things were good.

"But when they had become chiefs, and there were no more men to face their anger, they fought, these strange white men, each with the other. And the one whose blood I carry drove his seal spear the length of an arm through the other's body. Their children took up the fight, and their children's children; and there was great hatred between them, and black doings, even to my time, so that in each family but one lived to pass down the blood of them that went before. Of my blood I was alone; of the other man's there was but a girl, Unga, who lived with her mother. Her father and my father did not come back from the fishing one night; but afterward they washed up to the beach on the big tides, and they held very close to each other.

"The people wondered, because of the hatred between the houses, and the old men shook their heads and said the fight would go on when children were born to her and children to me. They told me this as a boy, till I came to believe, and to look upon Unga as a foe, who was to be the mother of children which were to fight with mine. I thought of these things day by day, and when I grew to a stripling I came to ask why this should be so. And they answered, 'We do not know, but that in such way your fathers did.' And I marveled that those which were to come should fight the battles of those that were gone, and in it I could see no right. But the people said it must be, and I was only a stripling.

"And they said I must hurry, that my blood might be the older and grow strong before hers. This was easy, for I was head man, and the people looked up to me because of the deeds and the laws of my fathers, and the wealth which was mine. Any maiden would come to me, but I found none to my liking. And the old men and the mothers of maidens told me to hurry, for even then were the hunters bidding high to the mother of Unga; and should her children grow strong before mine, mine would surely die.

"Nor did I find a maiden till one night coming back from the fishing. The sunlight was lying, so, low and full in the eyes, the wind free, and the kayaks racing with the white seas. Of a sudden the kayak of Unga came driv-

ing past me, and she looked upon me, so, with her black hair flying like a cloud of night and the spray wet on her cheek. As I say, the sunlight was full in the eyes, and I was a stripling; but somehow it was all clear, and I knew it to be the call of kind to kind. As she whipped ahead she looked back within the space of two strokes, — looked as only the woman Unga could look, — and again I knew it as the call of kind. The people shouted as we ripped past the lazy oomiaks and left them far behind. But she was quick at the paddle, and my heart was like the belly of a sail, and I did not gain. The wind freshened, the sea whitened, and, leaping like the seals on the windward breech, we roared down the golden pathway of the sun."

Naass was crouched half out of his stool, in the attitude of one driving a paddle, as he ran the race anew. Somewhere across the stove he beheld the tossing kayak and the flying hair of Unga. The voice of the wind was in his ears, and its salt beat fresh upon his nostrils.

"But she made the shore, and ran up the sand, laughing, to the house of her mother. And a great thought came to me that night, — a thought worthy of him that was chief over all the people of Akatan. So, when the moon was up, I went down to the house of her mother, and looked upon the goods of Yash-Noosh, which were piled by the door, — the goods of Yash-Noosh, a strong hunter who had it in mind to be the father of the children of Unga. Other young men had piled their goods there, and taken them away again; and each young man had made a pile greater than the one before.

"And I laughed to the moon and the stars, and went to my own house where my wealth was stored. And many trips I made, till my pile was greater by the fingers of one hand than the pile of Yash-Noosh. There were fish, dried in the sun and smoked; and forty hides of the hair seal, and half as many of the fur, and each hide was tied at the mouth and big-bellied with oil; and ten skins of bear which I killed in the woods when they came out in the spring. And there were beads and blankets and scarlet cloths, such as I got in trade from the people who lived to the east, and who got them in trade from the people who lived still beyond in the east. And I looked upon the pile of Yash-Noosh and laughed; for I was head man in Akatan, and my wealth was greater than the wealth of all my young men, and my fathers had done deeds, and given laws, and put their names for all time in the mouths of the people.

"So, when the morning came, I went down to the beach, casting out of the corner of my eye at the house of the mother of Unga. My offer yet stood untouched. And the women smiled, and said sly things one to the other. I wondered, for never had such a price been offered; and that night I added more to the pile, and put beside it a kayak of well-tanned skins which never yet had swam in the sea. But in the day it was yet there, open to the laughter of all men. The mother of Unga was crafty, and I grew angry at the shame in which I stood before my people. So that night I added till it became a great pile, and I hauled up my oomiak, which was of the value of twenty kayaks. And in the morning there was no pile.

"Then made I preparation for the wedding, and the people that lived even to the east came for the food of the feast and the *potlach* token. Unga was older than I by the age of four suns in the way we reckoned the years. I was only a stripling; but then I was a chief, and the son of a chief, and it did not matter.

"But a ship shoved her sails above the floor of the ocean, and grew larger with the breath of the wind. From her

scuppers she ran clear water, and the men were in haste and worked hard at the pumps. On the bow stood a mighty man, watching the depth of the water and giving commands with a voice of thunder. His eyes were of the pale blue of the deep waters, and his head was maned like that of a sea lion. And his hair was yellow, like the straw of a southern harvest or the manila rope-yarns which sailormen plait.

"Of late years we had seen ships from afar, but this was the first to come to the beach of Akatan. The feast was broken, and the women and children fled to the houses, while we men strung our bows and waited with spears in hand. But when the ship's forefoot smelt the beach the strange men took no notice of us, being busy with their own work. With the falling of the tide they careened the schooner and patched a great hole in her bottom. So the women crept back, and the feast went on.

"When the tide rose, the sea wanderers kedged the schooner to deep water, and then came among us. They bore presents and were friendly; so I made room for them, and out of the largeness of my heart gave them tokens such as I gave all the guests; for it was my wedding day, and I was head man in Akatan. And he with the mane of the sea lion was there, so tall and strong that one looked to see the earth shake with the fall of his feet. He looked much and straight at Unga, with his arms folded, so, and stayed till the sun went away and the stars came out. Then he went down to his ship. After that I took Unga by the hand and led her to my own house. And there was singing and great laughter, and the women said sly things, after the manner of women at such times. But we did not care. Then the people left us alone and went home.

"The last noise had not died away, when the chief of the sea wanderers came in by the door. And he had with him black bottles, from which we drank and made merry. You see, I was only a stripling, and had lived all my days on the edge of the world. So my blood became as fire, and my heart as light as the froth that flies from the surf to the cliff. Unga sat silent among the skins in the corner, her eyes wide, for she seemed to fear. And he with the mane of the sea lion looked upon her straight and long. Then his men came in with bundles of goods, and he piled before me wealth such as was not in all Akatan. There were guns, both large and small, and powder and shot and shell, and bright axes and knives of steel, and cunning tools, and strange things the like of which I had never seen. When he showed me by sign that it was all mine, I thought him a great man to be so free; but he showed me also that Unga was to go away with him in his ship. Do you understand? — that Unga was to go away with him in his ship. The blood of my fathers flamed hot on the sudden, and I made to drive him through with my spear. But the spirit of the bottles had stolen the life from my arm, and he took me by the neck, so, and knocked my head against the wall of the house. And I was made weak like a newborn child, and my legs would no more stand under me. Unga screamed, and she laid hold of the things of the house with her hands, till they fell all about us as he dragged her to the door. Then he took her in his great arms, and when she tore at his yellow hair laughed with a sound like that of the big bull seal in the rut.

"I crawled to the beach and called upon my people; but they were afraid. Only Yash-Noosh was a man, and they struck him on the head with an oar, till he lay with his face in the sand and did not move. And they raised the sails to the sound of their songs, and the ship went away on the wind.

"The people said it was good, for there would be no more war of the

bloods in Akatan; but I said never a word, waiting till the time of the full moon, when I put fish and oil in my kayak, and went away to the east. I saw many islands and many people, and I, who had lived on the edge, saw that the world was very large. I talked by signs; but they had not seen a schooner nor a man with the mane of a sea lion, and they pointed always to the east. And I slept in queer places, and ate odd things, and met strange faces. Many laughed, for they thought me light of head; but sometimes old men turned my face to the light and blessed me, and the eyes of the young women grew soft as they asked me of the strange ship, and Unga, and the men of the sea.

"And in this manner, through rough seas and great storms, I came to Unalaska. There were two schooners there, but neither was the one I sought. So I passed on to the east, with the world growing ever larger, and in the Island of Unamok there was no word of the ship, nor in Kadiak, nor in Atognak. And so I came one day to a rocky land, where men dug great holes in the mountain. And there was a schooner, but not my schooner, and men loaded upon it the rocks which they dug. This I thought childish, for all the world was made of rocks; but they gave me food and set me to work. When the schooner was deep in the water, the captain gave me money and told me to go; but I asked which way he went, and he pointed south. I made signs that I would go with him; and he laughed at first, but then, being short of men, took me to help work the ship. So I came to talk after their manner, and to heave on ropes, and to reef the stiff sails in sudden squalls, and to take my turn at the wheel. But it was not strange, for the blood of my fathers was the blood of the men of the sea.

"I had thought it an easy task to find him I sought, once I got among his own people; and when we raised the land one day, and passed between a gateway of the sea to a port, I looked for perhaps as many schooners as there were fingers to my hands. But the ships lay against the wharves for miles, packed like so many little fish; and when I went among them to ask for a man with the mane of a sea lion, they laughed, and answered me in the tongues of many peoples. And I found that they hailed from the uttermost parts of the earth.

"And I went into the city to look upon the face of every man. But they were like the cod when they run thick on the banks, and I could not count them. And the noise smote upon me till I could not hear, and my head was dizzy with much movement. So I went on and on, through the lands which sang in the warm sunshine; where the harvests lay rich on the plains; and where great cities were, fat with men that lived like women, with false words in their mouths and their hearts black with the lust of gold. And all the while my people of Akatan hunted and fished, and were happy in the thought that the world was small.

"But the look in the eyes of Unga coming home from the fishing was with me always, and I knew I would find her when the time was met. She walked down quiet lanes in the dusk of the evening, or led me chases across the thick fields wet with the morning dew, and there was a promise in her eyes such as only the woman Unga could give.

"So I wandered through a thousand cities. Some were gentle and gave me food, and others laughed, and still others cursed; but I kept my tongue between my teeth, and went strange ways and saw strange sights. Sometimes, I, who was a chief and the son of a chief, toiled for men, — men rough of speech and hard as iron, who wrung gold from the sweat and sorrow of their fellow men. Yet no word did I get of my

quest, till I came back to the sea like a homing seal to the rookeries. But this was at another port, in another country which lay to the north. And there I heard dim tales of the yellow-haired sea wanderer, and I learned that he was a hunter of seals, and that even then he was abroad on the ocean.

"So I shipped on a seal schooner with the lazy Siwashes, and followed his trackless trail to the north where the hunt was then warm. And we were away weary months, and spoke many of the fleet, and heard much of the wild doings of him I sought; but never once did we raise him above the sea. We went north, even to the Pribyloffs, and killed the seals in herds on the beach, and brought their warm bodies aboard till our scuppers ran grease and blood and no man could stand upon the deck. Then were we chased by a ship of slow steam, which fired upon us with great guns. But we put on sail till the sea was over our decks and washed them clean, and lost ourselves in a fog.

"It is said, at this time, while we fled with fear at our hearts, that the yellow-haired sea wanderer put into the Pribyloffs, right to the factory, and while the part of his men held the servants of the company, the rest loaded ten thousand green skins from the salt-houses. I say it is said, but I believe; for in the voyages I made on the coast with never a meeting, the northern seas rang with his wildness and daring, till the three nations which have lands there sought him with their ships. And I heard of Unga, for the captains sang loud in her praise, and she was always with him. She had learned the ways of his people, they said, and was happy. But I knew better, — knew that her heart harked back to her own people by the yellow beach of Akatan.

"So, after a long time, I went back to the port which is by a gateway of the sea, and there I learned that he had gone across the girth of the great ocean to hunt for the seal to the east of the warm land which runs south from the Russian Seas. And I, who was become a sailorman, shipped with men of his own race, and went after him in the hunt of the seal. And there were few ships off that new land; but we hung on the flank of the seal pack and harried it north through all the spring of the year. And when the cows were heavy with pup and crossed the Russian line, our men grumbled and were afraid. For there was much fog, and every day men were lost in the boats. They would not work, so the captain turned the ship back toward the way it came. But I knew the yellow-haired sea wanderer was unafraid, and would hang by the pack, even to the Russian Isles, where few men go. So I took a boat, in the black of night, when the lookout dozed on the fok'sle-head, and went alone to the warm, long land. And I journeyed south to meet the men by Yeddo Bay, who are wild and unafraid. And the Yoshiwara girls were small, and bright like steel, and good to look upon; but I could not stop, for I knew that Unga rolled on the tossing floor by the rookeries of the north.

"The men by Yeddo Bay had met from the ends of the earth, and had neither gods nor homes, sailing under the flag of the Japanese. And with them I went to the rich beaches of Copper Island, where our salt-piles became high with skins. And in that silent sea we saw no man till we were ready to come away. Then, one day, the fog lifted on the edge of a heavy wind, and there jammed down upon us a schooner, with close in her wake the cloudy funnels of a Russian man-of-war. We fled away on the beam of the wind, with the schooner jamming still closer and plunging ahead three feet to our two. And upon her poop was the man with the mane of the sea lion, pressing the rails under with the canvas and laughing in his strength of life. And Unga was there, — I knew her on the moment, —

but he sent her below when the cannons began to talk across the sea. As I say, with three feet to our two, till we saw the rudder lift green at every jump, — and I swinging on to the wheel and cursing, with my back to the Russian shot. For we knew he had it in mind to run before us, that he might get away while we were caught. And they knocked our masts out of us till we dragged into the wind like a wounded gull; but he went on over the edge of the sky-line, — he and Unga.

"What could we? The fresh hides spoke for themselves. So they took us to a Russian port, and after that to a lone country, where they set us to work in the mines to dig salt. And some died, and — and some did not die."

Naass swept the blanket from his shoulders, disclosing the gnarled and twisted flesh, marked with the unmistakable striations of the knout. Prince hastily covered him, for it was not nice to look upon.

"We were there a weary time; and sometimes men got away to the south, but they always came back. So, when we who hailed from Yeddo Bay rose in the night and took the guns from the guards, we went to the north. And the land was very large, with plains, soggy with water, and great forests. And the cold came, with much snow on the ground, and no man knew the way. Weary months we journeyed through the endless forest, — I do not remember, now, for there was little food and often we lay down to die. But at last we came to the cold sea, and but three were left to look upon it. One had shipped from Yeddo as captain, and he knew in his head the lay of the great lands, and of the place where men may cross from one to the other on the ice. And he led us, — I do not know, it was so long, — till there were but two. When we came to that place we found five of the strange people which live in that country, and they had dogs and skins, and we were very poor. We fought in the snow till they died, and the captain died, and the dogs and skins were mine. Then I crossed on the ice, which was broken, and once I drifted till a gale from the west put me upon the shore. And after that, Golovin Bay, Pastilik, and the priest. Then south, south, to the warm sunlands where first I wandered.

"But the sea was no longer fruitful, and those who went upon it after the seal went to little profit and great risk. The fleets scattered, and the captains and the men had no word of those I sought. So I turned away from the ocean which never rests, and went among the lands, where the trees, the houses, and the mountains sit always in one place and do not move. I journeyed far, and came to learn many things, even to the way of reading and writing from books. It was well I should do this, for it came upon me that Unga must know these things, and that some day, when the time was met — we — you understand, when the time was met.

"So I drifted, like those little fish which raise a sail to the wind, but cannot steer. But my eyes and my ears were open always, and I went among men who traveled much, for I knew they had but to see those I sought, to remember. At last there came a man, fresh from the mountains, with pieces of rock in which the free gold stood to the size of peas, and he had heard, he had met, he knew them. They were rich, he said, and lived in the place where they drew the gold from the ground.

"It was in a wild country, and very far away; but in time I came to the camp, hidden between the mountains, where men worked night and day, out of the sight of the sun. Yet the time was not come. I listened to the talk of the people. He had gone away, — they had gone away, — to England, it was said, in the matter of bringing men with much money together to form companies. I saw the house they had lived in; more

like a palace, such as one sees in the old countries. In the nighttime I crept in through a window that I might see in what manner he treated her. I went from room to room, and in such way thought kings and queens must live, it was all so very good. And they all said he treated her like a queen, and many marveled as to what breed of woman she was; for there was other blood in her veins, and she was different from the women of Akatan, and no one knew her for what she was. Ay, she was a queen; but I was a chief, and the son of a chief, and I had paid for her an untold price of skin and boat and bead.

"But why so many words? I was a sailorman, and knew the way of the ships on the seas. I followed to England, and then to other countries. Sometimes I heard of them by word of mouth, sometimes I read of them in the papers; yet never once could I come by them, for they had much money, and traveled fast, while I was a poor man. Then came trouble upon them, and their wealth slipped away, one day, like a curl of smoke. The papers were full of it at the time; but after that nothing was said, and I knew they had gone back where more gold could be got from the ground.

"They had dropped out of the world, being now poor; and so I wandered from camp to camp, even north to the Kootenay Country, where I picked up the cold scent. They had come and gone, some said this way, and some that, and still others that they had gone to the country of the Yukon. And I went this way, and I went that, ever journeying from place to place, till it seemed I must grow weary of the world which was so large. But in the Kootenay I traveled a bad trail, and a long trail, with a 'breed' of the Northwest, who saw fit to die when the famine pinched. He had been to the Yukon by an unknown way over the mountains, and when he knew his time was near gave me the map and the secret of a place where he swore by his gods there was much gold.

"After that all the world began to flock into the north. I was a poor man; I sold myself to be a driver of dogs. The rest you know. I met him and her in Dawson. She did not know me, for I was only a stripling, and her life had been large, so she had no time to remember the one who had paid for her an untold price.

"So? You bought me from my term of service. I went back to bring things about in my own way; for I had waited long, and now that I had my hand upon him was in no hurry. As I say, I had it in mind to do my own way; for I read back in my life, through all I had seen and suffered, and remembered the cold and hunger of the endless forest by the Russian Seas. As you know, I led him into the east, — him and Unga, — into the east where many have gone and few returned. I led them to the spot where the bones and the curses of men lie with the gold which they may not have.

"The way was long and the trail unpacked. Our dogs were many and ate much; nor could our sleds carry till the break of spring. We must come back before the river ran free. So here and there we cached grub, that our sleds might be lightened and there be no chance of famine on the back trip. At the McQuestion there were three men, and near them we built a cache, as also did we at the Mayo, where was a hunting-camp of a dozen Pellys which had crossed the divide from the south. After that, as we went on into the east, we saw no men; only the sleeping river, the moveless forest, and the White Silence of the North. As I say, the way was long and the trail unpacked. Sometimes, in a day's toil, we made no more than eight miles, or ten, and at night we slept like dead men. And never once did they dream that I was Naass, head man of Akatan, the righter of wrongs.

"We now made smaller caches, and in the nighttime it was a small matter to go back on the trail we had broken, and change them in such way that one might deem the wolverines the thieves. Again, there be places where there is a fall to the river, and the water is unruly, and the ice makes above and is eaten away beneath. In such a spot the sled I drove broke through, and the dogs; and to him and Unga it was ill luck, but no more. And there was much grub on that sled, and the dogs the strongest. But he laughed, for he was strong of life, and gave the dogs that were left little grub till we cut them from the harnesses, one by one, and fed them to their mates. We would go home light, he said, traveling and eating from cache to cache, with neither dogs nor sleds; which was true, for our grub was very short, and the last dog died in the traces the night we came to the gold and the bones and the curses of men.

"To reach that place, — and the map spoke true, — in the heart of the great mountains, we cut ice steps against the wall of a divide. One looked for a valley beyond, but there was no valley; the snow spread away, level as the great harvest plains, and here and there about us mighty mountains shoved their white heads among the stars. And midway on that strange plain which should have been a valley, the earth and the snow fell away, straight down toward the heart of the world. Had we not been sailormen our heads would have swung round with the sight; but we stood on the dizzy edge that we might see a way to get down. And on one side, and one side only, the wall had fallen away till it was like the slope of the decks in a topsail breeze. I do not know why this thing should be so, but it was so. 'It is the mouth of hell,' he said; 'let us go down.' And we went down.

"And on the bottom there was a cabin, built by some man, of logs which he had cast down from above. It was a very old cabin; for men had died there alone at different times, and on pieces of birch bark which were there we read their last words and their curses. One had died of scurvy; another's partner had robbed him of his last grub and powder and stolen away; a third had been mauled by a bald-face grizzly; a fourth had hunted for game and starved, — and so it went, and they had been loath to leave the gold, and had died by the side of it in one way or another. And the worthless gold they had gathered yellowed the floor of the cabin like in a dream.

"But his soul was steady, and his head clear, this man I had led thus far. 'We have nothing to eat,' he said, 'and we will only look upon this gold, and see whence it comes and how much there be. Then we will go away quick, before it gets into our eyes and steals away our judgment. And in this way we may return in the end, with more grub, and possess it all.' So we looked upon the great vein, which cut the wall of the pit as a true vein should; and we measured it, and traced it from above and below, and drove the stakes of the claims and blazed the trees in token of our rights. Then, our knees shaking with lack of food, and a sickness in our bellies, and our hearts chugging close to our mouths, we climbed the mighty wall for the last time and turned our faces to the back trip.

"The last stretch we dragged Unga between us, and we fell often, but in the end we made the cache. And lo, there was no grub. It was well done, for he thought it the wolverines, and damned them and his gods in the one breath. But Unga was brave, and smiled, and put her hand in his, till I turned away that I might hold myself. 'We will rest by the fire,' she said, 'till morning, and we will gather strength from our moccasins.' So we cut the tops of our moccasins in strips, and boiled them half of the night, that we might chew them

and swallow them. And in the morning we talked of our chance. The next cache was five days' journey; we could not make it. We must find game.

"'We will go forth and hunt,' he said.

"'Yes,' said I, 'we will go forth and hunt.'

"And he ruled that Unga stay by the fire and save her strength. And we went forth, he in quest of the moose, and I to the cache I had changed. But I ate little, so they might not see in me much strength. And in the night he fell many times as he drew into camp. And I too made to suffer great weakness, stumbling over my snowshoes as though each step might be my last. And we gathered strength from our moccasins.

"He was a great man. His soul lifted his body to the last; nor did he cry aloud, save for the sake of Unga. On the second day I followed him, that I might not miss the end. And he lay down to rest often. That night he was near gone; but in the morning he swore weakly and went forth again. He was like a drunken man, and I looked many times for him to give up; but his was the strength of the strong, and his soul the soul of a giant, for he lifted his body through all the weary day. And he shot two ptarmigan, but would not eat them. He needed no fire; they meant life; but his thought was for Unga, and he turned toward camp. He no longer walked, but crawled on hand and knee through the snow. I came to him, and read death in his eyes. Even then it was not too late to eat of the ptarmigan. He cast away his rifle, and carried the birds in his mouth like a dog. I walked by his side, upright. And he looked at me during the moments he rested, and wondered that I was so strong. I could see it, though he no longer spoke; and when his lips moved, they moved without sound. As I say, he was a great man, and my heart spoke for softness; but I read back in my life, and remembered the cold and hunger of the endless forest by the Russian Seas. Besides, Unga was mine, and I had paid for her an untold price of skin and boat and bead.

"And in this manner we came through the white forest, with the silence heavy upon us like a damp sea mist. And the ghosts of the past were in the air and all about us; and I saw the yellow beach of Akatan, and the kayaks racing home from the fishing, and the houses on the rim of the forest. And the men who had made themselves chiefs were there, the lawgivers whose blood I bore, and whose blood I had wedded in Unga. Ay, and Yash-Noosh walked with me, the wet sand in his hair, and his war spear, broken as he fell upon it, still in his hand. And I knew the time was met, and saw in the eyes of Unga the promise.

"As I say, we came thus through the forest, till the smell of the camp smoke was in our nostrils. And I bent above him, and tore the ptarmigan from his teeth. He turned on his side and rested, the wonder mounting in his eyes, and the hand which was under slipping slow toward the knife at his hip. But I took it from him, smiling close in his face. Even then he did not understand. So I made to drink from black bottles, and to build high upon the snow a pile of goods, and to live again the things which happened on the night of my marriage. I spoke no word, but he understood. Yet was he unafraid. There was a sneer to his lips, and cold anger, and he gathered new strength with the knowledge. It was not far, but the snow was deep, and he dragged himself very slow. Once, he lay so long, I turned him over and gazed into his eyes. And sometimes he looked forth, and sometimes death. And when I loosed him he struggled on again. In this way we came to the fire. Unga was at his side on the instant. His lips moved, without sound; then he pointed at me, that Unga might understand.

And after that he lay in the snow, very still, for a long while. Even now is he there in the snow.

"I said no word till I had cooked the ptarmigan. Then I spoke to her in her own tongue, which she had not heard in many years. She straightened herself, so, and her eyes were wonder-wide, and she asked who I was, and where I had learned that speech.

"'I am Naass,' I said.

"'You?' she said. 'You?' And she crept close that she might look upon me.

"'Yes,' I answered; 'I am Naass, head man of Akatan, the last of the blood, as you are the last of the blood.'

"And she laughed. By all the things I have seen and the deeds I have done, may I never hear such a laugh again. It put the chill to my soul, sitting there in the White Silence, alone with death and this woman who laughed.

"'Come!' I said, for I thought she wandered. 'Eat of the food and let us be gone. It is a far fetch from here to Akatan.'

"But she shoved her face in his yellow mane, and laughed till it seemed the heavens must fall about our ears. I had thought she would be overjoyed at the sight of me, and eager to go back to the memory of old times; but this seemed a strange form to take.

"'Come!' I cried, taking her strong by the hand. 'The way is long and dark. Let us hurry!'

"'Where?' she asked, sitting up, and ceasing from her strange mirth.

"'To Akatan,' I answered, intent on the light to grow on her face at the thought. But it became like his, with a sneer to the lips, and cold anger.

"'Yes,' she said; 'we will go, hand in hand, to Akatan, you and I. And we will live in the dirty huts, and eat of the fish and oil, and bring forth a spawn, — a spawn to be proud of all the days of our life. We will forget the world and be happy, very happy. It is good, most good. Come! Let us hurry. Let us go back to Akatan.'

"And she ran her hand through his yellow hair, and smiled in a way which was not good. And there was no promise in her eyes.

"I sat silent, and marveled at the strangeness of woman. I went back to the night when he dragged her from me, and she screamed and tore at his hair, — at his hair which now she played with and would not leave. Then I remembered the price and the long years of waiting; and I gripped her close, and dragged her away as he had done. And she held back, even as on that night, and fought like a she-cat for its whelp. And when the fire was between us and the man, I loosed her, and she sat and listened. And I told her of all that lay between, of all that had happened me on strange seas, of all that I had done in strange lands; of my weary quest, and the hungry years, and the promise which had been mine from the first. Ay, I told all, even to what had passed that day between the man and me, and in the days yet young. And as I spoke I saw the promise grow in her eyes, full and large like the break of dawn. And I read pity there, the tenderness of woman, the love, the heart and the soul of Unga. And I was a stripling again, for the look was the look of Unga as she ran up the beach, laughing, to the home of her mother. The stern unrest was gone, and the hunger, and the weary waiting. The time was met. I felt the call of her breast, and it seemed there I must pillow my head and forget. She opened her arms to me, and I came against her. Then, sudden, the hate flamed in her eye, her hand was at my hip. And once, twice, she passed the knife.

"'Dog!' she sneered, as she flung me into the snow. 'Swine!' And then she laughed till the silence cracked, and went back to her dead.

"As I say, once she passed the

knife, and twice; but she was weak with hunger, and it was not meant that I should die. Yet was I minded to stay in that place, and to close my eyes in the last long sleep with those whose lives had crossed with mine and led my feet on unknown trails. But there lay a debt upon me which would not let me rest.

"And the way was long, the cold bitter, and there was little grub. The Pellys had found no moose, and had robbed my cache. And so had the three white men; but they lay thin and dead in their cabin as I passed. After that I do not remember, till I came here, and found food and fire, — much fire."

As he finished, he crouched closely, even jealously, over the stove. For a long while the slush-lamp shadows played tragedies upon the wall.

"But Unga!" cried Prince, the vision still strong upon him.

"Unga? She would not eat of the ptarmigan. She lay with her arms about his neck, her face deep in his yellow hair. I drew the fire close, that she might not feel the frost; but she crept to the other side. And I built a fire there; yet it was little good, for she would not eat. And in this manner they still lie up there in the snow."

"And you?" asked Malemute Kid.

"I do not know; but Akatan is small, and I have little wish to go back and live on the edge of the world. Yet is there small use in life. I can go to Constantine, and he will put irons upon me, and one day they will tie a piece of rope, so, and I will sleep good. Yet — no; I do not know."

"But, Kid," protested Prince, "this is murder!"

"Hush!" commanded Malemute Kid. "There be things greater than our wisdom, beyond our justice. The right and the wrong of this we cannot say, and it is not for us to judge."

Naass drew yet closer to the fire. There was a great silence, and in each man's eyes many pictures came and went.

Jack London.

NOTES ON A MICHIGAN LUMBER TOWN.

I.

HELEN suggests a sign manual for Alpena. It consists, she says, of a whitefish natant, three beavers mordant, and a pine tree statant. Good, say I; for the whitefish first enticed the Lake Huron fisherman to Thunder Bay; the beaver, yielding his skin an unwilling sacrifice to Indian trappers, made Alpena a trading post; and the pine, as in all that southern peninsula of Michigan, attracted an army of sturdy woodsmen.

This, strange to tell, was but fifty years ago. The early surveyors, through incompetency or intrigue, had charted the Thunder Bay country as a "Great Northern Swamp." Men skilled in agriculture saw nothing there but bugs and sand. The railways, hastening westward and coaxing immigration into the Mississippi Valley, merely skirted the southern borderland of Michigan; indeed, they seemed set, heart and soul, upon inducing people to live as far as possible from the seaboard, so as to sell them the longer and the costlier tickets when they traveled to and fro. So the northern part of the lower peninsula received, with Oregon, the stigma of "worthlessness." Its Marcus Whitman was the tall white pine.

Was ever beginning more humble? Where the city of Alpena now rolls up

its trailing clouds of pale blue smoke, a dank morass, snarled with fallen timber, wallowed beneath the primeval forest. Upon the border of the swamp, in mid-winter time, eighty miles from the nearest settlement, the pioneer lumber folk built their rude cabin. They had blankets at the windows in lieu of glass. Their door swung on leathern hinges. Men threaded the woods with snow-shoes, hunting, trapping, and "looking for pine." A broken tribe of Indians, who called the white man *chimokomon*, held drunken powwows at the mouth of the river. Once a week the United States mail, in charge of a couple of half-breeds, came through on *traîneaux* drawn by dogs. Settlers followed the traîneaux with packs on their backs. In those days, if you fell ill of typhoid or malaria, a brave Mother Brickerdyke would tend you as best she could; if your case became desperate, men would swathe you in blankets, and take you in a sailboat to Thunder Bay Island, put you aboard the next steamer that happened by, carry you to Bay City, and telegraph to Detroit for a physician. And yet, despite all those hardships, the roar of the wind-blown pines echoed out through Michigan, enticing newcomers.

Four kinds of men flocked into Alpena, — traders, fishermen, land-lookers, and lumbermen. The knavish traders brought in rum, and took out furs; they dealt with the red man; and now, when the red man has "montapied," the fur trade is soundly done for. Every year my friend Shannon buys some two thousand dollars' worth of skins, — bear, mink, coon, muskrat, wild cat, lynx, and otter, — and ships them all away; but what, pray, is that to the old-time hunting of the dispossessed and disappearing savage? Alpena — and the thought is significant — was anciently an Indian burying ground! To-day, dig down where you will through the sawdust and slabs, and there, with pipe, tomahawk, and rusted pistol, lo, the poor Indian!

Fishing fared better than trading. Many a white-sailed schooner, listed hard to leeward by the breezes of Thunder Bay, went swinging her nets to the crystalline deeps, to gather them up filled near to bursting, while the slant-winged gulls clustered eagerly about. Yet so scant regard had the men for the days to come that they spoiled the bay by well-nigh fishing it out. Miles upon miles of seines are now set and lifted by tug-boats; the fishing grounds are replenished by the government hatchery; and the demand for fish is keener than ever; what was once the poor man's salted food has become, thanks to quick transportation, the rich man's dainty. When, in turn, the land-looker arrived in Alpena, you found him a man with a beam in his eye. Wherever he went he saw standing pine. He came to prospect; he remained to inspect. For while originally the land-looker went out to draught "minutes," noting the whereabouts of valuable timber, his chief present function is to detect wily trespassing. But the great newcomer, the man of large promise, was always the lumberman.

The year 1861 brought a most beneficent catastrophe. Civil war, lifting gold to a towering premium, turned a single yellow coin to two and a half dollars in green paper, which, exchanged for Michigan scrip, more than doubled its value again. Accordingly, an acre of government land could be bought for some eighteen cents. Hence an inrushing of eager investors, chiefly from New York and New England. Helen, I fancy, might quarter the greenback along with the rest of her charming heraldic emblems.

Here, then, though tardy enough in coming, were all the resources — material, industrial, personal, and financial — for making a city. A city, therefore, was made forthwith, made at the mouth of Thunder Bay River, and there made chiefly of sawdust. Sawdust filled in the swamp; sawdust graded the streets;

sawdust extended the beach out into the lake; sawdust, inclosed within rows of piles, made huge piers or quays, where the busy "dockwalloper" shoves the lumber aboard ship. But for the tall, fuming refuse-consumers, steadily burning the "pulverized plank," there would be a sawdust mountain, like that at Cheboygan, — sixty feet in height and ten acres in area. Until twelve years ago the rumble of a wheel or the beat of a hoof was never heard in Alpena. Now they have roadways of round cedar blocks, affording an astonishing appearance, as if paved with pancakes. That is a forward step. For the sawdust pavements blew in at one window and out at the other, till you never knew whether you were at home or abroad. And pulverized plank underfoot meant plank upon plank overhead; Alpena was built of wood, and the wood took fire. Twice the city burned to the ground. Then came brick; and the present Alpena is a waste of two-story brick shops and two-story frame dwellings, level and featureless as East London, save for those towering sawdust-burners and the reeking chimneys and smokestacks.

If such is the secular look of the city, what, pray, is its secular life? Originally a lumber camp, Alpena became a mill town. To-day it is both. Year by year the camps have moved inland; and though the logs now travel sixty miles to the city, the same men work by turns in the woods and the sawmills. Not to know the camps is not to know Alpena.

Accordingly, the calendar of Alpena begins in October. It is then the woodsman dons his Mackinaw jacket (a merry Norfolk coat of coarse party-colored stuff, with a gorgeous barbaric pattern), packs his "turkey," shoulders his cant hook and double-bitted axe, and makes for the wilds, there to remain (unless perchance he "jumps his job") until the following spring.

Now, these in brief are the ways of the camp. Law proceeds from the "office," where dwell the superintendent and his mate the bookkeeper, who wear white collars and maintain a tablecloth. Minor heroes, the foremen, enforce their edicts. At five, at the blast of the chore-boy's horn, all hands turn out, to gather about the long breakfast tables in the "cooking camp." There, as at every meal, dead silence reigns. One treats these men like children. One has to. Talking, they joke; joking, they romp, and the air will be filled with tin cups, blackstrap, white beans, and "salt mule." Breakfast over, the day's work is on, with the singing of the crosscut saw, the crash of the falling pine, the ring of the axe. Heavy horses or oxen draw a brace of huge wheels for hauling. (This is the "Michigan buggy.") Paths open out through the woods to the prostrate tree trunks. Immense "rollers" pass up the skids to be loaded on wagons or sledges. With the horn again for dinner and the toil again till dark, so runs the day.

Then follows an evening of jovial hilarity, and many a log shanty reels and shakes while the men play "scuddy" and "shovel the brogue." Squatting in a wide circle, they beat the person of their chosen victim with an old potato hid in a sock. The victim, struck from behind, must detect his assailant, which is by no means easy, as the elusive old potato keeps making the round of the ring. After the game, why not a fight, "just to see who 's the best man"? And then, why not a song? "The Lumberman's Alphabet!" cries a leading spirit, and starts the tune, which is sung with great vigor: —

"A is the Axe, as you very well know,
B is us Boys who can swing it al-so,
C is for Chopping, which now does begin,
D is the Danger that we are all in,
E is the Echo that through the woods rang,
F is the Foreman who headed our gang,"

and so on and on, with G for the Grindstone, J for the Jobber, M for one's Mending, while

"O is the Owl that hooted at night,
P is the Pine, which we always fell right;"

and more yet, with Q for Quarrels, R for the River, and S for the Sleighs; the whole concluding with a touch of primitive poetry: —

"W is the Wood we left in the spring,
And on the way home we could hear the birds sing."

But whatever the evening's sport, — scuddy, fight, song, or poker, — the horn blows curfew at nine and the lights go out; unless, of course, it be Saturday night or the night of a stag dance. And of all odd spectacles, — pike poles and pevie hooks! — that is the oddest. Ferocious, unshaven woodsmen, hats on and coats off, prancing through a quadrille, in yellow shoe pacs or Dutch socks and trousers "cut pompadour," while a fiddle wails forth a highly Gregorian melody! Occasionally a lumberman's dance comes off in a neighboring farmhouse, and then the countrywomen assemble from miles around. Sterling, the cedar king, gives testimony of thirteen babies stowed in one bed, and meanwhile such an orgy as would scare the last witch from the Brocken.

Day has also its frolics, — chiefly practical jests, both gentle and cruel, though mainly the latter. And yet, for all the lumberman's rough jocularity, his heart is right. Once the forest harbored fugitives from justice; but the railroad brought the sheriff, the sheriff brought the law, and law brings decency. Besides, as at sea and on the plains, the open air breathes a spirit of chivalry. Suppose a man affronts a waitress: twenty defenders leap to their feet. Suppose a poor fellow is hurt: round goes the hat. What is more, two comrades will drop their work and take him sixty miles to the doctor. And, sad to tell, there is need enough for that sort of sympathy. "Woodman," says Helen, who, in spite of my earnest remonstrance, never verifies her quotations, — "Woodman, spare that toe!" A fine hero, no doubt, is this man of the forest, a brave and a generous soul; but nevertheless, as in the case of Mr. Burgess's impurpled heifer, "I'd rather see than be one." For, roundly outdoing that sly humorist's confessed preference for "fingers rather than toes," the lumberman does his best to dispense with both. What are left by the woods are claimed by the mill.

Millward tends the camping crew as winter verges toward spring. Branded logs, heaped high on the banking grounds, await the drive. Freshets deepen the river. Dams let loose the flood. The camp is abandoned. Then it is "breaking the rollers," wading in cork boots in icy water, "taking off the rear," "baldheading," "pigtailing," "shoving the deadhead," "tying up the drive" at night, and eating and sleeping in a tented raft called a "wangan." Out of the drive comes the "boom," a sort of informal float inclosed by logs firmly chained together; and the boom goes to town.

After the drive the mill, and the mill till autumn again. Up the slant of the "endless chain" go the dripping "boomsticks," to be measured at a stroke of the logarithmic scaling rod, and to enter the sawmill. "Carriages," bright with red and green lanterns and manned by a squad of motor drivers, rush to and fro, seizing the logs as they come from the "kickers" and "niggers," clamping them tight to their sides, and dashing them headlong into the "band mill" or circular saw. Cleft into planks, the lumber darts away across the "live rollers," to mount the horse car and be trundled along an elevated railway, and added at last to the slanting piles that groan upon the pier. Oh, the charm and beauty of the mill, — its dim light, its eager figures, its excited motion, its daring, its shrieking saws, its color tone all brought to a soft, harmonious brown, — a scene, in truth, for Rudyard Kipling!

So ends the round of the year, — a happy year, full of change and zestful

incident. But how, think you, do these wild woodsmen abide being tied to the tongue of the mill bell? Never a choice have they. As with every kind of man who gets paid in the lump, whether seaman or soldier or miner, the forester lacks the faculty of retention. The winter's wage is quickly gone. A new suit of clothes, a dice game over the bar, a glad reunion with old friends, an exuberance of generosity, a solid week of reckless gayety! One thing alone the lumberman keeps, and that is his health. Of the Michigan volunteers who served through the Spanish war, the men from the logging camps fared best. They digested the "embalmed beef" with infinite relish. Salt mule in the woods had tutored their stomachs.

The stomach, I think, is the seat of the labor problem. Educate the stomach, and you head off strikes and lockouts. Alpena knows nothing of industrial unrest, has never witnessed an uprising of workingmen, suffers nothing from trades unions. There is practically no class of unemployed. The poorhouse is almost tenantless. When the hard times approached, the capitalists called a meeting and agreed to keep all the mills running; the banks stood back of the capitalists; the men submitted to a ten per cent cut; and the lumber lay piled in Cleveland and Chicago and Tonawanda till universal prosperity returned.

II.

We were standing at evening twilight in the Court of Honor at the World's Fair. It was the still hour of pause between the excitement of the day and the ruddy gayety of the night. One looked forth upon dim white colonnades, upon fairy towers and domes, and upon interminable lines of soft yellow lights just beginning to pulse and quiver in the mirror lagoon. It was then more than at any other time, before or since, that the wonder of America — its wealth, its power, its plenty, its infinite, exuberant resourcefulness — filled the imagination with inexpressible delight and gratitude. Helen's eyes met mine, but before she could speak a peal of chimes rang out from an unseen belfry, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Have they of Alpena any similar religious interpretation of their material advancement? Thank God, they have. Thronging into Michigan from New England and New York, the Wolverines brought with them the faith of their old home. Churches lifted their spires above the tall pine crests; bells echoed across Thunder Bay; Alpena gave thanks. Later — and I know no sadder story — Alpena evolved a new religion.

It is with no censorious aim that I set that awful business on record. The "Christ" of Alpena illustrates an inexorable spiritual law. It is only in the Paradiso that living man treads the courts of heaven: the saint bears watching; the perfectionist, of all souls, stands most imperiled. So, when a group of devout women proclaimed in Alpena a novel dispensation whereby human life should be wholly purged of sin, you could see the end from the beginning.

The "Church Triumphant" they styled it. A woman declared herself the bride of Christ. A stripling preacher became her apostolic advocate. After a time the woman died, and the faithful swore allegiance to the man who permitted himself to be called the "Returned Christ." He did not convert them; they converted him. Yet I cannot hold him innocent. He wore a double-pointed beard; he worked at the carpenter's bench; he performed wonderful "cures;" and although, fearing the people, he never openly claimed Messiahship, he fostered a strange delusion. A hundred disciples left all and followed. In five other communities the Church Triumphant found lodgment, and the delusion was spread in all that forest land.

Then was this "Christ" a knave? I think not, — at least, not wholly. The

spiritual power of the "Christ" of Alpena led many a trusting soul to the very sunlit summits of religious exaltation. "Be ye therefore perfect," said he, "even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Here, then, lay the secret, — the secret alike of success and of failure: of success, because that perfervid mystic instinct of the religious mind, which yearns eagerly for a higher and yet higher realization of moral possibilities, laid hold of a new and golden key to paradise; of failure, because it is on this wise that even the angel of the Most High falls like lightning from heaven.

The "Christ" of Alpena has since confessed his delusion; but the sect still exists, though greatly diminished in numbers. And while, of course, the Church Triumphant is by no means broadly representative of the religious life of Alpena, Alpena produced it, Alpena fostered it, and it remains the most startling fact in the spiritual history of the Wolverines. Nevertheless, the really potent factors in the higher life of Alpena are, and have always been, the great denominations transplanted unchanged from New York and New England.

But the main issue is not one of abstract doctrine; rather one of practical realization. Trace the three dimensions of personality as drawn by Phillips Brooks: length, *selfhood;* breadth, *brotherhood;* height, *devotion.* Thus measured, Alpena is long and narrow, and none too tall.

Self predominates. An intense individualism drove up the man from the old home to the new. Nothing less could have moved him. Coming to Michigan, he chose the southern peninsula rather than the northern, because the woods meant independence, while the deep mines of copper meant lifelong servitude. The aggressive, progressive self-assertion of the best type of New Englander and New Yorker got full expression; "lumber Jacks" and dockwallopers rose to wealth; Alpena borrowed little, paid all, and literally made itself. Such men bulk big and talk large. A round score boast each the honor of earliest arrival. Turn where you will, you meet him who built the first house, or measured the first load of lumber, or cut the first log, or scaled it, or drew it. Alpena sounds its blaring trumpet on the street corner; it also discloses a mad passion for having its picture taken. "Ecce ego, — spontaneous me!"

I like that trait. It speaks of youth and ardor and strong life. I like, too, the bluff manner of men just raised from the ranks. Truce to convenance! My host sits, while I stand; half the guests in the hotel tuck their napkins round their throats, as if prepared for a shave or a shampoo; strangers unpack their inmost souls, disembosoming themselves gratuitously of half their family history. Your faithful Alpenite sports a diamond stud with a negligee shirt, — the stud for brag, the soft shirt for comfort, the two for individualism. Coarser fellows — and I like them best of all — wear immense badges or buttons adorned with photographs of their sweethearts. Delicious! I have seen Tommy Atkins caressing Judy O'Grady on the top of the Mile End 'bus; Abner Glenn sat for his tintype with his brawny arms wound close about pretty Rachel: both had their hearts on their sleeves. So be it, say I; but here struts a man with his heart in his buttonhole. In quite this boyish spirit the errant chevalier sang forth his love, when knighthood was in flower.

"Very parfait gentle knights" are they of Alpena. The man will dress like a devilish bad fellow, — slouch hat, rude clothes, loose tie; he will wear the face of a desperado; you creep when you meet him; but within — I pledge you the warm and tender heart of a fine gentleman. Better yet, in the fight with the forest he comes forth a character. Look at Pancake Jack, Baldy Dan, Buff Brown, and Buck Beaufort, — fit heroes, one and all, for Malory or Cervantes.

This, say I, is "length" with a dazzling vengeance, — selfhood expressed in enterprise, in independence, in communicativeness, brusqueness, and delightful mendacity. What now of "breadth" or brotherhood? Far less. Alpena knows nothing of public spirit; indeed, plainly shows its absence, — no park, no town hall, no monuments, no club, no pioneer society, and, save for the women and upstart urchins, no sort of social intercourse! A library, to be sure, there is, and its principal lack is books. Every soul in Alpena is so busily counting out his money that only the weaklings (with never a dollar to count) will serve in office or toil for progress. Suggest improvement, and the good citizen replies in the words of the fair Lynette, "Lead, and I follow." Thus selfishly deferring to one another, the Alpenites avoid the task, like the two saints of Antioch, who stood from morn till night at the door of the anchorite cell, each too ostentatiously humble to enter first.

Things were not so in Sapphira, yet with all my heart I believe that those daring Montanians obeyed a similar impulse of individualism. Very grand were the public buildings they built, splendid their spirit of progress, lavish their investment of capital; but underneath lay the hope of a brilliant personal reward. To boom the town was to boom one's self and one's property. That is why unlettered silver kings founded libraries. That is why gamesters gave money for churches. Had Alpena the spirit of speculation, Alpena would turn, like old Rome, from brick to marble. As it is, Alpena will do a better thing. The Turtle Railroad, when completed to Cheboygan, will bring Alpena into touch with the rest of the world. More and more frequently young men will find their way to Yale or Harvard, to Williams or Amherst, and young women to Wellesley or Smith or Vassar; little by little the finer idealism of older, riper commonwealths will emerge clear and bright from the rude and self-centred secularism of pioneer life. The truth is this: Alpena is just one generation behind Ohio. What happened there will happen here.

Already a splendid possibility grows manifest. You expected to find in Alpena the lawlessness of irresponsibility. You said, I doubt not, that there, as in frontier cities, the tapster, the gambler, and the courtesan would hold full sway. Yet it is not so. Stories go broadcast of horrid nights in the bull-pen, of a whole winter's earnings flung to naught across the green table, and of infamous stockades, where lost women were kenneled against their will, and chased, if escaping, by bloodhounds. Rarely, however, were such things really done; and to-day I know no port, no milling town, no commercial centre, more moral under trying circumstances than this same Alpena. These Wolverines brought with them not only the laws and the sane standards of the East, but also a sturdy conscience for their enforcement. Here throbs that dynamic vitality which, in the next generation, will yield the highest social and civic results.

Length, breadth, and height, — the symmetry of life! What, pray, is the purely devotional genius of Alpena? It is like that which prevails in all the middle West, — youthful, practical, dogmatic, straightforward, but not poetic. Look at the churches! There they have spent their treasure unstinted; sought what they prized, and secured it. There is gay color, highly secular ornament, garish light, evidence everywhere of strained and crude modernity. Jackknife seats, patented in 1899, face the pulpit directly, suggesting a theatre. The preacher, called by his people a "hustler," boasts of his "up-to-date plant." Neither in house nor in service will you find any faintest suggestion of the historic, the romantic, the symbolic. It is not in the church because it is not in the people. They lack the spiritual culture of the im-

agination; they lack the solemn sense of religious awe; in fact, they boyishly despise it. Religiously, Alpena is but half-grown. At twenty you chatted glibly as you walked the stately aisles of York Minster, — at twenty, but not at forty.

All this will change. Standing one evening in the prow of an ocean steamer, Helen and I looked back upon the reeling ship; watched the toplights rushing to and fro across the starless sky; saw the lanterns, green and red, plunged alternately into the sea till you would have thought them buried there; felt the heave and swing of the midatlantic billows; learned the sense of utter and absolute dependence. And while we mused, a broken melody came up from the steerage, where a group of uncouth Devon peasants were singing, "Jesus — Saviour — pilot me!" There, says Helen, was a deeper philosophy and a nobler sentiment than even the song of the chimes in the Court of Honor. Alpena, and indeed the whole of Michigan, will learn the difference. Just now they are chanting, "Praise God — praise God, *we did the thing!*"

III.

"There are two kinds of men," says the president of the Turtle Railroad, — "those you can stretch, and those you can't stretch." The pine man belongs to the former kind, not the latter. A doleful plaint moaned the pine man: "Fur trade gone, fisheries going, pine trees far and few! Stripped of our all, we shall fall like Au Sable." See what befell there. In 1885 Au Sable had twelve thousand people; now it has one thousand, or less. Eight sawmills ran day and night; three planing mills and four salt blocks kept them company; all have ceased save one. A Jew drives a bustling trade in second-hand dwelling houses. He takes their pictures, and shows you his album. You select the house you want (formerly fifteen hundred dollars, cut to a hundred and fifty), and he promptly pulls it to pieces, packs it on a car or a boat, and delivers it "at any address in the United States, C. O. D." The pine man had no place with the makers of the new Alpena. Younger hearts, stronger hands, and broader minds must establish its future. And so they did. To-day, as in many another Wolverine city, two eras meet and lap over.

Little is left of the elder order. The whole land is rapidly being lumbered out. Woodland fires, whose smoke turned the moon into blood and drove wolf and deer to town for shelter, have wrought a measureless havoc. Forests, once dense with pine and hemlock, cedar and tamarack, are left a sorry spectacle: beneath, the underbrush; above, the gaunt, infrequent skeletons of deadened, whitened, bark-torn trees. Only the northern peninsula lumbers as once Alpena lumbered. The camps move farther away each year. But for the hated two-dollar tariff immense rafts of boomsticks would cross Lake Huron from Canada. Mills which formerly selected only the stoutest pine trunks now welcome the slender log, the crooked log, the rotten log, and the sunken log fished up from the river bottom. In place of beams for the western railway bridge or huge rafters for the Gothic church, Alpena busily turns out planks, shingles, spools, pail handles, veneering, and the wooden peg for furniture. It also makes manila paper out of hemlock pulp. It brings hemlock bark to its tannery. It combs its brains for inventions to utilize by-products, as does the Chicago pork-packer.

Obedient to the quaint Oxonian maxim, the younger generation and the newcomers in Alpena set their shoulders to do "ye nexte thyng." Scarce had the cry of despair been heard, when brave men took heart anew. "We 've a harbor," said they, — "the only good harbor between Bay City and the Straits of Mackinaw; no fortune can rob us of that." Moreover, there were whitefish

left in Thunder Bay, which scientific methods should keep undiminished in numbers. Then they looked landward, and found vast beds of marl to make Portland cement, and quarries of limestone to refine beet sugar. Landward, too, were lakes full of trout and pike, and wild tracts where deer and the black bear, roaming with the fox and fox squirrel, lured countless sportsmen. Then might not Alpena live (like the northern islanders) on fish and strangers? Besides, there were beaches and a lovely summer climate; so, with the factory and the outing hotel, the future looked bright indeed. Yet, for all this sturdy optimism, there was never the wild prediction or the blustering boast of the man overgunned for his beam. Alpena is Eastern, not Western.

However else the Michiganders of Alpena have changed in a novel environment, they preserve the patient, substantial sobriety of an older civilization. You find a very Eastern deliberateness in Alpena's struggle for social and industrial reconstruction. One day a load of modern fanning mills came into Thunder Bay, and the Alpenites stared astounded. "Aha," said the Bay City paper, "we know what that portends: Alpena means to separate the sawdust from the sand!" Neither Bay City nor Alpena had heard of the marvelous agricultural evolution which had all the while been in progress "back in the bush," — an evolution which expresses and exemplifies the noblest traits of Yankee character. Little by little, toiling with infinite endurance, the "habitaw" (French *habitant*) and the "mossback" had redeemed the Great Northern Swamp. The habitaw, trapper and hunter, tested the soil at his cabin door; the mossback, taught by the habitaw, trod on the heels of the lumber Jack. Both brought tidings of fertile loam; both met wide-eyed incredulity; both, spite of jeering, came laden at last with grapes of Eshcol. Here was once more the indomitable hardihood which had anciently turned the Puritan or Knickerbocker home country from forest to garden.

Think what that meant in Alpena County! First you sent out the land-looker. Trusting his "minutes," you turned homesteader, entering your eighty acres at the cost of a five-dollar bill; five years later a deed would be granted you, to reward your improvements. You began with no other capital than muscle and axe and courage and two months' provisions. You tucked a load on your back, traced a blazed line through the woods, whisked with both hands at black flies and mosquitoes, built a brush tent, and pecked away in solitude at roots and stumps, till your precious supplies ran short. Then you returned to Alpena to toil in a mill till you earned enough money for another stock of provisions. Back again you hied you, and the struggle began afresh, to end as before in retreat. Three years of such hardships would make you master, and, with wife and little ones, you took proud possession.

Thus came a lusty rejoinder to pine men's plaints. Worthless soil? Go look, and see! Yet the pine men had half the fact, after all; for the land of the Michigander lies based upon limestone foundations, which, ground to white sand by the surging of restless waters, rolled up long, undulating ridges, as sterile as the beaches of Thunder Bay. "Beg pardon, sir," said Helen, leaning out of the buggy to accost a genial mossback, "but is this a good farming country?" "Nope," said he; "you can't even raise an umbrella!" Half a mile further on, Helen repeated her question. "You bet!" exclaimed the mossback. "Jest tickle the airth, an' you 'll raise 'most anything." Both were right. Between the sand ridges the disappearing swamps laid down a deep deposit of rich black muck, so fertile that Alpena celery now figures on the

bill of fare at the Russell House in Detroit in precedence to that of Kalamazoo. As for the sand tracts, with their coarse, sparse vegetation, why, there is the place for Little Bo-Peep to pasture her flock.

What a pleasant ride together through Alpena County! — pleasant save for the corduroy roads, which set us both aquiver, as with the old-time ague; recalling the days when they rang the church bells every half hour in Alpena to remind the settlers to take their quinine, and when sawmills (so runs the tale) were operated solely by fever-and-ague power. Curious sights met our unaccustomed Eastern eyes, as we rode, — log homesteads chinked with plaster, root houses half buried in the earth, sheds thatched with straw, stump-pullers (immense portable derricks) at work clearing up, frequent drains, huge mounds of cobblestones newly plucked out of the fields, wagons loaded with cedar ties moving cityward, splendid crops on every hand; so, bless you, who minded the corduroy? Here and there it is covered with gravel, and for many a long mile it gives place in the farm land to modern macadam, introduced by the county at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. Would that the Turtle Railroad had plotted its course with like deference to agricultural advancement!

Now and then Helen would alight, and go tripping into a pretty dooryard to ask if the house was "haunted." That mischievous query, Helen says, conquers rural timidity, and cudgels the bucolic mind into reminiscence and philosophy. Invariably the ruse succeeds. Spooks lead to hungry bears, bears to red deer seen feeding that very morning amongst the cattle, red deer to flying squirrels, flying squirrels to partridge chicks adopted by the mother bantam, the mother bantam to the price of eggs, and that in turn to "crops and critters;" while beyond fail the subject of "crops and critters" leads indoors, where flows the purple wild-grape wine. "Me an' my woman," says the happy farmer, "cal'late this here county 's the best in the hull state of Michigan."

Now, while I cannot conscientiously call Alpena the best county in Michigan, I can at least say this: The future of the whole broad peninsula lay unrolled before us, while that kindly mossback talked so large. The lumber Jack is passing, — soon will have passed forever. Farms must cover the rural tracts, factories busy the people in town, commerce supply both country and city. Such is the social and industrial problem of the Great Northern Swamp, and such its solution. It is a good land, full of undeveloped possibilities. It is a good people, faithful and industrious. We shall not ask the finer outblossoming of culture and progress yet many a day. Alpena is doing its nearest duty, — getting the pot a-boiling. Forgiving the crudity, the hardness, the dull beautilessness of that Wolverine life, one cannot but admire its magnificent energy and perseverance. And however devout or however secular one's personal philosophy, this much remains unmistakably legible: all things are working together for good.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

MOTHER.

MOTHER looked up as I entered the room, with my white cape falling from my shoulders. Her eyeglasses lay on a book in her lap. I think she had been asleep in her chair.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "better than usual. It was very informal; more talking than dancing. Every one walked home."

"I thought I heard some one's voice," said Mother. She did not ask whose.

"Mr. De Forest walked up the hill with me."

"You like him?" asked Mother, twirling her eyeglasses in her fingers.

"He is interesting. He has been telling me about his life in Paris, while he was an art student there."

Now that reminded Mother of Trilby, which she read through to see "how it came out," and called a queer book, very. What struck me so forcibly in it — its intolerance of intolerance — escaped her. Mother prefers novels in which the characters are labeled good, bad, or indifferent, so that she may know where she is, and where the author is. No untrodden paths for her, thank you! I wonder why I did not tell her what Mr. De Forest had said of his bitter struggles and his first gleams of success, of the sickness that brought him once to the Hôtel Dieu, and the joy under it all to be living the life he was made for. "I don't know when I have talked so much about myself, Miss Wynne," he had said; "but something in your atmosphere makes me want you to see me as I am."

Was I glad? Oh, I do like a man who toils, and achieves, and is willing to suffer for his ideals. But I did not repeat his words to Mother; instead, I tossed a couple of ornate favors into her lap. "Mr. Davenport sent them to you. He says I am not so handsome as you were at my age."

Mother blushed, and opened her eyes wide in an odd, expressive way she has. "I was well enough," she said. "That organdie is very becoming, Florence. I like it better so than the way the dressmaker wanted it."

"It suits my style better."

"When I was a girl," said Mother, "I never talked about my 'style.' I had things made in the fashion."

Never were two persons more unlike than Mother and I. Or is it that everything is different? At twenty-four she had been married four years. I am older and younger than she was then. It makes a break in the continuity of experience. I do not go to Mother for advice about anything that really concerns me; for she has always given me ready-made opinions, and sometimes they were worn transparent. I have had to think things out for myself; but a girl wants some companionship on that road.

As a child I questioned everything. If Mother punished me, instead of crying I reasoned with her. Then I went off alone and cried, where she would not see me. When she told me once that I ought to be ashamed of speaking disrespectfully to my mother, I asked her if it was any better for her to speak disrespectfully to her daughter. I tell her sometimes now that the last generation could have improved upon the way they brought up their children. She says her children have turned out pretty well. That is nice, — *n'est-ce pas?* — but it's no answer!

Mother acted absent-minded to-day. I found her looking over her bureau, where she keeps all sorts of old things, and there was a tear in her eye as she said she had no errand for me. It was

dull downtown, — no one out. Billy Fairchild drove up behind me. "Let me drive you home, Miss Florence?" he asked. I could not refuse my old playmate very well. He took me around by the river road. Just as we passed the lower bridge we met Mr. De Forest climbing up the bank, with his sketching traps under his arm. His face is very grave in repose. I bowed. "Oh, it 's that painter fellow!" said Billy. "Would I be an 'artust' — oh!" I dislike Billy's mind, it is so commercial. If he were not his father's secretary in their big paper mill, he would probably be a drummer, and the men on the road would call him "Billy," just as every one does now.

Mother was at the door as we drove up. "I 've brought her home, you see, Mrs. Wynne!" cried Billy.

"Yes, I see," replied Mother.

She tried to have me talk about him, this evening. I wish she would ask straight questions, and not make those tentative approaches. Finally she said, "Billy has improved lately, has n't he?"

"Oh yes; about as much as he ever will."

"Have you ever thought that Billy cared a good deal about you?"

"Lots of times. He is nothing but a boy, Mother, so don't worry."

"He is twenty-six."

"I mean he has never experienced anything!" I answered impatiently. "He has a good head for business, and he will step into his father's shoes, and be able to build a house on that corner lot of his for his wife, and get a bald spot on top of his head at forty, — and that 's the end of Billy Fairchild."

"Well, you must n't slight your old schoolmate; he has no bad habits," said Mother.

"'No bad habits' is a negative outfit to marry on," I replied, clasping my hands behind my head. "Give me a few positive qualities, please."

Mother sighed. She has heard some one say that Florence Wynne is not likely to marry, she is so critical. She does not want me not to marry, but every new acquaintance she turns over nervously in her mind. Nor is it individual fitness that would have weight with her, but general qualities, — family, good habits, ability to support a wife. Marriage must have been simpler in her day. If I were to tell her what I really think about such things, she would be scandalized. What is it like to have one's mother see one from the inside? Sometimes — once — twice — I have seen that, and it makes me feel commonplace; I go down before it. "That," I say to myself, "is a family life that I have never known, and shall never know."

I remember now why Mother was sad to-day. It is the birthday of my little brother, who died years before I was born. He would have been thirty-seven, if he had lived. Those were his baby clothes she had. With all the suffering in the world, it seems as if she would have wanted some poor little child to have them; but she never likes to give things away. The soul is free, and beyond all earthly need.

Our Club met this morning, for the first time since June. We are going on with the study of modern Europe. Last season I felt that I was gaining broader views of history, but at times the feeling will creep over me that it is all a self-seeking in the name of culture. Are we to go on absorbing just for ourselves? After hearing any one speak of a strenuous, aspiring life, as Mr. De Forest did the other night, I long for a more active stake in existence. But Mother would not like me to leave her; we talked about that once. I bring home all the anecdotes to tell her. Mother is interested in persons, not in tendencies; she likes to read about great events, not to trace the influences underneath which shaped their channels.

While I was on the veranda, this afternoon, Mr. De Forest strolled up to the

gate. "May I come in?" he asked. He seated himself on the steps, below me. He has a good face, — strong, sensitive, manly. I like the crisp look his dark hair has at the roots. I listened in a dream while he talked of Italy as he had seen it in the early summer, sea and sky and vineyards drenched with color. "Drenched" was his word. He talks in snatches, with eyes and hands; suddenly his eyes twinkled. "Then my money gave out!" he said. I was afraid he had no humor. I don't know why I say I was *afraid;* I like people who can laugh with themselves. "Italy was Browning's great find," he went on. "Do you know his Old Pictures in Florence?" It made me feel for a second as if he had called me by name.

"The poet says what the artist feels, but can express only through his own medium," I ventured.

"That 's it. Few painters write well about art, and the poet can't paint; but he knows how a conception comes to one, to torment and baffle him, in seizing its essence.

'Art
Must fumble for the whole, once fixing on a part
However poor, surpass the fragment, and aspire
To reconstruct thereby the ultimate entire.'

'The ultimate entire!'" he repeated, throwing out his nervous hand; his eyes were all aglow. "I 'd give my life for that! daily" —

Just then Mother came out, in her quiet, almost shy way. He sprang up, and I drew forward a chair. I wanted him to go on, and to have her join in. What I said was, "We were talking of one of Browning's poems, Mother."

"Do you enjoy Browning, Mrs. Wynne?" asked Mr. De Forest.

"Not particularly," Mother answered. "I know he is very highly spoken of, but I have never read many of his poems."

We went on talking, but no more of art, — little, easy, commonplace things.

Mr. De Forest seemed glad to stay to tea. Mother has such a charming way at our own table, although she hates formal "functions." Ours is not one of the large old colonial houses, but I saw our guest's eyes rest on our old mahogany and our two or three bits of Revolutionary silver.

"Mother will not join the D. A. R., Mr. De Forest," said I, "because she thinks that the gray-haired ladies she finds grubbing away over genealogies at the town library ought to have cared for their ancestors earlier. She says that people may remember what part her great-grandfather took in the Revolution without a framed certificate in the front hall."

"And with good reason!" said Mother proudly. We all laughed at that.

Mr. De Forest has asked if he may make a sketch of me. Marion Lowe hoped he would paint her, — she is rather *posée*, — but he says he does not care about "mere prettiness."

The study is nearly finished, and is like me with one difference: I am not beautiful, but the picture is. It fascinates me to see any one working with a sure touch. We love it in literature, but there we cannot watch the process. Mother came in to-day. "It is a good likeness," she said; "but you have made her eyebrows alike. The left one is a bit higher in the middle."

"So it is, and it adds character, too. You are a close observer, Mrs. Wynne."

"I think I ought to know how my own child looks," replied Mother.

Mr. De Forest goes on to Chicago soon, to establish himself. I suppose it has been just another "subject" to him.

— No, no, it was not! He loves me, — he loved me from the first; but he had his own future to make, and he was afraid I would not — But it was all too strong for him; I must do with him what I would.

"Do you think I can help you reach

your 'ultimate entire'?" I asked at last.

"I shall never reach it without you," he answered.

Never mind what I said. I led him in by the hand to Mother, and when she saw us her hand went up to her throat. "Mother, he is your boy now," I said.

"I 've lost my daughter."

"No, Mrs. Wynne," said Jack. "Be good to me — I — I want her!"

It thrilled me unspeakably. How could she help loving him? She gave him a quick, maternal peck. Mother's kisses are like lightning; they never hit you as you expect. She thinks he is perfect now, because he is her boy.

Carrie has come home with the children for a visit. It is good of her to help me. She thinks I might have managed my affairs better, and she is disappointed because I will not have her Dick and Frank's Reggie as pages at my wedding. I dislike to see children made a picturesque adjunct to grown people's occasions. I am to have a quiet morning wedding, with a few of our best friends. Mother says it will be "very suitable." She thinks a great deal about me lately, I know. This afternoon, as we sat sewing, I saw that there was something on her mind. Of all her experiences, had she nothing for me now? Since I have known that Jack wants me I wish I could live my life over and make up for lost time. Finally she said, "Florence?"

"Yes, Mother dear."

"I have been thinking that, after all, it would be better to send to New York for the white-silk samples."

I shall never tell her that I cried tonight. Mothers seem to me so *helpless!* Oh, if girls had a richer emotional life at home, they would be happier; they would not feel so on the outside! I have been happy as things go, but if ever — why should I not say it? — if I should ever have children, I would not call them "queer." I would try to befriend their inner life, and not think that because they were my children there was no more to be said.

Mother nearly broke down when I came away. She looked so sweet in the silvery gray silk I chose to match her hair. "I 'll write to-morrow," I said. Everything around me seemed distant and unreal. I have not been such a good daughter that she should miss me much. Besides, I shall come home sometimes, as Carrie does.

Jack grasped me by both hands as the carriage drove off. "Mine, — my own!" he said. He could n't wait a minute to appropriate me, could he? I wonder if a man ever realizes what it means to a woman, — that it is a break with all the old life.

Our little interior in one of the tallest of tall buildings is cosily contrived. We have a large studio with an admirable light, a bedroom and kitchen across a tiny hall. We get our own French breakfasts, and sometimes dinners, too. Jack says it is Paris — with a difference. I am the difference. It was great fun to choose hangings and cushions for the studio. His eye for colors and textures comes high; but our compromises show taste, at least. Mother writes to ask if I am happy in my "atmosphere." That is clever of her, to quote Jack's pet phrases at me.

Jack sold a picture at the last exhibition, and has several orders for portraits. On our reception day his chums gather around my tea table in the corner, where I make tea in the silver samovar the Club girls gave me. They are clever fellows; not quite like Jack. Sometimes, after they have gone, Jack comes over to me, saying, "When I look at you across the room, and think that I am going to have you all the time" — Yes, it is all the time; we two, and the multitude. So the months pass.

I dream dreams all day long now, but not for myself alone. Life is so full, now that I am looking forward to my child's birth. I wrote a long letter to Mother, and she has written to tell me not to overdo, and that she is glad I am *expecting*. Dear Mother, how shocked she must have been at my more open speech! Here I am glorying in the laws of life that are my wings, and all she can find to say to me is that hushed, diffident little phrase which has come down from a half-developed generation. Why will parents be conventional with their children? It is truth they want.

Jack is painting Mrs. Desha's portrait, and it ought to make him immortal. She sits to him in a wonderful pinky-pearl velvet, with lace like hoar-frost, and pale roses that melt into the tints of her skin. Once she forgot them when she went. I told Jack it was Beauty laying an offering at the shrine of Genius; he grinned. She is one of those women who must needs strike the personal note with any man worth speaking to. It is not enough to please; they must influence. Her manner to me is gracious, self-assured. I am "that clever young artist's wife," and she sends me cards to her (next largest) teas. Why did she give me that pitying glance, this morning? Oh, I know. Does she think I mind *that?* My dear woman, those are fascinating ways you have, and if I were Jack I might forget for a moment that I had a wife in the next room; but when you go any deeper, you strike something made up of the thousand supple fibres of a common experience — and a common hope; and if you do not know how strong it is, it is because you have never proved it yourself.

I told Jack this, looking over his shoulder. "She is a stunning creature!" he exclaimed. "Did you notice that droop to her eyelids?" He drew them. "She has a sensuous mouth with a scornful curve." He drew it. "Women of that type want mental excitement; they like to dabble in emotions, to exploit men. Let her try her wiles on me; it gives me more chance to study her."

"You know too much about women!" said I.

Jack went on drawing. "When a man makes it his business to study the human face, he is likely to learn a good deal of the soul," he answered. "Now here is a different type, — look." It was my own face, — in his memory like that. "Broad forehead, mouth with a firm little line at the corner, eyes too deep for soundings, — that's your soul!"

"Then if my soul did n't have that face, you would n't care for me?"

"It can't help having that face."

"But if I were ugly?"

"You might start out with an ugly face, but you would make it plastic to you in the end." Jack has such dear, funny little theories.

My wee bit laddie is four weeks old. I wandered a day and a night in a far-off world of pain. For myself I would not have struggled any longer, but it was for my child, — I had to live. Peace wrapped me round at last. I saw Jack's face through a wreath of mist; it was white. His lips brushed mine as gently as a butterfly's wing. "Little mother!" he whispered.

I suppose men take it as a matter of course that their children shall be born.

I asked for my child, and they brought him to me. His soft baby hand was warm, alive. I went to sleep holding it.

When they told me I was not strong enough to nurse him, I turned my face to the pillow. It has often repelled me, the gloating way some women have with their children. It seemed too physical, too instinctive; it reminded me of Amelia in Vanity Fair. I always thought her a low type of motherhood. I do still, only —

Only it 's the same tincture in us all, thank Heaven! I am linked with the race. Mother's letters are under my pillow. She says it is so strange to think of her little girl with a baby. Mother cannot realize that I am a grown woman, twenty-six years old. She was very anxious. She would have come to me, only it makes her ill to travel. Jack got a lecture from her for not mentioning the color of Laddie's eyes. "They don't have much color until they 're older, do they?" he asked.

"Yes," said I; "they are clear light brown, like yours, — look!" (We are just like other "parients;" is n't it amusing?)

"He squints so, I can't see. Come here, my son." To see Laddie in his father's arms makes my heart swell. I 'm going to have your confidence, my boy, do you hear? I 'm going to grow for your sake.

Jack is making a picture of Laddie and me. He works as if he were inspired. I wear a gown of old blue that he loves. This morning he was in such a hurry to have me sit for him that he came to get Laddie himself.

"You 've put him on my right arm," said I.

"What difference does it make?"

"No difference when I am sitting, but I carry him in the left arm, to have the right one free to protect him. Did n't you know that, you painter of humanity? Look at your old Madonnas!"

"Never thought of it before. The Sistine Madonna is n't so."

"No; Raphael was childless, or he would not have given his Granduca Madonna that self-absorbed expression, and no *grip* in her limp hands. Dagnan-Bouveret knew better."

"I must tell that to Thurston. He raves about you. He thinks you are a sort of Madonna yourself, you know."

"What nonsense!" said I, coloring up to the roots of my hair.

"Well, I think so, too," said Jack; and putting his lips out toward me he kissed the air. Men worship women easily, don't they? This is a queer world.

Laddie acted less playful than usual to-day. Perhaps it is the smell of the paint. The heat tries him. Jack wanted to send us into the country, but we cannot afford it.

We called Dr. Ames in again to see Laddie, to-day. The little fellow is not well. The doctor asked about his food; he said he was not well nourished. He might as well have told us we were starving him, — starving him, my poor little boy! Jack rushed out for the other food, and watched him take it. "He likes it better, does n't he?" he asked, with a long breath of relief. He is a very frail baby, but if I can only get him through the summer —

Laddie has meningitis. I know that the doctor has no hope of saving him, but I have not told Jack. The heat outside is like a blast from an oven, and men are prostrated every day. I cannot feel for them; my thoughts are bound up in the poor little life that is ebbing away. Each morning I darken the studio, and Jack sits in his shirt sleeves by the window, holding Laddie until his arm is numb, while I fan them. His playful ways are all hushed; his eyes look so old, so piteous! His feeble cry pierces me. I hope it may end soon.

Laddie tried to smile at me, this morning.

Laddie died in Jack's arms four nights ago. He was too sick to heed us; his life went out with only a flutter of his eyelids.

Death is such a solitary thing!

"It is over," I said.

Jack laid him down, and turned to me. "Cry, dear."

"I don't want to cry. I am glad he is dead." Jack did not understand.

I went about the house, putting all in order. A light breeze had sprung up, — too late. When I went back, Jack was on the floor by the bed, with his face buried in Laddie's dress. I knelt beside him, and he turned his head to my shoulder, just as Laddie does — did, I mean. His hands were hot and damp. I felt years older than he. "God has been very merciful to him," I said. "He will never have any more pain."

"I am glad if you can take it that way!" said Jack, with a great sob.

I held him until he was quiet. I led him into the studio and made him lie down on the sofa, — how flippant those "stage properties" of ours looked! He asked me to kiss him. When I looked back from the door he was lying very still, with his hand over his eyes. I left him there, — my other child. Then I sat in the dark by my little laddie, and smoothed his cold hand, and asked him to forgive me. It seemed as if he must have heard me. Had n't God children enough without taking my firstborn? But I have no right to complain; if I had taken better care of him, he might have lived.

The gray dawn turned bright in the east before I went into the kitchen softly, not to wake Jack, and lighted the gas stove. The baker's boy brought up the rolls, whistling. "Nice morning; going to be cooler," he said.

"Yes, it 's a nice morning," I answered.

Jack said he was not hungry; but I made his coffee strong, as he liked it in Paris, and it did him good. He tied an apron around his neck, to help me afterward. He laughed over it, and then turned his face away. By and by I found him looking out of the studio window listlessly.

"Jack, do you think you could make a sketch of Laddie? We should be glad to have it — in future."

"I don't know whether I have the heart for it. Do you want me to do it?"

"If you feel able. I have dressed him, and he looks very sweet."

I let in more light as he wanted it. In spite of himself he became interested. He brought me the sketch to see if I was pleased. There are no affected mannerisms in his brushwork. He had caught the way the tip of the thumb was bent back from the fingers. I used to think Laddie would be an artist, too, some day, his thumb had so much individuality. "It is a beautiful drawing, dear; thank you."

There was a cool lake breeze next day. Laddie would have felt a little better, if he had lived. Dr. Burroughs was away, and Jack had to hunt up a stranger. He was a young man. He looked surprised to see only us two. I should have known he had children by the way he put his hand out on the coffin as he spoke. I do not remember what he said.

We locked the door, and went down in the lift together. The minister came in the carriage with us. He seemed like an old friend. Jack's eyes regarded me with remote tenderness. Jack! precious father! with your little dead boy on your knees and your arm over him, — I love you so!

It was all sweet and quiet, just as I would have had it. We sat in the dark, that evening. I laid my face against Jack's arm, and he held my hands. It was so good to have him! "After all, it was a terrible tussle for the poor little chap," he said. It is beginning to be "after" with Jack.

Four days ago, and I have not heard from Mother yet. It takes nearly two days to go, and two to come. I know she would write as soon as she could.

The letter came the evening after. Mother's hand shook when she wrote. The bottom of the page was blotted. "Dear little daughter — I am so grieved

— I can't write any more." Mother has lost children, too. I am sorry, sorry.

I overheard Jack say to Dr. Ames that I had borne it better than he was afraid I would. I do not tell him that I wake every night at the same time, and put my hand out before I remember, to see if Laddie is warm — and he is not there. It is a piece of myself that has gone from me. I want it, — I want him! It seems as if my struggle would disturb Jack. No, he does not wake. Jack is dear and kind, but he does not know unless I tell him. He works very hard, these days; we are short of money. A fine line comes out on his forehead at times. I am cheerful with him; and when he quotes poetry to me I try not to wince, but everything jars on me.

One day he asked me if I would like to walk along the lake shore. I saw that he wanted me to go. I put on the black gown I had altered by taking out the pale gold-colored front he called so artistic. He said it brought out the undertints of gold in my hair. It is not because I wish to look sombre that I tie a thick veil over my hat. I need something that I can get behind. I see so many children everywhere. Jack ran after one little fellow, and tossed him up to his shoulder. The boy squealed with delight. "You 're fond of children, sir?" said a woman standing by.

"Very," answered Jack, raising his hat and walking on quickly. I saw the hurt quiver under his mustache. No, Jack has not forgotten.

When I went into the studio, a week ago, Jack was looking at the picture he had made of Laddie and me. He turned it to the wall quickly. "You need n't do that," said I.

"I did n't know but perhaps" — He replaced it on the easel, and stepped back. "It is one of the best things I have ever done."

"Why don't you finish it? It is nearly finished, is it not?"

"The face is. The background and draperies need a few hours' work."

"I will sit for you, if you like."

"Do you care to do it? I don't want you to tire yourself."

"I am not tired."

His eyes brightened as I returned in the blue gown. He hates gloomy things; he loves warmth and color. He got on the floor to arrange the folds of my skirt. Bending his head, he kissed my knee. "You are so beautiful!" he said.

We had the afternoon to ourselves. Jack whistled at his work. "I am progressing famously," he declared. "Bring your hand around a bit more, please. I don't get those folds quite right, with nothing in your lap" —

I was on my feet in the middle of the room. I think I struck my breast with my hand. The hot blood rushed to my face and ears. I felt flooded, suffocated. "Don't! Don't!" I gasped. "I can't bear it, — it is killing me!"

He sprang toward me, and I pressed my face against him. "What a brute I am!" he exclaimed. "I would n't have said one word — I ought not to have let you sit so long. Ames told me to look out for your health, but you said you were perfectly well."

"Jack, I want Mother! Take me home to Mother!"

He looked troubled. The fine line came out on his forehead. "I wish I could, but I don't see how to manage it. We have had so many extras" —

"Then let me go by myself. I must see Mother! You are dear and kind, but you are a man, and you do not understand."

He left the room silently. I knelt beside his chair, and laid my head on my arms. "O God, my hands are so empty!" I cried. "I hear him crying in the night, and it wakes me! What dost Thou know of these throes of the flesh?"

By and by I raised my head, and the

picture confronted me on the easel. It looked so beautiful, so radiant with life, that it smote me. "Was that I?" I thought.

Jack laid a check for forty-five dollars in my lap, when he returned. "Too late to cash it to-day," he said.

"From Mr. Cowles? Has he bought that little figure study? I thought you said you would not let it go for less than a hundred."

"I offered it to him at his own price. He would have screwed me down more, if he could, because he saw my need, but I held out."

It hurts him to haggle for money. I felt as if he had bought that check with his blood.

I walked up from the station, carrying my hand bag. I did not care to leave it with the expressman. The streets were quiet. It seemed for a moment as if it were all a dream, and I was coming home from an afternoon call. The screen door was unlocked. I stepped in softly. Mother stood before the sitting-room fireplace, her sewing hanging from one hand. Jack's picture and mine were on the mantel. I set down my bag. Mother looked around. She gave a great start, and ran to me.

"Oh, Mother!" I said, and put my hands up to my face.

Mother's arms went right around me; her cheek was wet. "My poor little girl!" she said, — "my poor, brave little girl! She 's come home to Mother! Mother knows all about it!"

"It 's six weeks and two days, Mother!" I said, crying.

"I know. Six weeks to-day since I got the letter."

She took off my hat, and led me across the room, for I could not see. I held her hands. Mother's hands are bent with rheumatism, but they are as soft as roseleaves inside. I told her everything. I used to wonder why people wanted to "talk it over." I thought it showed lack of self-control. I did not know then what it meant to lead a stifled life for another's sake.

Mother made me lie down on the sofa. "Don't take so many steps for me, you troublesome woman," said I. She only looked about for another cushion. "Never mind my steps," she said; "I 'll do what I like, now I have my little girlie home."

Jack looks up to me lately, and it makes me feel quite old; but to Mother I am just her little girlie, home from school again with a headache.

The room was the same as ever; only that wretched "hand-painted" lamp shade aunt Caroline sent us was gone. I had a quarrel once with Mother about keeping it, and she said she wanted some things as she liked. The picture over the mantel hung half an inch out of the true. Hannah always had a crooked eye. I meant to get up and straighten it in a minute —

I think I must have slept, for I did not know Mother had come in until I felt her hand on my forehead. She gave me my tea in the Royal Worcester cup I bought when I began to care for pretty china. She had made the biscuit herself.

It gave me a sick pang to see my room, to-night. All was the same: it is only I who have changed. People always said my room looked just like me. I had so many notions when I was a girl. The smell of dried lemon verbena in the linen was home. "You are lovely to me, Mother, and I was such a trying girl!"

"Hush!" answered Mother. "You were the best child that ever was. I miss you every day."

Well, if I had a daughter, I should miss her, too.

I made Mother sit down in my easy-chair. I knelt beside her, and opened my bag. "You never saw his little things," I said. "I have brought some of them to show you, and I wish you

would keep them for me in the drawer where I kept my party things. Marion made this sack; was n't it sweet of her?"

"She does beautiful work."

"This was his first short dress, and these are the last socks he wore. They slipped off from his poor, wasted feet. Oh, he suffered so, — he suffered so! I shall never get over it."

Mother's eyes were full. "No, you never will."

Mother understands.

It is a September evening, and some young people are going home in the moonlight. They must have been having a doorstep party somewhere, for one of the men is carrying a mandolin. Their voices sound gay. I can see the white birch on the lawn, and the great pine beyond. Those two trees are a part of my life. How many times I have looked out at them, and thought my long, long thoughts! I used to think I should like to be a *grande dame* in society, but I did not really care for it. What I wanted was to learn the meaning of life.

Somewhere in a light as pure as that my little laddie is happy. God may have him to take care of for a time, but he will always be my child. Jack, dear heart, it was selfish in me to make you sacrifice your picture, and then come home and leave you; but I had to do it, — I had to see my mother. Mother knows.

Margaret L. Knapp.

RECENT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

An important part of Dr. Gould's labors at Cordoba, to which I did not allude in the paper in the Atlantic for May, 1898, consisted in training the astronomers who were to be his intellectual successors, the scientific heirs to whom he bequeathed the legacy of the continued exploration of the southern heavens. In addition to cataloguing the stars he accomplished this educational work, and, fortunately for astronomy, Dr. John M. Thome, who had served under Dr. Gould for many years in the execution of the great Argentine catalogues, was destined to be the second director of the National Observatory at Cordoba, and to add new lustre to an observatory already famous beyond the dreams of its early promoters. Dr. Thome and Mr. Tucker, now of the Lick Observatory, continued Gould's work in a manner analogous to the extension of Bessel's zones by Argelander, and of the latter's more extensive star census by Schönfeldt. Argelander at Bonn, on the Rhine, had catalogued the principal stars between the north pole and two degrees south declination; and when this work was concluded, his students and successors executed a survey from the zone where their master left off to twenty-three degrees south declination, including some stars as faint as the tenth magnitude. In this way the Bonn census of stars assigns the positions and magnitudes of 325,000 objects. From 1885 to the present time the work of the analogous Cordoba census of the southern hemisphere has been steadily advanced, and is already completed over the whole of the zone from twenty-two to forty-two degrees south declination. This vast survey of Thome and Tucker is based upon the foundation laid by Gould, and the part already published includes the positions of 339,215 fixed stars. The two imposing volumes which have appeared are accompanied by accurate charts of that region of the

heavens. An examination of these duplicate pictures of the sky must impress every beholder with the infinitude of the stellar points diffused in space, and the comparative insignificance of everything upon the terrestrial globe.

When this survey of Thome is carried to the south pole, the southern heavens will be better known than our own skies which have occupied the attention of observers from the earliest ages of astronomy. Nearly all this immense enterprise on the more inaccessible of the two celestial hemispheres has been executed in the last quarter of the present century, and entirely by American astronomers. The work of Gould and Thome must be credited to American genius and to the enterprise and liberality of Argentina, and it is needless to add that the achievement is sufficiently imposing to do honor to any age. Yet it happens that, during the same period, Dr. David Gill, her Majesty's astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, has been most active, and has already published a photographic star census of a large zone of the southern heavens. This far-reaching undertaking, carried out under Dr. Gill's direction, consisted in taking photographs of areas of the heavens so apportioned that each gelatine plate showed some stars whose position is given by the earlier observations at the Cape or at Cordoba; so that when the plates are developed it is possible to measure, with a fine machine, the place of each luminous point with respect to known stars. In this way the places of all the stars photographed are determined absolutely, and with extreme rapidity and accuracy. The plates were taken at the Cape of Good Hope, but the work of discussing the results and reducing the catalogue was done chiefly at Groningen, Holland, under the direction of Professor Kapetyn. While this photographic survey is of very high importance as a supplement to the Cordoba census, it cannot be said to supplant it.

In recent years, American readers have become so much accustomed to reports of large telescopes that the impression seems to prevail widely that such instruments are the only conditions necessary for great discoveries. Need I point out to any thoughtful person that this strange impression is not justified? Is it not equally important that the telescope should be located in an atmosphere which is quiescent and steady as well as free from clouds and fog? In addition to good instruments and favorable climate, there must of course be an astronomer at the little end of the telescope capable of obtaining the best results which his instruments and conditions afford.

Unfortunately, it is only very recently that astronomers have realized the value of a good atmosphere, and though this achievement seems anything but striking, it has led to results of the most far-reaching character. Optical instruments have reached practical perfection in the last thirty years, but no atmosphere yet found is even approximately perfect: hence it is clear that the way to increase telescopic power is to improve the atmospheres through which our observing is done. In the modern search for good atmosphere, Professor W. H. Pickering, of the Harvard Observatory, made the first important step, and the work has since been especially prosecuted by the Lowell Observatory. The result of this search for climates which afford good seeing has been a rich harvest of discoveries which no one unfamiliar with the problems to be solved could have anticipated.

In 1887, the fund left to the Harvard Observatory by Mr. Boyden, of Boston, "for the prosecution of astronomical research in a mountainous region as free as possible from the impediments due to the atmosphere," became available, and an expedition was sent to Colorado to test the seeing on Pike's Peak and other high mountains of that region. The observers afterward experimented on Mount Wilson, in California, and the outcome

was the conclusion that other conditions besides mere elevation must be taken into account, and that dryness of the atmosphere, above all, is of the highest importance. As the ultimate aim of the movement was to explore the southern stars, an expedition was dispatched beyond the equator to test the atmospheric conditions in the Andes of Peru and Chile.

Experiments were eventually made at a number of points along the Chilean and Peruvian coasts, and at various elevations in the desert of Atacama, as well as in the high mountains between Lima and Arequipa, Peru, and Lake Titicaca, Bolivia. The conclusion arrived at was that the best seeing is afforded in a dry region from six to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, where the movement of the atmosphere is reduced to a minimum. Though very good conditions were found at Mount Harvard, near Chosica, Peru, and at Copiapo, in the Atacama desert, it was finally decided that the city of Arequipa offered the most favorable conditions, when all the needs of the observatory were considered. Situated in an excessively dry region, where the sky is seldom obscured by clouds, the site selected stands 8060 feet above the level of the sea, and overlooks an immense gorge which drains the great mountains of El Misti and Chichani above and some fifteen miles away. This site has proved a happy one, and already the observatory has become celebrated by discoveries made there in the last nine years. As this station was selected for the clear sky and good seeing it would afford, it was particularly well adapted to the investigation of the brightness of the southern stars; and accordingly, the earliest opportunity was utilized for making a photometry of the southern heavens. A part of this work had already been done at Mount Harvard. Altogether this included the critical study of 7922 stars, and led to the detection of a number of variables. Being a continuation of a similar system of work extending over forty thousand stars of the northern heavens, and based upon hundreds of thousands of observations made at Cambridge, the high importance of the southern photometry is at once apparent.

In the programme of the new southern station the developments of photography were given a prominent place, and it was not long before impressions were made of the whole region invisible in Cambridge. Besides general photographic reproductions of the whole southern sky, a detailed investigation was made of particular portions. Thus long exposure of plates on the Magellanic Clouds revealed the amazing variety of phenomena in those luminous patches; and photographs of great clusters, such as Omega Centauri and 47 Toucanæ, showed in durable form their infinite complexity, previously discernible only with great telescopes. Omega Centauri was found, by the plates taken at Arequipa, to contain over seven thousand stars, all packed within a space smaller than the moon. To the naked eye it is a luminous patch resembling a faint cloud or nebula. Continued examination of these cluster photographs led Professor Baily to detect in some of the masses of stars a large number of objects which are variable. In Omega Centauri alone he found one hundred and twenty, and in the cluster Messier Five about eighty-five fluctuating points of light formerly assumed to be of constant brilliancy. This discovery is of very high importance, because previously only a few cases of variables in clusters were certainly known; and this rich find is likely to throw light upon the cause of the light changes, if the observations are continued with system and regularity.

It may not seem strange that a star should increase or decrease in brilliancy; but when we remember that a variation of five magnitudes, which occasionally occurs, means an increase and then a

decrease in brightness of a hundredfold, we may indeed wonder at the causes which could produce such amazing pulsations in brightness. In some instances the causes of these changes are known, as in the case of Algol and other stars of that type, where the bright star is eclipsed by a dark satellite moving in an orbit situated in the plane of vision, so that at regular intervals the lucid star fades or diminishes in brightness when the dark body intercepts its light, and then as regularly shows forth in full splendor. But in the great majority of cases, though many temporary hypotheses have been put forward, no acceptable explanation has yet been made.

Besides the cluster variables found by Baily, some three hundred individual and tested variables, often bright stars, are given in well-known recent catalogues. In many cases the law of the light variation is known accurately, though in general the cause is wholly obscure. For different cases the curves which represent the brightness are of very different character; some exhibiting one sharp or round maximum or minimum, others a double maximum and minimum, as in the case of the celebrated northern variable Beta Lyræ. If the light variations of the Algol stars arise from the occultation of dark bodies, it is natural to suppose that other variations are in some way connected with attendant bodies, either by way of occultations of dark or partially dark bodies, or by tidal action due to masses wholly invisible in our telescopes. In view of this probable dependence of variables on other bodies, Baily's discovery of so many variables in clusters, where all necessarily are connected in one immense system, opens up far-reaching suggestions, though such complicated phenomena will be difficult to unravel. It is to be hoped that the Harvard Observatory may be able to continue to watch the objects it has discovered; and in due time, no doubt, we shall have the law of the light fluctuation for each of the handsome group of new variables it has announced.

One other object which has long engaged the attention of the Harvard Observatory is the extensive photography of stellar spectra, and this has recently been extended to the southern hemisphere. Many years ago Professor E. C. Pickering revived the plan, originally used by Fraunhofer, of putting a large glass prism in front of the objective of a telescope, so that the light of a star entering the lens is no longer a bundle of white rays, but a spectrum in which all colors are spread out; and the result is that, instead of an image, the eye perceives a spectrum. Replacing the eye by a sensitive photographic plate, these spectra may be photographed in large numbers, as many of them appearing on a plate as there are stars in the field of the telescope. By designing an instrument which has a large angular aperture, or short focus, so that the field of view is extensive, it is possible to take on a single piece of glass the spectra of a great many stars. By this means the spectra of more than ten thousand stars have been photographed in the northern heavens, the results composing the celebrated Draper Catalogue of stellar spectra. In the course of this work, each plate was carefully examined to find the type to which the spectrum belongs; and it was soon ascertained that a few peculiar objects do not belong to any of the spectral types recognized by Huggins, Vogel, Rutherford, Secchi, Lockyer, or Pickering. Some of the spectra are found to be crossed by bright lines, like a few stars in Cygnus recognized by the French astronomers Wolf and Rayet in 1867. Professor Pickering, who took up this work in memory of the lamented Henry Draper, has now noted in the northern heavens more than sixty such objects, where only a few were known before. In the more recent study of the southern heavens other bright-line stars have been encountered, and the Harvard Observa-

tory has the honor of finding the only ones known in that extensive region. This considerable list of bright-line stars, besides two new or temporary stars detected in the constellations Norma and Carina, constitutes a unique and somewhat unexpected contribution made in the course of regular work on stellar spectra provided for by the Henry Draper Memorial. The full import of these new bright-line stars cannot yet be made out, but it is assumed that they are closely related to nebulæ, which have in their spectra bright lines of a different type, and are known to be self-luminous masses of gas of which hydrogen is the only element heretofore recognized. It turns out that all these new bright-line stars are situated in or near the plane of the Milky Way or in the Magellanic Clouds, which thus disclose more directly their connection with the Galaxy.

Some of the most important discoveries made at the Arequipa station of the Harvard Observatory relate to what are known as spectroscopic binaries, or binary stars so close together that they cannot be resolved in any existing telescope, and must be inferred to exist from certain phenomena of their spectra. The spectra of most stars usually consist of certain dark lines projected on a luminous background; the positions of these lines are determined by the wave lengths of the light emitted; and as characteristic wave lengths are emitted by particular chemical elements, these lines indicate the presence of certain elements in the atmospheres of the stars. Thus one series of lines will arise from the presence of iron, another from that of cadmium, still another from that of sodium. Hydrogen and carbon are very abundantly diffused throughout nature, and of course each gives a characteristic series of lines, though it is not yet settled that we are familiar with these lines under all conditions.

There is another principle of great interest in connection with stellar spectra. It was pointed out from theoretical grounds by Christian Doeppler, of Prague, in 1842, that a star moving toward the eye would transmit more, and conversely a star receding from us send fewer, light waves per second than an object at rest. By one of those singular oversights which not infrequently occur in the history of thought, this natural inference from the undulatory theory of light remained more or less barren of results till 1868, when Sir William Huggins applied it to the motion of stars in the line of sight, by means of the spectroscope, in which the chemical elements known upon the earth were made to supply the light corresponding to the ideal body at rest. The outcome of this fruitful line of inquiry has been an entirely new development of astronomy, now generally called astro-physics. By the most modern appliances, motion of stars toward or from the earth, amounting to one mile per second, may be accurately measured.

The investigation of these phenomena now occupies the attention of some of our foremost observatories, and the motions of a considerable number of stars have already been determined. In 1889 Professor Pickering detected at Cambridge two stars in the northern heavens, Zeta Ursæ Majoris and Beta Aurigæ, in which the spectral lines were not single, as is usually the case, but sometimes appeared as broad bands, and at other times as two closely adjacent lines distinctly separated. The natural interpretation of this broadening and doubling of the spectral lines, which were found to recur with moderate regularity, is that the objects are not single stars, but close binary systems, revolving so rapidly that the motion of the two components, one toward and the other from the earth, causes the separate spectra to be relatively displaced, and thus apparently doubled. These so-called spectroscopic binaries (no one of them has yet been seen double in any telescope) have been aug-

mented recently by three similar discoveries in the southern heavens, — Zeta Scorpii, Gould 10534, and Beta Lupi.[1]

It ought to be said that a little doubt still attaches to the received interpretation of these phenomena. As no one of these stars appears double in the largest telescopes, our conclusion that they are double must be based wholly upon the evidence of the spectroscope. Now, unfortunately, our argument that these objects are double stars is not conclusive. We can show that a binary system such as we imagine would produce just the phenomena of spectral doubling observed, but we are not able to show that no other suitable explanation can be found. In fact, there is another explanation, lately developed, which is not improbable. Dr. Zeeman, a noted Dutch physicist, has found that when the radiating body is placed in a strong magnetic field, the lines of certain elements broaden and become double, not unlike the doubling observed in the spectra of certain stars. This, however, does not account for the periodic character of the doubling; and should that phenomenon be clearly and fully established, as an inflexible law operating at a constant period, it would tend to exclude such an explanation as that suggested by Zeeman's experiments. But should it turn out that the lines in question double with a periodicity which is not perfectly fixed, it might very well be that the spectroscopic binaries are in reality single stars, in which the atmospheres are periodically charged with strong electric or magnetic tension. This outcome, to be sure, does not seem very probable, but yet it is far from an impossibility, and its discovery is one of the notable scientific events of the past two years.

I cannot conclude this article without calling attention to another result in spectroscopic astronomy, of very far-reaching consequence, recently obtained at the Johns Hopkins University by Professor W. J. Humphreys, now of the University of Virginia. This young American investigator finds that the absolute wave lengths of the elements are modified by pressure, and to some extent by temperature. Thus the positions and character of the spectral lines are not definitely fixed except under given conditions, and the question at once arises whether the shifting of the lines interpreted as motion in the line of sight is due wholly to that cause, or is to some extent influenced by the pressure and temperature of the star as well. It is too early to pronounce a definite opinion on this question, yet it seems certain that some small displacements of the lines of stellar spectra do arise from pressure. Further experiment alone can decide how far this new discovery will modify received results. But it appears highly probable that Mr. Humphreys' achievement is so fundamental that it is easily the most important advance in the spectroscopic line since the early work of Kirchhoff, Bunsen, and Huggins, thirty years ago. The new result may modify the theory developed by Huggins, only in a quantitative way, so that the grand application which he gave Doeppler's principle is likely to stand, at least in its essential features. Whatever be the outcome of disputed points, the immense strides made by spectroscopic astronomy, under the leadership of Sir William Huggins, must be very gratifying to that venerable and worthy successor of the great Newton, with whom astronomers not infrequently associate him. From a tiny but luminous speck in the sixties it has grown to full-orbed splendor within the lifetime of its aged but still active founder.

Among the planetary researches executed at Arequipa may be mentioned the

[1] Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, is now rapidly extending this line of research, and has attained very striking results. He concludes that Capella and the Pole Star are spectroscopic doubles.

discovery and delineation of new and striking features on the planet Mars, such as a part of the canals, in the light and dark regions, and the peculiar changes of color since investigated more in detail at the Lowell Observatory. In this work Professor Pickering showed meritorious originality, and put forth a number of suggestions of great promise. Though some of his views were at first contested by certain more conservative persons, who always look askance at anybody who brings forth new ideas, they have since been generally acquiesced in, and have been prolific of important developments. Under the steady atmosphere of Arequipa he obtained views of the markings of the planet Mercury, first seen by Schiaparelli, and since confirmed and extended by Lowell in so conclusive a manner as to place the rotation of the planet beyond doubt. Another investigation in which he displayed equal originality and freedom from prejudice was the study of the forms of Jupiter's satellites, never before suspected to have other than perfectly globular figures. He found that the first satellite is egg-shaped, and that it rotates upon its shortest axis in about thirteen hours, — a discovery subsequently confirmed and extended at the Lowell Observatory.

These satellites of Jupiter have been regularly observed since their discovery by Simon Marius and Galileo, in 1610; and with the mass of observations available toward the end of the last century, Laplace discussed their motions and determined their mutual perturbations with a degree of care and rigor unexcelled in the whole range of celestial mechanics. In the course of this work he discovered a remarkable law connecting their motions, which has accurately represented their phenomena from the earliest times, and which nothing apparently can overthrow or disturb. This law is the result of the mutual action of the satellites, under which the motions are of such a character that the satellites tend inevitably to follow it as the path of least resistance, just as a resisted pendulum tends to come to rest at the lowest point of the arc of its oscillation. It is needless to say that the analysis by which Laplace reached this result is one of the most recondite inquiries in the whole domain of physical science; and consequently, such a law, established by the greatest master of mechanics since Newton, is not easily set aside. When Professor Pickering announced that the satellites of Jupiter are not perfectly round, it led some to believe that the result of his observations violated the firmly established law of Laplace, and hence they were at first received with hesitation. It is now rendered highly probable by more recent investigations that the figures of these bodies are not round, but slightly ellipsoidal; and in the case of the first satellite the ellipticity is so marked as to be a matter of wonder that it was not detected before. The work at the Lowell Observatory indicates that this satellite is of the form of an egg, flattened on the sides, and thus an ellipsoid of three unequal axes, — a possible gravitational figure of equilibrium, as was shown many years ago by the celebrated geometer Jacobi. The rotation about this shortest axis gives the body a maximum moment of momentum, and the rotation is perfectly stable even if the mass be perturbed by the other satellites. Thus, after all, the law of Laplace is not invalidated, and yet the figures of the satellites are not such as that great mathematician imagined. These satellites appear to be covered with streaks, which in a good atmosphere are distinctly visible, and enable the astronomer to find the period of rotation about their axes with great precision. The work begun at Arequipa by Professor Pickering has thus been productive of unexpected results; and we may attribute his good fortune in opening up this new field of discovery to the exceptional steadiness of the atmo-

sphere at the Harvard station in Peru, which enabled him to use high magnifying powers, and at the same time preserve well-defined telescopic images.

The latest discovery in the southern hemisphere also relates to the satellites, and like the foregoing was made by Professor Pickering. It is the new satellite of Saturn, discovered at Harvard from the examination of photographic plates taken at Arequipa, and made known to astronomers only a few months since. On three photographs of Saturn taken in August, 1898, Professor Pickering detected a faint point of the fifteenth magnitude, which had relative motion among the neighboring stars. Further examination showed that this tiny point, which no mortal eye has ever yet beheld, must be a satellite of Saturn; and a study of all the photographs now available shows that the body revolves about Saturn in about seventeen months, at a distance of seven million miles. The period and distance of this satellite are by far the greatest yet disclosed for any similar body in the solar system. This object will prove to be of very high interest to astronomers on account of the great perturbations it suffers from the action of the sun and of Jupiter, which will assume greater importance for this satellite than for any known member of the solar system. It turns out that the solar perturbations will become three times as great as they are in the case of the moon, where these forces have such magnitude that it has taken geometers two hundred years to explain their full effects. Accordingly, the problems in mathematics presented by the new satellite, which Professor Pickering has named Phœbe, will probably occupy the attention of astronomers for a number of years. This new and obscure attendant of Saturn promises to become the most famous of satellites, and it is a matter of great congratulation that, like other recently discovered satellites, it has been added to the solar system by an American. If the photographic method which the Harvard Observatory has so splendidly developed is applied to other planets in the same way, it seems certain that additional satellite discoveries will be made, and none can foretell what treasures the future may bring forth.

The last and not the least important subject taken up at Arequipa was the discovery of new double and multiple stars in the extensive unexplored field round the south pole. Some two hundred new stars were detected with the thirteen-inch Boyden telescope in the hands of Professors Pickering and Baily. The northern heavens were first roughly searched for double stars by Sir William Herschel, one hundred and twenty years ago. After he had accidentally discovered that these objects are genuine systems of double suns revolving under the law of gravitation, and thus subject to the same laws of motion as are observed in the solar system, the interest in the new branch of science was greatly increased, and it has ever since remained one of the most dignified and important branches of astronomical research. Sir William Herschel discovered in all about five hundred double stars, including a number of the brightest objects in the northern heavens. From 1827 to 1838, William Struve, of Dorpat, Russia, executed a systematic survey of the northern heavens, in the course of which he examined more than one hundred and twenty thousand stars within one hundred and five degrees of the north pole. The result of this immense survey, made with the first large equatorial telescope ever mounted with clockwork, was a catalogue of 3112 double and multiple stars, which to this day has remained the fundamental work on double stars for the northern heavens. The exploration of our sky has since been continued by Sir John Herschel and Otto Struve, but above all by the American astronomer Sherburne W. Burnham, who has discovered within the

last thirty years some thirteen hundred systems of surpassing interest. I mentioned in my article in the Atlantic for May, 1898, that Sir John Herschel, in the course of his survey of the southern skies, made at the Cape of Good Hope from 1834 to 1838, discovered about two thousand new double stars. After this early work the subject of southern double stars lay in abeyance for thirty-five years, till 1870, when Russell of Sidney undertook a hurried remeasurement of Herschel's stars, and in so doing came upon about four hundred new systems, some of which promise to be of high importance. Aside from this work and the exploration made by the Harvard observers at Arequipa, no work on the southern double stars worthy of mention had been done in fifty-eight years following the memorable expedition of Sir John Herschel.

The part of the heavens within seventy-five degrees of the south pole, rich in double stars of high interest, was practically neglected for half a century, at a period when all lines of science were advancing rapidly, and in which the great cataloguing plans of Gould and Thome and the photographic survey of Gill for the same region had been executed with a degree of exhaustiveness and care which would astonish Herschel himself could he now behold what has taken place. This region of the heavens includes three eighths of the celestial sphere, and comprises incomparably the most impressive portion of the visible universe; and yet it was still unexplored by a great modern telescope. That it would reveal to the investigator some of the finest objects to be found anywhere was highly probable, and in this conviction its exploration was entered upon with the great telescope of the Lowell Observatory.

On beginning this survey for southern double stars, my first concern was to develop a plan of work which would enable me to sweep over an extensive region, and to study a large number of stars within the available time. A new method was soon devised, by which, under the best conditions, I could examine carefully, in a full night of six or eight hours' work, as many as a thousand stars; and in this way we sometimes swept upon forty stellar systems in a night. Thus it has been possible in a single year to examine something like a hundred thousand stars brighter than the tenth magnitude. The region swept over includes the zones of the sky visible near our southern horizon, which are rich in clusters and full of stellar objects of high interest.

It seems fairly certain that there is no object in that region, visible to the naked eye or through an opera glass, but has been repeatedly examined, and many of the brightest objects have been found to have companions hitherto unknown. Some of these stars have components which are very close together, while others are wide apart. A good many of the newly found systems are composed of equal or nearly equal members; the rest show increasing disparity in brightness. When sidereal systems are made up of components of equal brightness, they generally present to us two stars of the same color; in the more general case of unequal stars, the pair frequently exhibits all the contrasts of combinations of garnets and sapphires, topazes and rubies. Still more rarely we find a bright object attended by a dull or obscure satellite resembling rusty iron. Thus the variety of colors presented is almost infinite, and the same may be said of the lustre of associated stars. From August 1, 1896, to July, 1898, we studied nearly two hundred thousand stars, and in this immense survey found some two thousand double stars worthy of measurement. Of this number, about fourteen hundred had been seen (though not always measured) by Sir John Herschel and other early observers. The six hundred new pairs, never suspected to exist until resolved by the

great Lowell telescope, have been discovered at Flagstaff, Arizona, and at the City of Mexico.

The importance of these objects over those previously known is due mainly to their unusual closeness and difficulty of measurement, and the resulting probability that such physical systems will have rapid orbital motion. For it is found by the observations since the time of Sir William Herschel that, in general, rapid motion can be expected only in the case of objects closely adjacent; those which are widely separated either showing no motion, or revolving, as a general rule, much more slowly. Indeed, wide angular separation of objects at a given distance from the earth implies an orbit of great dimensions, and a large orbit requires a huge central mass to produce rapid revolution: thus, if a star with a large apparent orbit revolves rapidly, we know at once either that it must be comparatively near us, so that the orbit looks large, or, if removed, it must have an enormous mass to generate such motion. Accordingly, when we find new double stars which can be just separated in a great telescope, the probabilities are that the objects will be found to revolve with a comparatively short period; and should events disclose a slow motion, we naturally conclude that the system is at a very great distance where the orbit appears diminutive, or that the stars are of small mass.

In general, the brightness is only a very rough index to the mass of the system, and the rule that mass is proportional to brightness is so frequently violated that we must accept it with due reservation for individual cases. Thus the companion of Sirius gives only one ten thousandth part as much light as Sirius itself; yet mathematical investigations of the motion of this system show that the dull and obscure attendant is one half as massive as the great luminous star which controls its motion. Indeed, the mass of this satellite is so great that it perturbed the principal star appreciably, and the famous German astronomer Bessel, more than fifty years ago, predicted that Sirius was attended by a dark companion. This object, whose existence was first indicated by the refined methods of analysis, was duly discerned in 1862 by Alvan G. Clark, and has since been shown to be the real perturbing body announced by Bessel in 1844. In like manner, Procyon, the smaller dog star, was supposed to have a perturbation in its proper motion; that is, instead of tracing a great circle in its forward motion across the sky, it was seen to be moving in a tortuous snakelike curve, now bending this way, now that. Bessel also foresaw, in the case of this body, a dark attendant, which was not disclosed to telescopic vision till November 2, 1896, when Professor Schaeberle, of the Lick Observatory, detected the long-lost body, hitherto known only by the irregularity in the motion of the bright star. It has since been seen at several observatories, and is found to move essentially in accordance with the theory suggested by Bessel more than half a century ago. This companion is even darker than that of Sirius, and, wonderful to say, is equally massive. The attendant is of a dull purplish color, and revolves in about forty years.

The Algol variables, in which dark bodies occult the light of the brighter stars about which they revolve, give the closest analogy to the systems of Sirius and Procyon heretofore recognized. But should some of our new systems in the southern heavens turn out, as they appear, practically devoid of inherent light, and shining only with a dull, obscure lustre, as if reflected and strongly absorbed by a dark surface, other interesting objects will be added to the list. Thus the stars of our first catalogue, Lambda 76, 88, 289, 311, 408, 428, 429, are probably the most remarkable objects of the class known, and at present appear to

occupy a unique place in astronomical literature. In every one of these cases we seem to perceive a mere sparkle of light from a body which is not only faint, but apparently obscure and more massive than its light would indicate. The color may be described as deep brown, or dingy, closely approaching black. Iron rust or iron ore, such as meteoric iron or black hematite, recalls vividly the hues of these companions as they appear in the great telescope. It is of course impossible to see these dark bodies, or "planets," except under the most unusually favorable conditions.

An interesting question arises with regard to the cause of this singular color. Heretofore I have been able to reach only one explanation. The labors of the past hundred years have established for double stars a peculiar law of color, according to which the companion has a bluish, while the large star frequently has an orange or a reddish tint. It has occurred to me that these planets may be like other companions, except that they are extreme cases, shining by ultraviolet instead of bluish or purplish light. Should they radiate ultraviolet light, which affects the eye but feebly, they would be almost invisible, and the color would be just such as we observe. If these satellites were more widely separated from their central stars, photography could decide the question whether their feeble luminosity is due to the predominance of ultraviolet rays or to actual reflection from a dark surface.

From these considerations it appears that new fields of research are constantly being opened up to the student of the stars, and that a few of the gems of the heavens have fallen to our lot. The more ultimate problems which invite the attention of the astronomer relate to the forces which control the stars in their orbits, and the processes by which these giant systems have evolved from nebulæ. On both of these recondite topics great and indeed satisfactory progress has already been made, yet the field of the unexplored grows wider and wider with each decade. Removed by one hundred and twenty years from the earliest labors of Herschel, we have at last attained a fair knowledge of some fifty orbits with indications of promising motion in other stars which will especially interest the next generation. It is hoped that some of the stars recently discovered will revolve with sufficient rapidity to interest living astronomers; others, which move with a more leisurely pace, presumably will remain fixed in the sky for several centuries. Thus, of the ten thousand double stars catalogued by previous observers, only about five hundred show any evidence of orbital revolution. Some which are clearly moving require a period almost equal to that of all recorded history for a single circuit of their immense paths. For example, of the brilliant double-double or quadruple system Epsilon Lyræ, one component revolves in about nine hundred years, the other in twice that period; while still other bright stars, among the earliest discovered, have given no certain evidence of motion since the invention of the telescope.

It is satisfactory to find that all these stars, whatever be the rate of their motion, and whether glowing at a white heat on account of an enormous temperature, or barely visible by a dull reflected light, obey the grand law of gravitation; and we are thus able to trace their motion through past and future ages with mathematical precision. It is a singular property of gravity that it appears to be in no way influenced by temperature, and is thus altogether different from the other physical forces with which we are acquainted upon the earth. Magnetic and electric forces lose their efficacy when acting on bodies subjected to enormous temperatures, because masses in such conditions lose their power of magnetism, and are not affected by corresponding forces. In the case of

gravity, however, there seem to be no exceptions; bodies at all temperatures come equally under its sway. The motions of a variety of double stars in different parts of the universe show that they obey a central force, like the bodies of our solar system, and all the evidence tends to prove that Newton's law of attraction is really universal. We must remember, however, that it is not sufficient to show mathematically that a star describing an ellipse obeys the law of gravitation; we must also demonstrate, by elaborate observations of the highest refinement, that the paths of the stars are really ellipses. Fortunately, this is now established with great accuracy in a number of individual cases, and is thus inferred to be true universally. The extension and verification of the Newtonion law of attraction in the remotest regions of the universe must be accounted one of the sublimest achievements of the human intellect, and the recent discoveries in the southern hemisphere will contribute largely to its complete establishment.

While this extension of the theory of gravity is very gratifying to the mind, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that since the time of Newton no certain advance has been made toward explaining the nature of gravity itself. In the closing scholium of the Principia Newton says: "Hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phenomena, and I frame no hypotheses. . . . To us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of celestial bodies and of our sea." The nature of gravity was given profound meditation by Laplace, who instituted numerous researches to ascertain whether it is propagated with a finite velocity, like light and electricity. The outcome of his labors was the conclusion that if gravity has a finite velocity, it must be millions of times greater than the velocity of light, which travels at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. From Laplace's investigations, and those made since his time, the indications are that gravity acts instantaneously throughout the universe, and is not propagated like other forces with a finite velocity. The nature of gravity thus remains an enigma, and it is not easy to see how any light can be thrown upon the cause from which it arises.

From this brief sketch of recent discoveries, it appears that although the objects of the southern celestial hemisphere long remained comparatively unknown, their exploration within the last thirty years has been undertaken with a degree of thoroughness commensurate with the inherent interest of the richest portion of the celestial sphere.

Looked at historically, the exploration of the northern heavens was favored by circumstances, and by the traditions of consecrated labors bestowed upon science by the more civilized nations from the earliest ages. The hemisphere unknown to the ancients had to await the tide of civilization, or attract its devotees by the greater abundance of wonders held out to the faithful explorer. Although the northern terrestrial hemisphere will probably always be the seat of the world's highest civilization, the development already made in the exploration of the great constellations near the south pole insures an ultimate equalization of our knowledge of the two celestial hemispheres. And we may venture the opinion that when the balance of fate shall finally decide the merits of achievements dating from our time, the contributions to universal knowledge resulting from discoveries in the southern heavens, made by contemporary astronomers, will not appear among those of least importance.

T. J. J. See.

A PLEA FOR THE SHIFTLESS READER.

A CERTAIN "stark and sufficient man" called Michel de Montaigne, an old Gascon whom Emerson tells us he found "still new and immortal," once wrote: "There is more ado to interpret interpretations than to interpret the things, and more books upon books than upon all other subjects; we do nothing but comment upon one another."

Not long ago I stood in one of the windowed alcoves of a college library, looking with wearied gaze at shelves containing row after row of these same "books upon books," set there for the assistance of the student in interpreting interpretations. With the contents of many of them I was familiar; I knew the helpful criticism which they sometimes offered to the perplexed seeker; I knew, too, the cheerful readiness with which they stood prepared to snuff the immortal spark out of genius, grind the inspiration out of inspiration, and distill a fog of commonplaceness over the consecration and the poet's dream; and I asked myself whether, if it were proposed to pass a law making the profession of criticism punishable with death, I should use my influence in favor of beheading the critic, or be content to let him escape with imprisonment for life.

It is true, one may say of critics, as of intoxicants, that both the use and the abuse of them is a matter of personal choice; but this, like most general statements, cannot be altogether proved. The critic is always stealing insidiously upon us in the magazines, creeping into the columns of the newspapers, foisting his opinions upon us before we realize it, finding weak places in our favorite sonnets, pointing out to us that the poems we love best are not "high poetry," suggesting that the authors we delight in are ephemeral creatures destined to live but a day; and such is the web he weaves around us that, unconsciously, we accept him at his own valuation, and forget that he too is mortal.

It may be that I love the sonnet, as I love my friend, all the more because it is faulty; it may be that the minor poet appeals to me more than the high poet, — that I find in the author who is not a god something that rouses my aspiration and satisfies my need. My friend the critic, who, as Montaigne has it, "will chew my meat for me," tells me that my judgment is wrong and my taste perverted, because neither coincides with his own. In spite of the bonds thus imposed on me I have a right to arraign the decisions of the critic himself, since nothing is truer than that it is difficult for the wisest man to judge his contemporaries justly, and that every man's taste is more or less influenced by individual temperament and training.

"What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" No man could justly ask that question in regard to criticism, because every critic brings to his task the coloring of his own mind and temperament, and does not necessarily agree with any other.

Even after he has dissected his literary prey, and laid bare its anatomy, flesh and blood, sinews and bones, there yet remains in his mind an involuntary bias, because he really likes the thing or really dislikes it.

It is precisely for this right of individual judgment and individual taste that I plead. In this age, when so many people are painfully, laboriously, and conscientiously making a study of literature, agonizing themselves in interpreting interpretations, it gives one a thrill of joy to remember that one has an undoubted right to read the author and omit the interpretation, and to say boldly, "I like this," or "I do not like that," without being obliged by any law of the

land to give a reason for the faith that is in him. It is perfectly legitimate for the humblest reader on earth to dissent from the judgments of authors, critics, and all other geniuses, however godlike, and recklessly, shamelessly, to form his own uninspired opinions, and stick to them, — all the more that the godlike ones themselves have been known to differ widely in their decisions.

Emerson, for instance, tells us in his English Traits that Scott's poems are a mere traveler's itinerary. Ruskin, on the contrary, finds in Scott the typical literary mind of his age, and his artist eye unfailingly discerns the color chord in the poet's descriptions of nature; but if neither Emerson, Ruskin, nor any other mighty one of the earth had found anything to praise in Scott's poetry, I am not therefore compelled to forget the sense of bounding life and joy with which, in my girlhood, I first read The Lady of the Lake, Marmion, and The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

For me Scott's poems were alive. His armies marched, his watch fires burned, his alarums sounded. The printed page was full of the inexhaustible energy of the man who wrote it; with him I climbed the hill and trod the heather, and the full tide of his love for everything romantic and chivalrous and Scotch swept me along in its current. When I became a woman, with children of my own, I read these poems to them with the same sense of having discovered a new country, a land full of color and romance, and I read to listeners who were never tired of hearing.

I remember that those young auditors asked a hundred eager questions, and that in the questionings and the replies we all found fresh inspiration; but the questions were never those of analysis. The children gave themselves up to the joy of the narrative, and the message that it brought stole upon them as unconsciously as the sound of the rushing mountain breeze steals on the accustomed ear. It was, perhaps, my duty, as a wise parent, to have taught them to pull everything they read to pieces, and put it together again, as one does a dissected map; but if I had done so, the poem or the story, like the map, would henceforth have seemed to their imagination a thing ready to crumble to pieces at a touch.

I remember, too, the message these poems brought to another life, — that of a man who lived in a remote mountain village, knew little of Emerson or Ruskin, and cared not a jot for critics or criticism. I fell in with him one day when I was taking a long walk along the beautiful country road on which his farm lands bordered, — a taciturn-looking, shaggy-browed old farmer, yet with a twinkle in his eye that contradicted the sternness of his face when in repose. He invited me to ride with him, and our conversation started from the book I held in my hand.

"I guess you 're a reader," he said, "or you would n't be carrying a book with you on such a long walk."

"Yes," I answered, "I am something of a reader. I do not read much on a walk like this, but I have a fancy that a book is a good companion."

"My father used to run of a notion," he told me presently, "that reading was a clear waste of time, but mother liked to read. I guess she went hungry for books the most of her life. I took after her in liking books, though I ain't never read any too many; but when she went to Bangor one time, when I was 'bout seventeen year old, she brought me a copy of Walter Scott's poetry, an' I 've thought a good many times 't that book made a difference in my whole life. I think likely you 've read it?"

"Yes, and enjoyed it."

"Well, I set by it in the first place because I knew what it meant to mother to buy it. Her money come hard, an' books cost more then than what they do now. I s'pose I had naturally more of a romantic streak in me than most farm-

ers' boys, an' it jest needed such a book as that to wake it up. I 'd always noticed the sky and the mountains and the like a good deal, an' after that mother 'n' I begun to pick out places round here an' name 'em for places in the book. You 'd laugh now if I told you the names I 've give 'em in my mind ever since; but I don't laugh, because I remember what comfort mother got out of it. She located Edinburgh over there behind that farthest hill you see; an' I declare, she talked about it so much I ain't never ben sure to this day that it ain't there. I think likely all this seems foolish to you?"

"On the contrary," I said, "I think there 's an admirable sort of common sense about it."

"I 'm pretty sure I picked me out a different kind of a wife from what I should if I had n't fallen in love with Ellen Douglas for my first sweetheart. I did n't choose her jest because she was pretty or smart, or could make good butter an' cheese. An' when I 'd got her mother liked her, an' they lived happy together. Then, pretty soon, the war broke out. We lived 'way off here where we did n't hear much, an' we did n't get newspapers very often, an' father thought the main thing was to stay here on the farm an' raise a good crop o' potatoes an' apples; but I was uneasy. I did n't think war was goin' to be all romance an' troubadours, but I kept sayin' to myself that here was my chance to show what kind of a man I was.

"One day I had to go part way up Cedar Mountain, there, to hunt after a steer 't had strayed off; an' when I looked away off an' saw the mountains all around the sky, an' the sun shinin' on the fields an' ponds, an' the trees wavin' their tops as if they was banners, I broke right out an' hollered: —

> 'Where 's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a land?'

"That settled it. I enlisted, an' stayed in the army till the war was over. 'T wa'n't all poetry, but there ain't any part o' my life 't I feel any better satisfied with. I was lucky. I did n't get hurt to speak of till the Rebs put a bullet into my shoulder at Gettysburg, — an' that reminds me o' somethin'. The third day o' the fight, when our boys was waitin' for orders, an' we could see the regiments all round us goin' into action, there was somethin' goin' through my mind over 'n' over as if it was wound up an' went by machinery; an' that night, when I was layin' there wounded an' mighty uncomfortable, it come to me like a flash what it was. You know how a thing 'll get into your head an' keep buzzin' there. I was sayin' to myself:

> 'The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark, impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell.'"

This man, who knew nothing about critics and criticism, had involuntarily chosen, in his moment of high impulse and emotion, the very passage which the authorities have pronounced as Homeric as anything in Homer. I doubt if it would have meant half as much to him if he had ever pulled it to pieces, to ask himself why it moved him, or if he had any rhetorical right to be moved by it at all.

It has been my good fortune, on one or two occasions, to wait for a car in a little station which is evidently a rendezvous for two plain-looking men, farmers from their appearance, who seem to meet in this place now and then for the purpose of talking over their favorite literature. I have heard them discuss Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, and poems of Goldsmith, Crabbe, Collins, and others. One of them finds his greatest enjoyment in reading Rogers's Pleasures of Memory; the other, on a bright winter day, discoursed so lovingly of Cowper's Task that I came home and read it with a new comprehension. They search out the beauties,

and not the flaws, of their favorite authors; they never — apparently — stop to ask themselves whether these are the writers that persons of trained literary taste ought to enjoy; and they will probably go down to their graves in happy oblivion of the fact that they have never chosen the "highest" poetry.

I do not wish to be understood as condemning the training that helps the student to distinguish between good and bad literature, but I do mean to say that if the reader has not that within his own soul which interprets to him the indefinable something which we call genius, it will never be revealed to him by catechisms and anatomical processes. "I hate to be tied down," Tennyson once said, "to say that '*this* means *that*,' because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation."

There are, at present, a multitude of woman's clubs in America, most of which are studying the works of some author or authors. For their use and profit and that of similar seekers after truth, Outline Studies have been provided. I have before me, as I write, such a handbook on Lowell, of which Mr. Lowell himself wrote (we are told), "The little book both interested and astonished me." I choose some questions from it at random, asking the reader to supply the answers which naturally occur to the mind as he reads: —

"To whom was the Invitation addressed? The objects and requirements of travel? Could the small portmanteau hold Lowell's outfit?" (And if not, why did he not take a bigger one?) "Have Americans, especially Western Americans, any genuine love of trees? How is it with Lowell? Have you seen his Genealogical Tree? In what month is Lowell happiest? And you? In what seasons and moods can Lowell 'bear nothin' closer than the sky'? What hint does he give of a home not far from Boston?" and so on, indefinitely.

It hardly seems that Lowell's poetry could have the juice taken out of it more thoroughly if one went on to inquire: "Does Lowell say anywhere that he had been vaccinated? Which are New Englanders generally said to prefer, pies or puddings? Compare Barlow's Hasty Pudding and Whittier's The Pumpkin with Lowell's reference in The Courtin' to Huldy parin' apples. Would you gather from the text that Lowell had an especial preference for apple pies? And you?"

I was once present at the session of a Bible class in a country church, where the topic under discussion was the story of Daniel in the lions' den. The teacher asked each member of the class, one after the other, "What do you suppose Daniel's thoughts were, when he found himself in this dangerous position?" The answers given varied more or less according to the gifts of imagination possessed by different individuals, but the last person to whom the question was addressed, a heavy-looking man, who seemed to have been painfully anticipating the moment when this demand should be made on his intellect, replied slowly, as if struggling with the depth of his thought, "Why — I s'pose — he thought — he was in — a den o' lions!"

It seems to me that the attempt to interpret genius by the Socratic method must frequently bring forth replies as concise and practical as that of the man in the Bible class. The most perfect piece of literature may be rendered absurd by such a catechism.

We go to a physician for advice about diet, but when he has given it we do not expect him to digest our food for us. So, when the student has been taught in a general way what is admirable in literature, it is not necessary for the teacher to go on labeling every page with, "This is a fine passage." "Do not admire this line; the metaphor is faulty," and so on. If the reader is ever to develop into a thinker, he must learn to dispense with such literary guideposts.

When I was a pupil in the high school, translating Virgil, I remember how my spirit rose in rebellion when the footnotes gushed like this: —

"*Suffusa oculos:* wet as to her shining eyes with tears. Female beauty never appears so engaging, and makes so deep an impression on the reader, as when *suffused with tears* and manifesting a degree of anxious solicitude. The poet therefore introduces Venus in that situation, making suit to her father. The speech is of the chastest kind, and cannot fail to charm the reader."

I had it in me to have had some dim appreciation of the Æneid, if I had been let alone. Indeed, there comes clearly to my mind at this moment the memory of a sunny morning, when, in a day-dream, I beheld a certain Sicilian youth, clad in an embroidered cloak of Iberian purple, stand forth to be shot down by a Tuscan arrow. He lived somewhere in the ninth book of the Æneid; and when I found that the emotional commentator was not suffused as to his shining eyes with tears, I felt at liberty to mourn for the fair youth whose violet mantle faded so long ago. I am still distinctly grateful to the compiler of footnotes for omitting to deliver a funeral oration. There are no beauties like those one discovers for one's self, and no emotions as sweet as those which are never put into words.

Every real work of genius holds in it much more than the author himself knew, and each reader interprets it, as he interprets God, according to the poverty or riches of his own nature; yet, even so, that interpretation, meagre though it may be, which comes to him out of the struggle of his spirit is worth more to him than all the rest.

It is a great step gained when one has shaken off the bondage of feeling obliged to comprehend at once everything that one admires. It is perfectly possible to enjoy a thing, even to get some degree of good out of it, before one has arrived at any accurate understanding of its meaning. "No complex or very important truth," De Quincey tells us, "was ever yet transferred in full development from one mind to another. Truth of that character is not a piece of furniture to be shifted; it is a seed which must be sown and pass through the several stages of growth. No doctrine of importance can be transferred in a matured state into any man's understanding from without; it must arise by an act of genesis within the understanding itself."

There is nothing strange in the fact that an ordinary mind cannot at once and entirely comprehend the message of an extraordinary one; but one may be caught at first by mere beauty of language, by rhythm and swing, by some faint glimmer of significance, elusive but divine; and by and by, when experience and love and joy and sorrow and pain have gone on day by day offering their commentaries on all the meanings of life, one may wake suddenly to know that the interpretation he vainly sought has come while he was unconscious of it. Your message may not be mine, mine may not be as richly full as that of another, but sooner or later each one comes to his own.

"It is all nonsense to talk about enjoying what you don't understand," a gruff old professor of rhetoric said to me once. After the finality of this dictum, it was a pleasure to find, soon after, a book written by another distinguished authority on rhetoric, in which he quotes the following lines from A Grammarian's Funeral, with the confession that, although he likes them very much, he does not know what they mean:

"Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather!
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should Spring take note
Winter would follow?"

Such an admission on the part of an accomplished scholar encourages one to hope that, after all, even rhetoricians — some of them — are but men, and that they too may acquire a reprehensible appetite for odds and ends of prose and poetry which — to speak accurately — choose themselves, by one knows not what principle of selection, and persist in clinging in the mind and attaching themselves to it like burs.

What real lover of reading has not such a collection of tramp quotations, which haunt him, apropos, frequently, of nothing at all? Right gypsies they are; but all the joy of their vagabondage would be lost, if one felt obliged to sort them, analyze their charm, and store them away, each in its own pigeonhole, labeled "Hope," "Memory," and so on.

It is often claimed that the spirit of our age is a reaction from Puritanism, but it seems to me that there are still a good many people who feel that there must be something sinful in reading anything that one really enjoys. They grind away at the chosen volume, whatever it may be, trembling as they ask themselves: "Ought I to like this? Is it the sort of thing a truly intellectual person would approve?" Their eyes are blinded, so that they never realize how, all the while, other happy souls are led on little by little, from flowery peak to peak, until they find themselves unconsciously treading with serene footsteps the heights where the masters dwell, the paths where duty is transfigured into delight.

The reader who begins by enjoying Longfellow may end with a genuine appreciation of Milton and Browning; in the meantime, if he never attains to that proud preëminence, there is no law making the offense punishable with death. In literature, as in life, one has a right to choose one's own friends. The man who has poetry enough in his soul to thrill when King Olaf's war horns ring

"Over the level floor of the flood"

is not wholly without knowledge of the mystic voices that call. Charles Lamb tells us that the names of Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley — minor poets all — carry a sweeter perfume to him than those of Milton and Shakespeare. A man whom I once knew, a German scholar of some repute, entitled also to add D. D. and Ph. D. to his name, sent me Rider Haggard's Dawn as his notion of a really good story. His taste and mine differed widely, yet I was willing that he should live. I was even able to understand how a man of naturally active and adventurous spirit, compelled by force of circumstances to content himself with a confined and quiet life, might find some sort of outlet in this rampant sensationalism.

There are good authors and eloquent authors and "high" authors enough to go around amongst us all, and allow us one or two decently creditable favorites apiece; and occasionally, in this bleak world of duty, it ought to be permitted us to go browsing over the whole field of literature just for the very deliciousness of it, searching out the forgotten nooks, cropping the tender herbage, and drinking the golden filter where the sunlight drips through the thick branches of hidden trees. Let us cast aside our literary consciences, and taking our authors to our hearts, laugh with them, cry with them, struggle and strive and aspire and triumph with them, and refrain from picking their bones.

This is a stern and exacting and workaday world; it demands analysis and accuracy and purpose; it expects every one of us to be able to reduce life to a mathematical quantity and extract the square root therefrom. The man who works and exacts and analyzes and purposes is the man who succeeds, — as the world counts success, — yet it is none the less true that

"A dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day."

Martha Baker Dunn.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Over the wilds of ocean and of shore,
Through the broad wastes of air flashes a word,
Without a guide, invisible, unheard.
Borne on those magic currents circling o'er
The steadfast world, it pauses not before
A point is touched, alone in earth or sky
Responsive with a subtle sympathy,
And lo, 't is sealed in mystery no more!
O human voice that speakest to deaf ears,
O human heart that findest feeling dead,
Somewhere beyond the league-long silences,
Somewhere across the spaces of the years,
A heart will thrill to thee, a voice will bless,
Love will awake and Life be perfected!

John Hall Ingham.

A SONNET OF WORK.

Whereto our labor and our bitter sweat?
The seed we sow we trample in the dark.
The flame we strike, — our own tears quench the spark.
The white that we would purify we set
Our grimy print upon. And we forget
Thy ways and thoughts are not as ours, and hark
Toward what we take to be some heavenly mark,
And find we serve the devil to abet.
Then do Thou blind us, that we may not see
The measure of our own futility,
Lest, seeing, we should cease to work, and die.
Or give us sight, that we may know thereby
How through our labor, whatso end it meet,
We reach toward Thee who knowest no defeat.

Katharine Warren.

TIMROD.

THEOCRITUS, who in some April tide
Came through the dusk unto the battle plain,
By the camp fires took up his pipe again,
And richly blew down the sad countryside.
The shepherd waxes old, and is forgot;
Forgot the chieftain and his red delight;
But the slim reed keeps fast the fold, the fight;
Song sits among the suns, and changes not.
How shall we praise him save with his own song?
The distant note, the delicate strain is there,
Of bees and sedge, of fields dim and apart;
Then, keen with men, affairs, loss, glory, wrong,
A various music storms along the air,
Sweeps past the years, and shakes us to the heart!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

FEN WATER.

A SHALLOW pool, embayed in alders, fills
The meadow end, where tangled flag-blades steep;
A shallow pool, that boasts the sky's blue deep
With worlds abloom like golden daffodils:
A tideless ooze, whose fairer seeming skills
To vaunt a nether firmament of stars
Between yon rush and the gray pasture bars,
Beyond a purple mystery of hills.
And we? 'T is much, O soul, if thou and I —
Fen water, with the track of bestial kine
Deep in the mud at bottom — do aspire
To cloak us with the gracious, boundless sky,
Plead God-a-mercy, and with purpose fine
Answer the starbeam with reflected fire.

Edgar Mayhew Bacon

KENILWORTH.

TOWERING above the plain, proud in decay, —
Her tendriled ivies, like a woman's hair,
Veiling her hurt and hiding her despair, —
The monument of a departed day,
The shadow of a glory passed away,
Stands Kenilworth; stripped of her pomp, and bare
Of all that made her so supremely fair
When Power with Love contended for her sway.
In this wide ruin, solemn and serene,
Where moved majestical a virgin queen,
The peacock struts, his ominous plumes outspread;
And here, where casting an immortal spell
A sad and girlish presence seems to dwell,
The wild bird nests, and circles overhead.

Florence Earle Coates.

ON VISITING A FRIEND.

I.

As friendly traders into haven come,
From far-off lands and perilous voyages,
Forgetful of their fears, their thoughts of home,
Forgetful of the dark and stormy seas,
Turn all their treasures over in their hands,
And linger on some pearl from Persia's shore,
Or corals from the Australasian sands,
Plunged for by breathless divers o'er and o'er,
So you and I recount the golden days,
And tell our gathered wealth from end to end,
The lore of poets, words of some old friend,
Or visions of earth's beauty, strange and far.
Thus musing, we forget the tortuous ways,
The times becalmed, the nights without a star.

II.

Though I have seen the summer's glory die
Into the dust, and night's blind, empty shade
Fold up earth's beauty, or my dear hopes fade
Like far-hung vapors in the dusking sky,
And friends grow distant till they silently
Vanish forever, or my own soul come
Before me, ah! so cold and stony-dumb,

So poor and so profaned, — yet now with thee
I touch the limits of the world again;
The ages fill with beauty; thou dost give
A meaning to the stars, and Time's dark dream;
Not vain are strong ones fallen, nor in vain
Proud cities gone to dust; the years redeem
Their round in thee, and make it great to live.

William A. Dunn.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Malady of Revision.

My friend, a popular contributor to leading magazines, has become so grievously afflicted with what I look upon as a most grievous and incurable malady, — in his case developing with alarming rapidity, — I am moved to hold consultation with the Club upon the matter, hoping that some practical remedy may be suggested. I am confident, however, that nothing but censure will come from those afflicted precisely as he is, — particularly if, like him, they have reached that stage where their malady is cherished as a blessing, — and who look on sympathizers as lamentably ignorant of the peculiar compensations belonging to such as count no labor too exacting in the achievement of supreme art in literature. When my friend spends weeks upon a sonnet, — that sometimes he cannot get published, — I fail in convincing him that in all probability he has hammered the life out of it entirely, and that its chances were far better in the rather fiery chaos of its first state; it was alive, at least. Instead of lamenting the time and outlay of paper spent in writing everything over and over again, he is actually happy because he has leisure so to do; dreading nothing so much as the possibility that he will some time consent to let work leave his hand only half revised, — that he will shirk from rewriting entirely what I, or somebody who is a better judge, pronounce very good as it is, but which is still faulty in his own eyes. He deplores having published so much, when he wrote rapidly and sent "hot" to the press. "How else had you ever become famous?" I ask; but my words provoke no reply. When young writers come to him for advice, he has but this to give: "Revise and revise, and then revise again." "Disciplined self-criticism," he discourses, "should develop with the art of expression — should be the stern disciplinarian in enforcing conformity to style" — (All that he can say impressively, concerning style, I will not repeat here; only he somehow conveys the notion, to me at least, that the idea to be expressed is to play second fiddle to correct style, if permitted to fiddle at all.) "Masters of style" — and he catalogues them finely — "have been persistent revisers." "Can you think of Shakespeare," asked a budding poet, "as writing Lear over and over again?" "No; but I wish I might, — I wish he had."

Now one of the worst features in the malady of revision, when it is thoroughly infused through blood and brain and brawn, is the besetting and irrepressible tendency it has engendered to revise whatever the victim may read; keeping him on the sharp outlook for accuracy of expression, proper construction of sentences, and all the rest of it, — like those faddists in pronunciation who hear little but the accent on words, those highly

cultivated musicians who catch the false notes of sublimest harmony. "I think I can mention one master," said a rising poet, "who always has the right word, — Tennyson." "Yes, Tennyson was the slave of revision, but" — it cost him some effort to continue — "but not a few of his poems could still be improved by revision. There are lines in Two Voices, for instance, I wish Tennyson had worked over longer. I fancy he passed them by in despair." His hearer did not ask what lines, — his face showed that he would rather not know, — nor the passages in Lear that were slipshod, and just where the rhythm in the Recessional could be improved.

One morning I interrupted my friend's fourth revision of a short, rather commonplace story, to read to him what I had found in my Saturday Times. The rug under his feet was white with discarded sheets of manuscript. On not a few scarcely more than a line had been written. "Passionate patience" was at a white heat. "Hear this, now," and I read: —

"'There was once a man who labored night and day carving and polishing a bit of ivory so that it might look like a grain of rice. At the end of nine years he deemed his work well-nigh perfect. A hungry hen then swallowed his masterpiece. The hen made no complaint, nor did the rest of the world.'"

"How concisely told!" said he. "Some would have filled a column in telling that. Good, very good." And he was digging away at revision again, — turning over his Thesaurus for a better word. I had not the heart to divert his thoughts to that hungry hen, the average reader of his stories; and had I, he would soon have shown how terribly I had mixed a metaphor, as usual.

Not long ago, one of the leading magazines called for subjects for articles, offering prizes for the best. Let me here add one more to the thousands doubtless sent in, — A Study of the Waste-Paper Baskets of Popular Writers, with Gleanings from the same. How many pounds of paper does so-and-so use in revision, say of ten pages, of his manuscript? How many variations were made in some well-known poem before it was mailed? What was the original plot of some leading serial? A list of the happy writers least afflicted with the malady of revision, and a comparison of their work with that of those known to be its victims, should be given. George Eliot had the rare gift, we are told, of writing her best, with little demand for revision. Early training in accuracy of expression, particularly in writing, is now taught in many schools, and, accompanied with culture of style, should do much in lessening the enormous waste of energy expended upon endless revision. What Walter Savage Landor is credited with saying, I would hang in illuminated text over the desk of many a slave of revision: "Though hemp and flax and cotton are the stronger for being threshed, verses and intellects certainly are not."

"There's Rue for You."

LOOKED at in retrospect, my life seems broken by two great disappointments. The first came from the sight of a thirty-dollar doll. I must often have seen such a one before, in holiday excursions through the shops. But this appeared at the psychological moment. It embodied the fulfillment of desire. How I begged for it, pushing aside my knowledge that it was cruel as well as absurd to ask that such a sum should be spent so inadequately! How I prayed for it, feeling in my heathenish little soul that God was not very far off, and that he would want to do me this pleasure! How I imagined its coming, in a box with my name on it, by the stage that brought the mail! Many and many a morning I waked up to think, This is the day; it will come to-day! After the first I had not spoken of my longing; I lived alone with the desire that consumed me, the desire whose realiza-

tion meant paradise. That so simple a thing as the possession of a certain doll should mean paradise, and yet should be impossible, distracted me.

And even yet, as I look down the years at that childish woe, I have something of the same feeling, — that a pleasure which can seem perfection is too infinitely great to be balked by ways and means.

I see now that for much of my later adolescence my fancy played always more and more closely about the image of one man. He was connected with our family, and frequented our old place whenever amusement failed to offer elsewhere. For some reason, — I cannot imagine what, I seem to have been so crude, — he rather sought me out; asked me to share his walks and drives, and by his charming manner made me feel for the nonce that he thought of me alone. No words of love passed between us, much less any demonstration of affection beyond the warm handshake of his welcome or of his good-by. Yet I grew to crave his presence, the light of his glance, the careless grace of his bearing. What we talked about I am never able to remember. I was under too great a spell to be entertaining, and conversation could not have been his strongest point. No thought of marriage entered my mind; scarcely any thought of love. All I knew, all I cared to know, was that when he appeared, the world sang for joy about me; when he failed to come, the brightest sky turned straightway into lead. He held the power to call forth my full sensation.

Sometimes I persuaded myself that on a particular night the stage, which was our common carrier from the railroad miles away, would bring him or a letter. I especially remember such times as dull, moist afternoons in autumn. An old orchard lay along the stage road, and there I paced under the wet trees, watching for a certain clumsy vehicle to come into view. Was any one getting out? No. Did the mail packet hold a letter? No. Almost as if physically stunned, I would drop down and sit perfectly motionless. For a long moment life seemed to end; even thought stood still. Then the recovery of youth asserted itself, and I perceived that there would be tomorrow and fresh possibilities. It is odd, that recovery. Even in my middle years I feel a measure of it after a disappointment. Only now I wait for it as one waits for the action of any mechanism; then I thought it promised something.

Occasionally a letter would arrive, or the much-desired man himself. Once, when it rained so hard that we had no thought of visitors, he surprised us by walking in. I think now that the joy in my face must have been worth his while to see. The days fell into weeks, and the weeks into months. No one knew that the silent girl, occupied with studious routine, divided her time between hell and heaven. One lovely afternoon my hero and I came from the great orchard, so fine in its cloud of blossoms. He was leaving that night. At the end of the shady lane, where we had to cross the open to the house, he took my hand in his, and, bending down, kissed my forehead; saying softly, "Dear little girl, good-by!" It was the moment of supreme bliss for me.

Some weeks later, I drove with my mother to call on a friend who had guests staying at her house. She sent me out under the trees, where all the younger part of the household were whiling away the hot afternoon. I had met the visitors before, and admired them very much. Now I found only one of the girls, and was about to ask if the other had not come with her sister, when I saw her walking across the grass, and with her my hero. One look at their faces, as they laughingly advanced, and the gates of paradise swung shut against me. There was no need

of their pretty rivalry for my congratulations. In a flash I realized that I had expected to spend my life with this man, and that he had been beautifully kind to a child.

I have felt strong affections since. I have for years been a contented wife. But never again has the earth burst forth before me into singing, never again has heaven bent so near.

Notes from our Grandfathers' Hymns.

At a point in the elaborate musical setting of The Relief of Luckknow, where the words announce, "Fair Ellen like a wraith arose," I have seen a feminine singer, weighing palpably more than two hundred pounds, rise from her seat like anything but a wraith, and, with a most unghostly vigor, take up her part in the composition; yet the audience sat unmoved to laughter, even to smiles. When a stalwart man sings the song of Little Boy Blue, nobody violates the proprieties of the musicale; and surely the worldliest of congregations joins with utter abandonment of humor in the yearning cry of choir boys, "'T is weary waiting here." These phenomena are so near that their "funny side" is not the side first seen. Would it not be different if one could stand about a hundred years away?

The suspicion that it would is confirmed by turning over the pages of a certain hymn book, a "new edition" of which was printed in Palmer (presumably Massachusetts) in 1816. Hymns and Spiritual Songs the volume is called, and its title-page goes on to say, "The Church of Christ may be assured that it is intended in this Selection of Hymns to furnish the True Followers of the Lamb with a Precious Collection of Spiritual Songs, calculated for Public Assemblies and Private Devotion." It is difficult to let one's historic sense play about this volume without producing emotions of quiet wonder and amusement. The background to be pictured is not that of the earliest New England settlers, but belongs to our own century. Men still living, and, in far greater numbers, their fathers, might well have been singers from this "precious collection." Imagine them and their good wives gathered in the New England meetinghouse, trolling forth such "spiritual songs" as the book preserves for us. The spectacle has even larger elements of drollery than the modern instances already cited.

We may hope, at least, that, like the singers of our own day, these good folk did not mean quite all they said. Hear them, for example: —

> "Forsake your ways of sinning,
> And come and go with us.
>
> "But if you will refuse it,
> We bid you all farewell;
> We 're on the road to Canaan,
> And you the road to hell."

The same firm conviction that their road was the right one shows itself, not many pages later, in a hymn which apparently the older members of the congregation were expected to sing with a fierce eye upon their juniors. The "dear young men for ruin bound" are first summoned to mend their ways.

> "Or must we leave you bound to hell,
> Resolv'd with devils for to dwell;
> Still we will weep, lament and cry,
> That God may change you ere you die.
>
> "Young ladies now we look to you,
> Are you resolv'd to perish too;
> To rush in carnal pleasures on,
> And sink in flaming rivers down?
>
> "Then blooming friends a long farewell,
> We 're bound to heaven but you to hell;
> Still God may hear us while we pray,
> And change you ere the burning day."

And, be it observed, this "burning day" to them was something as definite as washing day. This was none of your vague purgatorial way stations, but as fiery a pit of torment as the imagination can well conceive. Here is a glimpse of it: —

> "Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
> Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,

Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

"Tho'ts like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore them.

"Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!"

Such humor as one can find in these words is eminently grim. It has, however, the merit of being unconscious. There is also an unconscious pathos in the very lack of humor which must have been a controlling quality in whose who used the book. Could they have joined seriously in singing the hymn called The Blunderer? Let us trust it was not kept solely for "private devotion." It would be too great a pity to give up the thought of its singing by an entire congregation. These are some of its stanzas: —

"Blund'ring through this life I go,
Bound to heaven, or endless woe;
Blunders all my life do fill,
O how blund'ring do I feel.

"Blund'ring on in youthful days
I pursu'd my blund'ring ways;
Who the wonder e'er can tell
That I blunder'd not in hell?
. . . . . .
"O what pleasure and delight
When but once I blunder right!
If salvation e'er is given,
I shall blunder till in heaven."
. . . . . .

One piece of verse, eleven stanzas in length, must certainly have been meant for "the closet." But, whatever its intention eighty years ago, it would now best serve the private purpose of a comic rhyme. Its title is The Complainer Reformed; and, given a few stanzas, the reader's imagination will readily add the purport of the whole: —

. . . . . .
"Of every preacher I 'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride and one for gain,
Another's learning 's small;
This spoke too fast and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud and one too low,
The others had no call.

"With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean and some too fine,
And some did talk too long;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd so weak and some so swift,
And all of them were wrong.

"Kindred and neighbors all were bad,
And no true friend for to be had —
My rulers too were vile;
At length I was brought for to see
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while."
. . . . . .

To the historical expert in hymnody all these citations may be familiar. They are given here less for the benefit of the learned than as a reminder to all that the "good old times" have not changed in all respects for the worse. To be sure, there are admirable hymns in this Palmer collection, out of which our modern compilers have "edited" a pleasant original flavor. But, on the other hand, the children who might have been singing,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,"

were provided with a version of the Christmas story, beginning,

"As shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promiscuously seated estranged from sleep,"

and interpreting a part of the angel's message,

"Then shepherds be humble, be meek and lie low."

Yes, we have certainly changed some things for the better.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The legislative history of the Library of Congress, although not a brief, is a meagre one. It was established in the year that witnessed the removal of the capital to Washington; but from 1802, when the appointment of the librarian was vested in the President of the United States, to 1897, when the act was passed for the organization of the work in the new building, its constitution has remained practically unchanged.

In August of 1814 the entire existing collection was destroyed by the British troops. The first fourteen years, therefore, left no survival, and the birth of the present Library as a collection must date from 1815, when the purchase of the library of ex-President Jefferson started it anew with 6700 volumes. Its history since is divided into a few main periods by events which have had an important influence.

In 1851 a second fire — not, however, caused by the public enemy — destroyed all but 20,000 volumes of the then existing collection. Seventy-five thousand dollars were appropriated for its replenishment, and from that time on the growth has been uninterrupted. From 1846 to 1859 the Library received a copy of all copyrighted publications. Discontinued in 1859, this privilege was revived in 1865, and five years later was enlarged by the law which transferred to the Library the entire copyright business, and incidentally required both copies of the articles copyrighted to be deposited therein.

In 1866 came the agreement, authorized by Congress, which transferred to it the library of the Smithsonian Institution, with the stipulation that future acquisitions should follow. The transfer was not a gift. The books may be withdrawn on reimbursement of expense of binding and care; but until withdrawn they remain in effect an integral part of the Library.

The only other events affecting the growth of the collection which have depended upon legislation are two important purchases by special grant: that of the Peter Force collection in 1867, and that of the de Rochambeau in 1883. Each of these brought to the Library material of inestimable value in which it was weak: the Force, Americana, including original manuscripts, and also some incunabula; the de Rochambeau, manuscripts important to the study of the war of the Revolution.

The gift, in 1882, of the Toner collection brought also some Americana; its most individual contribution consisting of the transcripts of writings of Washington which Dr. Toner had had prepared during a long series of years.

A list of the influences at work in the development of the Library and in the determination of its scope and character would not be complete, however, without mention of an influence most potent upon both, — the appointment in 1864 of Ainsworth R. Spofford as librarian. Down to 1815 the librarian had been but the clerk of the House of Representatives

for the time being. From 1815 until 1864 there had been only three appointees to the office, the last of whom served but for the three years ending 1864. With the appointment of Dr. Spofford, however, who had already served as an assistant during the incumbency of his predecessor in the librarianship, came the conception of a larger scope for the Library. The means within his control were indeed small, — for general purchases only $5000 a year, — but they were applied chiefly at auction sales, with consistent purpose and persistent thrift; while the range of purchase indicated a purpose for the Library far beyond mere legislative use, — a purpose, indeed, not merely implied, but under Dr. Spofford freely expressed, that the Library (so called "of Congress") was eventually to become a library truly national.

But had this destiny been recognized by Congress in more ample appropriations, it still could not be fulfilled under the existing conditions. When Dr. Spofford took office in 1864, the Library contained but 99,000 volumes. Within a decade these had grown to 293,000, and the space for further increase was wanting. Then began the agitation for more ample provision, for adaptation of other rooms in the Capitol building, for a new wing, — finally for a new building. Year after year went on in appeal, reference, discussion, report. Meanwhile, the books accumulated in heaps upon the floor, in vaults, in closets, and in attics, — the medley familiar to all who visited the Library between 1875 and 1897. In this embarrassment, that larger appropriations should be granted for purchase was not to be expected; that a normal accumulation was continued was due to the indefatigable optimism of Dr. Spofford, as that practical use was made of a collection in such dire confusion, without space either for books or for administration, and without adequate administrative force, was due to that marvelous locative memory which in him has perhaps excelled that of any librarian of any generation.

The last twenty years of the Library in the Capitol were, however, years of administrative anguish. The attention of Congress was directed to the erection of a new building. From 1883 to 1896 there was no legislation whatever providing for special purchases, nor any looking to immediate improvement of administration or enlargement of service.

With the history and character of the new Library building the public is fully familiar. Provided for by ample appropriations, planned deliberately, erected under able supervision, it stands to-day the largest, most imposing, most sumptuous, and most costly library building in the world. It covers three and a half acres of ground, contains eight and a half acres of floor space, and provides accommodations in its stacks alone for 2,000,000 volumes. It is nearly three times the size and represents nearly three times the expenditure of any other existing library building in America. The appropriation for it was large, but it was built within the appropriation. It was honestly built, and it is a workable building. It carries, therefore, no remorse to either legislator or citizen for the $7,000,000 expended upon it.

Its completion in 1897 meant not merely better accommodation for the existing collection of books: it has raised the questions: What is the Library of Congress? What is it to be? If a national library, how far has it advanced toward such a title? What have been its opportunities?

Let us turn aside for a moment to review the history of a library admittedly national.

The British Museum was established a half century before the Library of Congress, and had as a foundation three considerable collections already formed: that of Sir Robert Cotton, given to the nation by William III. fifty-three years before; the Harleian, also in the cus-

tody of the nation; and the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, purchased in 1753 at a cost of £20,000. Within four years there was added the old Royal Library, founded by Henry VII., the gift of George II. In 1759 the Museum was opened with 80,000 volumes of printed books and pamphlets, among them material — chronicles, chartularies, original rolls and charts and other manuscripts — of inestimable importance to the student of English history. For the one hundred and forty years succeeding, it has, from time to time, received other great special collections which kings and noblemen and wealthy private collectors have freely turned over to it as gifts to the nation: the Royal Library of George III., the gift (in 1823) of George IV., — 70,000 volumes, whose cost had been £130,000; the Grenville collection, — 20,000 volumes, upon which the donor had expended nearly £60,000; and innumerable smaller or less costly accumulations, — the Edwards, Birch, Onslow, Banks, Cracherode, Egerton, Arundel. The total value of gifts to the Museum in all departments, during the twelve years from 1823 to 1835 alone, was estimated at £400,000. To expend great sums on books, manuscripts, gems, marbles, ceramics; to be known as a collector defying competition in the chosen field; and at the acme of reputation to turn over the exquisite whole to the use of the nation, appears to have become a proudest fad of the British connoisseur.

The Museum began immediately, and for one hundred and forty-six years has continued uninterruptedly, to receive the benefit of accessions from the copyright law of Great Britain. Its regular appropriations for the purchase of books, already £1000 a year in the beginning of the century, when values were trivial, became in 1845 £10,000 a year, and for the past forty-four years have averaged at least that sum yearly. In addition, it has had numerous special grants for the purchase of notable collections thrown suddenly upon the market: the grant, for instance, of £45,000 for the purchase, in 1878, of the Stowe manuscripts.

With reference to such opportunities, the same spirit has operated in its favor which achieved the purchase for the National Gallery of the Ansidei Madonna, at a cost to the nation of £72,000. From its foundation it was conceived as a library truly national. The ward (in a sense) of Parliament, it was not administered as a mere auxiliary to Parliament. Its administration was vested in a Board of Trustees, in part *ex officio*, in part appointed by the Crown, — a board, in size (it comprises forty-eight members) and in character, suited rather for advisory than administrative functions, but whose constitution indicates at least a desire to place at the service of the institution the most distinguished judgment in the nation.

The concern of Parliament in the affairs of the Museum has been evidenced further by the creation at different times of special commissions, with authority to examine into its constitution, management, and needs, and to report.

The reports of three of these commissions (those of 1835–36 and 1847) comprise, with the evidence (largely of citizens assumed to have special knowledge), 2052 folio pages, and include tabulated returns as to the constitution, organization, regulations, and expenditure of each of twenty-seven leading libraries of Europe. The interest of Parliament has been keen even as to the very technical affair of the catalogue of the Library. A printed catalogue in book form, opposed by Panizzi as long ago as 1837, when the Library contained but 275,000 volumes, has now been achieved, with the Library increased to 2,000,000 volumes. That its cost of publication alone has exceeded £40,000 is, in the minds of intelligent Englishmen, of so little moment, compared with its value to learning, that there is pro-

posed [1] the immediate preparation of a revised edition, to include accessions to 1900, on an estimate that such a revision may be accomplished by 1915, and will cost but £60,000!

Reverting to the Library of Congress, we find contrasts at various points, as might have been expected. Begun nominally with the century, its practical beginning was not until 1815; and the slow accumulations of the succeeding thirty-five years were in large part destroyed by the fire of 1851, which reduced the Library to a collection of but 20,000 volumes.

The regular appropriations for the purchase of books have aggregated, since that date, less than $250,000, only one half the sum expended by the British Museum during the ten years from 1845 to 1855 alone, when values in certain lines were perhaps no more than a third as great. In the entire one hundred years of its existence it has had but eight special grants for special purchases. The total amount of these has been less than $165,000. One of them was for law books. Only three have exceeded $10,000 in amount: the grant in 1815 of $23,950, for the purchase of the library of Thomas Jefferson (of which but 2000 volumes survived the fire of 1851); that of $100,000 in 1867, for the purchase of the Force collection; and that of $20,000 in 1883, for the purchase of the military papers, maps, and letter books of the Count de Rochambeau.

Excepting the Smithsonian collection, — which, though an accession, was not a gift, but a deposit, — and the Gardiner Greene Hubbard collection of engravings, not yet transferred, the Library of Congress has received, in the course of its entire history, but one eminent gift, — that, in 1882, of the Toner collection. In its entire history it has not received a single gift of money.

Begun as a legislative library, "for the use of both Houses of Congress and the members thereof," it has only gradually struggled into the notion of a larger career. For years it had the custody and distribution of legislative documents. It was, therefore, not merely a library, but a document room. Its constitution is peculiar. It ranks in law not as an executive department, but as a branch of the legislative. On the other hand, its librarian has, since 1802, been appointed by the head of the executive division of the government, the President of the United States. The reports which he submits are addressed, however, not to the President, but direct to Congress. The general supervision of the Library is in a "joint committee on the Library of Congress," composed of three Senators and three Representatives.

Down to 1896, the general organization of the Library, its proper scope, its functions, had not been the subject of detailed discussion or deliberate investigation on the part of Congress at large, nor of any commission created by Congress.

In May, 1896, on the eve of the completion of the new building, the joint committee on the Library was instructed to inquire into the condition of the Library and report, with recommendations; also to report a plan for the organization, custody, and management of the new Library building and of the Library itself.

In November and December following the committee held several sessions pursuant to this resolution. Testimony was taken, the witnesses including five outside librarians. The testimony of particular value elicited was that from Dr. Spofford himself, and this was chiefly historical.

Before the committee had opportunity to formulate a report, or even to print its proceedings, the appropriation bill for 1897 was reported to the House. It contained a provision for the Library of

[1] Quarterly Review, October, 1898.

Congress, which incidentally carried with it a scheme for the organization of the Library in the new building. The scheme was partially modified in discussion, but was substantially adopted, and in effect represents the organization to-day.

The brief administration of John Russell Young, from July, 1897, to January 17, 1899, was occupied with the installation of the collections in the new building, and with the reorganization of the staff as enlarged by the new appropriation act. The appropriation for the increase of the general collection was enlarged to $15,000 in 1898, and $25,000 for the ensuing year. The slight advance which this represents was not, of course, sufficient to affect materially the general structure of the collection, which remains, therefore, practically what it was when the building was opened.

What, then, is the Library of Congress to-day? We may consider it most simply by applying to it the tests applicable to any library, of whatever type. What are its collections, and what is the provision for their increase? What is its organization for the business of getting and caring for the books, what for making them available to the public? What is, what may be, its "public"?

The collection itself. In mere mass this exceeds that of any other library on the western hemisphere, and, through historical causes special to it, comprises elements not found in any other single library. It consists nominally of 850,000 printed books and 250,000 pamphlets, 26,000 pieces of manuscript, 50,000 maps, 277,000 pieces of music, and over 70,000 prints, — including under the latter term photographs, lithographs, engravings, and etchings.

The above figures, however, include the Law Library (103,000 volumes), still at the Capitol, and the Smithsonian Deposit (say 90,000 volumes). They include duplicates (estimated in 1897 at one third of the entire collection); and in the case of printed books and pamphlets they include not merely copyright deposits which have been transferred to the general collection, but those others which still as "record copies" remain in the copyright department, and do not form a part of the library proper. These latter are estimated at some 140,000 volumes and pamphlets.

The major part of the general material now in the Library is the result of the operation of the copyright law. The effect of this law should have been nominally to secure to the Library one copy of every article entered for copyright between 1846 and 1859, and 1865 and 1870, inclusive, and two copies (though still only one of designs for works of the fine arts) of every such article entered from 1870 to date. The law of 1870 provided also for the transfer to the Library of Congress of certain deposits under former entries, and then in the possession of the Patent Office, with the resultant addition of some 7000 volumes. Superficially, these provisions, in the aggregate, should seem to have secured to the Library the issues of the American press during the past thirty-five years, and, in part, of previous periods, — and those issues not merely in the form of books and pamphlets, but also of maps, music, photographs, lithographs, etc.; in so far, first, as such material has been copyrighted, and, second, in so far as it has been deposited according to law. It is to be remembered, however, that many important publications fail to be entered for copyright, — some from negligence, some from indifference, but also many, of great importance, because their cost of production defies piracy, as their limited constituency of subscribers renders it profitless. Then, too, while the law makes the deposit on or before the date of publication a requisite to a perfect title, it does not make it prerequisite to the acceptance of the application for entry. Many an applicant makes his entry, and, receiving his certificate of entry, does not concern himself that he has

failed to perfect it by the requisite deposit. The question as to whether he has perfected his title is raised only in event of alleged infringement. As long ago as 1867 a penalty of twenty-five dollars was established for his default; but it can be enforced only by proceedings in a federal court, — a labor which the overburdened administration of the Library has not yet in a single instance found it possible to undertake.

The character of what has come into the Library through copyright may easily be guessed: miscellaneous material, a very large amount of it of great value, and a considerable amount of small literary value, but all pertinent to a national library of the United States. The entire collection of music, the entire collection of prints (with the exception of some 1300 collected by George P. Marsh, and which came through the Smithsonian), are the fruit of the copyright law.

The second great contribution to the collection was from the Smithsonian. The Library originally transferred consisted of about 40,000 volumes. To this, during every year since 1866, there have been added other books, pamphlets, and parts of serial publications, the bulk of the material received by the Smithsonian through its exchanges; not the whole, for part has been retained at the Smithsonian building for the more immediate use of its officers. The Smithsonian volumes now on the shelves of the Library, so far as identified, exceed 80,000 in number. They consist in the main of transactions and proceedings of learned societies and of other serial publications, and in a less degree of monographs. The difficult conditions during the last twenty years of the Library in the Capitol rendered systematic receipt or methodic arrangement or adequate care of this material impossible. Many of the sets are incomplete. In the aggregate, however, the Deposit represents the most important collection of scientific serials in this country. The Smithsonian correspondents now number over 30,000. They include the scientific societies of the world, and a very large number outside of the domain of the sciences proper. The publications received from them, therefore, form, and will form, a collection of signal importance.

They comprise, practically, all that the Library possesses of scientific literature, the expenditure having been chiefly along other lines. Applied science is represented very meagrely; the technical arts are hardly represented at all.

In addition, however, to the fruits of its own exchanges, the Smithsonian has been the agent of the Library in effecting the international exchanges, of which the Library was made the direct beneficiary by the law of 1857, which placed at its disposal for exchange abroad fifty copies of every publication issued by the United States government, the whole machinery of the exchange being operated by the Smithsonian, and the expense of transmittal borne out of funds at its disposal. The product of the international exchange is, of course, not general literature, but documents.

Deducting from the gross total of printed books (850,000 volumes) the Law Library, the copyright record copies, and the Smithsonian Deposit, we have a miscellaneous collection (including documents and a large proportion of duplicates) of about 500,000 volumes, to which are to be added, say, 250,000 pamphlets. In these proportions, the collection is not numerically greatly in excess of certain other collections in the United States, — the Boston Public Library, for instance, the Harvard College Library, or the New York Public Library.

In estimating the efficiency of the Library, its particular functions are to be considered.

The Library of Congress is first of all a legislative library. Its primary duty is

to Congress; its other duties are only opportunities that, with the assent of Congress, may be put to use without neglect of this. The material that it should amass, therefore, should be primarily such as would serve a legislator in the highest legislative body in the United States; primarily all that which records the origins and development of the United States and of each of its component parts (and no student will be content to regard those origins as dating only from 1492); the record of all legislation, in every country; and, so far as is practicable, the record of the discussion which has preceded legislation enacted or legislation defeated, and of the conditions from which legislation arose or to which it was to be applied: all history, therefore; constitutions, statute law, administration, statistics (commercial, industrial, and social, as well as political); the literature of comparative institutions; political science and political economy; sociology in its largest sense; finance, transportation, public improvements, education, international law, diplomacy.

Legislation and statistics are largely embodied in that class of material designated "public documents." The opportunities of the Library of Congress for the acquisition of public documents, in so far as they may be obtained by solicitation, should seem unsurpassed. Of federal documents, it is by law entitled to at least two copies for itself, and fifty copies for exchange; for foreign documents, it may reinforce its direct application by the good offices of the Department of State, and of the accredited representatives of the United States government abroad.

With these resources at its command, the Library of Congress should have a collection of public documents unexcelled. In fact, however, the collection is understood to be by no means the most complete even in the United States. Under historical conditions very adverse, no one of the above resources could be utilized to the full.

In state and municipal documents the Library is still more defective. Here there is not even in form an obligation to transmit, and the impracticability heretofore of systematic solicitation has prevented acquisitions which might have been secured if promptly applied for.

Forty-eight governments and institutions are on its list of international exchanges; but of these, the government of Great Britain and that of Germany, although beneficiaries under the exchange, do not themselves respond, and the government of France responds but irregularly.

The Law Library is a collection numerically one of the largest in the United States; in efficiency, it is supposed to be excelled by that of the Bar Association of New York city, by the Social Law Library of Boston, and by various other law libraries in the United States. Jurisprudence in the larger sense, especially comparative jurisprudence, cannot be said to be broadly represented. That jurisprudence and the comparative history of institutions would both be important in a library which is not merely the library for the most eminent judicial tribunal in the world, but which is located at the seat of a government that of all governments is engaged in undertakings which are formative, needs no demonstration, even if there were not superadded the interest which these subjects possess to students pursuing them for historical purposes merely.

Similar considerations would apply to the literature of the other branches mentioned above.

Americana. Upon a distinct consideration rests the obligation of the Library toward the material which is not so directly contributory to practical affairs, but would be appropriate to its service as a national library. No publication with reference to the United States or its possessions or to the pro-

gress of American institutions, or emanating from the press of the United States, would be inappropriate. The national library of a country is the one library in which, as to the products of the press of that country, the tests of literary quality or educational value do not apply. It will be looked to to mirror the life of the time as expressed in print. To do this it must preserve impartially; and for its purpose a publication fugitive as literature may be permanent as history.

As the foremost public library of the foremost nation of the western hemisphere, the Library of Congress should contain as well every procurable publication essential to a knowledge of the other nations of this continent and of South America. It is not possible to predict the limit of our interest in those nations, or, perhaps, of our responsibility for them. To this territory in literature the Monroe Doctrine should apply: not to the exclusion of foreign libraries, but to their exclusion in competition with the United States.

It need hardly be added that as to America, and the United States in particular, the Library of Congress should not be merely a collection of authorities at second-hand. Of all libraries, it should within this area contain the original sources.

Now the 26,000 manuscripts which the Library of Congress possesses do indeed relate almost exclusively to America, and among them is material of exceeding value: the Records of the Virginia Company from 1619 to 1624, — a copy, but the only complete extant copy; documents relating to early Delaware and New Hampshire; early laws of Virginia; the Vernon-Wager, Chalmers, Johnson, Dickinson, Trumbull, Washington, Paul Jones, de Rochambeau, du Simitière, and Vergennes papers; the letters and orderly books of Greene, Blaine, Sullivan, and other military heroes; military journals of British officers, and other autograph material of the Revolutionary period; minutes of certain committees of safety; and the entire material, in 365 folio volumes, used by Force as the basis of his Archives, — but this consists of transcripts, not originals. There are also the letter books of Monroe while minister at St. James. Through the Smithsonian the Library is in possession of thirty-five volumes which contain the proceedings of the commissioners sitting at St. John, Halifax, and Montreal for inquiring into the services, losses, and claims of American royalists, who were later indemnified by act of Parliament; and through the Smithsonian, also, fifty-four volumes of bills, accounts, and inventories covering the years 1650 to 1754, — a collection made by Halliwell-Phillipps, and given by him to the Smithsonian in 1852. It has also in its possession an unpublished manuscript of Las Casas.

The above recital exhibits material of great significance, but it includes practically the entire manuscript collection in the Library. It will be noticed that the area covered is limited, and that it is covered but thinly. Only two items go beyond America. The material which relates to the colonies relates to but few of them, and the major portion of it touches the Revolutionary period.

Of manuscript material later than the eighteenth century the Library possesses only one important item, the correspondence of Schoolcraft, 1815–60. Of original manuscript sources of the history of foreign countries it has, in effect, nothing. What it possesses was incidental to the purchase of the Force and de Rochambeau collections, and the gift of the Toner collection. The sum total may comprise 900 volumes. We may compare with this the 110,000 volumes of manuscripts in the British Museum. Last year, the Museum spent £5000 for manuscripts; the Library of Congress, $300.

Nevertheless, it is in Americana that

the Library possesses its most distinctive strength. Among its 18,000 volumes of newspapers are 350 volumes published prior to 1800, and complete or nearly complete files of nineteenth-century dailies dating back of the civil war. They comprise also at least partial files of two of the leading papers representing opposite political parties in every state and territory for the past quarter of a century.

The map department contains a larger number of maps relating to America than any other single collection in the world. With the Force collection came upward of 1000 military maps and plans covering the French war and the Revolution, of which 300 are in manuscript. But of early cartography there are few specimens, and but a scant representation of any areas beyond the United States.

The accessions from copyright have of course brought in a vast amount of American publications not accumulated by the ordinary public library. The purchases during the past forty years have represented an incessant attempt to gather in every printed book or pamphlet procurable with the small funds at the disposal of the Library, bearing upon American local history and biography and genealogy, and also, as ancestor to this, every printed book or pamphlet procurable relating to English town history and genealogy. One of the few special appropriations for purchase was in 1873, a grant of $5000 for English county histories, to which $2000 were added the year after.

But the statement now reaches the limit of the area in which the Library may be considered distinctively strong. In other divisions of history, and in all other departments of knowledge, it is necessarily weak. In every department monumenta are lacking, even in bibliography itself. The best bibliographic aids are necessary to its own future development, and they are of primary importance to the service that it is to render. The Library of Congress cannot obtain every book in existence; it *can* secure and furnish the best information procurable as to what the book is and where it may be found.

In technology and the useful arts, it has, as might be expected, little beyond what has come in through copyright. The same may be said of the literature of natural science and of mathematics beyond what is represented by the Smithsonian serials. Specialization in medicine would be extravagant, with the admirably catalogued and liberally administered library of the Surgeon General's office within easy reach.

In science, it is not clear that the duty of the Library is fulfilled with the proper care of the Smithsonian serials and the completion of the broken files. The federal government is annually expending large sums of money at Washington, in the formation and maintenance of scientific collections and in the support of scientific research. The books which are the essential tools for the men engaged in this work can be secured only in part out of the department appropriations. Space for them and administrative facilities are difficult to provide in the department buildings. Moreover, the files of scientific serials in the Library, not possibly to be duplicated elsewhere, have their effective use only with the monographs at hand, which are the great reference books in each department of science.

The Library of Congress, therefore, appears committed to some expenditure in the domain of scientific literature; to some in the natural sciences, in archæology, in ethnology, and, to a certain extent, in the sciences which are called "applied."

To the philosophic sciences (in the narrower sense, including theology) the obligation would not appear so direct, nor to the literature merely "polite." What the Library should undertake in the domain of philology and belles-lettres will

perhaps depend upon a decision as to its function which this article may not anticipate. No reluctance to broaden its use has, however, to my knowledge, been expressed as a desire to limit its *scope*.

Congress has deliberately placed the Library first among the federal institutions at Washington of which students are invited to avail themselves.[1] If, in connection with advanced research, the Library is to do as a library what the various scientific departments of the government are to do in their various branches of science, it must broaden its field. It must include the material which illustrates the origins and general progress of arts and letters. Now, in incunabula, the Library possesses, through the Force collection, 161 books printed in the fifteenth century, and 250 printed from 1500 to 1600; but apart from these it has almost no specimens of early printing. It also possesses eleven Flemish manuscripts on vellum, ranging from 1450 to 1700, the recent gift of Professor Wilson; but of literary memorials prior to the invention of printing it has practically nothing. It has only recently secured a few works on the subject of paleography.

In belles-lettres, outside of the works of American authors, it has but a fair representation of the most notable English authors, and of these by no means, in every case, the best editions; but of modern Continental literature it has little or nothing.

Toward a collection of Orientalia the Library has thus far the 237 books and 2547 pamphlets in the Chinese language which came from the library of Caleb Cushing, and a few works in Turkish, the gift of Abram S. Hewitt. Of other Oriental literatures, or of Slavonic, it has but a volume here and there.

In the literature of music, as in the literature of the fine arts and architecture, it has never had funds with which to develop strength.

Such, in brief, are the contents and proportions of the present collection in the Library of Congress. The special resources of the Library for their increase consist of the future accessions from copyright and from the Smithsonian and international exchanges. It is obvious, however, that even these resources cannot be fully utilized without a special service which the Library itself does not now possess, and an expenditure for investigation and solicitation for which no provision is now made.

The accumulation of a great collection of books requires not merely the maintenance of regular agencies in the chief book marts of the world, but the dispatch, from time to time, of special emissaries to investigate possible opportunities for acquisition by purchase, and to utilize persistently every influence for acquisition by gift. Only once in its history has the Library of Congress sent a representative abroad in its behalf. In that instance it shared with the Smithsonian the expenses of an agent sent to collect European documents and to stimulate international exchanges. The direct result of his trip was the acquisition of over 4000 volumes. But there have been no funds available for other such undertakings.

For direct purchase, the appropriation, increased in 1898 to $15,000, was for last year $25,000, in addition to $2500 for the Law Library. Were this applied solely to current publications it could not cover the entire area, and to the existing deficiencies it can apply but feebly. Yet it is important that these deficiencies be supplied at the earliest possible date, not merely in the interest of the scholars of this generation, but as an economy, prior to the reclassification and cataloguing of the Library. It is to be remembered that a large proportion of the material that is needed has now a market value that is artificial, and that little of it is

[1] 1892. Fifty-Second Congress, first session, resolution 8.

in demand by the Library of Congress alone. In attempting to secure it the Library of Congress must come into competition with other great libraries, fast increasing in number and resources, many of them already in receipt of a regular income for books in excess of the above amount, in possession of reserve funds for emergencies, and able as well to count upon special gifts from individuals in furtherance of special purchases. The Library of Congress has no individual benefactors to whom it may apply, when opportunity is offered for the purchase of some special collection *en bloc*, or for the acquisition of unusual items at an auction sale. The public sales of great special collections occur irregularly, and are seldom announced long enough in advance for the operation of an ordinary appropriation bill. Nor are purchases at private sale negotiated to advantage when the buyer's limit of price is heralded in advance by a specific figure in an appropriation bill. For effective competition in purchase, the Library of Congress needs, therefore, in addition to its regular appropriation for books, an "emergency fund" which may be drawn upon as occasion may require, and subsequently made good again by appropriation. A fund of $100,000 would be none too great for such a purpose.

The bulk of the Library is now arranged neatly upon the shelves, but it is arranged according to the system of classification in use in the old Library. That system was the one adopted by Thomas Jefferson for his collection of 6700 volumes. It is the Baconian system, so called; but such authority as it might gain from Bacon's authorship is weakened by the fact that he devised it as a classification of knowledge, and not as a classification of books. Its original three main divisions (history, philosophy, and fine arts) have been expanded into forty-four groups designated "chapters." The system is not (as all more modern systems attempt to be) "expansive;" that is, it does not admit of further indefinite subdivisions. The inability of forty-four groups to meet the requirements of a modern library of nearly a million volumes may be guessed from the fact that a single system now popular in libraries of but a tenth of the size provides a thousand principal classes, with possibility of continued subdivision.

In 1898 a reclassification was begun upon a system that should be elastic. It has thus far been applied to but one of the forty-four chapters. The defect of force in the catalogue department has now brought the work to a standstill. Accessions are still being classified under the old system, which means with each a work later to be undone. Incidental to the new classification would be a system of notation which assigns to each volume a definite number. At present the books have no individual numbers, but must in every case be called for and recorded by author and title.

The minimum catalogue for a library of this type is a card catalogue on the "dictionary system," which in a single alphabet will answer the questions (1) what books the Library contains by a given author, and (2) what books the Library contains upon a given subject. At least three copies of this catalogue will be necessary: one for official use in the catalogue room, one for the reading room, and one for the Congressional Reference Library at the Capitol.[1]

The general catalogue of the Library

[1] The possibility of a complete printed catalogue in book form I refrain from discussing. Such could not properly be undertaken until after the completion of the card catalogue, and would then involve in its preparation and publication a period of perhaps fifteen years, and the expenditure, for publication alone, of over a quarter of a million dollars. Compare the estimate for such a catalogue of the Boston Public Library, made by Mr. J. L. Whitney, and contained in the last report of the trustees. It would comprise, he figures, 30 volumes and 30,000 pages. A book catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale was begun, the first volume

now consists of a single alphabet list under authors. This is on large slips, kept loosely in drawers behind the delivery counter. It is for official use only. It is not accessible to the public, and is not in form or condition such that it may be made so. It is for the most part manuscript, and in various handwritings; the result of gradual compilation in the old building, where the catalogue force was meagre, the bibliographic tools were scanty, and reference and comparison difficult from the confusion in which the material lay. It covers only the books and 50,000 of the 250,000 pamphlets. It has not been verified since the collection was removed to the new building. The only subject catalogue of the Library is that issued in book form in 1869, and partial subject entries of the accessions of the past year and a half. Of other catalogues in book form, there are the lists of annual accessions from 1867 to 1875, and the author catalogue of 1878–80. The weekly bulletin of the copyright office gives a list of the publications entered for copyright. As this represents in the course of the year fifty-two distinct alphabets, it is not available for convenient service as a catalogue.

There is no subject catalogue of the general collection as it exists to-day; and of that collection there is no catalogue of any description accessible to the public. Beginning with July, 1898, all accessions to the Library have been catalogued (under authors, and in part under subjects) on cards of the standard size and form. In the case of the titles representing copyright accessions these entries have been printed, and fifty copies of each struck off. They will thus suffice not merely for the catalogues within the Library, but in part for exchange.

The catalogues of a library are part of the mechanism of use. But behind the catalogues there are, in every well-ordered library, two official records of a more rigorous nature: the first is the "accession book," — a chronological record of the books as they come into the Library, itemized volume by volume, with their source, cost, etc., — a business register; the second is the "shelf list," — a record of the collections precisely as arranged on the shelves. This latter record is by class and number. It is the record which enables new accessions to be located, and any book already located to be traced by its shelf or call number, — an indispensable convenience where books issued to readers are charged by their call numbers. It is also the "stock book" of the Library, and forms the check list when the periodic inventory is taken.

In the Library of Congress both accession register and shelf list of the current accessions are in progress. Of the existing collection there is neither an accession register nor a shelf list; and the only check list of any description for the purpose of an inventory is that represented by the author catalogue, which, as stated above, is on loose slips, constantly withdrawn for reference, and which has not been verified since the collection has been spread out upon the shelves where verification could be had.

Taking as a unit the average output of a single classifier and of a single cataloguer, and making due provision for supervisors, revisers, shelf-listers, copyists, label-pasters, and the other subordinate and auxiliary service, and estimating the present collection as, say, 800,000 books and pamphlets, to reclassify, shelf-list, and catalogue it on the dictionary system in one year might require a force of 448 persons, at a cost of over $350,000. The present force of classifiers and cataloguers provided by law consists of seventeen persons.

In addition to the work on the existing collection, there are to be handled

being issued in 1897. It was under authors only. It cost $8000. The complete work would necessitate 80 volumes, and on the same scale cost $640,000. It has been suspended.

between 30,000 and 40,000 new books and pamphlets pouring in each year in the form of accessions.

The above work is distinct from that which has to be done upon the material in the special departments of the Library, — manuscript, map, music, periodical, print. In each of these there is a similar arrearage to be brought up before the material can become effective.

The copyright office also has its arrears, which consist of over 200,000 articles to be arranged in sequence and shelved, and others to a number not computable to be credited and indexed. The office is eight months behind in its fifty-cent entries, and much delayed in its other current business. But the problem of the copyright office is a special problem, and need not be dealt with in this article, which is intended to treat of the Library as a library.

The force in the old Library consisted of but eighteen persons besides the twenty-four engaged in copyright work. It consists now, by law (exclusive of the engineer and janitor service), of 105 persons, excluding the copyright. Of these, fifty-six are by law assigned to the direct service of the reading room, day and evening.

The organization provided by law consists of the departments already mentioned, — that is, the reading-room service, catalogue, manuscript, map, music, print, and periodical; also of the several officials engaged in general administrative work, and of one or two in subordinate capacities. The Law Library, subject to the general administration, has its force at the Capitol. The engineer and janitor force is under the superintendent of the building.

To one familiar with library economy, two departments usual in any large library will at once appear lacking in the above organization. One is the order department, which attends to the business of procuring, receiving, and acknowledging books, conducts all the correspondence with dealers and agents, checks up the invoices, registers the accessions in the accession book, assigns the accession numbers, and inserts the bookplates. The other is the shelf department, which attends to the classification, assigns the shelf and call numbers, compiles the shelf lists, arranges for binding, and is responsible for the general care and order of the shelves. In the Boston Public Library, with the existing collection well in hand, these two departments comprise a force of eighteen persons. In the Library of Congress they are not provided for at all by law.

There is in the Library of Congress no distinct department of documents, — a serious defect when the relation of this class of material to the service of the Library is considered. If it was worth while for the Boston Library to establish such a department, with one of the most experienced of American statisticians at its head, it is still more obviously to the advantage of the Library of Congress, with its certain duty toward legislation, and probable duty toward research.

The probable inexpediency of a complete catalogue of the Library in book form does not preclude the publication, from time to time, of catalogues of particular departments, and of lists of select titles covering particular subjects of timely interest. For the preparation of these, for the coördination of the bibliographic work undertaken by the various government departments at Washington, and for the bibliographic undertakings of larger scope to which the Library of Congress may justly be expected to contribute, a well-equipped department of bibliography is an immediate necessity.

It will be noticed that there is no provision for a printing department in the Library building, nor for a library bindery, — two departments of excellent efficiency and economy at some other libraries, and provided for as matters of course in the plans for the New York Public

Library; nor, if one were instituting a comparison with the British Museum, could one fail to note the absence of a department of Oriental literature.

The privileges of the Library as a library of reference are open to all persons, without condition or the requirement of credentials. The withdrawal of books for home use within the District is now possible only to members of Congress and their families, and a few other specified public officials.

There is no circulation of books beyond the limits of the District, either to individuals or to institutions. To the public at large, therefore, the service of the Library is such as it may render when consulted on the premises, and the answer by letter to such inquiries as may be addressed to it from a distance.

The number of volumes consulted within the Library building averages about 500 per day. The number of visitors to the building is nearer 5000 per day. The number of books issued for home use in 1898 was about 20,000.

To summarize the merely negative aspects of the situation: the Library of Congress is not now, as a collection, an organic collection, even for the most particular service that it has to render; it is not yet classified, nor equipped with the mechanism necessary to its effective use; the present organization is but partial; and the resources have yet to be provided not merely for proper development of the collection, but for the work of bringing the existing material into condition for effective service.

He would indeed be a cynic who at this stage would regard only such negatives. The positive and the assuring side is that for this institution Congress has provided the most magnificent habitation at the service of any library, and cannot but intend that the Library itself shall take rank corresponding.

As to its future there has been discussion, and there will be much more: the Library is in a position where it cannot escape interest, speculation, and suggestion. Broad and varied opportunities are proposed for it, some of which are not without attraction. But they are not to be considered to the neglect of the duty which is fundamental and near at hand. The purpose of this article is not to prophesy a future for the Library, but to recall the significant incidents of its past, and to describe, as simply as may be, the existing conditions, an appreciation of which must precede any serviceable discussion of its future.

Herbert Putnam.

HISTORY.[1]

My theme is history. It is an old subject, which has been discoursed about since Herodotus, and one would be vain indeed who flattered himself he could say aught new concerning the methods of writing it, when this has for so long a period engaged the minds of so many gifted men. Yet to a sympathetic audience, to people who love history, there is always the chance that a fresh treatment may present the commonplaces in some different combination, and augment for the moment an interest which is perennial.

Holding a brief for history as do I your representative, let me at once concede that it is not the highest form of intellectual endeavor; let us at once agree that it were better that all the his-

[1] President's Inaugural Address, American Historical Association, Boston, December 27, 1899.

tories ever written were burned than for the world to lose Homer and Shakespeare. Yet as it is generally true that an advocate rarely admits anything without qualification, I should not be loyal to my client did I not urge that Shakespeare was historian as well as poet. We all prefer his Antony and Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar to the Lives in North's Plutarch which furnished him his materials. The history is in substance as true as Plutarch, the dramatic force greater; the language is better than that of Sir Thomas North, who himself did a remarkable piece of work when he gave his country a classic by Englishing a French version of the stories of the Greek. It is true as Macaulay wrote, the historical plays of Shakespeare have superseded history. When we think of Henry V. it is of Prince Hal, the boon companion of Falstaff, who spent his youth in brawl and riot, and then became a sober and duty-loving king; and our idea of Richard III. is a deceitful, dissembling, cruel wretch who knew no touch of pity, a bloody tyrant who knew no law of God or man.

The Achilles of Homer was a very living personage to Alexander. How happy he was, said the great general, when he visited Troy, "in having while he lived so faithful a friend, and when he was dead so famous a poet to proclaim his actions"! In our century, as more in consonance with society under the régime of contract, when force has largely given way to craft, we feel in greater sympathy with Ulysses. "The one person I would like to have met and talked with," Froude used to say, "was Ulysses. How interesting it would be to have his opinion on universal suffrage, and on a House of Parliament where Thersites is listened to as patiently as the king of men!"

We may also concede that, in the realm of intellectual endeavor, the mathematical and physical sciences should have the precedence of history. The present is more important than the past, and those sciences which contribute to our comfort, place within the reach of the laborer and mechanic as common necessaries what would have been the highest luxury to the Roman emperor or to the king of the Middle Ages, contribute to health and the preservation of life, and by the development of railroads make possible such a gathering as this, — these sciences, we cheerfully admit, outrank our modest enterprise, which, in the words of Herodotus, is "to preserve from decay the remembrance of what men have done." It may be true, as a geologist once said, in extolling his study at the expense of the humanities, "Rocks do not lie, although men do;" yet, on the other hand, the historic sense, which during our century has diffused itself widely, has invaded the domain of physical science. If you are unfortunate enough to be ill, and consult a doctor, he expatiates on the history of your disease. It was once my duty to attend the Commencement exercises of a technical school, when one of the graduates had a thesis on bridges. As he began by telling how they were built in Julius Cæsar's time, and tracing at some length the development of the art during the period of the material prosperity of the Roman Empire, he had little time and space left to consider their construction at the present day. One of the most brilliant surgeons I ever knew, the originator of a number of important surgical methods, who, being physician as well, was remarkable in his expedients for saving life when called to counsel in grave and apparently hopeless cases, desired to write a book embodying his discoveries and devices, but said that the feeling was strong within him that he must begin his work with an account of medicine in Egypt, and trace its development down to our own time. As he was a busy man in his profession, he lacked the leisure to make the preliminary historical study, and his book was never written. Men of affairs, who, taking "the present time by the

top," are looked upon as devoted to the physical and mechanical sciences, continually pay tribute to our art. President Garfield, on his deathbed, asked one of his most trusted Cabinet advisers, in words that become pathetic as one thinks of the opportunities destroyed by the assassin's bullet, "Shall I live in history?" A clever politician, who knew more of ward meetings, caucuses, and the machinery of conventions than he did of history books, and who was earnest for the renomination of President Arthur in 1884, said to me, in the way of clinching his argument, "That administration will live in history." So it was, according to Amyot, in the olden time. "Whensoever," he wrote, "the right sage and virtuous Emperor of Rome, Alexander Severus, was to consult of any matter of great importance, whether it concerned war or government, he always called such to counsel as were reported to be well seen in histories."

Proper concessions being made to poetry and the physical sciences, our place in the field remains secure. Moreover, we live in a fortunate age; for was there ever so propitious a time for writing history as in the last forty years? There has been a general acquisition of the historic sense. The methods of teaching history have so improved that they may be called scientific. Even as the chemist and physicist, we talk of practice in the laboratory. Most biologists will accept Haeckel's designation of "the last forty years as the age of Darwin," for the theory of evolution is firmly established. The publication of the Origin of Species, in 1859, converted it from a poet's dream and philosopher's speculation to a well-demonstrated scientific theory. Evolution, heredity, environment, have become household words, and their application to history has influenced every one who has had to trace the development of a people, the growth of an institution, or the establishment of a cause. Other scientific theories and methods have affected physical science as potently, but none has entered so vitally into the study of man. What hitherto the eye of genius alone could perceive may become the common property of every one who cares to read a dozen books. But with all of our advantages, do we write better history than was written before the year 1859, which we may call the line of demarcation between the old and the new? If the English, German, and American historical scholars should vote as to who were the two best historians, I have little doubt that Thucydides and Tacitus would have a pretty large majority. If they were asked to name a third choice, it would undoubtedly lie between Herodotus and Gibbon. At the meeting of this association in Cleveland, when methods of historical teaching were under discussion, Herodotus and Thucydides, but no others, were mentioned as proper object lessons. What are the merits of Herodotus? Accuracy in details, as we understand it, was certainly not one of them. Neither does he sift critically his facts, but intimates that he will not make a positive decision in the case of conflicting testimony. "For myself," he wrote, "my duty is to report all that is said, but I am not obliged to believe it all alike, — a remark which may be understood to apply to my whole history." He had none of the wholesome skepticism which we deem necessary in the weighing of historical evidence; on the contrary, he is frequently accused of credulity. Nevertheless, Percy Gardner calls his narrative nobler than that of Thucydides, and Mahaffy terms it an "incomparable history." "The truth is," wrote Macaulay in his diary, when he was forty-nine years old, "I admire no historians much, except Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus." Sir M. E. Grant Duff devoted his presidential address of 1895, before the Royal Historical Society, wholly to Herodotus, ending with the conclusion, "The fame of Herodotus, which has a little waned, will surely wax again."

Whereupon the London Times devoted a leader to the subject. "We are concerned," it said, "to hear, on authority so eminent, that one of the most delightful writers of antiquity has a little waned of late in favor with the world. If this indeed be the case, so much the worse for the world. . . . When Homer and Dante and Shakespeare are neglected, then will Herodotus cease to be read."

There we have the secret of his hold upon the minds of men. He knows how to tell a story, said Professor Hart, in the discussion previously referred to, at Cleveland. He has "an epic unity of plan," writes Professor Jebb. Herodotus has furnished delight to all generations, while Polybius, more accurate and painstaking, a learned historian and a practical statesman, gathers dust on the shelf or is read as a penance. Nevertheless, it may be demonstrated from the historical literature of England of our century that literary style and great power of narration alone will not give a man a niche in the temple of history. Herodotus showed diligence and honesty, without which his other qualities would have failed to secure him the place he holds in the estimation of historical scholars.

From Herodotus we naturally turn to Thucydides, who in the beginning charms historical students by his impression of the seriousness and dignity of his business. History, he writes, will be "found profitable by those who desire an exact knowledge of the past as a key to the future, which in all human probability will repeat or resemble the past. My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten." Diligence, accuracy, love of truth, and impartiality are merits commonly ascribed to Thucydides, and the internal evidence of the history bears out fully the general opinion. But, in my judgment, there is a tendency to rate, in the comparative estimates, the Athenian too high, for the possession of these qualities; for certainly some modern writers have possessed all of these merits in an eminent degree. When Jowett wrote in the preface to his translation, Thucydides "stands absolutely alone among the historians, not only of Hellas, but of the world, in his impartiality and love of truth," he was unaware that a son of his own university was writing the history of a momentous period of his own country, in a manner to impugn the correctness of that statement. When the Jowett Thucydides appeared, Samuel R. Gardiner had published eight volumes of his history, though he had not reached the great Civil War, and his reputation, which has since grown with a cumulative force, was not fully established; but I have now no hesitation in saying that the internal evidence demonstrates that in impartiality and love of truth Gardiner is the peer of Thucydides. From the point of view of external evidence, the case is even stronger for Gardiner; he submits to a harder test. That he has been able to treat so stormy, so controverted, and so well known a period as the seventeenth century in England, with hardly a question of his impartiality, is a wonderful tribute. In fact, in an excellent review of his work I have seen him criticised for being too impartial. On the other hand, Grote thinks that he has found Thucydides in error, — in the long dialogue between the Athenian representatives and the Melians. "This dialogue," Grote writes, "can hardly represent what actually passed, except as to a few general points which the historian has followed out into deductions and illustrations, thus dramatizing the given situation in a powerful and characteristic manner." Those very words might characterize Shakespeare's account of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and his reproduction of the speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony. Compare the relation in Plutarch with the third act of the tragedy, and see how, in his amplification of the story,

Shakespeare has remained true to the essential facts of the time. Plutarch gives no account of the speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony, confining himself to an allusion to the one, and a reference to the other; but Appian of Alexandria, in his history, has reported them. The speeches in Appian lack the force which they have in Shakespeare, nor do they seemingly fit into the situation as well. I have adverted to this criticism of Grote, not that I love Thucydides less, but that I love Shakespeare more. For my part, the historian's candid acknowledgment in the beginning has convinced me of the essential — not the literal — truth of his accounts of speeches and dialogues. "As to the speeches," wrote the Athenian, "which were made either before or during the war, it was hard for me, and for others who reported them to me, to recollect the exact words. I have therefore put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them; while at the same time I endeavored, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said." That is the very essence of candor. But be the historian as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, he shall not escape calumny. Mahaffy declares that, "although all modern historians quote Thucydides with more confidence than they would quote the Gospels," the Athenian has exaggerated; he is one-sided, partial, misleading, dry, and surly. Other critics agree with Mahaffy that he has been unjust to Cleon, and has screened Nicias from blame that was his due for defective generalship.

We approach Tacitus with respect. We rise from reading his Annals, his History, and his Germany with reverence. We know that we have been in the society of a gentleman who had a high standard of morality and honor. We feel that our guide was a serious student, a solid thinker, and a man of the world; that he expressed his opinions and delivered his judgments with a remarkable freedom from prejudice. He draws us to him with sympathy. He sounds the same mournful note which we detect in Thucydides. Tacitus deplores the folly and dissoluteness of the rulers of his nation; he bewails the misfortunes of his country. The merits we ascribe to Thucydides, diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, are his. The desire to quote from Tacitus is irresistible. "The more I meditate," he writes, "on the events of ancient and modern times, the more I am struck with the capricious uncertainty which mocks the calculations of men in all their transactions." Again: "Possibly there is in all things a kind of cycle, and there may be moral revolutions just as there are changes of seasons." "Commonplaces!" sneer the scientific historians. True enough, but they might not have been commonplaces if Tacitus had not uttered them, and his works had not been read and re-read until they have become a common possession of historical students. From a thinker who deemed the time "out of joint," as Tacitus obviously did, and who, had he not possessed great strength of mind and character, might have lapsed into a gloomy pessimism, what noble words are these: "This I regard as history's highest function: to let no worthy action be uncommemorated, and to hold out the reprobation of posterity as a terror to evil words and deeds." The modesty of the Roman is fascinating. "Much of what I have related," he says, "and shall have to relate, may perhaps, I am aware, seem petty trifles to record. . . . My labors are circumscribed and unproductive of renown to the author." How agreeable to place in contrast with this the prophecy of his friend, the younger Pliny, in a letter to the historian: "I augur — nor does my augury deceive me — that your histories will be immortal: hence all the more do I desire to find a place in them."

To my mind, one of the most charming things in historical literature is the praise which one great historian bestows upon another. Gibbon speaks of "the discerning eye" and "masterly pencil of Tacitus, — the first of historians who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts," "whose writings will instruct the last generations of mankind." He has produced an immortal work, "every sentence of which is pregnant with the deepest observations and most lively images." I mention Gibbon, for it is more than a strong probability that in diligence, accuracy, and love of truth he is the equal of Tacitus. A common edition of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is that with notes by Dean Milman, Guizot, and Dr. Smith. Niebuhr, Villemain, and Sir James Mackintosh are each drawn upon for criticism. Did ever such a fierce light beat upon a history? With what keen relish do the annotators pounce upon mistakes or inaccuracies, and in that portion of the work which ends with the fall of the Western Empire how few do they find! Would Tacitus stand the supreme test better? There is, so far as I know, only one case in which we may compare his Annals with an original record. On bronze tablets found at Lyons in the sixteenth century is engraved the same speech made by the Emperor Claudius to the Senate that Tacitus reports. "Tacitus and the tablets," writes Professor Jebb, "disagree hopelessly in language and in nearly all the detail, but agree in the general line of argument." Gibbon's work has richly deserved its life of more than one hundred years, a period which I believe no other modern history has endured. Niebuhr, in a course of lectures at Bonn, in 1829, said that Gibbon's "work will never be excelled." At the Gibbon Centenary Commemoration in London, in 1894, many distinguished men, among whom the Church had a distinct representation, gathered together to pay honor to him who, in the words of Frederic Harrison, had written "the most perfect book that English prose (outside its fiction) possesses." Mommsen, prevented by age and work from being present, sent his tribute. No one, he said, would in the future be able to read the history of the Roman Empire unless he read Edward Gibbon. The Times, in a leader devoted to the subject, apparently expressed the general voice: "'Back to Gibbon' is already, both here and among the scholars of Germany and France, the watchword of the younger historians."

I have now set forth certain general propositions which, with time for adducing the evidence in detail, might, I think, be established: that, in the consensus of learned people, Thucydides and Tacitus stand at the head of historians; and that it is not alone their accuracy, love of truth, and impartiality which entitle them to this preëminence, since Gibbon and Gardiner among the moderns possess equally the same qualities. What is it, then, that makes these men supreme? In venturing a solution of this question, I confine myself necessarily to the English translations of the Greek and Latin authors. We have thus a common denominator of language, and need not take into account the unrivaled precision and terseness of the Greek and the force and clearness of the Latin. It seems to me that one special merit of Thucydides and Tacitus is their compressed narrative, — that they have related so many events and put so much meaning in so few words. Our manner of writing history is really curious. The histories which cover long periods of time are brief; those which have to do with but a few years are long. The works of Thucydides and Tacitus are not like our compendiums of history, which merely touch on great affairs, since want of space precludes any elaboration. Tacitus treats of a comparatively short epoch, Thucydides of a much

shorter one: both histories are brief. Thucydides and Macaulay are examples of extremes. The Athenian tells the story of twenty-four years in one volume; the Englishman takes nearly five volumes of equal size for his account of seventeen years. But it is safe to say that Thucydides tells us as much that is worth knowing as Macaulay. One is concise, the other is not. It is impossible to paraphrase the fine parts of Thucydides, but Macaulay lends himself readily to such an exercise. The thought of the Athenian is so close that he has got rid of all redundancies of expression: hence the effort to reproduce his ideas in other words fails. The account of the plague in Athens has been studied and imitated, and every imitation falls short of the original not only in vividness, but in brevity. It is the triumph of art that in this and in other splendid portions we wish more had been told. As the French say, "the secret of wearying is to say all," and this the Athenian thoroughly understood. Between our compendiums, which tell too little, and our long general histories, which tell too much, are Thucydides and Tacitus.

Again, it is a common opinion that our condensed histories lack life and movement. This is due in part to their being written generally from a study of second-hand — not original — materials. Those of the Athenian and the Roman are mainly the original.

I do not think, however, that we may infer that we have a much greater mass of materials, and thereby excuse our modern prolixity. In written documents, of course, we exceed the ancients, for we have been flooded with these by the art of printing. Yet any one who has investigated any period knows how the same facts are told over and over again, in different ways, by various writers; and if one can get beyond the mass of verbiage and down to the really significant original material, what a simplification of ideas there is, what a lightening of the load! I own that this process of reduction is painful, and thereby our work is made more difficult than that of the ancients. A historian will adapt himself naturally to the age in which he lives, and Thucydides made use of the matter that was at his hand. "Of the events of the war," he wrote, "I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry. The task was a laborious one, because eye-witnesses of the same occurrences gave different accounts of them, as they remembered or were interested in the actions of one side or the other." His materials, then, were what he saw and heard. His books and his manuscripts were living men. Our distinguished military historian, John C. Ropes, whose untimely death we deplore, might have written his history from the same sort of materials; for he was contemporary with our civil war, and followed the daily events with intense interest. A brother of his was killed at Gettysburg, and he had many friends in the army. He paid at least one memorable visit to Meade's headquarters in the field, and at the end of the war had a mass of memories and impressions of the great conflict. He never ceased his inquiries; he never lost a chance to get a particular account from those who took part in battles or campaigns; and before he began his Story of the Civil War, he too could have said, "I made the most careful and particular inquiry" of generals and officers on both sides, and of men in civil office privy to the great transactions. His knowledge drawn from living lips was marvelous, and his conversation, when he poured this knowledge forth, often took the form of a flowing narrative in an animated style. While there are not, so far as I remember, any direct references in his two vol-

umes to these memories, or to memoranda of conversations which he had with living actors after the close of the war drama, and while his main authority is the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, — which, no one appreciated better than he, were unique historical materials, — nevertheless this personal knowledge trained his judgment and gave color to his narrative.

It is pretty clear that Thucydides spent a large part of a life of about threescore years and ten in gathering materials and writing his history. The mass of facts which he set down or stored away in his memory must have been enormous. He was a man of business, and had a home in Thrace as well as in Athens, traveling probably at fairly frequent intervals between the two places; but the main portion of the first forty years of his life was undoubtedly spent in Athens, where, during those glorious years of peace and the process of beautifying the city, he received the best education a man could get. To walk about the city and view the buildings and statues was both directly and insensibly a refining influence. As Thucydides himself, in the funeral oration of Pericles, said of the works which the Athenian saw around him, "the daily delight of them banishes gloom." There was the opportunity to talk with as good conversers as the world has ever known; and he undoubtedly saw much of the men who were making history. There was the great theatre and the sublime poetry. In a word, the life of Thucydides was adapted to the gathering of a mass of historical materials of the best sort; and his daily walk, his reading, his intense thought, gave him an intellectual grasp of the facts he has so ably handled. Of course he was a genius, and he wrote in an effective literary style; but seemingly his natural parts and acquired talents are directed to this: a digestion of his materials, and a compression of his narrative without taking the vigor out of his story in a manner I believe to be without parallel. He devoted a life to writing a volume. His years after the peace was broken, his career as a general, his banishment and enforced residence in Thrace, his visit to the countries of the Peloponnesian allies with whom Athens was at war, — all these gave him a signal opportunity to gather materials, and to assimilate them in the gathering. We may fancy him looking at an alleged fact on all sides, and turning it over and over in his mind; we know that he must have meditated long on ideas, opinions, and events; and the result is a brief, pithy narrative. Tradition hath it that Demosthenes copied out this history eight times, or even learned it by heart. Chatham, urging the removal of the forces from Boston, had reason to refer to the history of Greece, and, that he might impress it upon the lords that he knew whereof he spoke, declared, "I have read Thucydides."

Of Tacitus likewise is conciseness a well-known merit. Living in an age of books and libraries, he drew more from the written word than did Thucydides; and his method of working, therefore, resembled more our own. These are common expressions of his: "It is related by most of the writers of those times;" I adopt the account "in which the authors are agreed;" this account "agrees with those of the other writers." Relating a case of recklessness of vice in Messalina, he acknowledges that it will appear fabulous, and asserts his truthfulness thus: "But I would not dress up my narrative with fictions, to give it an air of marvel, rather than relate what has been stated to me or written by my seniors." He also speaks of the authority of tradition, and tells what he remembers "to have heard from aged men." He will not paraphrase the eloquence of Seneca after he had his veins opened, because the very words of the philosopher had been published; but when,

a little later, Flavius the tribune came to die, the historian gives this report of his defiance of Nero. "I hated you," the tribune said to the emperor; "nor had you a soldier more true to you while you deserved to be loved. I began to hate you from the time you showed yourself the impious murderer of your mother and your wife, a charioteer, a stage-player, an incendiary." "I have given the very words," Tacitus adds, "because they were not, like those of Seneca, published, though the rough and vigorous sentiments of a soldier ought to be no less known." Everywhere we see in Tacitus, as in Thucydides, a dislike of superfluous detail, a closeness of thought, a compression of language. He was likewise a man of affairs, but his life work was his historical writings, which, had we all of them, would fill probably four moderate-sized octavo volumes.

To sum up, then: Thucydides and Tacitus are superior to the historians who have written in our century, because, by long reflection and studious method, they have better digested their materials and compressed their narrative. Unity in narration has been adhered to more rigidly. They stick closer to their subject. They are not allured into the fascinating bypaths of narration, which are so tempting to men who have accumulated a mass of facts, incidents, and opinions. One reason why Macaulay is so prolix is because he could not resist the temptation to treat events which had a picturesque side and which were suited to his literary style; so that, as John Morley says, "in many portions of his too elaborated history of William III. he describes a large number of events about which, I think, no sensible man can in the least care either how they happened, or whether indeed they happened at all or not." If I am right in my supposition that Thucydides and Tacitus had a mass of materials, they showed reserve and discretion in throwing a large part of them away, as not being necessary or important to the posterity for which they were writing. This could only be the result of a careful comparison of their materials, and of long meditation on their relative value. I suspect that they cared little whether a set daily task was accomplished or not; for if you propose to write only one large volume or four moderate-sized volumes in a lifetime, art is not too long nor is life too short.

Another superiority of the classical historians, as I reckon, arose from the fact that they wrote what was practically contemporaneous history. Herodotus was born 484 B. C., and the most important and accurate part of his history is the account of the Persian invasion which took place four years later. The case of Thucydides is more remarkable. Born in 471 B. C., he relates the events which happened between 435 and 411, when he was between the ages of thirty-six and sixty. Tacitus, born in 52 A. D., covered with his Annals and History the years between 14 and 97. "Herodotus and Thucydides belong to an age in which the historian draws from life and for life," writes Professor Jebb. It is manifestly easier to describe a life you know than one you must imagine, which is what you must do if you aim to relate events which took place before your own and your father's time. In many treatises which have been written demanding an extraordinary equipment for the historian, it is generally insisted that he shall have a fine constructive imagination; for how can he re-create his historic period unless he live in it? In the same treatises it is asserted that contemporary history cannot be written correctly, for impartiality in the treatment of events near at hand is impossible. Therefore the canon requires the quality of a great poet, and denies that there may be had the merit of a judge in a country where there are no great poets, but where candid judges abound. Does not the common rating of Thucydides and Tacitus refute

the dictum that history within the memory of men living cannot be written truthfully and fairly? Given, then, the judicial mind, how much easier to write it! The rare quality of a poet's imagination is no longer necessary, for your boyhood recollections, your youthful experiences, your successes and failures of manhood, the grandfather's tales, the parent's recollections, the conversation in society, — all these put you in vital touch with the life you seek to describe. These not only give color and freshness to the vivifying of the facts you must find in the record, but they are in a way materials themselves, not strictly authentic, but of the kind that direct you in search and verification. Not only is no extraordinary ability required to write contemporary history, but the labor of the historian is lightened, and Dryasdust is no longer his sole guide. The funeral oration of Pericles is pretty nearly what was actually spoken, or else it is the substance of the speech written out in the historian's own words. Its intensity of feeling and the fitting of it so well into the situation indicate it to be a living contemporaneous document, and at the same time it has that universal application which we note in so many speeches of Shakespeare. A few years after our civil war, a lawyer in a city of the middle West, who had been selected to deliver the Memorial Day oration, came to a friend of his in despair because he could write nothing but the commonplaces about those who had died for the Union and for the freedom of a race which had been uttered many times before, and he asked for advice. "Take the funeral oration of Pericles for a model," was the reply. "Use his words where they will fit, and dress up the rest to suit our day." The orator was surprised to find how much of the oration could be used bodily, and how much, with adaptation, was germane to his subject. But slight alterations are necessary to make the opening sentence this: "Most of those who have spoken here have commended the law-giver who added this oration to our other customs; it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle." In many places you may let the speech run on with hardly a change. "In the face of death [these men] resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battlefield their feet stood fast; and while for a moment they were in the hands of fortune, at the height, not of terror, but of glory, they passed away. Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of their country."

Consider for a moment, as the work of a contemporary, the book which continues the account of the Sicilian expedition, and ends with the disaster at Syracuse. "In the describing and reporting whereof," Plutarch writes, "Thucydides hath gone beyond himself, both for variety and liveliness of narration, as also in choice and excellent words." "There is no prose composition in the world," wrote Macaulay, "which I place so high as the seventh book of Thucydides. . . . I was delighted to find in Gray's letters, the other day, this query to Wharton: 'The retreat from Syracuse, — is it or is it not the finest thing you ever read in your life?'" In the Annals of Tacitus we have an account of part of the reign of Emperor Nero, which is intense in its interest as the picture of a state of society that would be incredible, did we not know that our guide was a truthful man. One rises from a perusal of this with the trite expression, "Truth is stranger than fiction;" and one need only compare the account of Tacitus with the romance Quo Vadis to be convinced that true history is more interesting than a novel. One of the most vivid impressions I ever had came after reading the

story of Nero and Agrippina in Tacitus, from a view immediately thereafterward of the statue of Agrippina in the National Museum at Naples.

It will be worth our while now to sum up what I think may be established with sufficient time and care. Natural ability being presupposed, the qualities necessary for a historian are diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, the thorough digestion of his materials by careful selection and long meditating, and the compression of his narrative into the smallest compass consistent with the life of his story. He must also have a power of expression suitable for his purpose. All these qualities, we have seen, were possessed by Thucydides and Tacitus; and we have seen furthermore that, by bringing to bear these endowments and acquirements upon contemporary history, their success has been greater than it would have been had they treated a more distant period. Applying these considerations to the writing of history in America, it would seem that all we have to gain in method, in order that when the genius appears he shall rival the great Greek and the great Roman, is thorough assimilation of materials and rigorous conciseness in relation. I admit that the two things we lack are difficult to get as our own. In the collection of materials, in criticism and detailed analysis, in the study of cause and effect, in applying the principle of growth, of evolution, we certainly surpass the ancients. But if we live in the age of Darwin, we also live in an age of newspapers and magazines, when, as Lowell said, not only great events, but a vast "number of trivial incidents, are now recorded, and this dust of time gets in our eyes;" when distractions are manifold; when the desire "to see one's name in print" and make books takes possession of us all. If one has something like an original idea or a fresh combination of truisms, he obtains easily a hearing. The hearing once had, something of a success being made, the writer is urged by magazine editors and by publishers for more. The good side of this is apparent. It is certainly a wholesome indication that a demand exists for many serious books, but the evil is that one is pressed to publish his thoughts before he has them fully matured. The periods of fruitful meditation out of which emerged the works of Thucydides and Tacitus seem not to be a natural incident of our time. To change slightly the meaning of Lowell, "the bustle of our lives keeps breaking the thread of that attention which is the material of memory, till no one has patience to spin from it a continuous thread of thought." We have the defects of our qualities. Nevertheless, I am struck with the likeness between a common attribute of the Greeks and Matthew Arnold's characterization of the Americans. Greek thought, it is said, goes straight to the mark, and penetrates like an arrow. The Americans, Arnold wrote, "think straight and see clear." Greek life was adapted to meditation. American quickness and habit of taking the short cut to the goal make us averse to the patient and elaborate method of the ancients. In manner of expression, however, we have improved. The Fourth of July spread-eagle oration, not uncommon even in New England in former days, would now be listened to hardly anywhere without merriment. In a Lowell Institute lecture in 1855 Lowell said, "In modern times, the desire for startling expression is so strong that people hardly think a thought is good for anything unless it goes off with a *pop*, like a ginger-beer cork." No one would thus characterize our present writing. Between reserve in expression and reserve in thought there must be interaction. We may hope, therefore, that the trend in the one will become the trend in the other, and that we may look for as great historians in the future as in the past. The Thucydides or Tacitus of the fu-

ture will write his history from the original materials, knowing that there only will he find the living spirit; but he will have the helps of the modern world. He will have at his hand monographs of students whom the professors of history in our colleges are teaching with diligence and wisdom, and he will accept these aids with thankfulness in his laborious search. He will have grasped the generalizations and methods of physical science, but he must know to the bottom his Thucydides and Tacitus. He will recognize in Homer and Shakespeare the great historians of human nature, and he will ever attempt, although feeling that failure is certain, to wrest from them their secret of narration, to acquire their art of portrayal of character. He must be a man of the world, but equally well a man of the academy. If, like Thucydides and Tacitus, the American historian chooses the history of his own country as his field, he may infuse his patriotism into his narrative. He will speak of the broad acres and their products, the splendid industrial development due to the capacity and energy of the captains of industry; but he will like to dwell on the universities and colleges, on the great numbers seeking a higher education, on the morality of the people, their purity of life, their domestic happiness. He will never be weary of referring to Washington and Lincoln, feeling that a country with such exemplars is indeed one to awaken envy, and he will not forget the brave souls who followed where they led. I like to think of the Memorial Day orator, speaking thirty years ago with his mind full of the civil war and our Revolution, giving utterance to these noble words of Pericles: "I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of your country, until you become filled with love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it; who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them; and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. They received each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men."

James Ford Rhodes.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

II. AN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

WHETHER on account of the escapade related in the preceding chapter, or from influences of which I knew, and still know, nothing, it was decided, not long after, that I should go to New York to attend a public school there and live with my eldest brother, who, being twenty-five years older than myself, and childless, had always treated me with an indulgence which was perhaps in part due to the rigor of my father's rule, and in part to his fondness for me, of which I retain some early recollections in his annual visits home. My brother's wife, a fellow townswoman of ours, and a marriage convert to the Seventh-Day Bap-

tist Church, was one of the most disagreeable persons I have ever had to deal with, and hysterical to the degree of occasional insanity. She had adopted the severities of our Puritanic system with aggravations. Under her rule, the Sabbath became a day of pre-atonement for the sins I was foreordained to commit. Dinner, as was the general custom in those days, was at noon, but on Saturday I had none till I had learned by heart and recited a portion of Scripture; and as the mental apathy of the period still weighed upon me, the task of the Seventh Day was a sarcastic comment on the divine rest in commemoration of which it was supposed to be instituted. It made me grateful for the Sunday, which I generally passed in mechanical occupations in the workshop of my third brother, Paul, the foreman of the department in which the minor articles of the works were made, — steam gauges, models of inventions, etc.; and as I had my share of the family manual dexterity, I found interest enough there. As my brothers always observed the Sabbath rigidly, they attracted around them a few of the New England mechanics who were "Sabbath keepers," and mostly related to us, and so we had a small congregation and a church of our way of thinking.

The school to which I was sent was one of those founded by the Public School Society, a voluntary association of well-to-do citizens, who, in the absence of any municipal initiative, had organized themselves for the encouragement and support of primary education. As they excluded politics from the management of the schools, the consequence was that the politicians, finding a new field of operations and partisan activity, presently established a rival system of municipal schools, called "ward schools." At that time, the political intrigues of the Catholic Church for the control of the public school system had just begun. The Public School Society had been organized for the free and non-sectarian education of all children unable to meet the expense of education in the private schools, and received subsidies from the municipality. All children under sixteen were admitted without payment of any fee; the books, stationery, and all other material necessary were furnished gratuitously, and even shoes were provided for the shoeless; the only requisites being cleanliness and regular attendance. The direction was rigidly non-sectarian. The trustees were unpaid, and they comprised many of the leading citizens interested in popular education. They had built for their service sixteen schoolhouses in New York, and in each of these there were on an average a thousand children. The schoolhouses, of three stories, had a primary department for such children as were too young to be taught their letters, or were not yet able to read and write, and to them the basement was given, the second story to the elder girls, and the upper to the boys. The teaching, for the boys' department, was limited to the elements of English, arithmetic, elementary algebra, astronomy, and geometry; but within these limits the education was thorough, and all who went through it were qualified for places in offices or countingrooms. The day was always opened by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the principal or one of the assistants; and this practice was made the ground of attack by the Catholic politicians, who objected to the Protestant Bible, all the schoolbooks being already expurgated of every passage to which the bishop objected. As our assistant teacher was a Catholic, and often had to read the chapter, there could have been little harm done even to a Catholic pupil; but the political pressure was sufficient to drive the Corporation of the city of New York to adopt the political or ward school system, and the new schools, one of which was, or was to be, established in each ward of the city, began to run an active opposition to the

Society schools, which they eventually drove out of existence.

At the time I was put to school, the interference of politics had just begun to make itself felt in the schools; but the Corporation had not the courage to introduce its system on a large scale by supplanting *en bloc* the Society schools, which might have made a political revolt. The Irish Catholic influence was still a feeble one, and the population at large was hardly aware of its tendency; but as the ward schools were gradually brought into rivalry with the Society schools, the children were drawn off from the latter by various inducements and by pressure on the parents. Each of our schools had four paid teachers, — the principal, an assistant, and a junior and a senior monitor. The elder pupils were employed in the instruction of the younger, in the preservation of order in school, and in the school yard during the intermissions in which gymnastics were enforced. My mental apathy must have been very profound, for it often happened that when a question which had passed other pupils came to me, the senior monitor used to address me, "Well, stupid, what do you say?" I evidently was the most stupid boy in the class, — nothing seemed to penetrate my mental dullness, — but, being tall and strong for my age, I was often made "yard monitor" to keep order during the physical training. There was a gang of young ruffians, street boys, who used to hang around the school gate and maltreat the stragglers, and even the boys in the yard, if the gate were left open. One day three or four of them came in, after I had dismissed the boys to go upstairs, at the end of the intermission, thinking that they would have a fine game with the monitor. One made a pretext to quarrel with me, and, gripping me round the body, called to his companions to go and get some stones to pound me on the head with, — this being the approved manner of the young roughs of New York. Finding that I could not extricate myself from his grip, I dragged him to the wall, and, catching him by the ears, beat his head against the rough stones till he dropped, incapable of further resistance. Then I ran upstairs as fast as my legs could carry me, so that when his companions came with their stones they had only their champion to carry out. On the holidays there were generally stone fights between the boys of our quarter and one of the adjoining quarters. I shall carry to my grave the scars on my head of cuts received in one of these field combats, in which I refused to follow my party in flight, and, taking the onslaught of the whole vanguard of the enemy, had my head pounded severely; being saved from worse harm only by the intervention of the men in the vicinity. This fight gave me the unmerited reputation of courage and fighting power, and I was thereafter unmolested by the roughs, though in fact I was timid to a degree, and stood my ground from mere nervous obstinacy. I never provoked a quarrel, and only revolted against a bully when the position became intolerable. I can remember the amazement of an older boy, who had been in the habit of bullying me freely, until one day he went too far, and I took him by the collar, and shook and swung him till he was dizzy and begged for mercy; for of downright pugilistics I knew nothing, and a deliberate blow in the face with my fist in cold blood was a measure too brutal to enter into my mind.

The dreariness of this portion of my life was beyond description. The oppression of my sister-in-law, the harshness of my teachers, and the exclusion from the influences of nature, in which I had so long lived without restraint, brought on me an attack of homesickness, which, reaching a crisis with the coming of the first wild flowers, induced my brother to send me home.

In spite of my aversion, I was sent

back to New York the next autumn, for another winter's schooling. I landed from the steamer at the foot of Cortlandt Street on the morning after the first great fire of New York, that known as the Custom House fire, from the Custom House having been included in it, and I saw the ruins still smoking and the firemen playing on them. My baggage — a biscuit box with my scanty wardrobe, and a bag of hickory nuts for my city cousins — I carried on my shoulders, and walked the length of the city; my brother living in what was then further New York, in 7th Street, near the East River. At that time 14th Street was the extreme limit of the city's growth, except for a few and scattering residences. Beyond, and on the East River side, even most of what lay beyond 8th Street was unreclaimed land. I sailed my toy boats on the salt swamps where Tompkins Square now is, and I used to shoot, botanize, and hunt for crystals all over the island above 32d Street, the land being sparsely inhabited and not much of it cultivated. I discovered a little wild cactus growing freely amongst the rocks, and carried home a handkerchief full of it, getting myself well pricked by the spines; but to my botanical enthusiasm this was nothing in view of the discovery. Only here and there patches of arable land maintained small farmhouses, but the greater part of the surface of Manhattan Island was composed of a poor grazing land interspersed with rolling ledges of bare granite, on which were visible what were then known as "diluvial scratches," which my brother, Dr. Charles, who was an ardent naturalist, explained to me as the grooves made by the irruption of the Deluge, which carried masses of stone across the broad ledges and left these scratches, then held widely as testimony to the actuality of the great Deluge of Genesis. I think that we had to wait for Agassiz to show us that the diluvial scratches were really glacial abrasions, caused by the great glacier which came down the valley of the Hudson and went to sea off Sandy Hook. At this time my brother was making conchology his special study, and many holidays we spent in the harbor, dredging for shells; and great was our joy when he discovered a new species, which was named after him by the Lyceum of Natural History of New York.

The following year, my fifth brother, Jacob, on leaving college, took charge of a school in the centre of New York state, built by the Sabbatarian community at large, in De Ruyter, a village of which many of the inhabitants were Sabbatarians, and it was decided that I should pursue there my studies in preparation for college. I was to "board out" a debt which an uncle owed to my eldest brother, and which was uncollectible in any other way. I then made my first acquaintance with semi-independent life, exchanging a home for a dormitory and a boarding house. My uncle was to supply also my bedding, the academy being provided with bedsteads; but he was a heedless man, and I had to sleep six weeks on the bedcords, with my wearing apparel as my only covering, before he awoke to the fact that I had a prepaid claim on him for mattress and bedding. But we were on the edge of a great forest, and in the almost primeval woodland I found compensation for many discomforts, and what time my tasks spared me was spent wandering there. The persistent apathy which had oppressed me for so many years still refused to lift, and my stupidity in learning was such that my brother threatened to send me home as a disgrace to the family. I had taken up Latin again, algebra and geometry; and though I was up by candlelight in the morning, and rarely put my books away till after ten at night, except for meals, it was impossible for me to construe half of the lesson in Virgil, and the geometry was learned by rote. I gave up exercise in order to gain time for study, and my

despairing struggles were misery. I was then fourteen, in the seventh year of this darkness, and it seemed to me hopeless.

What happened I know not, but about the middle of the first term the mental fog broke away suddenly, and before the term ended I could construe the Latin in less time than it took to recite it, and the demonstrations of Euclid were as plain and clear to me as a fairy story. My memory came back so completely that I could recite long poems after a single reading, and no member of the class passed a more brilliant examination at the close of the term than I. At the end of the second term I could recite the whole of Legendre's Geometry, plane and spherical, without a question, and the class examination was recorded as the most remarkable which the academy had witnessed for many years. I have never been able to conceive an explanation of this curious phenomenon, which I only record as of possible interest to some student of psychology. Unfortunately, the academy failed to meet its expenses, and at the end of my second term the students dispersed to their homes, I going with great regret; for I enjoyed intensely this life on the edge of a large natural forest, through which ran a trout brook, and in which such wild woodland creatures as still survived our civilization were tolerably abundant. Amongst my fellow students at De Ruyter was Charles Dudley Warner, with whom I formed a friendship which survives in activity, though our paths in life have been since widely separated. I recall him as a sensitive, poetical boy, — almost girlish in his delicacy of temperament, — and showing the fine *esprit* which has made him one of the first of our humorists. His Being a Boy is a delightful and faithful account of the existence of a genuine New England boy, which will remain to future generations as a paleontological record when the race of such boys is extinct, if indeed it be not so already.

Returning to Schenectady, I found that the family had begun to discuss the future of my career, which had arrived at the point of divergence. My father, who had no opinion of the utility of advanced education for boys in our station, was tenacious in his intention to have me in his workshop, where he needed more apprentices, but my mother was still more obstinate in hers that I should have the education, and in the decision the voices of my brothers were too potent not to hold the casting vote. In the stern, Puritanical manner of the family, I had been more or less the *enfant gâté* of all its members except my brother Paul, who, coming into the knowledge of domestic affairs at the time when the family was at its greatest straits, had expressed himself bitterly, at my birth, over the imprudence of our parents' increasing their obligations when they were unable to provide for the education of the children they had already, and had always retained for me a little of the bitterness of those days; but, on the whole, the vote of the family council was for the education. My own wishes were hardly consulted, for I differed from both parties, having an intense enthusiasm for art, to which I wished to devote myself.

The collective decision, in which my father and myself were alike overruled, was that I should go to Union College, in Schenectady, our home, as such education as might be gained there was supposed to be a facilitation for whatever occupation I might afterward decide on. This was, so far as I was concerned, a fatal error, and one of a kind far too common in New England communities, where education is estimated by the extent of the ground it covers without relation to the superstructure to be raised on it. I had always been a greedy reader of books, especially of history and the natural sciences, — everything on the vegetable or animal world fascinated me. I had no ambition for academic honors, nor did I ever acquire any, but

I passionately desired a technical education in the arts, and the decision of the family deferred the first steps in that direction for years, — just those years when facility of hand is most completely acquired and enthusiasm is strongest against difficulties, — the years when, if ever, the artist is made. That one of the gravest difficulties in our modern civilized life is the excessive number of liberally educated young men, whose professional ambitions are, and can be, given no outlet, is now well recognized, and of these failures many are, no doubt, like myself, diverted from a natural bent to follow one which has no natural leading or sequence. In my case the result of the imposed career was a disaster; I was diverted from the only occupation to which I ever had a recognizable calling, and ultimately I drifted into journalism as the result of a certain literary facility developed by the exercises of the college course. The consequences were the graver that I was naturally too much disposed to a vagrant life, and the want of a dominant interest in my occupation led to indulgence, on every occasion that offered in later life, of the tendency to wander. I came out of the experience with a divided allegiance, — enough devotion to letters to make it a satisfaction to occupy myself with them, but too much interest in art to be able to abandon it entirely. Before entering college art was a passion, but when, at the age of twenty, the release gave me the liberty to throw myself into painting, the finer roots of enthusiasm were dead, and I became only a dilettante; for the complete mastery of hand and will which makes the successful artist was no longer attainable.

It was decided that I should continue my preparation for college in the lyceum of my native town, a quaint octagonal building, in which the students were seated in two tiers of stalls, the partitions between which were on radii drawn from a centre on the master's desk, so that nothing the pupil did escaped his supervision. The larger boys, some of whom were over sixteen, were in a basement similarly arranged, with a single tier of desks, and I earned my instruction by supervising this room. I had here full authority so far as the maintenance of order was concerned, and kept it, though some of the pupils were older than myself. I remember that one of them, about my own age and apparent strength, but himself convinced of his superiority, repeated some act for which I had reprimanded him, and as I knew that to allow it to pass unpunished was to put an end to my authority and position, yet not feeling competent or authorized to give him a regular flogging, I caught him by the collar and jerked him into the middle of the room, setting him down on the floor with force enough to bewilder him a little. I ordered him to sit there till I released him, and his surprise was such that he actually did not move till I told him to. I met no attempt to put my authority at defiance after that. A schoolfellow here and classmate in college was Chester A. Arthur, afterward President of the United States.

There were two associate principals at the head of the school, — one for the classics, and the other for mathematics. I became a favorite of the former, on account of the facility with which I got on in his branches; and when the year was up, I passed easily the examinations for entrance into college, and by his advice entered in the freshman class, though fairly well prepared to enter the sophomore with slight conditions. He was anxious that I should do him credit in college. But long before the term was out I found that the routine gave me hardly an occupation. I had already done all the mathematics of the year at De Ruyter, and the Latin and Greek were easy. I decided, therefore, to try a fresh examination, in order to gain a year by getting into the sophomore class.

The faculty declared such a thing unprecedented and inadmissible, to which I replied that I would then go to another college, quite oblivious of the fact that I had neither the means nor the consent of my family to leave its protection and go to another city. The classical principal of the lyceum, who was also a tutor in the college, did what he could to dissuade me; but I persisted, and, on offering myself for examination, found him on the examining committee. He was really fond of me, and in my own interest wanted me to go through college with honors; but this was to me of trivial importance, compared with the abbreviation by a year of the captivity of the college life. He punished me by putting me to read for examination a passage of Juvenal, a book which I had never opened, as it did not come in the course even of the sophomores; but I passed fairly well on it, and he, with a little irritation, gave me the certificate, saying that it was not for what I did, but for what he knew me to be capable of. So, conditioned by some trivial supplementary examinations on subjects which I do not remember, I went up a class.

Union College, at that time, had little in common with any English model. Our college buildings were three: one, West College, in the town, for the freshman and sophomore classes; and two on the hill above the town, North and South Colleges, for the juniors and seniors. As a large proportion of the students were young men to whom the expenses of education were a serious matter, many prepared themselves at home to enter the junior class, so that a class which only numbered a score as freshmen often graduated a hundred. Others, again, used to spend the winter term and vacations in teaching in the rural or "district" schools, to pay the expenses of the other terms. The majority of the students being of these descriptions, and often adults on entering, the class gathered seriousness as it went on. The freshmen and sophomores, delegated to the care of the junior professors and tutors, indulged in many of the escapades of juvenility for which college life in most countries is distinguished, and were continually brought under the inflictions of discipline, and now and then some one was expelled. The favorite tricks of getting a horse or cow into a recitation room, fastening the tutors in their rooms just before the class hours, tying up or stealing the bell which used to wake the students and call them to prayers or recitations, with rare and perilous excursions into the civic domain, or a fire alarm caused by setting fire to the outhouses, which always brought down on us the wrath of the firemen, varied the monotony of the student life, as everywhere else; but as I roomed at home for the first year, I never had part in these escapades, and in my sophomore winter I took a district school in one of the valleys tributary to that of the Mohawk, in which the town of Schenectady lies.

The community in which the school was situated was almost exclusively composed of Scotch Cameronians, of whom several families were the descendants of a then still vigorous patriarch of the sternest type of that creed. It was necessary to pass a special examination to get the state certificate requisite for permission to teach a district school, and this I had passed, but had still to undergo the questioning of the trustees of the district, canny and cautious beyond the common. The wages for such a school were twelve dollars a month and "board around;" that is, staying at the houses of the parents a week for each pupil in turn, beginning with those in best estate, so that, as the school had never less than twenty or thirty pupils, the poorer families were never called on. One of the boys intended to go to college, and his father was willing to pay a special contribution to secure a teacher of Latin,

which brought my wages up to sixteen dollars a month. But the cautious Scots urged a conditional engagement, a trial of one month, — a condition which, as I might have anticipated, would end the engagement with the month, considering the composition of the district and the usual difference of views among the people. The two most advanced and oldest of the pupils belonged to families bound together by the most cordial jealousy which a petty community could inspire, and one of these was my Latin pupil. His rival was a lazy student and a turbulent scholar, with whom I had difficulties from insubordination from the beginning. As, however, I had adopted the rule of depending entirely on moral suasion in the government of the school, and refused to flog, but instead offered prizes, at my own expense, for good behavior and studiousness for each week, my confidence in the better qualities of human nature betrayed me from the beginning. The prizes went to stimulate the jealousies between the families of the two leading lads, and the only punishment I would inflict — that of sending the pupil home for disobedience — made domestic difficulties. The first week of the month I was boarded in the family of our patriarch, whose grandsons furnished a number of the pupils, and the life in his household was not one to make me regret the termination of the engagement. I was awaked while it was still night to join in family prayers, which were of a severity such as I had never dreamed. First a long selection of psalms was read, then another long one was sung, and then came a prayer, which, as I noticed by the clock, varied from ten to twelve minutes in length, through which, being still drowsy, I slept, being awakened by the family rising from their knees. This was the invariable routine gone through at night as well as in the morning. As in our own family, with the exception of the Saturday morning family service, the devotions were always those of the closet, this tedium of godliness was a serious infliction. I was waked out of sound sleep, and bored through before breakfast by vain repetitions lasting on an average half an hour, after having endured the same for another half hour before being allowed to go to bed; for no escape was permitted even to the ill-willing. It may easily be imagined that this addendum to the annoyances of my school hours made the position of the district schoolmaster one for which sixteen dollars a month was no compensation.

But the month of trial did not elapse without signs of a storm brewing in the valley. My novel system of sparing the rod and spoiling the children could not fail to provoke the disapproval of the orthodox, and to give dissatisfaction to the jealous. It was therefore without much surprise that, at the end of the month, I received my notice of dismissal. The only things I had enjoyed, indeed, during the month, had been the walks through the dense forest from the farmhouses to the schoolhouse in the quiet sunshine of the winter mornings. The woods were more natural and older than those around my home, and there was a freshness in the early day which I never had realized so fully as in these morning walks to school. I shall always remember the snowy silence of that forest, — the first, on a great scale, I had become familiar with.

But the poverty of the lives of these prosperous farmers was a revelation to me, even, accustomed as I was to a domestic simplicity which would surprise modern Americans of any class. New books were a luxury none of them indulged in; beyond the Bible and two or three volumes of general information there was no reading except a weekly newspaper, and the diet was such as I had never been used to, even at De Ruyter. But for the vegetables of the farm, sailors at sea would fare better than these landsmen. In later years I

boarded with one of the farmers in an adjoining valley, where I was engaged in painting a cascade of great beauty, and for the six weeks I lived in the family I saw only two articles of animal food, — salt mackerel for breakfast, and salt pork for dinner. The narrowness of intellectual range and the bigotry — political and religious — prevailing among them were such as I had never encountered, even in the "straitest sect of the Pharisees," the Seventh-Day Baptist Church of my youth. In the community in which I had grown up, there was always the early influence of the sea to widen the range of thought and sympathy; but here, in the narrow valley to which the farmer was confined, neither nature nor religion seemed to have any liberating or liberalizing power. A sturdy independence was the dominant trait of character, but this independence was converted into a self-enslavement by the limited range of thought which prevailed. The old Cameronian patriarch, in his sectarian exaltation, seemed almost a luminary in the intellectual twilight of that secluded settlement, and it was possible there to understand how even a narrow religious fanaticism could become an ennobling element in the character of a community living in such a restricted and materializing atmosphere. A few weeks in such a state of society enables one to understand better the irresistible attraction of cities, and of life in the midst of multitudes, to the rustic, born and grown in the back-water stagnation of a rural life like that of the farmers of my school district.

The remaining two months of the broken term of the college course, and the better part of the vacation, were spent in my father's workshop, where the work was rather pressing and the shop short-handed. My father's business was mainly the manufacture of certain mechanical implements for which he and his brother held the patents, and in the spring and autumn he was accustomed to carry consignments of them to his customers in New York. His workshop was resorted to by several ingenious fellow New Englanders who had inventions to work out, in the execution of which I was found useful. Among these was one Daniel Ball, whose specialty was locks, of which he invented, patented, and sold the patents of a new one every year, all worked out in my father's shop. Ball was a man of remarkable mechanical ingenuity and extraordinary profanity, of a savage temper, and very exclusive in his human sympathies, but he had a profound reverence for my father, of whom he used to say that "old Joe Stillman was the only honest man God ever made;" and I am inclined to think, looking back on a long life and wide experience in men of all classes and many nations, that Ball was justified in the esteem he held my father in, though admissibly wrong in his exclusiveness; for I cannot recall, in all my memories of my father, a single instance of his hesitating over the most trivial transaction in which a question of honesty was involved, and I have known him to relinquish his clear rights rather than to provoke a disagreement with a neighbor. He had a profound aversion to any ostentation of religious fervor, as had my mother, but if he had lived to-day, he would certainly have been an advanced evolutionist; even then his liberality in matters of doctrine, and his unbounded charity toward all differences of opinion in religious questions, used to cause my mother serious anxiety as to his orthodoxy. He thought the fields and woods better places to pass the Sabbath in than a meetinghouse, and this was a subject of great pain to her, — the more that he developed the same feeling in me; but he never deferred in these matters to anybody, and never had a shade of that reverence for the clergy which was almost a passion in my mother's nature. While of an extreme tenderness of heart

to all suffering or hardship outside the family, even toward animals, his domestic discipline was harsh and narrow. In the latter respect he was a survival of the old New England system; in the former he was himself. I had a parrot, given me by one of my brothers, and the bird took an extravagant fondness for my father rather than for me. He was allowed the freedom of the house and garden, and would go and sit on the fence when my father should be coming back from the workshop to dinner and supper, and, hearing his footstep, run chuckling and chattering with delight to meet him before he came in sight. Early one morning the parrot got shut by chance in the cupboard, and, attempting to gnaw his way out, was mistaken for a rat. My father took the shovel to kill him, while mother carefully opened the door so that the rat might squeeze his way out to be killed; but poor Poll got the blow, instead, and had his neck broken. All that day my father stayed at home weeping for Polly; and no business misfortune, in my recollection, ever affected him as the death of the parrot did. He could flog me without mercy, but he could not see the suffering of a domestic or wild animal without tears; nor would he tolerate in us children the slightest tendency to cruelty to any living thing.

I have alluded to the differences between him and mother on the subject of education, the inutility of which, beyond a common-school standard, he made an article of faith. My return to the workshop for the remainder of the vacation, after my school-teaching failure, led to the final battle on the question. As the vacation drew to an end, and the time which was still available for studying up the subjects of the last term, for the examination on reëntering, approached its imperative limit, I notified him that I must stop work. He said nothing until I had actually given it up and gone back to my study, about two weeks before the examination day. Coming home from the shop that day to dinner in a very bad humor, he asked me why I had not been at work. I replied that I had barely the time absolutely necessary to make up my arrears of study to enter college for the next term. Then he broke out on me with a torrent of abuse as an idle, shirking boy, who only cared to avoid work, ending with the accusation that all I wanted was "to eat the bread of idleness," — a phrase he was very fond of. I suppose I inherited some of his inequality of temper, for I replied by leaving the table, throwing my chair across the room as I did so; and, assuring him that when I ate another morsel of bread in his house he would know the reason why, I left the house in a towering rage. Having forewarned him days before that I must go, without his making the least objection, and having postponed the step to the latest possible moment out of consideration for the work in hand, I considered this treatment as ungenerous, and was indignant.

I do not think that, weighing all the circumstances of the case, it can be said that my father was entitled to impose his authority in a purely arbitrary interference with a matter in which the family council had decided on my course, and which involved all my future, or that my refusal to obey an irrational command implied any disrespect to him. At all events, I decided at once that I would not yield in this matter, and I made my preparations to seek another home, even with a modification in my career. If I must abandon the liberal education, I would not waste my life in a little workshop with three workmen, and with no opportunity to widen the sphere of activity or opening into a larger occupation. If I was to be obliged to leave the college, it should be for something in the direction of art, and in this light I did not much regret the change. I had not calculated, however, on my mother's tenacity, or the imperceptible domination she exercised on my father. When

I returned to the house to get my clothes and make my preparations for leaving home for good, I had a most painful scene with my mother, and it was the only serious misunderstanding I ever had with her. She went through in a rapid résumé the history of my life from the day when I was given her in consolation for the little brother before me, who died, with a word for each of the crises through which her care had carried me, — accidents, grave maladies, — for I was apparently not a strong child, and at several conjunctures my life had been despaired of; all the story being told as she walked up and down the chamber, with the tears running over her cheeks, and with a passionate vehemence I had never suspected her to be capable of, for she had the most complete self-restraint I ever knew in a woman. But it was an *impasse*, — I would not give up; and to go back to the workshop then at my father's insistence was to lose every chance of completing the career which had begun for me. It seemed brutal to refuse my mother's entreaties to ignore the collision of wills, and go on as if nothing had happened; but to do this and remain in the house with my father in the perpetual danger of another conflict was impossible. The question had to be settled, and all I could do was to insist on my father's making a distinct disavowal of any right or intention of demanding my services in the shop at any future time, and on his leaving me free to follow the programme agreed on in the family council. It was, in effect, a frank apology that I wanted; but I knew him too well to suppose he would ever consent to apologize in words, or to admit to me that he had made a mistake. I left the solution in my mother's hands, with the understanding that the definite promise should be given to her; for I was sure that this would hold him as completely as if made to a public authority. Nothing could bring her to contradict him openly, and in all my life I never saw her show a sign of disrespect for his mastery in domestic things; but I knew that if once this promise should be given to her I could count on his being held to it sternly. That evening the matter was settled, but of what had passed or what was said I never knew anything, for my mother never wasted words; and while no apology was made and no retraction expressed, neither my father nor myself again alluded to the subject of my working in the shop, nor did I ever, as before, go into it during the vacations, or offer to assist when affairs were hurried. The habit of asserting the paternal authority and the sense of it in my father was so strong that I never risked again reviving it. I passed my examination and resumed my place in the class, but I never tried district school-teaching again.

In my junior year I had a room in the North College. Each of the upper buildings, which should have been properly called a "hall," was divided into five sections, in effect separate residences, each being under the custody of one of the professors or tutors, who was responsible for its order; the two end sections of each of the colleges being an official residence for one of the senior professors with his family. Our quarters were of the simplest: two students had one room, with one bed, and there we lived and studied. At half past five the bell rang to wake us, and half an hour later for prayers; the sleepy ones returning to sleep after the waking bell, and thrusting themselves into their clothes as they ran when the prayer bell rang, to get to prayers before the roll call was over. From prayers we dispersed to the recitation rooms for the morning recitations, and then to breakfast, mostly in town. There were two boarding houses, one at each end of the college walk, known as North and South Halls, and here board was provided at somewhat lower terms and of much inferior quality to that at the private boarding houses in town. The price

at the halls was, if I remember correctly, a dollar and twenty-five cents a week, three meals a day, that in the town ranging from a dollar and fifty cents to a dollar and seventy-five; furnished rooms in the town costing seventy-five cents a week more, and a few favored or wealthier students had permission to room in them. But as a rule the undergraduates of Union were men of very limited means, and all arrangements were made to facilitate their attendance.

Union College, at this epoch, held a high place in public esteem and in the number of its students. It owed its character and reputation to the strong and singular personality of its first president. I have in the course of my life become more or less acquainted with many able men, and Dr. Nott was the most remarkable of all the teachers I have known, considering the limitation of his place and profession, — that of a Presbyterian clergyman in a time when sectarian differences ran high, and his sect had no lead in public opinion. He had attained his high position by the force of his character assisted by his extraordinary tact and eloquence. The manual of public speakers which we used to draw on for the speeches in class recitations included the doctor's oration on the death of Alexander Hamilton, killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, one of the earliest and the most prominent of the demagogues of America. I have not read the oration for fifty years, but, as I remember it, it was a brilliant example of eloquence in the fashion of the day.

As a favorite pupil of the doctor in the last year of my course, and for years after, and as, in my opinion, justice has not been done to him, it is for me a debt of gratitude, as well as a matter of right, to repair as best I may this neglect. No one but a pupil could have fairly estimated his force of character, and no pupil whose intercourse with him was not carried into the post-graduate years could measure the ability with which he advised, especially in public matters, with his old pupils. In the days of his activity, no institution in the country furnished so large an element to the practical statesmanship of the United States as did Union. Seward was one of his favorite pupils, and it is well known that up to the period of the civil war he seldom took a step in politics without the advice of the doctor. Having had a struggle with poverty in his own early life, his sympathies were all with the poorer students, and a practical education was more easily gained at Union than was then possible at Yale or Harvard. Men were allowed to defer payment of the fees till later life, when their means had increased; and though there were no scholarships, there were many students whose burthens were so far alleviated by the regulations that an earnest man, who was ready to work his way and determined to take his degree, need never leave college unsatisfied. The doctor's reading of character and detective powers were barely short of the marvelous, and his management of refractory students became so well known that many who had been expelled from other universities were sent to Union, and graduated with credit; so that the college acquired the nickname of "Botany Bay." There came to him once for admission a student expelled from Yale for persistent violation of the regulations, and naturally without the letter which, by general usage, was required from the president of one university to another, certifying the good standing of the student. The president of Yale wrote to the doctor to ask if he meant to take "that scoundrel" into his college. The doctor, who had taken a rapid examination of the man, replied, "Yes, and make a man of him." In one of my post-graduate years, when I was staying with Dr. Nott, he told me the story of this man. The doctor had estimated his character at a glance correctly, and saw in him a mismanaged student. He was admitted unconditionally,

as if he had come with the best of characters, and for a time he justified the confidence reposed in him. But the uneasy nature one day broke out, and he committed a gross violation of the rules. The discipline of the doctor began always with a friendly conversation, and with some men ended there, for he knew so well how to paint the consequences of expulsion that it sufficed; but on the entry of this student into his library he saw, looking at him, that the youth "had the devil in his eye." He had, in fact, said to his roommate, on getting the summons to the interview, "If the doctor thinks he is going to break me in, he 'll find himself mistaken." The doctor had a curious kind of vision which made it impossible to say which of the persons in the room he was looking at, and when, while seeming to be engaged on his book, he had looked into the eyes of the student, and saw that the light of battle was kindled in them, he waited for a little. Then, as if preoccupied, he said to him in his most kindly tone, "I am very much occupied at this moment, my son; won't you come in to-morrow evening?" The young man went back to his room already half conquered by the affectionate manner; but the important point gained in the doctor's tactics was that the psychological moment of combat in the student had been reached, and could not be kept up for a day, and when on the next evening the interview took place, his combativeness had given place to perplexity and complete demoralization. In this state the doctor gave him a paternal lesson on the consequences to his future life of the rebellion against necessary discipline and of persistent disorderly conduct, but without any actual reproof or mention of his offense, — all in his invariably kind tone, as if it were a talk on generalities, — and then dismissed him to think it over. He had established cordial relations with the rebel, and from that day had no trouble with him. The doctor understood men so well that he never wasted his trouble on those who had nothing in them, but let them drift through the course unnoted. Expulsions were very rare, and the secret police of the university was so competent that the almost absolute certainty of detection generally deterred the men from serious infractions of the rules. The government seemed to be based on the policy of giving an earnest man all the advantages of the institution, and getting the indifferent through the course with the least discredit. In a state of society in which collegiate standing was of importance to a man's career, this system would have been a grave objection to the college; but in our Western world the degree had very little importance, and the honors no effect on the future position. In politics, it was, indeed, often rather an obstacle than a recommendation that a man was a "college man." What the doctor tried to do, then, was to make a man, when he found the material for one, and to ignore the futile intellects. This was the scheme of the education at Union when I was there, and it rarely failed to find the best men in the class and bring them forward.

Our college life may have been, to the men of ampler means, more largely supplied with the elements of excitement, but for the poorer students there was little romance in it. Now and then a demonstration against an unpopular professor, — a "bolt," that is, abstention *en masse* from a recitation, — or a rarer invasion of the town and hostile demonstration, gave us a fillip; but the doctor had so well policed the college, and so completely brought under his moral influence the town, that no serious row ever took place. Later, he told me how he managed one of the worst early conflicts, in which the students on one side of the college road, and the town boys on the other, were arrayed in order, determined to fight out the question who were the better men. The doctor had early notice of the imminent row, and, fetching a

circuit behind the "town," encouraged the boys on that side with assurances of his impartiality, and even his content with a little punishment of the students if they were aggressive. "But," said he, "don't begin the fight, and put yourselves in the wrong. If my boys come over, thrash them well, but let them strike the first blow." Having put them in the strongest defensive attitude, believing that they had the doctor with them, he went round to the students and applied the same inducements to the defensive, leaving them under the persuasion that he entirely approved their fighting, and then he went home and left them to their conclusions. As time passed, and neither took the offensive, they all cooled off and retired. The tact with which he dealt with the occasional outbreaks in the college was very interesting. If it was a case of wanton defiance of the habitual order, there was a very slight probability of its being overlooked. The favorite prank of the stealing of the college bell was invariably punished, first by having a hand bell rung a little earlier than regulation hours all through the sections; and when his secret police had found out the offenders, they were punished according to custom, never very severely, yet sufficiently to make them feel humiliated. But the mystery of his police was never explained, and we were at a loss to conjecture how he discovered the most elaborately concealed combinations, so that suddenly, even weeks after, when the culprits thought they had finally escaped detection, he might announce at prayers that they were to come to his study to explain. If the outbreak had been in any way justified by an arbitrary or unwise act of discipline by any of the professors, he used to ignore it altogether.

As I look back on the life and work of my college days, it seems to me that the greater part of them were most unintelligently spent. When I reached my senior year, and came under the direct stimulus of Dr. Nott, I recognized that, so far as true education was concerned, I had wasted my time; and had I been master of my future, I should have been inclined to go back to the beginning, and repeat the three years' course of study under the new light, and with a recognition of the purpose of higher study, for I saw that all which I had yet gained was little more than parrot learning. The doctor, indeed, tried to make us think; he used to say that the textbook was a matter of entire indifference, and that he would as soon have a book of riddles as Kames's Elements of Criticism, so long as he could make us think out our conclusions. With him, the recitations were a perpetual contest of our wits against his. He showed us the shallowness of our acquisitions, and dissected mercilessly both textbook and the responses to the questions which he had drawn from it; admitting nothing, and pushing the pupil perpetually into the deeper water as soon as he began to think his foot had touched firm land. The first term under the doctor brought up every intellectual faculty I possessed, and I suppose it was by this intense appreciation of his leading that I secured his friendship and partiality in the following years. So far as the influences of school can go, I owe to him the best of my education, and especially the perception of the meaning of the word itself. In the senior year I turned back in my life, and sought, not to hasten, but to linger in the precincts of study; and the imperious necessity of getting to some occupation which would give me independence alone deterred me from a post-graduate course of study to compensate for the inadequacy of the past years.

In entering the ministry Dr. Nott had deprived the world of a statesman of no ordinary calibre; but in the eyes of the Protestant as of the Catholic Church, in the country which had its precedents to make as in that which had precedents a thousand years old, the maxim, "Once a

priest always a priest," kept him in the pulpit, to which he had no irresistible call, and to which the accident of his career only had led him. Had the sect to which he belonged been organized as an episcopal body, he had certainly been its primate; but in the church there was no career for him beyond that of the isolated pastorate of a single congregation. In this insufficiency of interest for an active and influential life, there was only the educational calling left to satisfy his enormous mental activity, and in this he found his place. The future which may look for his record in libraries, or in the results of research, scientific or literary, will not find it there. He had, however, great mechanical inventive powers, as well as a marvelous knowledge of human nature: the former solved the problem, amongst others, of anthracite-coal combustion for American steamers; in the latter lay his qualifications as one of the greatest teachers of young men of his generation. Nobody could know him except the pupils to whom he disclosed himself, and to whom his kindly and magnanimous nature was unreservedly open; they were few, and the list is fast being canceled; when we are gone, no adequate evidence of his life and character will remain. The power he exercised over his favorite boys was extraordinary; any of us would have done anything permitted to human nature to satisfy his wish. When, several years subsequent to my graduation, and on the election of Lincoln as President, I had used what influence I could enlist with the government (my brother being a prominent Republican) to get the appointment as consul to Venice, which was generally given to an artist, the principal petition in my favor went from Cambridge. It was written by Judge Gray (now on the Supreme Court bench), headed by Agassiz, and signed by nearly every eminent literary or scientific man in Cambridge; but it lay at the Department of State more than six months, unnoticed. In the interim the war broke out, and I had gone home from Paris, where I was then living, to volunteer in the army; but being excluded by the medical requisitions, and the ranks being full, eight hundred thousand volunteers being then enrolled, I turned to my project for Venice, and wrote a word to Dr. Nott, recalling his promise of years before, to use his influence in my favor if ever it were needed. He inclosed my letter with one containing an indorsement of it, and sent it to Seward, the Secretary of State. The appointment — not to Venice, which had just been given to Howells, but to Rome — came by return of post.

Union was then the only college of importance not under some form of denominational control, and for this reason had perhaps more than the usual share of extreme liberalism, or atheism, as it was at that time considered, among the students. One of my classmates, a man a couple of years older than myself, and of far more than the average intellectual power, made an active propaganda of the most advanced opinions. He also introduced Philip James Bailey's Festus to our attention, and for a time I was carried away by both. The great revulsion from my previous straitened theological convictions was the cause of infinite perplexity and distress. Up to that time nothing had ever shaken me in my orthodox persuasions, and the necessity of concealing from my mother and family my doubts and halting faith in the old ideas made my condition all the more trying. I had to fight out the question all alone. It was impossible for me to follow my classmate so far as to become the materialist that he was, and so find a relative repose. The conflict became very grave; the entire scheme of Christianity disappeared from my firmament; but in the immediately previous years I had been a reader of Swedenborg, and I held immovably an intuition of immortality, or perhaps

rather the conviction that immortality is the foundation of human existence, grounded in my earliest thoughts and as clear as the sense of light. This never failed me, and Swedenborg helped my reason in its struggle, though I could never see my way to the entire acceptation of his doctrine. My dogmatic theological education had been entirely incidental; for my mother never discussed dogmas or doctrines, but the simple duties and promises of religion, and my intelligence, therefore, had never been so kept captive as to make release grateful. Christianity had not been a doctrinal burthen to me, nor in my mind was any form of belief inconsistent with true grace; in my mother's thought there was only one thing utterly profane, and that was self-righteousness. And there happened to me in this conjuncture what has in my later life been often seen, — that the modification of religious views imposed on us by the superior force of another mind, a persuasion of what seems to be truth as it is only seen by others' vision, could not hold its own against early convictions, and that the revulsion to the old faith is sooner or later inevitable. The trouble passed, and though it gave me great distress for the time, it made my essential religious convictions stronger in the end. It is, I think, Max Müller who says that no man can escape from the environment of his early religious education. I have seen, in my experience of life and men, many curious proofs of that law, — men who have lived for many years in the most absolute rejection of all religions, returning in their old age to the simple faith of childhood, ending as they began. The change of religious convictions which holds its own against all influences is that which comes from the natural evolution of our own thought. At any rate, in my own case the rationalistic revolution completed its circle, and brought me back to that simple faith, to remain in which is a reproach to no man, and the departure from which, to be healthy, must be made on lines conformed to our better natures. I was not the worse for my excursion into new regions, and the freedom of movement I acquired I never lost.

Of my college course I retained only what held my sympathies. I never went in for honors, or occupied myself beyond the requirements with studies which did not interest me. Greek and Latin, but especially physics, the humanities, and literature, enlisted all my ambitions, and the little weekly paper which was read at the meetings of our secret society perhaps occupied me more than was in due measure. I took my degree, of course, but with no special honors. Prior to my graduation the majority of the family had gathered at or near New York city; the object for which my father and mother had remained in Schenectady having been attained, they also moved to New York; and I, finally liberated for the study of art, gave myself seriously to that end.

William James Stillman.

THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

I.

THE LAND OF RED APPLES.

THERE were eight in our party of bronzed children who were going East with the missionaries. Among us were three young braves, two tall girls, and we three little ones, Judéwin, Thowin, and I.

We had been very impatient to start on our journey to the Red Apple Country, which, we were told, lay a little beyond the great circular horizon of the Western prairie. Under a sky of rosy apples we dreamt of roaming as freely and happily as we had chased the cloud shadows on the Dakota plains. We had anticipated much pleasure from a ride on the iron horse, but the throngs of staring palefaces disturbed and troubled us.

On the train, fair women, with tottering babies on each arm, stopped their haste and scrutinized the children of absent mothers. Large men, with heavy bundles in their hands, halted near by, and riveted their glassy blue eyes upon us.

I sank deep into the corner of my seat, for I resented being watched. Directly in front of me, children who were no larger than I hung themselves upon the backs of their seats, with their bold white faces toward me. Sometimes they took their forefingers out of their mouths and pointed at my moccasined feet. Their mothers, instead of reproving such rude curiosity, looked closely at me, and attracted their children's further notice to my blanket. This embarrassed me, and kept me constantly on the verge of tears.

I sat perfectly still, with my eyes downcast, daring only now and then to shoot long glances around me. Chancing to turn to the window at my side, I was quite breathless upon seeing one familiar object. It was the telegraph pole which strode by at short paces. Very near my mother's dwelling, along the edge of a road thickly bordered with wild sunflowers, some poles like these had been planted by white men. Often I had stopped, on my way down the road, to hold my ear against the pole, and, hearing its low moaning, I used to wonder what the paleface had done to hurt it. Now I sat watching for each pole that glided by to be the last one.

In this way I had forgotten my uncomfortable surroundings, when I heard one of my comrades call out my name. I saw the missionary standing very near, tossing candies and gums into our midst. This amused us all, and we tried to see who could catch the most of the sweetmeats. The missionary's generous distribution of candies was impressed upon my memory by a disastrous result which followed. I had caught more than my share of candies and gums, and soon after our arrival at the school I had a chance to disgrace myself, which, I am ashamed to say, I did.

Though we rode several days inside of the iron horse, I do not recall a single thing about our luncheons.

It was night when we reached the school grounds. The lights from the windows of the large buildings fell upon some of the icicled trees that stood beneath them. We were led toward an open door, where the brightness of the lights within flooded out over the heads of the excited palefaces who blocked the way. My body trembled more from fear than from the snow I trod upon.

Entering the house, I stood close against the wall. The strong glaring light in the large whitewashed room dazzled my eyes. The noisy hurrying of hard shoes upon a bare wooden floor

increased the whirring in my ears. My only safety seemed to be in keeping next to the wall. As I was wondering in which direction to escape from all this confusion, two warm hands grasped me firmly, and in the same moment I was tossed high in midair. A rosy-cheeked paleface woman caught me in her arms. I was both frightened and insulted by such trifling. I stared into her eyes, wishing her to let me stand on my own feet, but she jumped me up and down with increasing enthusiasm. My mother had never made a plaything of her wee daughter. Remembering this I began to cry aloud.

They misunderstood the cause of my tears, and placed me at a white table loaded with food. There our party were united again. As I did not hush my crying, one of the older ones whispered to me, "Wait until you are alone in the night."

It was very little I could swallow besides my sobs, that evening.

"Oh, I want my mother and my brother Dawee! I want to go to my aunt!" I pleaded; but the ears of the palefaces could not hear me.

From the table we were taken along an upward incline of wooden boxes, which I learned afterward to call a stairway. At the top was a quiet hall, dimly lighted. Many narrow beds were in one straight line down the entire length of the wall. In them lay sleeping brown faces, which peeped just out of the coverings. I was tucked into bed with one of the tall girls, because she talked to me in my mother tongue and seemed to soothe me.

I had arrived in the wonderful land of rosy skies, but I was not happy, as I had thought I should be. My long travel and the bewildering sights had exhausted me. I fell asleep, heaving deep, tired sobs. My tears were left to dry themselves in streaks, because neither my aunt nor my mother was near to wipe them away.

II.

THE CUTTING OF MY LONG HAIR.

The first day in the land of apples was a bitter-cold one; for the snow still covered the ground, and the trees were bare. A large bell rang for breakfast, its loud metallic voice crashing through the belfry overhead and into our sensitive ears. The annoying clatter of shoes on bare floors gave us no peace. The constant clash of harsh noises, with an undercurrent of many voices murmuring an unknown tongue, made a bedlam within which I was securely tied. And though my spirit tore itself in struggling for its lost freedom, all was useless.

A paleface woman, with white hair, came up after us. We were placed in a line of girls who were marching into the dining room. These were Indian girls, in stiff shoes and closely clinging dresses. The small girls wore sleeved aprons and shingled hair. As I walked noiselessly in my soft moccasins, I felt like sinking to the floor, for my blanket had been stripped from my shoulders. I looked hard at the Indian girls, who seemed not to care that they were even more immodestly dressed than I, in their tightly fitting clothes. While we marched in, the boys entered at an opposite door. I watched for the three young braves who came in our party. I spied them in the rear ranks, looking as uncomfortable as I felt.

A small bell was tapped, and each of the pupils drew a chair from under the table. Supposing this act meant they were to be seated, I pulled out mine and at once slipped into it from one side. But when I turned my head, I saw that I was the only one seated, and all the rest at our table remained standing. Just as I began to rise, looking shyly around to see how chairs were to be used, a second bell was sounded. All were seated at last, and I had to crawl

back into my chair again. I heard a man's voice at one end of the hall, and I looked around to see him. But all the others hung their heads over their plates. As I glanced at the long chain of tables, I caught the eyes of a paleface woman upon me. Immediately I dropped my eyes, wondering why I was so keenly watched by the strange woman. The man ceased his mutterings, and then a third bell was tapped. Every one picked up his knife and fork and began eating. I began crying instead, for by this time I was afraid to venture anything more.

But this eating by formula was not the hardest trial in that first day. Late in the morning, my friend Judéwin gave me a terrible warning. Judéwin knew a few words of English; and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judéwin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered.

I watched my chance, and when no one noticed I disappeared. I crept up the stairs as quietly as I could in my squeaking shoes, — my moccasins had been exchanged for shoes. Along the hall I passed, without knowing whither I was going. Turning aside to an open door, I found a large room with three white beds in it. The windows were covered with dark green curtains, which made the room very dim. Thankful that no one was there, I directed my steps toward the corner farthest from the door. On my hands and knees I crawled under the bed, and cuddled myself in the dark corner.

From my hiding place I peered out, shuddering with fear whenever I heard footsteps near by. Though in the hall loud voices were calling my name, and I knew that even Judéwin was searching for me, I did not open my mouth to answer. Then the steps were quickened and the voices became excited. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Women and girls entered the room. I held my breath, and watched them open closet doors and peep behind large trunks. Some one threw up the curtains, and the room was filled with sudden light. What caused them to stoop and look under the bed I do not know. I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

III.

THE SNOW EPISODE.

A short time after our arrival we three Dakotas were playing in the snowdrifts. We were all still deaf to the English language, excepting Judéwin, who always heard such puzzling things. One morning we learned through her ears that we were forbidden to fall lengthwise in the snow, as we had been doing, to see our own impressions. However,

before many hours we had forgotten the order, and were having great sport in the snow, when a shrill voice called us. Looking up, we saw an imperative hand beckoning us into the house. We shook the snow off ourselves, and started toward the woman as slowly as we dared.

Judéwin said: "Now the paleface is angry with us. She is going to punish us for falling into the snow. If she looks straight into your eyes and talks loudly, you must wait until she stops. Then, after a tiny pause, say, 'No.'" The rest of the way we practiced upon the little word "no."

As it happened, Thowin was summoned to judgment first. The door shut behind her with a click.

Judéwin and I stood silently listening at the keyhole. The paleface woman talked in very severe tones. Her words fell from her lips like crackling embers, and her inflection ran up like the small end of a switch. I understood her voice better than the things she was saying. I was certain we had made her very impatient with us. Judéwin heard enough of the words to realize all too late that she had taught us the wrong reply.

"Oh, poor Thowin!" she gasped, as she put both hands over her ears.

Just then I heard Thowin's tremulous answer, "No."

With an angry exclamation, the woman gave her a hard spanking. Then she stopped to say something. Judéwin said it was this: "Are you going to obey my word the next time?"

Thowin answered again with the only word at her command, "No."

This time the woman meant her blows to smart, for the poor frightened girl shrieked at the top of her voice. In the midst of the whipping the blows ceased abruptly, and the woman asked another question: "Are you going to fall in the snow again?"

Thowin gave her bad password another trial. We heard her say feebly, "No! No!"

With this the woman hid away her half-worn slipper, and led the child out, stroking her black shorn head. Perhaps it occurred to her that brute force is not the solution for such a problem. She did nothing to Judéwin nor to me. She only returned to us our unhappy comrade, and left us alone in the room.

During the first two or three seasons misunderstandings as ridiculous as this one of the snow episode frequently took place, bringing unjustifiable frights and punishments into our little lives.

Within a year I was able to express myself somewhat in broken English. As soon as I comprehended a part of what was said and done, a mischievous spirit of revenge possessed me. One day I was called in from my play for some misconduct. I had disregarded a rule which seemed to me very needlessly binding. I was sent into the kitchen to mash the turnips for dinner. It was noon, and steaming dishes were hastily carried into the dining room. I hated turnips, and their odor which came from the brown jar was offensive to me. With fire in my heart, I took the wooden tool that the paleface woman held out to me. I stood upon a step, and, grasping the handle with both hands, I bent in hot rage over the turnips. I worked my vengeance upon them. All were so busily occupied that no one noticed me. I saw that the turnips were in a pulp, and that further beating could not improve them; but the order was, "Mash these turnips," and mash them I would! I renewed my energy; and as I sent the masher into the bottom of the jar, I felt a satisfying sensation that the weight of my body had gone into it.

Just here a paleface woman came up to my table. As she looked into the jar, she shoved my hands roughly aside. I stood fearless and angry. She placed her red hands upon the rim of the jar. Then she gave one lift and a stride away from the table. But lo! the pulpy contents fell through the crumbled bottom

to the floor! She spared me no scolding phrases that I had earned. I did not heed them. I felt triumphant in my revenge, though deep within me I was a wee bit sorry to have broken the jar.

As I sat eating my dinner, and saw that no turnips were served, I whooped in my heart for having once asserted the rebellion within me.

IV.

THE DEVIL.

Among the legends the old warriors used to tell me were many stories of evil spirits. But I was taught to fear them no more than those who stalked about in material guise. I never knew there was an insolent chieftain among the bad spirits, who dared to array his forces against the Great Spirit, until I heard this white man's legend from a paleface woman.

Out of a large book she showed me a picture of the white man's devil. I looked in horror upon the strong claws that grew out of his fur-covered fingers. His feet were like his hands. Trailing at his heels was a scaly tail tipped with a serpent's open jaws. His face was a patchwork: he had bearded cheeks, like some I had seen palefaces wear; his nose was an eagle's bill, and his sharp-pointed ears were pricked up like those of a sly fox. Above them a pair of cow's horns curved upward. I trembled with awe, and my heart throbbed in my throat, as I looked at the king of evil spirits. Then I heard the paleface woman say that this terrible creature roamed loose in the world, and that little girls who disobeyed school regulations were to be tortured by him.

That night I dreamt about this evil divinity. Once again I seemed to be in my mother's cottage. An Indian woman had come to visit my mother. On opposite sides of the kitchen stove, which stood in the centre of the small house, my mother and her guest were seated in straight-backed chairs. I played with a train of empty spools hitched together on a string. It was night, and the wick burned feebly. Suddenly I heard some one turn our door-knob from without.

My mother and the woman hushed their talk, and both looked toward the door. It opened gradually. I waited behind the stove. The hinges squeaked as the door was slowly, very slowly pushed inward.

Then in rushed the devil! He was tall! He looked exactly like the picture I had seen of him in the white man's papers. He did not speak to my mother, because he did not know the Indian language, but his glittering yellow eyes were fastened upon me. He took long strides around the stove, passing behind the woman's chair. I threw down my spools, and ran to my mother. He did not fear her, but followed closely after me. Then I ran round and round the stove, crying aloud for help. But my mother and the woman seemed not to know my danger. They sat still, looking quietly upon the devil's chase after me. At last I grew dizzy. My head revolved as on a hidden pivot. My knees became numb, and doubled under my weight like a pair of knife blades without a spring. Beside my mother's chair I fell in a heap. Just as the devil stooped over me with outstretched claws my mother awoke from her quiet indifference, and lifted me on her lap. Whereupon the devil vanished, and I was awake.

On the following morning I took my revenge upon the devil. Stealing into the room where a wall of shelves was filled with books, I drew forth The Stories of the Bible. With a broken slate pencil I carried in my apron pocket, I began by scratching out his wicked eyes. A few moments later, when I was ready to leave the room, there was a ragged hole in the page where the picture of the devil had once been.

V.

IRON ROUTINE.

A loud-clamoring bell awakened us at half past six in the cold winter mornings. From happy dreams of Western rolling lands and unlassoed freedom we tumbled out upon chilly bare floors back again into a paleface day. We had short time to jump into our shoes and clothes, and wet our eyes with icy water, before a small hand bell was vigorously rung for roll call.

There were too many drowsy children and too numerous orders for the day to waste a moment in any apology to nature for giving her children such a shock in the early morning. We rushed downstairs, bounding over two high steps at a time, to land in the assembly room.

A paleface woman, with a yellow-covered roll book open on her arm and a gnawed pencil in her hand, appeared at the door. Her small, tired face was coldly lighted with a pair of large gray eyes.

She stood still in a halo of authority, while over the rim of her spectacles her eyes pried nervously about the room. Having glanced at her long list of names and called out the first one, she tossed up her chin and peered through the crystals of her spectacles to make sure of the answer "Here."

Relentlessly her pencil black-marked our daily records if we were not present to respond to our names, and no chum of ours had done it successfully for us. No matter if a dull headache or the painful cough of slow consumption had delayed the absentee, there was only time enough to mark the tardiness. It was next to impossible to leave the iron routine after the civilizing machine had once begun its day's buzzing; and as it was inbred in me to suffer in silence rather than to appeal to the ears of one whose open eyes could not see my pain, I have many times trudged in the day's harness heavy-footed, like a dumb sick brute.

Once I lost a dear classmate. I remember well how she used to mope along at my side, until one morning she could not raise her head from her pillow. At her deathbed I stood weeping, as the paleface woman sat near her moistening the dry lips. Among the folds of the bedclothes I saw the open pages of the white man's Bible. The dying Indian girl talked disconnectedly of Jesus the Christ and the paleface who was cooling her swollen hands and feet.

I grew bitter, and censured the woman for cruel neglect of our physical ills. I despised the pencils that moved automatically, and the one teaspoon which dealt out, from a large bottle, healing to a row of variously ailing Indian children. I blamed the hard-working, well-meaning, ignorant woman who was inculcating in our hearts her superstitious ideas. Though I was sullen in all my little troubles, as soon as I felt better I was ready again to smile upon the cruel woman. Within a week I was again actively testing the chains which tightly bound my individuality like a mummy for burial.

The melancholy of those black days has left so long a shadow that it darkens the path of years that have since gone by. These sad memories rise above those of smoothly grinding school days. Perhaps my Indian nature is the moaning wind which stirs them now for their present record. But, however tempestuous this is within me, it comes out as the low voice of a curiously colored sea-shell, which is only for those ears that are bent with compassion to hear it.

VI.

FOUR STRANGE SUMMERS.

After my first three years of school, I roamed again in the Western country through four strange summers.

During this time I seemed to hang in the heart of chaos, beyond the touch or voice of human aid. My brother, being almost ten years my senior, did not quite understand my feelings. My mother had never gone inside of a schoolhouse, and so she was not capable of comforting her daughter who could read and write. Even nature seemed to have no place for me. I was neither a wee girl nor a tall one; neither a wild Indian nor a tame one. This deplorable situation was the effect of my brief course in the East, and the unsatisfactory "teenth" in a girl's years.

It was under these trying conditions that, one bright afternoon, as I sat restless and unhappy in my mother's cabin, I caught the sound of the spirited step of my brother's pony on the road which passed by our dwelling. Soon I heard the wheels of a light buckboard, and Dawee's familiar "Ho!" to his pony. He alighted upon the bare ground in front of our house. Tying his pony to one of the projecting corner logs of the low-roofed cottage, he stepped upon the wooden doorstep.

I met him there with a hurried greeting, and, as I passed by, he looked a quiet "What?" into my eyes.

When he began talking with my mother, I slipped the rope from the pony's bridle. Seizing the reins and bracing my feet against the dashboard, I wheeled around in an instant. The pony was ever ready to try his speed. Looking backward, I saw Dawee waving his hand to me. I turned with the curve in the road and disappeared. I followed the winding road which crawled upward between the bases of little hillocks. Deep water-worn ditches ran parallel on either side. A strong wind blew against my cheeks and fluttered my sleeves. The pony reached the top of the highest hill, and began an even race on the level lands. There was nothing moving within that great circular horizon of the Dakota prairies save the tall grasses, over which the wind blew and rolled off in long, shadowy waves.

Within this vast wigwam of blue and green I rode reckless and insignificant. It satisfied my small consciousness to see the white foam fly from the pony's mouth.

Suddenly, out of the earth a coyote came forth at a swinging trot that was taking the cunning thief toward the hills and the village beyond. Upon the moment's impulse, I gave him a long chase and a wholesome fright. As I turned away to go back to the village, the wolf sank down upon his haunches for rest, for it was a hot summer day; and as I drove slowly homeward, I saw his sharp nose still pointed at me, until I vanished below the margin of the hilltops.

In a little while I came in sight of my mother's house. Dawee stood in the yard, laughing at an old warrior who was pointing his forefinger, and again waving his whole hand, toward the hills. With his blanket drawn over one shoulder, he talked and motioned excitedly. Dawee turned the old man by the shoulder and pointed me out to him.

"Oh han!" (Oh yes) the warrior muttered, and went his way. He had climbed the top of his favorite barren hill to survey the surrounding prairies, when he spied my chase after the coyote. His keen eyes recognized the pony and driver. At once uneasy for my safety, he had come running to my mother's cabin to give her warning. I did not appreciate his kindly interest, for there was an unrest gnawing at my heart.

As soon as he went away, I asked Dawee about something else.

"No, my baby sister, I cannot take you with me to the party to-night," he replied. Though I was not far from fifteen, and I felt that before long I should enjoy all the privileges of my tall cousin, Dawee persisted in calling me his baby sister.

That moonlight night, I cried in my mother's presence when I heard the jolly young people pass by our cottage. They

were no more young braves in blankets and eagle plumes, nor Indian maids with prettily painted cheeks. They had gone three years to school in the East, and had become civilized. The young men wore the white man's coat and trousers, with bright neckties. The girls wore tight muslin dresses, with ribbons at neck and waist. At these gatherings they talked English. I could speak English almost as well as my brother, but I was not properly dressed to be taken along. I had no hat, no ribbons, and no close-fitting gown. Since my return from school I had thrown away my shoes, and wore again the soft moccasins.

While Dawee was busily preparing to go I controlled my tears. But when I heard him bounding away on his pony, I buried my face in my arms and cried hot tears.

My mother was troubled by my unhappiness. Coming to my side, she offered me the only printed matter we had in our home. It was an Indian Bible, given her some years ago by a missionary. She tried to console me. "Here, my child, are the white man's papers. Read a little from them," she said most piously.

I took it from her hand, for her sake; but my enraged spirit felt more like burning the book, which afforded me no help, and was a perfect delusion to my mother. I did not read it, but laid it unopened on the floor, where I sat on my feet. The dim yellow light of the braided muslin burning in a small vessel of oil flickered and sizzled in the awful silent storm which followed my rejection of the Bible.

Now my wrath against the fates consumed my tears before they reached my eyes. I sat stony, with a bowed head. My mother threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and stepped out into the night.

After an uncertain solitude, I was suddenly aroused by a loud cry piercing the night. It was my mother's voice wailing among the barren hills which held the bones of buried warriors. She called aloud for her brothers' spirits to support her in her helpless misery. My fingers grew icy cold, as I realized that my unrestrained tears had betrayed my suffering to her, and she was grieving for me.

Before she returned, though I knew she was on her way, for she had ceased her weeping, I extinguished the light, and leaned my head on the window sill.

Many schemes of running away from my surroundings hovered about in my mind. A few more moons of such a turmoil drove me away to the Eastern school. I rode on the white man's iron steed, thinking it would bring me back to my mother in a few winters, when I should be grown tall, and there would be congenial friends awaiting me.

VII.

INCURRING MY MOTHER'S DISPLEASURE.

In the second journey to the East I had not come without some precautions. I had a secret interview with one of our best medicine men, and when I left his wigwam I carried securely in my sleeve a tiny bunch of magic roots. This possession assured me of friends wherever I should go. So absolutely did I believe in its charms that I wore it through all the school routine for more than a year. Then, before I lost my faith in the dead roots, I lost the little buckskin bag containing all my good luck.

At the close of this second term of three years I was the proud owner of my first diploma. The following autumn I ventured upon a college career against my mother's will.

I had written for her approval, but in her reply I found no encouragement. She called my notice to her neighbors' children, who had completed their education in three years. They had re-

turned to their homes, and were then talking English with the frontier settlers. Her few words hinted that I had better give up my slow attempt to learn the white man's ways, and be content to roam over the prairies and find my living upon wild roots. I silenced her by deliberate disobedience.

Thus, homeless and heavy-hearted, I began anew my life among strangers.

As I hid myself in my little room in the college dormitory, away from the scornful and yet curious eyes of the students, I pined for sympathy. Often I wept in secret, wishing I had gone West, to be nourished by my mother's love, instead of remaining among a cold race whose hearts were frozen hard with prejudice.

During the fall and winter seasons I scarcely had a real friend, though by that time several of my classmates were courteous to me at a safe distance.

My mother had not yet forgiven my rudeness to her, and I had no moment for letter-writing. By daylight and lamplight, I spun with reeds and thistles, until my hands were tired from their weaving, the magic design which promised me the white man's respect.

At length, in the spring term, I entered an oratorical contest among the various classes. As the day of competition approached, it did not seem possible that the event was so near at hand, but it came. In the chapel the classes assembled together, with their invited guests. The high platform was carpeted, and gayly festooned with college colors. A bright white light illumined the room, and outlined clearly the great polished beams that arched the domed ceiling. The assembled crowds filled the air with pulsating murmurs. When the hour for speaking arrived all were hushed. But on the wall the old clock which pointed out the trying moment ticked calmly on.

One after another I saw and heard the orators. Still, I could not realize that they longed for the favorable decision of the judges as much as I did. Each contestant received a loud burst of applause, and some were cheered heartily. Too soon my turn came, and I paused a moment behind the curtains for a deep breath. After my concluding words, I heard the same applause that the others had called out.

Upon my retreating steps, I was astounded to receive from my fellow students a large bouquet of roses tied with flowing ribbons. With the lovely flowers I fled from the stage. This friendly token was a rebuke to me for the hard feelings I had borne them.

Later, the decision of the judges awarded me the first place. Then there was a mad uproar in the hall, where my classmates sang and shouted my name at the top of their lungs; and the disappointed students howled and brayed in fearfully dissonant tin trumpets. In this excitement, happy students rushed forward to offer their congratulations. And I could not conceal a smile when they wished to escort me in a procession to the students' parlor, where all were going to calm themselves. Thanking them for the kind spirit which prompted them to make such a proposition, I walked alone with the night to my own little room.

A few weeks afterward, I appeared as the college representative in another contest. This time the competition was among orators from different colleges in our state. It was held at the state capital, in one of the largest opera houses.

Here again was a strong prejudice against my people. In the evening, as the great audience filled the house, the student bodies began warring among themselves. Fortunately, I was spared witnessing any of the noisy wrangling before the contest began. The slurs against the Indian that stained the lips of our opponents were already burning like a dry fever within my breast.

But after the orations were delivered a deeper burn awaited me. There, be-

fore that vast ocean of eyes, some college rowdies threw out a large white flag, with a drawing of a most forlorn Indian girl on it. Under this they had printed in bold black letters words that ridiculed the college which was represented by a "squaw." Such worse than barbarian rudeness embittered me. While we waited for the verdict of the judges, I gleamed fiercely upon the throngs of palefaces. My teeth were hard set, as I saw the white flag still floating insolently in the air.

Then anxiously we watched the man carry toward the stage the envelope containing the final decision.

There were two prizes given, that night, and one of them was mine!

The evil spirit laughed within me when the white flag dropped out of sight, and the hands which furled it hung limp in defeat.

Leaving the crowd as quickly as possible, I was soon in my room. The rest of the night I sat in an armchair and gazed into the crackling fire. I laughed no more in triumph when thus alone. The little taste of victory did not satisfy a hunger in my heart. In my mind I saw my mother far away on the Western plains, and she was holding a charge against me.

Zitkala-Ša.

TRIBUTE.

BECAUSE my body turned a clod,
And Death sat on this shrouding sod,
My soul rose upward, seeking God.

"O Thou Who makest time to fleet
Before Thy holy judgment seat,
Lo, here I stand with muted feet.

"In that far bower where roses spring
And little birds are choiring,
I found no sacrifice to bring.

"Only my heart, this bleeding spot—
By Thee conceived, by Thee begot—
Where worm of hunger dieth not.

"Take it, O Lord! a scarlet stain
To set within Thy robe of pain,
And make Thee dream of earth again."

Alice Brown.

THE LOSS OF PERSONALITY.

THE popular interest in scientific truth has always had its hidden spring in a desire for the marvelous. The search for the philosopher's stone has done as much for chemistry as the legend of the elixir of life for exploration and geographical discovery. From the excitements of these suggestions of the occult, the world settled down into a reasonable understanding of the facts of which they were but the enlarged and grotesque shadows. The soft stimulation of the mysterious draws us on; and too often, under its charm, we fail to trace in the dull presentment of every-day experience a likeness to the wonders we pursue, forgetting that marvels have meaning and value only in so far as they can establish their kinship with the events of daily life, and thus fall at last into the great sweep of universal law.

So it has been with physics and physiology, and so also, preëminently, with the science of mental life. Mesmerism, hypnotism, the facts of the alteration, the multiplicity, and the annihilation of personality, have each brought us their moments of pleasurable terror, and passed thus into the field of general interest. We feel that we have looked indeed into abysmal depths, and there is a fascination in the gulf. But science can accept no broken chains. For all the thrill of mystery, we dare not forget that the hypnotic state is but highly strung attention, — at the last turn of the screw, as it were, — and that the alternation of personality is after all no more than the highest power of variability of mood. In regard to the annihilation of the sense of personality, it may be said that no connection with daily experience is at first apparent. Scientists, as well as the world at large, have been inclined to look on the loss of the sense of personality as pathological; and yet I venture to maintain that it is nevertheless the typical form of those experiences we ourselves regard as the most valuable.

The loss of personality! In that dread thought there lies, to most of us, all the sting of death and the victory of the grave. It seems, with that in store, that immortality were futile, and life itself a mockery. Yet the idea, when dwelt upon, assumes an aspect of strange familiarity; it is an old friend, after all. Can we deny that all our sweetest hours are those of self-forgetfulness? The language of emotion, religious, æsthetic, intellectually creative, testifies clearly to the fading of the consciousness of self as feeling nears the white heat. Not only in the speechless, stark immobility of the pathological "case," but in all the stages of religious ecstasy, æsthetic pleasure, and creative inspiration, is to be traced what we know as the loss of the feeling of self. Bernard of Clairvaux dwells on "that ecstasy of deification in which the individual disappears in the eternal essence as the drop of water in a cask of wine." Says Meister Eckhart, "Thou shalt sink away from thy selfhood, thou shalt flow into His self-possession, the very thought of Thine shall melt into His Mine;" and St. Teresa, "The soul, in thus searching for its God, feels with a very lively and very sweet pleasure that it is fainting almost quite away." The æsthetic feeling of John Bunyan's verses —

"Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldest thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
. . . . . .
O then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together!" —

is the same as that of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale: —

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethewards had sunk:
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness."

But not only the religious enthusiast and the worshiper of beauty "lose themselves" in ecstasy. The "fine frenzy" of the thinker is typical. From Archimedes, whose life paid the forfeit of his impersonal absorption; from Socrates, musing in one spot from dawn to dawn, to Newton and Goethe, there is but one form of the highest effort to penetrate and to create. Emerson is right in saying of the genius, "His greatness consists in the fullness in which an ecstatic state is realized in him."

The temporary evaporation of the consciousness of one's own personality is then decidedly not a pathological experience. It seems the condition, indeed, and recognized as such in popular judgment, of the deepest feeling and the highest achievement. Perhaps it is the very assumption of this condition in our daily thoughts that has veiled the psychological problem it presents. We opine, easily enough, that great deeds are done in forgetfulness of self. But why should we forget ourselves in doing great deeds? Why not as well feel in every act its reverberation on the self, — the renewed assurance that it is *I* who can? Why not, in each æsthetic thrill, awake anew to the consciousness of myself as ruler in a realm of beauty? Why not, in the rush of intellectual production, glory that "my mind to me a kingdom is"? And yet the facts are otherwise: in proportion to the intensity and value of the experience is its approach to the objective, the impersonal, the ecstatic state. Then how explain this anomaly? Why should religious, æsthetic, and intellectual emotion be accompanied in varying degrees by the loss of self-consciousness? Why should the sense of personality play us so strange a trick as to vanish, at the moment of seemingly greatest power, in the very shadow of its own glory?

If now we put the most obvious question, and ask, in explanation of its escapades, what the true nature of this personality is, we shall find ourselves quite out of our reckoning on the vast sea of metaphysics. To know what personality *is*, "root and all, and all in all," is to "know what God and man is." Fortunately, our problem is much more simple. It is not the personality itself, its reality, its meaning, that vanishes; no, nor even the psychological system of dispositions. We remain, in such a moment of ecstasy, as persons, what we were before. It is the *feeling* of personality that has faded; and to find out in what this will-o'-the-wisp feeling of personality resides is a task wholly within the powers of psychological analysis. Let no one object that the depth and value of experience seem to disintegrate under the psychologist's microscope. The place of the full-orbed personality in a world of noble ends is not affected by the possibility that the centre of its conscious crystallization may be found in a single sensation.

The explanation, then, of this apparent inconsistency — the fading away of self in the midst of certain most important experiences — must lie in the nature of the feeling of personality. What is that feeling? On what is it based? How can it be described? The difficulties of introspection have led many to deny the possibility of such self-fixation. The fleeting moment passes, and we grasp only an idea or a feeling; the ego has slipped away like a drop of mercury under the fingers. Like the hero of the German poet, who wanted his queue in front,

"Then round and round, and out and in,
All day that puzzled sage did spin;

> In vain; it mattered not a pin;
> The pigtail hung behind him,"

when I turn round upon myself to catch myself in the act of thinking, I can never lay hold on anything but a sensation. I may peel off, like the leaves of an artichoke, my social self, — my possessions and positions, my friends, my relatives; my active self, — my books and implements of work; my clothes; even my flesh, and sit in my bones, like Sydney Smith, — the *I* in me retreating ever to an inner citadel; but I must stop with the feeling that something moves in there. That is not what my self *is*, but what the elusive sprite feels like when I have got my finger on him. In daily experience, however, it is unnecessary to proceed to such extremities. The self, at a given moment of consciousness, is felt as one group of elements which form a background of consciousness as over against another group of elements which form a foreground. The second group is, we say, before the attention, and is not at that moment felt as self; while the first group is vague, undifferentiated, not attended to, but felt. Any element in this background can detach itself and come into the foreground of attention. I become conscious at this moment, for instance, of the weight of my shoulders as they rest on the back of my chair: that sensation, however, belongs to my self no more than does the sensation of the smoothness of the paper on which my hand rests. I know I am a self, because I can pass, so to speak, between the foreground and the background of my consciousness. It is the feeling of transition that gives me the negative and positive of my circuit; and this feeling of transition, hunted to its lair, reveals itself as nothing more nor less than a motor sensation felt in the sense organs which adapt themselves to the new conditions. I look on that picture and on this, and know that they are two, because the change in the adaptation of my sense organs to their objects has been felt. I close my eyes and think of near and far, and it is the change in the sensations from my eye muscles that tells me I have passed between the two; or, to express it otherwise, that it is in me the two have succeeded each other. While the self in its widest sense, therefore, is coextensive with consciousness, the distinctive feeling of self as opposed to the elements in consciousness which represent the outer world is based on those bodily sensations which are connected with the relations of objects. My world — the foreground of my consciousness — would fall in on me and crush me, if I could not hold it off by just this power to feel it different from my background; and it is felt as different through the motor sensations involved in the change of my sense organs in passing from one to the other. The condition of the feeling of transition, and hence of the feeling of personality, is then the presence in consciousness of at least two possible objects of attention; and the formal consciousness of self might be schematized as a straight line connecting two points, in which one point represents the foreground, and the other the background, of consciousness.

If we now accept this view, and ask under what conditions the sense of self may be lost, the answer is at once suggested. It will happen when the "two-ness" disappears, so that the line connecting and separating the two objects in our scheme drops out or is indefinitely decreased. When background or foreground tends to disappear or to merge either into the other, the content of consciousness approaches absolute unity. There is no "relating" to be done, no "transition" to be made. The condition, then, for the feeling of personality is no longer present, and there results a feeling of complete unity with the object of attention; and if this object of attention is itself without parts or differences, there results an empty void, Nirvana.

Suppose that I gaze, motionless, at a single bright light until all my bodily sensations have faded. Then one of the "points" in our scheme has dropped out. In my mind there reigns but one thought. The transition feeling goes, for there is nothing to be "related." Now "it is one blaze, about me and within me;" I *am* that light, and myself no longer. My consciousness is a unit or a blank, as you please. If you say that I am self-hypnotized, I may reply that I have simply ceased to feel myself different from the content of my consciousness, because that content has ceased to allow a transition between its terms.

This is, however, not the only possible form of the disappearance of our twoness, and the resulting loss of the self-feeling. When the sequence of objects in consciousness is so rapid that the feeling of transition, expressed in motor terms, drops below the threshold of sensation, the feeling of self again fades. Think, for instance, of the Bacchanal orgies. The votary of Dionysus, dancing, shrieking, tearing at his hair and at his garments, lost in the lightning change of his sensations all power of relating them. His mind was ringed in a whirling circle, every point of which merged into the next without possibility of differentiation. And since he could feel no transition periods, he could feel *himself* no longer; he was one with the content of his consciousness, which consciousness was no less a unit than our bright light aforesaid, just as a circle is as truly a unit as a point. The priest of Dionysus must have felt himself only a dancing, shouting thing, one with the world without, "whirled round in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees." And how perfectly the ancient belief fits our psychophysical analysis! The Bacchic enthusiast believed himself possessed with the very ecstasy of the spirit of nature. His inspired madness was the presence of the god who descended upon him, — the god of the vine, of spring; the rising sap, the rushing stream, the bursting leaf, the rippling song, all the life of flowing things, they were he! "αὐτίκα γᾶ πᾶσα χορεύσει," was the cry, — "soon the whole earth will dance and sing!"

Yes, this breaking down of barriers, this melting of the personality into its surroundings, this strange and sweet self-abandonment, must have its source in just the disappearance of the sensation of adjustment, on which the feeling of personality is based. But how can it be, we have to ask, that a principle so barren of emotional significance should account for the ecstasy of religious emotion, of æsthetic delight, of creative inspiration? It is not, however, religion or beauty or genius that is the object of our inquiry, but simply the common element in the experience of each of these which we know as the disappearance of self-feeling. How the circumstances peculiar to religious worship, æsthetic appreciation, and intellectual creation bring about the formal conditions of the loss of personal feeling must be sought in a more detailed analysis. What are the steps by which priest and poet and thinker have passed into the exaltation of selfless emotion? Fortunately, the passionate pilgrims to all three realms of deep experience have been ever prodigal of their confessions.

The typical religious enthusiast is the mystic. From Plotinus to Buddha, from Meister Eckhart to Emerson, the same doctrine has brought the same fruits of religious rapture. There is one God, and in contemplation of Him the soul becomes of His essence. Whether it is held as by the Neoplatonists, that Being and Knowledge are one; that the procedure of the world out of God is a process of self-revelation, and the return of things into God a process of higher and higher intuition, and so the mystic experience an apprehension of the highest rather than a form of worship; or whether it is expressed as by the humble Béguine,

Mechthild, — "My soul swims in the Being of God as a fish in water," — the kernel of the mystic's creed is the same. In ecstatic contemplation of God, and, in the higher states, in ecstatic union with Him, in sinking the individuality in the divine Being, is the only true life. Not all, it is true, who hold the doctrine have had the experience; not all can say with Eckhart or with Madame Guyon, "I have seen God in my own soul," or "I have become one with God." It is from the narratives and the counsels of perfection of these, the chosen, the initiate, who have passed beyond the veil, that light may be thrown on the psychological conditions of mystic ecstasy.

The most illuminating account of her actual mystical experiences is given by Madame Guyon, the first of the sect or school of the Quietists. This gentle Frenchwoman had a gift for psychological observation, and though her style is neither poetic nor philosophical, I may be pardoned for quoting at some length her naïve and lucid revelations. The following passages, beginning with an early religious experience, are taken almost at random from the pages of her autobiography: —

"These sermons made such an impression on my mind, and absorbed me so strongly in God, that I could not open my eyes nor hear what was said." "To hear Thy name, O my God, could put me into a profound prayer. . . . I could not see any longer the saints nor the Holy Virgin outside of God; but I saw them all in Him, scarcely being able to distinguish them from Him. . . . I could not hear God nor our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of without being, as it were, outside of myself [*hors de moi*]. . . . Love seized me so strongly that I remained absorbed, in a profound silence and a peace that I cannot describe. I made ever new efforts, and I passed my life in beginning my prayers without being able to carry them through. . . . I could ask nothing for myself nor for another, nor wish anything but this divine will. . . . I do not believe that there could be in the world anything more simple and more unified. . . . It is a state of which one can say nothing more, because it evades all expression, — a state in which the creature is lost, engulfed. All is God, and the soul perceives only God. It has to strive no more for perfection, for growth, for approach to Him, for union. All is consummated in the unity, but in a manner so free, so natural, so easy, that the soul lives in and from God, as easily as the body lives from the air which it breathes. . . . The spirit is empty, no more traversed by thoughts; nothing fills the void, which is no longer painful, and the soul finds in itself an immense capacity that nothing can either limit or destroy."

Can we fail to trace in these simple words the shadow of all religious exultation that is based on faith alone? Madame Guyon is strung to a higher key than most of this dull and relaxed world; but she has struck the eternal note of contemplative worship. Such is the sense of union with the divine Spirit. Such are the thoughts and even the words of Dante, Eckhart, St. Teresa, the countless mystics of the Middle Age, and of the followers of Buddhism in its various shades, from the Ganges to the Charles. Two characteristics disengage themselves to view: the insistence on the unity of God — *in* whom alone the Holy Virgin and the saints are seen — from a psychological point of view only; and the mind's emptiness of thought and feeling in a state of religious ecstasy. But without further analysis, we may ask, as the disciples of the mystics have always done, how this state of blissful union is to be reached. They have always been minute in their prescriptions, and it is possible to derive therefrom what may be called the technique of the mystic procedure.

"The word mystic," to quote Walter Pater, "has been derived from a Greek

word which signifies *to shut*, as if one *shut one's lips*, brooding on what cannot be uttered; but the Platonists themselves derive it rather from the act of *shutting the eyes*, that one may see the more, inwardly." Of such is the counsel of St. Luis de Granada, "Imitate the sportsman who hoods the falcon that it be made subservient to his rule;" and of another Spanish mystic, Pedro de Alcantara: "In meditation, let the person rouse himself from things temporal, and let him collect himself within himself.... Here let him hearken to the voice of God ... as though there were no other in the world save God and himself." St. Teresa found happiness only in "shutting herself up within herself." Vocal prayer could not satisfy her, and she adopted mental prayer. The four stages of her experience — which she named "recollectedness," "quietude" (listening rather than speaking), "union" (blissful sleep with the faculties of the mind still), "ecstasy or rapture" — are but progressive steps in the sealing of the senses. The *yoga* of the Brahmins, which is the same as the *union* of the Cabalists, is made to depend upon the same conditions, — passivity, perseverance, solitude. The novice must arrest his breathing, and may meditate on mystic symbols alone, by way of reaching the formless, ineffable Buddha. But it is useless to heap up evidence; the inference is sufficiently clear.

The body is first brought into a state either of nervous instability or irritability by ascetic practices, or of nervous insensibility by the persistent withdrawal of all outer disturbance; and the mind is fixed upon a single object, — the one God, the God eternal, absolute, indivisible. Recalling our former scheme for the conditions of the sense of personality, we shall see that we have here the two poles of consciousness. Then, as the tension is sharpened, what happens? Under the artificial conditions of weakened nerves, of blank surroundings, the self-background drops. The feeling of transition disappears with the absence of related terms; and the remaining, the positive pole of consciousness is an undifferentiated Unity, with which the person must feel himself one. The feeling of personality is gone with that on which it rests, and its loss is joined with an overwhelming sense of union with the One, the Absolute, God!

The object of mystic contemplation is the One indivisible. But we can also think the One as the unity of all differences, the Circle of the Universe. Those natures also which, like Amiel's, are "bedazzled with the Infinite" and thirst for "totality" attain in their reveries to the same impersonal ecstasy. Amiel writes of a "night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched at full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way. Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams, in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the Infinite!" The reverie of de Sénancour, on the bank of the Lake of Bienne, quoted by Matthew Arnold, reveals the same emotion: "Vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable; all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment." In the coincidence of outer circumstance — the lake, the North Sea, night, the attitude of repose — may we not trace a dissolution of the self-background similar to that of the mystic worshiper? And in the Infinite, no less than in the One, must the soul sink and melt into union with it, because within it there is no determination, no pause, and no change.

The contemplation of the One, however, is not the only type of mystic ecstasy. That intoxication of emotion which seizes upon the negro camp meeting of to-day, as it did upon the Delphic priestesses two thousand years ago, seems at first glance to have nothing in common

psychologically with the blessed nothingness of Gautama and Meister Eckhart. But the loss of the feeling of personality and the sense of possession by a divine spirit are the same. How, then, is this state reached? By means, I believe, which recall the general formula for the disappearance of self-feeling. To repeat the monosyllable *om* (Brahm) ten thousand times; to circle interminably, chanting the while, about a sacred fire; to listen to the monotonous magic drum; to whirl the body about; to rock to and fro on the knees, vociferating prayers, are all methods which enable the members of the respective sects in which they are practiced either to enter, as they say, into the Eternal Being, or to become informed with it through the negation of the self. The sense of personality, at any rate, is more or less completely lost, and the ecstasy takes a form more or less passionate, according as the worshiper depends on the rapidity rather than on the monotony of his excitations. What we are wont to call the inspired madness of the Delphic priestesses was less the expression of ecstasy than the means of its excitation. Every such experience approaches the schematic type of the whirling circle of objects of attention, in which the transition periods are eliminated. Personality is sunk in its content: there is no more near nor far. Perpetual motion, as well as eternal rest, may bring about the engulfment of the self in the object. The most diverse types of religious emotions, *in so far as they present variations in the degree of self-consciousness*, are thus seen to be reducible to the same psychological basis. The circle, no less than the point, is the symbol of the One, and the "devouring unity" that lays hold on consciousness from the loss of the feeling of transition comes in the unrest of enthusiasm no less than in the blissful nothing of Nirvana.

At this point, I am sure, the reader will interpose a protest. Is, then, the mystery of self-abandonment to the highest to be shared with the meanest of fanatics? Are the rapture of Dante and the trance of the Omphalopsychi sprung from the same root? There is no occasion, however, for the revolt of sentiment because we fail to emphasize here the important differences in the emotional character and value of the states in question. What interests us is only one aspect which they have in common, the surrender of the sense of personality. That is based on formal relations of the elements of consciousness, and the explanation of its disappearance applies as well to the whirling dervish as to the converts of a revivalist preacher.

The mystic, then, need only shut his senses to the world, and contemplate the One. Subject fuses with object, and he feels himself melt into the Infinite. But such experience is not the exclusive property of the religious enthusiast. The worshiper of beauty has given evidence of the same feelings. And yet, in his æsthetic rapture, the latter dwells with deliberation on his delights, and while luxuriating in the infinite labyrinths of beauty can scarcely be described as musing on an undifferentiated Unity. So far, at least, it does not appear that our formula applies to æsthetic feeling.

Schopenhauer has told us, to be sure, that the contemplation of the object of art is the means of sinking the will. In that wonderful analysis of the æsthetic attitude in the third book of The World as Will and Idea, we read that he who contemplates the beautiful, "inasmuch as he . . . forgets even his individuality, his will, and only continues to exist as the pure subject, the clear mirror of the object, . . . is no longer individual, but the pure will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge." But Schopenhauer has not explained how this may come to pass psychologically, — he has only described the facts of the æsthetic state; and of those facts we are equally convinced by Byron's

> "I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of all around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling."

It must still be asked how it comes about that "I live not in myself."

Æsthetic feeling arises in the contemplation of a beautiful object. But what makes an object beautiful? To go still further back, just what, psychologically, does contemplation mean? We have been hearing a deal, in recent popularizations of mental science, of ideo-motor impulses. The idea moves us, we are told. To grasp an idea means to carry it out, incipiently at least. We may go even further, and say it is the carrying out by virtue of which we group the idea. How do I think of a tall pine tree? By sweeping my eyes up and down its length, and out to the ends of its branches; and if I am forbidden to move my eye muscles even infinitesimally, then I cannot think of the visual image, but "pine tree" sounds itself in my ears as a word. In short, we perceive an object in space by carrying out its motor suggestions; more technically expressed, by virtue of a complex of ideo-motor impulses aroused by it; more briefly, by incipiently imitating it. And we feel an object as beautiful when this complex of ideo-motor impulses is harmonious with the natural modes of functioning of our organism.

Now the human organism is what every organism must be, — a system of energies reacting upon its centre; centrifugal only in so far as it is at the same time centripetal. In the same way must the object of æsthetic pleasure be a closed circle of suggested energies. The object of art, in which the human organism must find that which it can reproduce, and which reproduces itself, — for so do we interpret "harmony with natural modes of functioning," — must then contain within itself all the suggestions to that unity which an harmonious state of the organism that resounds to it will demand. It too must suggest a balance of energies. It too must bring a state of rest out of motion, of repose out of excitement, of happiness out of sorrow, — in short, of harmony out of discord, such as can be followed by the imitating sentient being as that which is germane to its own nature and needs. From this point of view, it can be made clear how it is that the sense of personality can disappear in the intense contemplation of beauty.

My will does not evaporate because I lose myself in the object, as Schopenhauer would have it. No; I lose myself in the object because my will cannot act upon the object of æsthetic feeling. I cannot eat the grapes of Apuleius or embrace the Galatea of Pygmalion; I cannot rescue Ophelia or enlighten Roxane; moreover, and what is indeed the only essential point, I *will* not. The beautiful object or arrangement, if it is beautiful, satisfies me as it is. I will it to be thus, and not otherwise, and so I am to that degree at rest in it. Of motor impulses to interfere, to act for my own person, I have none. The object of art is a closed circle of impulses. In that, all impulses of soul and sense are bound to react upon one another, and to lead back to one another. Marguerite must die in prison, Macbeth must murder the king, because that act is one thread of the cloth of gold on whose weaving I have for the time being staked my existence. That the house is dark, the audience silent, and all motor impulses outside of the æsthetic circle are stifled is only a superficial and, so to speak, a negative condition. The real ground of the possibility of a momentary self-annihilation lies in the fact that all incitements to motor impulse — except those which belong to the indissoluble ring of the object itself — have been shut out, by the perfection of unity to which the æsthetic object (here the drama) has been brought. The background fades; the foreground satisfies, incites no movement; and with the disappearance of the

possibility of action which would connect the two, fades also that which dwells in this feeling of transition, — the sense of personality. The depth of æsthetic feeling lies not in the worthy countryman who interrupts the play with cries for justice on the villain, but in him who creates the drama again with the poet, who lives over again in himself each of the thrills of emotion passing before him, and loses himself in their web. The object is a unity or our whirling circle of impulses, as you like to phrase it. At any rate, out of that unity the soul does not return upon itself; it remains one with it in the truest sense.

It becomes ever clearer that just the pulsing moments of existence are those in which self-feeling is in abeyance. Subtler and rarer, again, than the raptures of mysticism and of beauty worship is the ecstasy of intellectual production; yet the "clean, clear joy of creation," as Kipling names it, is not less to be grouped with those precious experiences in which the self is sloughed away, and the soul at one with its content. I speak, of course, of intellectual production in full swing, in the momentum of success. The travail of soul over apparently hopeless difficulties or in the working out of indifferent details takes place not only in full self-consciousness, but in self-disgust; there we can take Carlyle to witness. But in the higher stages the fixation of truth and the appreciation of beauty are accompanied by the same extinction of the feeling of individuality. Of testimony we have enough and to spare. I need not fill these pages with confessions and anecdotes of the ecstatical state in which all great deeds of art and science are done. The question is rather to understand and explain it on the basis of the formal scheme to which we have found the religious and the æsthetic attitudes to conform.

Jean Paul says somewhere that, however laborious the completion of a great work, its conception came as a whole, — one flash. We remember the *musikalische Stimmung* of Schiller, — formless, undirected, out of which his poem shaped itself; the half-somnambulic state of Goethe and his frantic haste in fixation of the vision, in which he dared not even stop to put his paper straight, but wrote over the corners quite ruthlessly. If all these traditions be true, they are significant; and the necessary conditions of such composition seem to be highly analogous to those of æsthetic emotion. We have, first of all, lack of outer stimulation, and therefore possible disappearance of the background. How much better have most poets written in a garret than in a boudoir! Goethe's bare little room in the garden house at Weimar testifies to the severe conditions his genius found necessary. Tranquillity of the background is the condition of self-absorption, or — and this point seems to me worth emphasizing — a closed circle of outer activities. I have never believed, for instance, in the case of the old tale of Walter Scott and the button, that it was the surprise of his loss that tied the tongue of the future author's rival. The poor head scholar had simply made for himself, even as the Bacchante or the whirling dervish, a transitionless experience with that twirling button, and could then sink his consciousness in its object, — at that moment the master's questions. It is with many of us a familiar experience, that of not being able to think unless in constant motion. Translated into our psychophysical scheme, the efficiency of these movements would be explained thus: Given the "whirling circles," — the background of continuous movement sensations, which finally dropped out of consciousness, and the foreground of continuous thought, — the first protected, so to speak, the second, since they were mutually exclusive, and what broke the one destroyed the other.

But to return from this digression, a background fading into nothingness,

either as rest or as a closed circle of automatic movements, is the first condition of the ecstasy of mental production. The second is given in the character of its object. The object of high intellectual creation is a unity, — a perfect whole, revealed, as Jean Paul says, in a single movement of genius. Within the enchanted circle of his creation, the thinker is absorbed, because here too all his motor impulses are turned to one end, in relation to which nothing else exists.

I am aware that many will see a sharp distinction here between the work of the creator or discoverer in science and the artist. They may maintain, in Schopenhauer's phrase, that the aim and end of science is just the connection of objects in the service of the will of the individual, and hence transition between the various terms is constant; while art, on the other hand, indeed isolates its object, and so drops transitions. But I think where we speak of "connection" thus we mean the larger sweep of law. If the thinker looks beyond his special problem at all, it is, like Buddha, to "fix his eyes upon the chain of causation." The scientist of imagination sees his work under the form of eternity, as one link of that endless chain, one atom in that vortex of almighty purposes, which science will need all time to reveal. For him it is either one question, closed within itself by its own answer, or it is the Infinite Law of the Universe, — the point or the circle. From all points of view, then, the object of creation in art or science is a girdle of impulses from which the mind may not stray. The two conditions of our formal scheme are given: a term which disappears, and one which is a perfect whole. Transition between background and foreground of attention is no longer possible, because the background has dropped. Between the objects of attention in the foreground it has no meaning, because the foreground is an indissoluble unity. With that object the self must feel itself one, since the distinctive self-feeling has disappeared with the opportunity for transition.

We have thus swung around the circle of mystical, æsthetic, and creative emotion, and we have found a single formula to apply, and a single explanation to avail for the loss of personality. The conditions of such experiences bring about the disappearance of one term, and the impregnable unity of the other. Without transition between two terms in consciousness, two objects of attention, the loss of the feeling of personality takes place according to natural psychological laws. It is no longer a mystery that in intense experience the feeling of personality dissolves.

So it is not only the man of achievement who sees but one thing at a time. To enter intensely into any ideal experience means to be blind to all others. One must lose one's own soul to gain the world, and none who enter and return from the paradise of selfless ecstasy will question that it is gained. The bliss of self-abandonment, however, is a problem for another chapter. It may be that personality is a hindrance and a barrier, and that we are only truly in harmony with the secret of our own existence when we cease to set ourselves over against the world. Nevertheless, the sense of individuality is a possession for which the most of mankind would pay the price, if it must be paid, even of eternal suffering. The delicious hour of fusion with the universe is precious, so it seems to us now, just because we can return from it to our own nest, and, close and warm there, count up our happiness. The fragmentariness and multiplicity of life are, then, the saving of the sense of selfhood, and we must indeed

> "rejoice that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly,
> His soul's wings never furled."

Ethel Dench Puffer.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXXIII.

IN WHICH MY FRIEND BECOMES MY FOE.

In the centre of the wigwam the customary fire burned clear and bright, showing the white mats, the dressed skins, the implements of war hanging upon the bark walls, — all the usual furniture of an Indian dwelling, — and showing also Nantauquas standing against the stripped trunk of a pine that pierced the wigwam from floor to roof. The fire was between us. He stood so rigid, at his full height, with folded arms and head held high, and his features were so blank and still, so forced and frozen, as it were, into composure, that, with the red light beating upon him and the thin smoke curling above his head, he had the look of a warrior tied to the stake.

"Nantauquas!" I exclaimed, and striding past the fire would have touched him, but that with a slight and authoritative motion of the hand he kept me back. Otherwise there was no change in his position or in the dead calm of his face.

The Indian maid had dropped the mat at the entrance, and if she waited, waited without in the darkness. Diccon, now staring at the young chief, now eyeing the weapons upon the wall with all a lover's passion, kept near the doorway. Through the thickness of the bark and woven twigs the wild cries and singing came to us somewhat faintly; beneath that distant noise could be heard the wind in the trees and the soft fall of the burning pine.

"Well," I asked at last, "what is the matter, my friend?"

For a full minute he made no answer, and when he did speak his voice matched his face.

"*My friend!*" he said. "I am going to show myself a friend indeed to the English, to the strangers who were not content with their own hunting grounds beyond the great salt water. When I have done this, I do not know that Captain Percy will call me 'friend' again."

"You were wont to speak plainly, Nantauquas," I answered him. "I am not fond of riddles."

Again he waited, as though he found speech difficult. I stared at him in amazement, he was so changed in so short a time.

He spoke at last: "When the dance is over, and the fires are low, and the sunrise is at hand, then will Opechancanough come to you to bid you farewell. He will give you the pearls that he wears about his neck for a present to the Governor, and a bracelet for yourself. Also he will give you three men for a guard through the forest. He has messages of love to send the white men, and he would send them by you who were his enemy and his captive. So all the white men shall believe in his love."

"Well," I said dryly, as he paused. "I will take his messages. What next?"

"Those are the words of Opechancanough. Now listen to the words of Nantauquas, the son of Wahunsonacock, a war chief of the Powhatans. There are two sharp knives there, hanging beneath the bow and the quiver and the shield. Take them and hide them."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Diccon had the two keen English blades. I took the one he offered me, and hid it in my doublet.

"So we go armed, Nantauquas," I said. "Love and peace and good will consort not with such toys."

"You may want them," he went on,

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with no change in his low, measured tones. "If you see aught in the forest that you should not see, if they think you know more than you are meant to know, then those three, who have knives and tomahawks, are to kill you, whom they believe unarmed."

"See aught that we should not see, know more than we are meant to know?" I said. "To the point, friend."

"They will go slowly, too, through the forest to Jamestown, stopping to eat and to sleep. For them there is no need to run like the stag with the hunter behind him."

"Then we should make for Jamestown as for life," I said; "not sleeping, or eating, or making pause?"

"Yea," he replied, "if you would not die, you and all your people."

In the silence of the hut the fire crackled, and the branches of the trees outside, bent by the wind, made a grating sound against the bark roof.

"How die?" I asked at last. "Speak out!"

"Die by the arrow and the tomahawk," he answered, — "yea, and by the guns you have given the red men. To-morrow's sun, and the next, and the next, — three suns, — and the tribes will fall upon the English. At the same hour, when the men are in the fields and the women and children are in the houses, they will strike, — Kecoughtans, Paspaheghs, Chickahominies, Pamunkeys, Arrowhatocks, Chesapeakes, Nansemonds, Accomacs, — as one man will they strike; and from where the Powhatan falls over the rocks to the salt water beyond Accomac, there will not be one white man left alive."

He ceased to speak, and for a minute the fire made the only sound in the hut. Then, "All die?" I asked dully. "There are three thousand Englishmen in Virginia."

"They are scattered and unwarned. The fighting men of the villages of the Powhatan and the Pamunkey and the great bay are many, and they have sharpened their hatchets and filled their quivers with arrows."

"Scattered," I said, "strewn broadcast up and down the river, — here a lonely house, there a cluster of two or three; they at Jamestown and Henricus off guard, — the men in the fields or at the wharves, the women and the children busy within doors, all unwarned — O my God!"

Diccon strode over from the doorway to the fire. "We'd best be going, I reckon, sir," he said. "Or you wait until morning; then there'll be two chances. Now that I've a knife, I'm thinking I can give account of one of them damned sentries, at least. Once clear of them" —

I shook my head, and the Indian too made a gesture of dissent. "You would only be the first to die," he said.

I leaned against the side of the hut, for my heart beat like a frightened woman's. "Three days," I said. "If we go with all our speed, we shall be in time. When did you learn this thing?"

"While you watched the dance," he answered, "Opechancanough and I sat within his lodge in the darkness. His heart was moved, and he talked to me of his own youth in a strange country, south of the sunset, where he and his people dwelt in stone houses and worshiped a great and fierce god, giving him blood to drink and flesh to eat. To that country, too, white men had come in ships. Then he spoke to me of Powhatan, my father, — of how wise he was, and how great a chief before the English came, and how the English made him kneel in sign that he held his lands from their King, and how he hated them; and then he told me that the tribes had called me 'woman,' 'lover no longer of the warpath and the scalp dance,' but that he, who had no son, loved me as his son, knowing my heart to be Indian still; and then I heard what I have told you."

"How long had this been planned?"

"For many moons. I have been a child, fooled with toys and women's tales."

"What need to send us back to the settlements? Already they believe in him there as in God."

"It is his fancy. Every hunter and trader and learner of our tongues, living in the villages or straying in the woods, has been sent back to Jamestown or to his hundred with presents and with words that are sweeter than honey. Opechancanough has told the three who go with you the hour in which you are to reach Jamestown; he would have you as singing birds, telling lying tales to the Governor, with scarce the smoking of a pipe between those words of peace and the war whoop. But if those who go with you see reason to misdoubt you, they will kill you in the forest."

His voice fell, and he stood in silence, straight as an arrow, against the post, the firelight playing over his dark limbs and sternly quiet face. Outside, the night wind, rising, began to howl through the naked branches, and a louder burst of yells came to us from the roisterers in the distance. The mat before the doorway shook, and a slim brown hand, slipped between the wood and the woven grass, beckoned to us.

"Why did you come?" demanded the Indian. "Long ago, when there were none but dark men from the mother of waters to the hunting grounds beneath the sunset, we were happy. Why did you leave your own land, in the strange black ships with sails like the piled-up clouds of summer? Was it not a good land? Were not your forests broad and green, your fields fruitful, your rivers deep and filled with fish? And the strange towns I have heard of, — were they not fair? You are brave men: had you no enemies there, and no warpaths? It was your home: a man should love the good earth over which he hunts, upon which stands his village. This is the red man's land. He wishes his hunting grounds, his maize fields, and his rivers for himself, his women and children. He has no ships in which to go to another country. When you first came, we thought you were gods; but you have not done like the great white God who, you say, loves you so. You are wiser and stronger than we, but your strength and wisdom help us not: they press us down from men to children; they are weights upon the head and shoulders of a babe to keep him under stature. Ill gifts have you brought us, evil have you wrought us" —

"Not to you, Nantauquas!" I cried, stung into speech.

He turned his eyes upon me. "Nantauquas is the war chief of his tribe. Opechancanough is his king, and he lies upon his bed in his lodge and says within himself: 'My war chief, the Panther, the son of Wahunsonacock, who was chief of all the Powhatans, sits now within his wigwam, sharpening flints for his arrows, making his tomahawk bright and keen, thinking of a day three suns hence, when the tribes will shake off forever the hand upon their shoulder, — the hand so heavy and white that strives always to bend them to the earth and keep them there.' Tell me, you Englishman who have led in war, another name for Nantauquas, and ask no more what evil you have done him."

"I will not call you 'traitor,' Nantauquas," I said, after a pause. "There is a difference. You are not the first child of Powhatan who has loved and shielded the white men."

"She was a woman, a child," he answered. "Out of pity she saved your lives, not knowing that it was to the hurt of her people. Then you were few and weak, and could not take your revenge. Now, if you die not, you will drink deep of vengeance, — so deep that your lips may never leave the cup. More ships will come, and more; you will grow ever stronger. There may

come a moon when the deep forests and the shining rivers know us, to whom Kiwassa gave them, no more." He paused, with unmoved face, and eyes that seemed to pierce the wall and look out into unfathomable distances. "Go!" he said at last. "If you die not in the woods, if you see again the man whom I called my brother and teacher, tell him . . . tell him *nothing!* Go!"

"Come with us," urged Diccon gruffly. "We English will make a place for you among us" — and got no further, for I turned upon him with a stern command for silence.

"I ask of you no such thing, Nantauquas," I said. "Come against us, if you will. Nobly warned, fair upon our guard, we will meet you as knightly foe should be met."

He stood for a minute, the quick change that had come into his face at Diccon's blundering words gone, and his features sternly impassive again; then, very slowly, he raised his arm from his side and held out his hand. His eyes met mine in sombre inquiry, half eager, half proudly doubtful.

I went to him at once, and took his hand in mine. No word was spoken. Presently he withdrew his hand from my clasp, and, putting his finger to his lips, whistled low to the girl outside. She drew aside the hanging mats, and we passed out, Diccon and I, leaving him standing as we had found him, upright against the post, in the red firelight.

Should we ever go through the woods, pass through that gathering storm, reach Jamestown, warn them there of the death that was rushing upon them? Should we ever leave that hated village? Would the morning ever come? When we reached our hut, unseen, and sat down just within the doorway to watch for the dawn, it seemed as though the stars would never pale. Ever the leaping Indians between us and the fire fed the tall flame; if one figure fell in the wild dancing, another took its place; the yelling never ceased, nor the beating of the drums.

It was an alarum that was sounding, and there were only two to hear; miles away beneath the mute stars English men and women lay asleep, with the hour thundering at their gates, and there was none to cry, "Awake!" When would the dawn come, when should we be gone? I could have cried out in that agony of waiting, with the leagues on leagues to be traveled, and the time so short! If we never reached those sleepers — I saw the dark warriors gathering, tribe on tribe, war party on war party, thick-crowding shadows of death, slipping through the silent forest . . . and the clearings we had made and the houses we had built . . . the goodly Englishmen, Kent and Thorpe and Yeardley, Maddison, Wynne, Hamor, the men who had striven to win and hold this land, so fatal and so fair, West and Rolfe and Jeremy Sparrow . . . the children about the doorsteps, the women . . . one woman . . .

It came to an end, as all things earthly will. The flames of the great bonfire sank lower and lower, and as they sank the gray light faltered into being, grew and strengthened. At last the dancers were still, the women scattered, the priests with their hideous Okee gone. The wailing of the pipes died away, the drums ceased to beat, and the village lay in the keen wind and the pale light, inert and quiet with the stillness of exhaustion.

The pause and hush did not last. When the ruffled pools amid the marshes were rosy beneath the sunrise, the women brought us food, and the warriors and old men gathered about us. They sat upon mats or billets of wood, and I offered them bread and meat, and told them they must come to Jamestown to taste of the white man's cookery.

Scarcely was the meal over when Opechancanough issued from his lodge, with his picked men behind him, and, coming slowly up to us, took his seat upon the

white mat that was spread for him. For a few minutes he sat in a silence that neither we nor his people cared to break. Only the wind sang in the brown branches, and from some forest brake came a stag's hoarse cry. As he sat in the sunshine he glistened all over, like an Ethiop besprent with silver; for his dark limbs and mighty chest had been oiled, and then powdered with antimony. Through his scalp lock was stuck an eagle's feather; across his face, from temple to chin, was a bar of red paint; the eyes above were very bright and watchful, but we upon whom that scrutiny was bent were as little wont as he to let our faces tell our minds.

One of his young men brought a great pipe, carved and painted, stem and bowl; an old man filled it with tobacco, and a warrior lit it and bore it to the Emperor. He put it to his lips and smoked in silence, while the sun climbed higher and higher, and the golden minutes that were more precious than heart's blood went by, at once too slow, too swift.

At last, his part in the solemn mockery played, he held out the pipe to me. "The sky will fall, and the rivers run dry, and the birds cease to sing," he said, "before the smoke of the calumet fades from the land."

I took the symbol of peace, and smoked it as silently and soberly — ay, and as slowly — as he had done before me; then laid it leisurely aside and held out my hand. "My eyes have been holden," I told him, "but now I see plainly the deep graves of the hatchets and the drifting of the peace smoke through the forest. Let Opechancanough come to Jamestown to smoke of the Englishman's *uppowoc*, and to receive rich presents, — a red robe like his brother Powhatan's, and a cup from which he shall drink, he and all his people."

He laid his dark fingers in mine for an instant, withdrew them, and, rising to his feet, motioned to three Indians who stood out from the throng of warriors. "These are Captain Percy's guides and friends," he announced. "The sun is high; it is time that he was gone. Here are presents for him and for my brother the Governor." As he spoke, he took from his neck the rope of pearls and from his arm a copper bracelet, and laid both upon my palm.

I thrust the pearls within my doublet, and slipped the bracelet upon my wrist. "Thanks, Opechancanough," I said briefly. "When we meet again, I shall not greet you with empty thanks."

By this all the folk of the village had gathered around us; and now the drums beat again, and the maidens raised a wild and plaintive song of farewell. At a sign from the werowance men and women formed a rude procession, and followed us, who were to go upon a journey, to the edge of the village where the marsh began. Only the dark Emperor and the old men stayed behind, sitting and standing in the sunshine, with the peace pipe lying on the grass at their feet, and the wind moving the branches overhead. I looked back and saw them thus, and wondered idly how many minutes they would wait before putting on the black paint. Of Nantauquas we had seen nothing. Either he had gone to the forest, or upon some pretense he kept within his lodge.

We bade farewell to the noisy throng who had brought us upon our way, and went down to the river, where we found a canoe and rowers, crossed the stream, and, bidding the rowers good-by, entered the forest. It was Wednesday morning, and the sun was two hours high. Three suns, Nantauquas had said: on Friday, then, the blow would fall. Three days! Once at Jamestown, it would take three days to warn each lonely scattered settlement, to put the colony into any posture of defense. What of the leagues of danger-haunted forest to be traversed before even a single soul of the three thousand could be warned?

As for the three Indians, — who had their orders to go slowly, who at any suspicious haste or question or anxiety on our part were to kill us whom they deemed unarmed, — when they left their village that morning, they left it forever. There were times when Diccon and I had no need of speech, but knew each other's mind without; so now, though no word had been spoken, we were agreed to set upon and slay our guides on the first occasion that offered.

XXXIV.

IN WHICH THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT.

The three Indians of whom we must rid ourselves were approved warriors, fierce as wolves, cunning as foxes, keen-eyed as hawks. They had no reason to doubt us, to dream that we would turn upon them, but from habit they watched us, with tomahawk and knife resting loosely in their belts.

As for us, we walked lightly, smiled freely, and spoke frankly. The sunshine streaming down in the spaces where the trees fell away was not brighter than our mood. Had we not smoked the peace pipe? Were we not on our way home? Diccon, walking behind me, fell into a low-voiced conversation with the savage who strode beside him. It related to the barter for a dozen otterskins of a gun which he had at Jamestown. The savage was to bring the skins to Paspahegh at his earliest convenience, and Diccon would meet him there and give him the gun, provided the pelts were to his liking. As they talked, each in his mind's eye saw the other dead before him. The one meant to possess a gun, indeed, but he thought to take it himself from the munition house at Jamestown; the other knew that the otter which died not until this Indian's arrow quivered in its side would live until doomsday. Yet they discussed the matter gravely, hedging themselves about with provisos, and, the bargain clinched, walked on side by side in the silence of a perfect and all-comprehending amity.

The sun rode higher and higher, gilding the misty green of the budding trees, quickening the red maple bloom into fierce scarlet, throwing lances of light down through the pine branches to splinter against the dark earth far below. For an hour it shone; then clouds gathered and shut it from sight. The forest darkened, and the wind arose with a shriek. The young trees cowered before the blast, the strong and vigorous beat their branches together with a groaning sound, the old and worn fell crashing to the earth. Presently the rain rushed down, slant lines of silver tearing through the wood with the sound of the feet of an army; hail followed, a torrent of ice beating and bruising all tender green things to the earth. The wind took the multitudinous sounds, — the cries of frightened birds, the creaking trees, the snap of breaking boughs, the crash of falling giants, the rush of the rain, the drumming of the hail, — enwound them with itself, and made the forest like a great shell held close to the ear.

There was no house to flee to; so long as we could face the hail we staggered on, heads down, buffeting the wind; but at last, the fury of the storm increasing, we were fain to throw ourselves upon the earth, in a little brake, where an overhanging bank somewhat broke the wind. A mighty oak, swaying and groaning above us, might fall and crush us like eggshells; but an we went on the like fate might meet us in the way. Broken and withered limbs, driven by the wind, went past us like crooked shadows; it grew darker and darker, and the air was deadly cold.

The three Indians pressed their faces against the ground; they dreamed not of harm from us, but Okee was in the mer-

ciless hail and the first thunder of the year, now pealing through the wood. Suddenly Diccon raised himself upon his elbow, and looked across at me. Our eyes had no sooner met than his hand was at his bosom. The savage nearest him, feeling the movement, as it were, lifted his head from the earth, of which it was so soon to become a part; but if he saw the knife, he saw it too late. The blade, driven down with all the strength of a desperate man, struck home; when it was drawn from its sheath of flesh, there remained to us but a foe apiece.

In the instant of its descent I had thrown myself upon the Indian nearest me. It was not a time for overniceness. If I could have done so, I would have struck him in the back while he thought no harm; as it was, some subtle instinct warning him, he whirled himself over in time to strike up my hand and to clinch with me. He was very strong, and his naked body, wet with rain, slipped like a snake from my hold. Over and over we rolled on the rain-soaked moss and rotted leaves and cold black earth, the hail blinding us, and the wind shrieking like a thousand watching demons. He strove to reach the knife within his belt; I, to prevent him, and to strike deep with the knife I yet held.

At last I did so. Blood gushed over my hand and wrist, the clutch upon my arm relaxed, the head fell back. The dying eyes glared into mine; then the lids shut forever upon that unquenchable hatred. I staggered to my feet, and turned, to find that Diccon had given account of the third Indian.

We stood up in the hail and the wind, and looked at the dead men at our feet. Then, without speaking, we went our way through the tossing forest, with the hailstones coming thick against us, and the wind a strong hand to push us back. When we came to a little trickling spring, we knelt and washed our hands.

The hail ceased, but the rain fell and the wind blew throughout the morning. We made what speed we could over the boggy earth, against the storm, but we knew that we were measuring miles where we should have measured leagues. There was no breath to waste in words, and thought was a burden quite intolerable; it was enough to stumble on through the partial light, with a mind as gray and blank as the rain-blurred distance.

At noon the clouds broke, and an hour later the sunshine was streaming down from a cloudless heaven, beneath which the forest lay clear before us, naught stirring save shy sylvan creatures to whom it mattered not if red man or white held the land.

Side by side Diccon and I hurried on, not speaking, keeping eye and ear open, proposing with all our will to reach the goal we had set, and to reach it in time, let what might oppose. It was but another forced march; many had we made in our time, through dangers manifold, and had lived to tell the tale.

There was no leisure in which to play the Indian and cover up our footprints as we made them, but when we came to a brook we stepped into the cold, swift-flowing water, and kept it company for a while. The brook flowed between willows, thickly set, already green, and overarching a yard or more of water. Presently it bent sharply, and we turned with it. Ten yards in front of us the growth of willows ceased abruptly, the low, steep banks shelved downwards to a grassy level, and the stream widened into a clear and placid pool, as blue as the sky above. Couched upon the grass or standing in the shallow water were some fifteen or twenty deer. We had come upon them without noise; the wind blew from them to us, and the willows hid us from their sight. There was no alarm, and we stood a moment watching them before we should throw a stone or branch into their midst and scare them from our path.

Suddenly, as we looked, the leader

threw up his head, made a spring, and was off like a dart across the stream and into the depths of the forest beyond. The herd followed. A moment, and there were only the trodden grass and the troubled waters; no other sign that aught living had passed that way.

"Now what was that for?" muttered Diccon. "I'm thinking we had best not take to the open just yet."

For answer I parted the willows, and forced myself into the covert; pressing as closely as possible against the bank, and motioning him to do the same. He obeyed, and the thick-clustering gold-green twigs swung into place again, shutting us in with the black water and the leafy, crumbling bank. From that green dimness we could look out upon the pool and the grass with small fear that we ourselves would be seen.

Out of the shadow of the trees into the grassy space stepped an Indian; a second followed, a third, a fourth, — one by one they came from the gloom into the sunlight, until we had counted a score or more. They made no pause, a glance telling them to what were due the trampled grass and the muddied water. As they crossed the stream one stooped and drank from his hand, but they said no word and made no noise. All were painted black; a few had striped face and chest with yellow. Their head-dresses were tall and wonderful, their leggings and moccasins fringed with scalp locks; their hatchets glinted in the sunshine, and their quivers were stuck full of arrows. One by one they glided from the stream into the thick woods beyond. We waited until we knew that they were deep in the forest, then crept from the willows and went our way.

"They were Youghtenunds," I said, in the low tones we used when we spoke at all, "and they went to the southward."

"We may thank our stars that they missed our trail," Diccon answered.

We spoke no more, but, leaving the stream, struck again toward the south. The day wore on, and still we went without pause. Sun and shade and keen wind, long stretches of pine and open glades where we quickened our pace to a run, dense woods, snares of leafless vines, swamp and thicket through which we toiled so slowly that the heart bled at the delay, streams and fallen trees, — on and on we hurried, until the sun sank and the dusk came creeping in upon us.

"We 've dined with Duke Humphrey to-day," said Diccon at last; "but if we can keep this pace, and don't meet any more war parties, or fall foul of an Indian village, or have to fight the wolves to-night, we 'll dine with the Governor to-morrow. What 's that?"

"That" was the report of a musket, and a spent ball had struck me above the knee, bruising the flesh beneath the leather of my boot.

We wheeled, and looked in the direction whence had come that unwelcome visitor. There was naught to be seen. It was dusk in the distance, and there were thickets, too, and fallen logs. Where that ambuscade was planted, if one or twenty Indians lurked in the dusk behind the trees, or lay on the further side of those logs, or crouched within a thicket, no mortal man could tell.

"It was a spent ball," I said. "Our best hope is in our heels."

"There are pines beyond, and smooth going," he answered; "but if ever I thought to run from an Indian!"

Without more ado we started. If we could outstrip that marksman, if we could even hold our distance until night had fallen, all might yet be well. A little longer, and even an Indian must fire at random; moreover, we might reach some stream and manage to break our trail. The ground was smooth before us, — too smooth, and slippery with pine needles; the pines themselves stood in grim brown rows, and we ran between them lightly and easily, husbanding our

strength. Now and again one or the other looked behind, but we saw only the pines and the gathering dusk. Hope was strengthening in us, when a second bullet dug into the earth just beyond us.

Diccon swore beneath his breath. "It struck deep," he muttered. "The dark is slow in coming."

A minute later, as I ran with my head over my shoulder, I saw our pursuer, dimly, like a deeper shadow in the shadows far down the arcade behind us. There was but one man, — a tall warrior, strayed aside from his band, perhaps, or bound upon a warpath of his own. The musket that he carried some English fool had sold him for a mess of pottage.

Putting forth all our strength, we ran for our lives, and for the lives of many others. Before us the pine wood sloped down to a deep and wide thicket, and beyond the thicket a line of sycamores promised water. If we could reach the thicket, its close embrace would hide us; then the darkness and the stream. A third shot, and Diccon staggered slightly.

"For God's sake, not struck, man?" I cried.

"It grazed my arm," he panted. "No harm done. Here 's the thicket."

Into the dense growth we broke, reckless of the blood which the sharp twigs drew from face and hands. The twigs met in a thick roof over our heads; that was all we cared for, and through the network we saw one of the larger stars brighten into being. The thicket was many yards across. When we had gone thirty feet down, we crouched and waited for the dark. If our enemy followed us, he must do so at his peril, with only his knife for dependence.

One by one the stars swam into sight, until the square of sky above us was thickly studded. There was no sound, and no living thing could have entered that thicket without noise. For what seemed an eternity we waited; then we rose and broke our way through the bushes to the sycamores, to find that they indeed shadowed a little sluggish stream.

Down this we waded for some distance before taking to dry earth again. Since entering the thicket we had seen and heard nothing suspicious, and were now fain to conclude that the dark warrior had wearied of the chase, and was gone on his way toward his mates and that larger and surer quarry which two suns would bring. Certain it is that we saw no more of him.

The stream flowing to the south, we went with it, hurrying along its bank, beneath the shadow of great trees, with the stars gleaming down through the branches. It was cold and still, and far in the distance we heard wolves hunting. As for me, I felt no weariness. Every sense was sharpened; my feet were light; the keen air was like wine in the drinking; there was a star low in the south that shone and beckoned. The leagues between my wife and me were few. I saw her standing beneath the star, with a little purple flower in her hand.

Suddenly, a bend in the stream hiding the star, I became aware that Diccon was no longer keeping step with me, but had fallen somewhat to the rear. I turned, and he was leaning heavily, with drooping head, against the trunk of a tree.

"Art so worn as that?" I exclaimed. "Put more heart into thy heels, man!"

He straightened himself and strode on beside me. "I don't know what came over me for a minute," he answered. "The wolves are loud to-night. I hope they 'll keep to their side of the water."

A stone's throw farther on, the stream curving to the west, we left it, and found ourselves in a sparsely wooded glade, with a bare and sandy soil beneath our feet, and above, in the western sky, a crescent moon. Again Diccon lagged

behind, and presently I heard him groan in the darkness.

I wheeled. "Diccon!" I cried. "What is the matter?"

Before I could reach him he had sunk to his knees. When I put my hand upon his arm and again demanded what ailed him, he tried to laugh, then tried to swear, and ended with another groan. "The ball did graze my arm," he said, "but it went on into my side. I 'll just lie here and die, and wish you well at Jamestown. When the red imps come against you there, and you open fire on them, name a bullet for me."

XXXV.

IN WHICH I COME TO THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

I laid him down upon the earth, and, cutting away his doublet and the shirt beneath, saw the wound, and knew that there was a journey indeed that he would shortly make. "The world is turning round," he muttered, "and the stars are falling thicker than the hailstones yesterday. Go on, and I will stay behind, — I and the wolves."

I took him in my arms and carried him back to the bank of the stream, for I knew that he would want water until he died. My head was bare, but he had worn his cap from the gaol at Jamestown, that night. I filled it with water and gave him to drink; then washed the wound and did what I could to stanch the bleeding. He turned from side to side, and presently his mind began to wander, and he talked of the tobacco in the fields at Weyanoke. Soon he was raving of old things, old camp fires and nighttime marches and wild skirmishes, perils by land and by sea; then of dice and wine and women. Once he cried out that Dale had bound him upon the wheel, and that his arms and legs were broken, and the woods rang to his screams. Why, in that wakeful forest, they were unheard, or why, if heard, they went unheeded, God only knows.

The moon went down, and it was very cold. How black were the shadows around us, what foes might steal from that darkness upon us, it was not worth while to consider. I do not know what I thought of on that night, or even that I thought at all. Between my journeys for the water that he called for I sat beside the dying man, with my hand upon his breast, for he was quieter so. Now and then I spoke to him, but he answered not.

Hours before we had heard the howling of wolves, and knew that some ravenous pack was abroad. With the setting of the moon the noise had ceased, and I thought that the brutes had pulled down the deer they hunted, or else had gone with their hunger and their dismal voices out of earshot. Suddenly the howling recommenced, — at first faint and far away, then nearer and nearer yet. Earlier in the evening the stream had been between us, but now the wolves had crossed, and were coming down our side of the water, and were coming fast.

All the ground was strewn with dead wood, and near by was a growth of low and brittle bushes. I gathered the withered branches, and broke fagots from the bushes; then into the press of dark and stealthy forms I threw a great crooked stick, shouting as I did so, and threatening with my arms. They turned and fled, but presently they were back again. Again I frightened them away, and again they returned. I had flint and steel and tinder box; when I had scared them from us a third time, and they had gone only a little way, I lit a splinter of pine, and with it fired my heap of wood; then dragged Diccon into the light and sat down beside him, with no longer any fear of the wolves, but with absolute confidence in the quick appearance of less cowardly foes. There was wood enough and to spare; when the fire sank low

and the hungry eyes gleamed nearer, I fed it again, and the flame leaped up and mocked the eyes.

No human enemy came upon us. The fire blazed and roared, and the man who lay in its rosy glare raved on, crying out now and then at the top of his voice; but on that night of all nights, of all years, light and voice drew no savage band to put out the one and silence the other forever.

Hours passed, and as it drew toward midnight Diccon sank into a stupor. I knew that the end was not far away. The wolves were gone at last, and my fire was dying down. He needed my touch upon his breast no longer, and I went to the stream and bathed my hands and forehead, and then threw myself, face downward, upon the bank. In a little while the desolate murmur of the water became intolerable, and I rose and went back to the fire, and to the man whom, as God lives, I loved as a brother.

He was conscious. Pale and cold and nigh gone as he was, there came a light to his eyes and a smile to his lips when I knelt beside him. "You did not go?" he breathed.

"No," I answered, "I did not go."

For a few minutes he lay with closed eyes; when he again opened them upon my face, there were in their depths a question and an appeal. I bent over him, and asked him what he would have.

"You know," he whispered. "If you can . . . I would not go without it."

"Is it that?" I asked. "I forgave you long ago."

"I meant to kill you. I was mad because you struck me before the lady, and because I had betrayed my trust. An you had not caught my hand, I should be your murderer." He spoke with long intervals between the words, and the death dew was on his forehead.

"Remember it not, Diccon," I entreated. "I too was to blame. And I see not that night for other nights, — for other nights and days, Diccon."

He smiled, but there was still in his face a shadowy eagerness. "You said you would never strike me again," he went on, "and that I was man of yours no more forever — and you gave me my freedom in the paper which I tore." He spoke in gasps, with his eyes upon mine. "I 'll be gone in a few minutes now. If I might go as your man still, and could tell the Lord Jesus Christ that my master on earth forgave and took back, it would be a hand in the dark. I have spent my life in gathering darkness for myself at the last."

I bent lower over him, and took his hand in mine. "Diccon, my man," I said.

A brightness came into his face, and he faintly pressed my hand. I slipped my arm beneath him and raised him a little higher to meet his death. He was smiling now, and his mind was not quite clear. "Do you mind, sir," he asked, "how green and strong and sweet smelled the pines that May day, when we found Virginia, so many years ago?"

"Ay, Diccon," I answered. "Before we saw the land, the fragrance told us we were near it."

"I smell it now," he went on, "and the bloom of the grape, and the May-time flowers. And can you not hear, sir, the whistling and the laughter and the sound of the falling trees, that merry time when Smith made axemen of all our fine gentlemen?"

"Ay, Diccon," I said; "and the sound of the water that was dashed down the sleeve of any that were caught in an oath."

He laughed like a little child. "It is well that I was n't a gentleman, and had not those trees to fell, or I should have been as wet as any merman. . . . And Pocahontas, the little maid . . . and how blue the sky was, and how glad we were what time the Patience and Deliverance came in" . . .

His voice failed, and for a minute I thought he was gone; but he had been a

strong man, and life slipped not easily from him. When his eyes opened again he knew me not, but thought he was in some tavern, and struck with his hand upon the ground as upon a table, and called for the drawer.

Around him were only the stillness and the shadows of the night, but to his vision men sat and drank with him, diced and swore and told wild tales of this or that. For a time he talked loudly and at random of the vile quality of the drink, and his viler luck at the dice; then he began to tell a story. As he told it, his senses seemed to steady, and he spoke with coherence and like a shadow of himself.

"And you call that a great thing, William Host?" he demanded. "I can tell a true tale worth two such lies, my masters. (Robin tapster, more ale! And move less like a slug, or my tankard and your ear will cry, 'Well met!') It was between Ypres and Courtrai, friends, and it 's nigh fifteen years ago. There were fields in which nothing was sowed because they were ploughed with the hoofs of war horses, and ditches in which dead men were thrown, and dismal marshes, and roads that were no roads at all, but only sloughs. And there was a great stone house, old and ruinous, with tall poplars shivering in the rain and mist. Into this house there threw themselves a band of Dutch and English, and hard on their heels came two hundred Spaniards. All day they besieged that house, — smoke and flame and thunder and shouting and the crash of masonry; and when eventide was come, we — the Dutch and the English — thought that Death was not an hour behind."

He paused, and made a gesture of raising a tankard to his lips. His eyes were bright, his voice was firm. The memory of that old day and its mortal strife had wrought upon him like wine.

"There was one amongst us," he said, "he was our captain, and it 's of him I am going to tell the story. — Robin tapster, bring me no more ale, but good mulled wine. It 's cold and getting dark, and I have to drink to a brave man besides" —

With the old bold laugh in his eyes, he raised himself, for the moment as strong as I that held him. "Drink to that Englishman, all of ye!" he cried, — "and not in filthy ale, but in good, gentlemanly sack! I 'll pay the score. Here 's to him, brave hearts! Here 's to my master!"

With his hand at his mouth, and his story untold, he fell back. I held him in my arms until the brief struggle was over, and then laid his body down upon the earth.

It might have been one of the clock. For a little while I sat beside him, with my head bowed in my hands. Then I straightened his limbs and crossed his hands upon his breast, and kissed him upon the brow, and left him lying dead in the forest.

It was hard going through the blackness of the nighttime woods. Once I was nigh sucked under in a great swamp, and once I stumbled into some hole or pit in the earth, and for a time thought that I had broken my leg. The night was very dark, and sometimes, when I could not see the stars, I lost my way, and went to the right or the left, or even back upon my track. Though I heard the wolves, they did not come nigh me. Just before daybreak, I crouched behind a log, and watched a party of savages file past like shadows of the night.

At last the dawn came, and I could press on more rapidly. For two days and two nights I had not slept; for a day and a night I had not tasted food. As the sun climbed the heavens, a thousand black spots, like summer gnats, danced between his face and my weary eyes. The forest laid stumbling-blocks before me, and drove me back, and made me wind in and out when I would have had my path straighter than an arrow. When the ground allowed, I ran; when

I must break my way, panting, through undergrowth so dense and stubborn that it seemed some enchanted thicket, where each twig snapped but to be on the instant stiff in place again, I broke it with what patience I might; when I must turn aside for this or that obstacle, I made the detour, though my heart cried out at the necessity. Once I saw reason to believe that two or more Indians were upon my trail, and lost time in outwitting them; and once I must go a mile out of my way to avoid an Indian village.

As the day wore on, I began to go as in a dream. It had come to seem the gigantic wood of some fantastic tale through which I was traveling. The fallen trees ranged themselves into an abatis hard to surmount; the thickets withstood one like iron; the streamlets were like rivers, the marshes leagues wide, the treetops miles away. Little things, twisted roots, trailing vines, dead and rotten wood, made me stumble. A wind was blowing that had blown just so since time began, and the forest was filled with the sound of the sea.

Afternoon came, and the shadows began to lengthen. They were lines of black paint spilt in a thousand places, and stealing swiftly and surely across the brightness of the land. Torn and bleeding and breathless, I hastened on; for it was drawing toward night, and I should have been at Jamestown hours before. My head pained me, and as I ran I saw men and women stealing in and out among the trees before me: Pocahontas with her wistful eyes and braided hair and finger on her lips; Nantauquas; Dale the knight-marshal, and Argall with his fierce, unscrupulous face; my cousin George Percy, and my mother with her stately figure, her embroidery in her hands. I knew that they were but phantoms of my brain, but their presence confused and troubled me.

The shadows ran together, and the sunshine died out of the forest. Stumbling on, I saw through the thinning trees a long gleam of red, and thought it was blood, but presently knew that it was the river, crimson from the sunset. A minute more, and I stood upon the shore of the mighty stream, between the two brightnesses of flood and heavens. There was a silver crescent in the sky, with one white star above it; and fair in sight, down the James, with lights springing up through the twilight, was the town, — the English town that we had built and named for our King, and had held in the teeth of Spain, in the teeth of the wilderness and its terrors. It was not a mile away; a little longer, — a little longer and I could rest, my tidings told.

The dusk had quite fallen when I reached the neck of land. The hut to which I had been enticed that night stood dark and ghastly, with its door swinging in the wind. I ran past it and across the neck, and, arriving at the palisade, beat upon the gate with my hands, and called to the warder to open. When I had told him my name and tidings, he did so, with shaking knees and starting eyes. Cautioning him to raise no alarm in the town, I hurried past him into the street, and down it toward the house that was set aside for the Governor of Virginia. I should find there now, not Yeardley, but Sir Francis Wyatt.

The torches were lighted, and the folk were indoors, for the night was cold. One or two figures that I met or passed would have accosted me, not knowing who I was; but I brushed by them, and hastened on. Only when I passed the guest house I looked up, and saw that mine host's chief rooms were yet in use.

The Governor's door was open, and in the hall serving men were moving to and fro. When I came in upon them, they cried out as it had been a ghost, and one fellow let a silver dish that he carried fall clattering to the floor. They shook and stood back, as I passed them without a word and went on to the Governor's great room. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open and stood for a

minute upon the threshold, unobserved by the occupants of the room.

After the darkness outside the lights dazzled me; the room, too, seemed crowded with men, though when I counted them there were not so many, after all. Supper had been put upon the table, but they were not eating. Before the fire, his head thoughtfully bent and his fingers tapping upon the arm of his chair, sat the Governor; over against him, and as serious of aspect, was the Treasurer. West stood by the mantel, tugging at his long mustaches and softly swearing. Clayborne was in the room, and Piersey the Cape Merchant, and one or two besides. And Rolfe was there, walking up and down with hasty steps, and a flushed and haggard face. His suit of buff was torn and stained, and his great-boots were spattered with mud.

The Governor let his fingers rest upon the arm of his chair, and raised his head.

"He is dead, Master Rolfe," he said. "There can be no other conclusion, — a brave man lost to you and to the colony. We mourn with you, sir."

"We too have searched, Jack," put in West. "We have not been idle, though well-nigh all men believe that the Indians, who we know had a grudge against him, murdered him and his man that night, then threw their bodies into the river and made off."

"As for this latest loss," continued the Governor, "within an hour of its discovery this morning search parties were out; yea, if I had allowed it, the whole town would have betaken itself to the woods. The searchers have not returned, and we are gravely anxious. Yet we are not utterly cast down. This trail can hardly be missed, and the Indians are friendly. There were a number in town overnight, and they went with the searchers, volunteering to act as their guides. We cannot but think that of this load our hearts will soon be eased."

"God grant it!" groaned Rolfe. "I will drink but a cup of wine, sir, and then will be gone upon this new quest."

"You are worn and spent with your travel, sir," said the Governor. "I give you my word that all that can be done is doing. Wait at least for the morning, and the good news it may bring."

The other shook his head. "I will go now. I could not look my friend in the face else — God in heaven!"

The Governor sprang to his feet; through the Treasurer's lips came a long, sighing breath; West's dark face was ashen. I came forward to the table, and leaned my weight upon it; for all the waves of the sea were roaring in my ears, and the lights were going up and down.

"Are you man or spirit?" cried Rolfe. "Are you Ralph Percy?"

"Yes, I am Percy," I said. "I have not well understood what quest you would go upon, Rolfe, but you cannot go to-night. And those parties that your Honor talked of, that have gone with Indians to guide them, — I think that you will never see them again."

With an effort I drew myself erect, and standing so told my tidings, quietly and with circumstance, so as to leave no room for doubt as to their verity, or as to the sanity of him who brought them. They listened, as the warder had listened, with shaking limbs and gasping breath; for this was the fall and wiping out of a people of which I brought warning.

When all was told, and they stood there before me, white and shaken, seeking in their minds the thing to say or do first, I thought to ask a question myself; but before my tongue could frame it, the roaring of the sea became so loud that I could hear naught else, and the lights all ran together into a wheel of fire. Then in a moment all sounds ceased, and to the lights succeeded the blackness of outer darkness.

Mary Johnston

(*To be continued.*)

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.[1]

THE last three decades of the nineteenth century will be known as a period of extraordinary progress in American education. To the American college they have been a period of unsettlement, starting many problems, solving few, and completely transforming its environment; so that the college will pass into the new century with many questions pressing upon it, so far-reaching and fundamental that the wisdom and experience of thirty years more will hardly suffice for their solution.

The prevailing type of college instruction in this country is the one first established at Harvard, which leads the student to the bachelor's degree by a more or less fixed course of study, occupying a definite period of time. The degree was originally attainable in three years, or even in two; but as early as 1654, owing to the inadequacy of the preparatory training of that day, the period was lengthened to four years. Yale passed through a similar experience, and the Harvard-Yale system was adopted by nearly all of the later colleges. The course of four years became the traditional American college course, and to-day, after the lapse of two centuries, it still remains, — one of the few things in American life that appear to be permanent. Under circumstances radically different from those under which it was established, against every assault and protest, the venerable institution still holds its ground, apparently impregnable.

This permanence, however, is more in seeming than in reality. The assailants have made no breach in the walls, but they have entered in at the gates, and by various indirect means have worked their will. The college of to-day, with its outward form and framework little changed, is a very different thing from the college of thirty years ago; and this is true not only of the younger institutions, but of the oldest and the most conservative.

The causes that have produced this change have worked upon the college in different ways, — from below, from within, from above; but they are all really one cause working through various channels. It is customary to speak of this cause as the growth of the elective system; but the elective system is itself a result, or rather a method. The real cause, of which the elective system is merely the manifestation, is the enlargement of the range of education, due not so much to increase of knowledge, — for not all new knowledge is straightway fit for educational purposes, — but rather to the conversion of new fields of knowledge to the uses of education.

This force has worked upon the college from below in the expansion and diversification of the preparatory course. Of the pupils of the academy and the high school a very small fraction go to college. The instruction in these institutions must of course be adapted to the needs of the great majority, who go from school directly into life; and our secondary instruction has, in fact, been very much enlarged and improved in the interest of these pupils in the last thirty years. On the basis of this undisputed fact, it is claimed that the college ought to adapt its course to that of the high school, so that adequate knowledge of any substantial subject learned in school should count toward admission to college, and the pupil should be free to choose at the end of his school course, instead of being required to choose at the beginning, whether he will go to college or not. The claim is a plausible one, and large

[1] President's address before the American Philological Association, at its thirty-first annual session, in July, 1899.

concessions have already been made to it. How profoundly the college would be affected by granting the full measure of it needs no exposition.

Within the college, the broadening of the educational horizon has necessarily developed the elective system, with its great advantages and its attendant dangers, the control of which presents one of the most difficult problems in college management to-day.

Above the college, the development of our educational resources is most conspicuously manifest in the creation of the graduate school, which has come to round out our university system, providing for advanced students in letters and science the opportunities for which, thirty years ago, they had to go abroad. In our older universities, the graduate school has been either developed out of the college by the gradual expansion of the body of instruction, until, like a protoplasmic cell, it separated naturally into two distinct organisms, or it has been grafted upon the college, with a separate management from the first. In the newer universities, the graduate department has sometimes taken precedence in the plans of the founders, but in only one instance, so far as I am aware, has undergraduate instruction been left out of the scheme entirely. In practically all our universities, then, the undergraduate and graduate departments exist together, as lower and upper divisions of the same scheme of instruction; and whether the upper has been developed out of the lower or grafted upon it, or both came into being together, it is obvious that they are organically related, and must exert upon each other a powerful influence. It is obvious, also, that this influence will not be confined to the universities, but must extend to the independent colleges.

But the graduate school, while the most conspicuous, is by no means the only new feature of our educational system in its higher stages. The professional schools, one may almost say, have been made over in these thirty years. They not only provide more thorough and systematic instruction than formerly, but they have been broadened and liberalized in their methods, making room for a more scientific treatment of their several branches and for training in research. With this growth has come, necessarily, the requirement of more time. In law, where two years, or even eighteen months, once sufficed, three years are demanded now; the medical schools have begun to require four years for their degree; and the best equipped professional schools now provide such opportunities for extended study that their students may stay on with profit a year or two after graduation. Moreover, the professional schools have not failed to see that, for the better quality of work they now exact, a broad general training is necessary, and some of them already demand a college education as a requirement for admission.

Thus, at every stage of our educational system, not in the college alone, but below it and above it, we see the same forces at work, — everywhere enlargement, expansion, vigorous growth. Under the operation of these forces, what is to become of the college? Can it maintain its place? Ought it to be maintained? Why should we support, at great expense, this intermediate institution? Why transplant our educational shoots twice? What function does the college serve that could not be performed by the secondary school or by the graduate school? Why not partition the province of the college between these two, and divert its resources into other channels?

This will seem to some an academic question in more senses than one, — a question of no practical import. The college is firmly established in our national life. It is deeply rooted in the affections of thousands of graduates; it administers the bounty of hundreds of benefactors; for better or for worse, it

is here to stay. Yet there is no reason to believe that the college is exempt from the inexorable law that no public institution can prosper, or even long endure, which does not serve some useful purpose to the community. Libraries, museums, wealth of endowment, noble traditions, — not these, but the vigorous stream of intellectual life to which they minister makes the college. If new conditions arise, — as they have now arisen, — and the college fail to adjust itself to them; or if, in its eagerness to meet new demands, it prove false to its own ideals; if it really has nothing to offer the student that he cannot get as well or better elsewhere, then the stream of intellectual life will pass it by, and we shall have put our trust vainly in endowments and traditions. But if the college has a province all its own, with natural boundaries on this side and on that, then it is of the highest importance to know clearly what this province is, and to recognize and define its boundaries.

What, then, is needed, to adjust the college to the new university scheme?

The question is twofold, involving, as it does, both the quantity and the quality of the college training. It touches, first, the length of the college course, and the adjustment of its boundaries to the new conditions. From the professional faculties comes an earnest protest against the maintenance of the old four years' course. They point out that this course was established at a time when there was not only no graduate school, but no professional school; when the boy went to college at fourteen, and, coming home at eighteen, could easily accomplish his reading for a profession by the time he was twenty-one. Now the youth enters college at the age at which he formerly graduated, and completes his professional training at twenty-six or twenty-seven. "Life is not long enough to justify such an expenditure of time; the world is not rich enough to pay what it costs. We may even say that the world is too wise not to know that, after a certain point has been attained, its own rough lessons are worth more than anything it can get from books and lectures."[1]

How shall the college answer this plea? Thirty years ago it could have given a good and sufficient answer. The college and the professional course were in no way coördinated; the professional faculties had no thought of demanding of their candidates a college training; their catalogues showed but a thin sprinkling of college degrees. Moreover, the college was the advance guard in the forces of liberal culture. It could not have fallen back, had it been asked to do so, without abandoning what had been gained. In fact, it was just because there was nothing beyond in its own field that it pushed forward, carried its students farther and farther, until it raised the age of graduation to the point now complained of.

Can the college make an equally good answer now? I do not see how it can. The establishment of the graduate school has relieved it from guard duty as the advance post of liberal studies: there can at least be no danger on that score, in drawing back from a point to which it would never have advanced under the circumstances which now exist. To the complaint of the professional schools there is really no answer, if we agree with them, as we assuredly do, that the professional man should have had a college training. The college, in fact, concedes the justice of the claim by yielding to it in various indirect ways. It permits the student, for example, to do the work of four years in three, and then, as a senior on leave of absence, to register in the professional school; or it provides within its own course instruction by which students may anticipate a part of their professional work; or it

[1] Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, The Readjustment of the Collegiate to the Professional Course, p. 9.

allows the first year of a professional course to be counted as the fourth year for the bachelor's degree.

These shifts were perhaps expedient when there was no graduate school. I cannot think they are wise or necessary now. They involve various disadvantages and injustices. They encourage unwholesome haste in college work; or they discriminate in favor of a particular professional school; or, worst of all, they inculcate confused ideas of the aim of a college education. It would be far better to admit frankly the claim which these devices virtually concede, and let the student go with his degree to the professional school at the end of three years. It is vastly more important to preserve the quality of the college course than to maintain its form and dimensions.

Would any other student suffer by the change? For the student who passes from the college to the graduate school, it might seem to be a matter of indifference where the line between the two institutions is drawn. But it is not a matter of indifference. Although the studies of the graduate school may be in the same fields that are open to the undergraduate, the attitude of the graduate student is entirely different. It does not differ essentially from that of the professional student. Both have left the pursuit of general culture for a special object, — the mastery of a particular branch of learning. For the one as for the other, it is important that his studies in his special field should be pursued on a systematic plan, for which adequate time should be provided, — in the case of the larger fields of study, at least, not less than three or four years. If we should be asked when the student is, or ought to be, ready to enter on this special work, would any one hesitate to set the age as early as twenty or twenty-one, and the stage of proficiency at the beginning of his senior year? In any college where such freedom of choice exists as to enable him to do so, it is at that point, if not earlier, that he will begin to specialize, wherever we may draw our line between the college and the graduate school; and it will be much better to draw it where it will bring our organization into conformity with the fact. It will be much better for the student to form and enter upon his plan of special study under the guidance of the faculty or board directly charged with the supervision of graduate work. His case in this respect is precisely the same as that of the student of theology, or law, or medicine: so soon as he becomes a specialist, he should put himself under the guidance of those who have charge of the training in his specialty; when he has become a graduate student in all but name, the name should not be withheld. There is in his case, indeed, a stronger reason than in that of the professional student for not permitting him to lurk under the name of undergraduate in any college, at least where the studies are largely elective. His presence there constitutes a danger: not only does it tend, like the presence of the professional student, to obscure the essential aim of the college and to infuse a professional spirit into its work; it tempts *him*, to his own hurt, into premature specialization. If we set a reasonable limit to the pursuit of general culture, and lay out from that point plans of special study, there is a good chance that the limit will be respected. If we continue to draw an impracticable line, we draw in effect no line at all; and the student, under the promptings of his own half-formed and uninformed taste and the unwise zeal of teachers, will be led to specialize too early. For the protection of the college course, for the protection of the student against himself, we should place the beginning of the graduate school at the point where reason and experience show it ought to be.

There is still a third class of students

to be considered, perhaps a majority of the whole number, — those who go neither to the professional school nor to the graduate school, but pass directly from the college into active life. Shall we dismiss these too at the end of three years? Certainly not. Shall we let them go at the end of three years? To this question the answer should, in my judgment, be, Yes.

For it is to be observed, in the first place, that the question of a three years' course is not now, as it might have been perhaps thirty years ago, a question of turning the student away at the end of three years, with no place to go to for further study, — as he actually was turned away, in those days, at the end of four years. If there was danger of any such result then, there is surely no such danger now. The growth of the graduate school has familiarized every college student with the fact that the bachelor's degree is really, as it is called, only the first degree in arts, and not, as we used to regard it, the crown of a liberal education; and if he desires to carry his studies beyond that point, even with no thought of devoting his life to any particular field of learning, the way stands open for him. And this would be true, should the three years' course be adopted, not only of the universities, with their fully organized graduate schools, but of the independent colleges, which are far more numerous, and are perhaps the most important factor in this problem. It would not be difficult for at least the best of these to provide instruction for a year or two beyond a three years' baccalaureate course; and there is ground for confidence that the number of those who took such an extended course would be considerable. The broken tradition itself would remain as a strong influence in this direction, and would survive long enough at least to give the new system a fair start.

But many students, perhaps a majority, and perhaps a growing majority, would go away at the end of three years, not to a professional school nor to a graduate school, but directly into life. What of these? Would they gain, would the community gain, by this earlier entrance on their individual callings more than would be lost by it?

It must not be forgotten, in the first place, that these men also would have an apprenticeship of some years to serve in business, or a technical training to undergo, which they had already waited three years to begin; and in the second place, under the elastic system which has been suggested, the question of going or staying would be left in each case to the judgment of the persons most intimately concerned. Such a plan might be expected to yield better results than any rigid time requirement. Those for whom the longer course was more desirable — that is, those who had such interest in their studies as to wish to pursue them further — would be likely to stay; those whose interest was feeble had better go. No doubt errors of judgment would occur; no doubt lack of means would cut off the college careers of some; but, on the other hand, there are now, as everybody familiar with the inner life of a college knows, a great many students who would be much better off if they could be turned away at the end of three years, or, still better, if they came to college with only a three years' course in view. This class is a large one, and it includes not only the idle and dissolute, but many a good and manly fellow who means to profit by his college life, and lapses into the habit of frittering away his time simply because he has so much of it. These students are not only numerous, but they are influential; their attitude powerfully affects the prevailing tone of college life. For them, and for those whom they influence, — and these make up the largest part of the class we are now considering, the men who go from college into active life, — the reduction of the course would

be a distinct gain. It is a familiar fact that these men often pull themselves together as they approach the end of their course, becoming serious and earnest students in their senior year; and it might seem, at first sight, as if we should cut off this best part of college life by reducing the course to three years. But it is not so. The senior year is the best year, not because it is the fourth, but because it is the last year. The causes which make it what it is come from before, not from behind; from the consciousness of opportunity passing away, and of the serious problems of life close at hand. The period of waste lies between the fresh zeal and good resolutions with which the youth begins his course, and the growing sense of responsibility with which he draws near its close. It is this intermediate period that would be shortened, in the briefer course. It is not the senior year that would be cut off; it is rather, let us say, the sophomore year, and with it might well go its absurd name.

Therefore, if the elastic system which would necessarily be adopted at first — a system permitting the student to choose between a three years' and a four years' course — should prove to be only transitional; if the three years' course is destined to be as firmly established in custom and tradition in 1950 as the four years' course was in 1850, I for one am disposed to look forward to the prospect without misgiving.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that there are colleges not a few which fall without the range of this discussion, for the reason that they have never raised the standard of their degree beyond a point attainable by the average student at the age of one-and-twenty. For such colleges a four years' course is evidently desirable, until the preparatory schools on which they depend can relieve them of some of their more elementary work. That this will come to pass the steady improvement of secondary education gives us every reason to expect. The present requirements for admission to our most advanced colleges can be met, and usually are, at the age of eighteen; and while there is no desire anywhere to raise these requirements, it is not desirable to reduce them, — whether in order to lower the age of graduation without shortening the college course, or for any other purpose, — because it is not well for the average student to be admitted to the freedom of college life at a younger age than eighteen.

When we turn from the length to consider the nature of the college course, the present situation does afford ground, it seems to me, for serious misgiving. Besides the encroachment of professional studies, already referred to, the college has been invaded by other alien elements whose presence has seriously affected its character. The source of these invasions is the same that inspired, mainly in the third quarter of this century, the establishment of the so-called scientific school, beginning with the founding of the Lawrence and Sheffield schools in 1847. The new institution, to quote the announcement of the Sheffield school, was to be "devoted to instruction and researches in the mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, with reference to the promotion and diffusion of science, and also to the preparation of young men for such pursuits as require special proficiency in these departments of learning." The movement, as so defined, was altogether commendable, and the scientific school laid down on these lines was a most valuable addition to the educational resources of the country. In our varied national life we have room and employment for many kinds of training. Unfortunately, the movement that set on foot the scientific school did not content itself with that admirable achievement. Under the lead of men less wise, less enlightened; under the spur, also, no doubt, of financial necessity, it invaded the domain of the college, and claimed

equal recognition and rights for its course of "modern" and "useful" studies alongside of the old college course. The battle that ensued we need not fight over again. We can neither wholly blame the invaders, nor wholly vindicate the defenders, of the ancient citadel. But we cannot overlook the consequences of the invasion, which have been in one way, at least, deplorable. The visible traces of the struggle are with us yet in the curious assortment of degrees, — now fortunately diminishing in number, — bachelors of arts, of letters, of philosophy, of literature, of science, of what not, which decorate our college graduates, standing ostensibly for so many supposed varieties of liberal culture, and giving currency and countenance to false and pernicious views of what liberal culture is; for an education which aims to equip men for particular callings, or to give them a special training for entering upon those callings, however useful it may be, is not the liberal education which should be the single aim of the college. It should be the aim of the secondary school, too, — if not for all pupils, certainly for those who are going to college. For those who turn away, at the end of the school course, to train themselves for some technical pursuit, let appropriate technical schools be provided, and let them be held in all honor. But they should not masquerade as institutions for liberal education. Above all, they should not invade the province of the college, introducing confusion, and turning it into a place where there are "a number of unconnected and independent educations going on at the same time," instead of a place where, though there are many paths, they all lead to a single goal. For the essence of a liberal education lies in the aim, not in the studies pursued, — not in letters, not in science. These are the materials with which it works; and it employs them, not to make professional or technical experts, but to make men and women of broader views, of greater intellectual power, — better equipped for whatever profession or employment they may undertake, and for their equally important function of citizen and neighbor.

For the fulfillment of this aim, the college must be a place of freedom with responsibility, and that is why the school cannot do the work of the college. The school has to do with boys and girls, and must deal with them as with pupils who need constant guidance and oversight; the college has to do with students who are learning to be men, and for their training freedom is as necessary as air for the young bird or water for the swimmer. The life-preserver stage of training is past; the time has come to "swim without cork." Manhood, character, independence, moral courage, cannot be developed without the element of danger, and the college, which should be the best place for their development, can make itself so, not by shutting out the danger, but by providing the strongest influences to counteract it. The necessary safeguards are not to be found in detailed rules of conduct and petty prohibitions, with their petty penalties, serving as so many temptations to mischievous spirits. Regulations there must be, of course; but these should be confined to such as are fundamental, essential to the aims of the college, positive. They should be requirements to do, and not injunctions to forbear. The college commandment should read, "Thou shalt," and as little as possible, "Thou shalt not." And whatever of counsel and warning the system may provide, the only real penalty appropriate to the college life is the timely removal of those who show that they cannot profit by its freedom. The college is not for all; least of all is it for the morally unfit. The first exhilaration of breathing its free air is a searching test of character. To some it brings the inspiration of high opportunity; to some it is simply the joy of unrestraint, with no in-

centive to either good or evil; to some it is intoxication. To most the reaction comes sooner or later, and they settle down, or spur themselves on to the wholesome pursuit of the legitimate work and play of college life. But there will always be a residuum of those who cannot be reclaimed, who can neither control themselves nor be controlled by the influences about them. The best thing that can happen to these is to have their hopeless unfitness found out in time, and to be quietly but firmly removed to some other sphere of training, where the conditions are suited to their needs and may yet make men of them.

The influences which the college brings to bear on its students, which make its atmosphere and control its life, are manifold, and not to be enumerated or described in a paragraph. But whatever form they take, whether they work through concrete regulations or unformulated tradition, they all, in the last analysis, emanate from one source, — the characters and aims and example of the men who have made and make the college community. The college is a little world, and the most potent influence in its government is its own unwritten code of morals and of honor, the composite product of its own life; not perfect, by any means, but in the main sound, adapted to youth, making for good. What is called student sentiment is a thing not only to be reckoned with, but to be trusted and cultivated as perhaps the most useful factor in college government. How greatly it can be improved under a policy of responsible freedom the experience of the last thirty years has abundantly shown. This policy brings no release from labor and vigilance to those charged with its management; but the labor it entails is not that of a barren and never ending contest with indolence and love of mischief, nor that of forcing the full and rich life of youth into the mould of a formal system, but the more fruitful work of enlightening and developing that life, of giving play to its best impulses, of training it to independent action under a sense of responsibility.

Freedom in the choice of studies, equally with freedom of conduct, is an essential element of the college scheme in its best development; and here again, not unrestrained, undirected freedom, but freedom guided by all possible advice and information, and never permitted to range so far as to lose sight for a moment of the aim of the college life, which is liberal culture, and not the advancement of learning nor the making of learned men. These are the business of the graduate school, and that is why the graduate school cannot do the work of the college. Hence the unrestricted *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* of the German university have no place in the American college. Nor can the so-called equality of studies, which is sometimes appealed to in discussions of the elective system, be recognized there. Studies in a university may be called equal in the same sense in which we speak of the equality of men. We never mean by this that all men are equally good for every purpose. We mean only that all are entitled to the enjoyment of equal opportunities. And this is all that can be claimed for studies. In the university, in the graduate and professional schools, all branches of learning, so far as circumstances permit, should enjoy equal opportunity; but in the college, where a study is pursued, not for its own honor or advancement, nor yet for the making of learned specialists, but for the intellectual cultivation and equipment of the student, its recognition and the extent to which it may be pursued must both be determined solely by its fitness or its adaptability to that end. This principle cannot be infringed or called in question; the essential aim of the college cannot be sacrificed or its efficiency impaired in the interest of any study. When the principle, however, has been fully applied, the material which all must recog-

nize as suitable for general intellectual culture will be many times the amount that can be used by any one student. How shall he make his choice? It is desirable that it should be *his* choice; it is most important that it should be an intelligent choice. He should not be allowed to flit from study to study, like a butterfly from flower to flower. He should not be allowed to gather together a bundle of incongruous parcels of knowledge, under the delusion that that is a liberal education. How shall he be guided and guarded without being constrained? Various methods have been adopted. One method is to prescribe certain studies, allowing a choice among the rest. At the opposite extreme is the method by which all studies are elective, with such limitations only as are made necessary by the nature of the study itself, and the stage of proficiency reached by the student, who is left for guidance in his choice to his own taste, his knowledge of his own powers, and the advice of his friends and teachers. Between these extremes various systems have been tried: the system of "schools;" the group system, with its "majors" and "minors;" the system of parallel courses, more or less prescribed, sometimes leading to different degrees, sometimes to the same degree. Of these various methods, the one which simply divides the college course into prescribed and elective studies will prove the most difficult to maintain. It is the nature of elective studies to drive out prescribed studies. The protected position of the prescribed study speedily comes to be felt to be an inferior position; compulsion, in an atmosphere of freedom, breeds reluctance; the teacher of the prescribed course will be the first to realize that he is working at a disadvantage, the first to urge that his course be made elective. Of the other methods, all must be said to be still in the experimental stage, and for the solution of this difficult problem we must wait for longer experience.

All this concerns the requirements for the bachelor's degree. Intimately connected with it is the question of the requirements for admission to college, — a most important question, for on it depends the whole character of the college course. To revert now to the claim that any graduate of a good high school, with a substantial course of adequate length, should be admitted to college, no matter what combination of studies he brings: it ought to be obvious that this cannot be conceded. To grant it would be to reverse the natural order of things, to make the college course a mere supplement to the school course, to subordinate the higher to the lower. With increase of knowledge comes growth of intellectual power. The years of the college life are worth to the student — shall we say twice as much, year for year, as those of the school life? That would be a moderate estimate. But we need not dwell on this superiority. It is enough to point out that, for the boy who goes to college, the aim of his school life and the aim of his college life are one. It is therefore only rational that his school work should be planned, from as early a stage as may be necessary, with this aim in view. If now the course so planned be found to coincide with the course that is best for his schoolmates, who go from school into life, well and good; but if it do not so coincide, if the course or courses adapted to their needs do not suit his, the college cannot afford, simply because they are the great majority, to sacrifice for them its own aims or the quality of its own results. The school is for the many, the college is for the few; but these few are to be equipped for higher service, for leadership; and who shall say that the community has less interest in the best intellectual equipment of its leaders than in the general intelligence of the multitude? The preparatory course, such as the college requires to accomplish its function, must be maintained: in the

high school, if possible; in schools designed especially for the purpose, if necessary; preferably in both. The two courses must be maintained in some shape side by side, and the interests of neither class of pupils sacrificed to those of the other. Under this arrangement, some will suffer from their remoteness from suitable schools, or from tardiness in deciding to go to college; but no system can be devised that will meet all cases.

The school course and the college course, then, should be planned as two stages of the same training, with the same end in view, which is liberal culture; and the choice of studies which may be offered to the student in either stage must be determined solely with reference to this end. The discussion of the permissible range of choice has naturally raised the inquiry, What studies are necessary? and much good ink has been shed over this question. So far as it relates to a liberal education it is an idle question. Not one of the studies appropriate to the preparatory school or to the college is necessary to everybody. In the technical or the professional education certain studies are indispensable elements of the student's equipment. In the pursuit of liberal culture there is no such constraining necessity. Liberal culture is a thing of many degrees, of varying quality; and it is not a goal, but a progress which may be indefinitely continued. For the college, which is the highest stage of this progress available for most educated men, the question must be, What, with its resources and in the time at its disposal, is the highest degree and the best quality of culture it can impart? Not, What is necessary? but, What is best? is the fruitful question. What plan or plans of study in college will, on the whole, best secure the aim of the college for the greatest number? What plan or plans of study in the preparatory school will furnish the best foundation for the superstructure of the college training?

On the question of what are the best ingredients of a liberal training opinions differ, and will no doubt continue to do so, though they differ less than appears on the surface. The problem that most divides enlightened educational opinion in our time is not, What is intrinsically best? but rather, How far shall what is recognized as best be insisted on? How far can the college safely go, in admitting to its instruction and its degree those who, from necessity or choice, content themselves with something short of the best? This question would present no serious difficulty if every student were an isolated unit, coming and going, and taking whatever he was capable of grasping. But students have to be taught in classes, and the presence in a class of an inferior quality of student inevitably lowers the quality of the instruction. More than that: the presence in the college community, and as members of it, of a body of students intellectually inferior lowers the whole tone of the college. The question, then, of the quality of the training that it is expedient to require is most important; but it is quite distinct from the question, What is best?

Take for illustration the matter which has been the most vigorously fought over in the last thirty years, the question whether the classics shall be required as the foundation of a college education. There are here two questions, — the question of excellence and the question of expediency. Those disputants in the high debate we have witnessed, who have failed to recognize that these are the problems, and that they are distinct, have only darkened counsel with their own confusion of ideas, and have beaten the air with vain arguments to prove that the study of Greek is unnecessary. The high value of Latin for linguistic training and mental discipline they recognize; but what need, they say, of two languages, when one will accomplish the purpose? The subject would

be greatly clarified if it could be acknowledged on all hands that neither Greek nor any other study is necessary to everybody. The question is not of need at all, but of excellence; and the excellence of the classical training does not turn solely on the high value of Greek and Latin for discipline in clear thinking and lucid expression, but also on the insight it gives the student into the life and thought of classical antiquity. If education, as it has been well defined, is an "adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race;"[1] if it is "the building of harmonious and reciprocal relations with those great acquisitions of the race that constitute civilization,"[2] then surely no education can be called excellent which does not include some study at first-hand of the life and thought of the two peoples who developed and carried on for a thousand years this civilization which is our inheritance, and out of whose literature and philosophy and art our own have sprung. Here is a simple historical fact; and on this fact — not merely on their utility for intellectual discipline, great as that is, nor on their inherent interest and attractiveness, much less on educational tradition or prejudice — the value of the study of the classics rests. Upon this unalterable fact we may safely base our confidence that classical study will not die out among us.

But suppose all this to be granted; suppose it were agreed on all sides that some acquaintance at first-hand with the civilizations that are the foundation of our own civilization, and with the literatures that underlie and permeate our own literature, is an indispensable part of the best liberal education: we must not fail to recognize that the settlement of this question at once opens the way for another, a question of policy, — Shall the college limit itself strictly to what is intrinsically best? Shall it use its resources and its prestige to draw as many as it can to the best standard, or shall it permit a larger liberty, and seek to draw a greater number of students to a good standard, if not the best? This is a perfectly legitimate, indeed a necessary question, which every college must settle for itself. In what way can it, with its resources and its environment, do the most good to the community and to the country? A college with small resources may not be able to limit itself to the highest standard; a college cannot exist without students; it must do the best it can with those it can get, and live in the hope of better days and a more enlightened constituency. To a college with ample resources the problem presents a graver responsibility, in proportion as it is free to act, and as the influence of its example is far-reaching for good or for ill. But for it too the question is a perfectly legitimate one. Just where shall it draw the line to make the most effective use of its great resources without waste; to do its share in stocking the country, and not overstocking it, with college-bred men; to adjust the conflicting demands of quality of education and number of the educated? It is a legitimate question; what I wish to emphasize is that it is a different question. The question, What is best? is one; the question, What is expedient? is quite another; and only harm can come from confusing them. The wider a college opens its doors to different kinds of training, the farther back it permits the divergence of choices to begin, the deeper is its obligation to see to it that equality of opportunity be not interpreted to mean equal worth, be not permitted to obscure the inherent relations of studies to one another, or to draw the student on without guide or compass, until he comes to the maturer studies of his college life, only to find himself imperfectly equipped for them because he lacks the necessary foundation.

[1] Professor N. M. Butler, The Meaning of Education, p. 17.

[2] Ibid. p. 13.

The question of expediency has proved a troublesome one to this generation. We have wrestled with it many years and have tried many experiments, and we are not yet of one mind. The only thing certain is that the experiment is to go on. Whatever we may think about it, — whether we see in the dislodgment of the classics from their traditional place a sure deterioration of the college education, or agree with those who wish "to broaden the foundations of liberal culture," — the experiment is to go on; and it is to be tried on a larger scale and in a more radical way. The men of the twentieth century will at least have a larger fund of experience than we have. Let us hope they may be given wisdom to draw the right lessons from it, and that its teachings may be clear and conclusive.

In discussing what seem to me the most important questions of college policy that present themselves at this time, I have spoken mainly of colleges for men, not from any desire to ignore the college education of women, but partly for convenience of expression; chiefly, however, because the problems dealt with have been worked over and fought over in the colleges for men, and the promoters of the higher education of women have thus far contented themselves with demanding for women access to the best education provided for men. The movement for the higher education of women in this half century has taken the form of a struggle for rights. That battle has now been fought and won; the barriers of prejudice have been beaten down; the way to the highest intellectual privileges stands open to women, in theory, at least; and if practice lags behind anywhere, it shields itself under a plea of circumstance, and no longer takes its stand on a denial of rights. The victory is won. And now comes the question how to use the victory, — the question, lost sight of apparently in the heat of the struggle, what the higher education of women shall be. So far as this relates to the university, — the graduate and professional schools, — the problem is not a very difficult one, and is in a fair way to solution. In most subjects, at least, the training of learned specialists presents no separate problems for men and for women, and men and women already sit side by side in the lecture rooms of our most conservative universities. With the college the case is different. If the proper aim of the college has been correctly defined, and if liberal culture for men means the cultivation of an all-round, strong, disciplined, intellectually efficient manhood, then the college for women must have for its aim an all-round, symmetrical womanhood. Its business is not with the intellect alone; it must concern itself as well with the moral qualities that constitute the strength and grace of the womanly character. What scheme of college training will best secure this aim? Here is a field of inquiry and experiment on which we may be said to have as yet hardly more than entered.

Again, what type of college for women will provide the best conditions for working out such a scheme? Of colleges exclusively for women we already have two types, corresponding to the two types of colleges exclusively for men: the independent college, like Vassar and Smith, and the college attached to a university, like Radcliffe and Barnard. Some people have looked on this second type as merely temporary, as a stepping-stone to the admission of women to the university college for men. But this is a hasty inference. Such a college will inevitably develop its own college life and traditions, its own body of graduates, and other elements of permanence. At present, certainly, we must range it alongside of the independent college for women and of all colleges exclusively for men, over against the coeducational type of college, which has been generally adopted in the West.

Here is another great question, which we shall be better able to answer when we know better what the college can do for women; and not merely for teachers, but for women destined for the higher positions of social life, who constitute as yet too small a proportion of our college students. Here again the experiment is to go on, and the twentieth century must find the solution of the problem.

Clement L. Smith.

JOURNALISM AS A BASIS FOR LITERATURE.

THE daily paper is the Nazareth of literature. That no good can come out of it is one of the settled convictions of what might be called the gentlemanly literary life. It is not a necessarily thoughtful conviction. It is one of the convictions men have with their slippers on, when they are enjoying their nicer kinds of things and trying to live up to them. People with busts of Dante in their houses are almost obliged to look down on newspapers. It goes with the bust.

It matters not how many of these same papers lie crumpled, of a Sunday morning, on the floor, by our easy-chairs, nor how often the innumerable newsboy, the librarian of this modern world, makes a visit to our doors; by our busts of Dante, by the Abbey Shakespeare on our shelves and the Rossettis on our walls, we lift our hands, we take our solemn oath of eternal displeasure in the daily press.

Some of us, remembering, as several people have said, that consistency is a jewel, add precaution to principle. We make a stockade around our minds. We make it so close that no newspaper can get in, — not more than fifteen minutes in, — fifteen minutes a day. Whole acres of news from the uttermost parts of the morning lie locked outside our souls when day begins, and the sun sets on our cherished ignorance. We break not our bread with reporters. In every city of the land the newspaper man is an outcast. He knows more people to be a stranger to than any other being in the world. He has no holidays. His Christmas is the record of other men's joys. His Thanksgiving is a restaurant. Even the Fourth of July and Sunday, servants of the commonest man, refuse him their cheer. The Fourth of July is the day he must be in every place at once, because everything is happening; and Sunday is the day he must make things up, because nothing is happening. His labors are our pleasures. He gets his vacation by doing another man's work, and earns his living by watching other people live. The very days and the nights turn their natural backs upon him. The lamp is his sun by night, and the curtain is his night by day, and he eats his supper in the morning. His business is the reflection of life. He is the spirit behind the mirror. What is left to us is right to him, and right is left; sometimes right side up is upside down. The world is all awry to the newspaper man. It whirls across the hours in columns, now in one edition and now in another, but it heeds him never in return. He is a spectator. The show passes before his face, — a shut-out, unsharing face. He lives as the years go on, a notebook under the stars, and when the notebook is scribbled out he dies.

From the point of view of our having a literature in this present generation, or acquiring one, the fact that Mr. Kipling is not dead is the most significant, the most heroically artistic thing about him.

He ought to be. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand who are trying to be reporters and poets both are dead to-day, or are dying, or wish they were dead. Rudyard Kipling is getting more alive every single moment. He thrives on the impossible; and thriving on the impossible (if one may be allowed to express an opinion) is the hall-mark that is always bound to distinguish the larger kind of man from the small men of great abilities, with whom we are prone to confound him at first. The primary thing in a new artist, from the beginning of the world, has always been the force of him. The one formula for being great is strength. Strength is the first look on the face of all the new beauty the world has learned. To be a great artist is, first, to select the right impossibility to thrive on; second, to thrive on it. Most men fall short of greatness because they leave the impossibilities for other men to select. The impossibility having been once selected, having been won over for the sons of men, stands forth in the eyes of the world as the measure of its last great man. The next great man will select a new impossibility. Kipling's new impossibility was to be a reporter and a poet, an artist with a journalist's chance.

The main fact with regard to the present outlook of literature is the fact that the men who were made to write masterpieces for us, owing to the habit of wanting bread and butter that belongs to this mortal life, can hardly be otherwise than swept, in their beginning days at least, into the whirlpool of journalism. We may behold there, almost any time we look, the struggling great men of the world, —

> "Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
> Burns, Shelley, were with us, —
> They watch from their graves,"—

men who might be immortal, morning after morning, week after week, year after year, fighting to be allowed to live in the current of a day, reaching in vain for something that lasts longer than a day to hold to, only to go under like all the rest — a few bubbles — a two-inch obituary at the bottom of a column, by the man who is going under next, and the story is told. The man who can furnish quantity and quality at once, who can thrive on the impossible, who can swim in the whirlpool instead of being carried with it, is a man who sums up in himself not only the definition of what our problem is, in literature, but the answer to our problem. The fact that Mr. Kipling is not dead is the most widely significant fact not only about Mr. Kipling, but about ourselves, sitting in our selected libraries, with our busts of Dante, with our Abbey Shakespeare on our shelves and Rossettis on our walls, in this poor, breathless, littered, newspaper newsboy world, longing for a literature once more.

Mr. Kipling has not only fulfilled his own promise, but his success is the promise of other men, — men who shall yet be born to us; who shall yet unfold, as the years go on, the self-respect of the press; who shall establish once for all that literature is not the denying of the newspaper, but the raising of the newspaper to the *n*th power; that literature is not the doing of the ideal thing that some one else has done, but the doing of the real thing in an ideal way, — the thing that is given to us to do, — until there shall be new ideals and new men and masters of the earth.

It is the business of the average reporter to put a day down, to make a day last until the night. It is the business of the poet reporter to report a day forever, to make a day last so that no procession of flaming sunsets shall put that day out, — Ulysses' day when he slays the suitors, Shylock's day when he claims the pound of flesh, Boccaccio's ten days that live forever in Italy, the few days' journey that Chaucer takes, with a world for pilgrims still.

The man Shakespeare, once put him in a reporter's place, would make literature out of anything he was given to write. By applying enough of the universal to the particular, by giving the eternal quality of his mind to the passing show with which he deals, a man like the Hebrew poet Isaiah manages to make undying art out of his Sabbath sermons. The gazetteer of northern Italy, written by Dante Alighieri, known as the Divina Commedia, was the greatest stroke of journalism, the most colossal piece of reporting, of all the mediæval age. Every great personality has immortalized its own little group of fools the way Dante did the little-great men he loved and hated in Florence. There is no far street where the feet of men shall not always tread, and the pilgrims of generations come and go, if heroes have been there; nor in all space shall there be found a strip of sky or stars that men forget, if Omar Khayyám drank under it, or David watched his sheep under it, or Christ cried to it, — it shall be the trysting place of the souls of men forever. There is not a single thing that is able to exist at all, that is not able to exist always, if great artist men have looked upon it or made use of it, or if great ideas have been linked with it. It shall be saved for us. It shall say, "Dante loved me. Christ spoke to me." It shall be enough. The smallest day is great if it can get a great man to live in it, and the littlest event is eternal if it can get a great man to remember it.

The difficulty with journalism is not that it deals with passing things, but that it deals with them in a passing way. Kipling is an artist because he respects the passing thing, because he catches the glimmer of the eternal joy upon it and will not let it pass. It is not in spite of being a reporter that J. M. Barrie is an artist, but it is because he is so much more of a reporter that he can report an out-of-the-way town like Thrums, and make it as famous as London. The world will look through a window anywhere, if it belongs to a man who sees things from it. The real difference between Barrie and the host of journalists to which he belongs is not that he could make Thrums as famous as London, but that he wanted to. No one else would have thought that Thrums would pay. Barrie did not. He delighted in it. Nine reporters out of ten, once finding themselves in Kipling's place, would have been too clever and worldly-wise to have written as Kipling did. Who would have supposed that the whole civilized world from its great complacent continents would ever come pouring out in crowds to the jungles of India? It was because Kipling delighted in the jungle, could not help writing about it, whether anybody wanted it or not, that we find the whole reading world to-day crowding jungleward across the seas; spending its time in that fever-stricken district, that Indian-haunted, Mulvaney-memoried wilderness, as if it blossomed as the rose. "Nobody cares about this jungle of yours. Why don't you write on something that people care about?" said the English publisher distinguished for rejecting Mr. Kipling's work. Mr. Kipling's secret is that he took hold of something that nobody wanted him to do, and did it better than any one wanted him to do it. He owes his success to the fact that he has never done anything except to please himself, and he holds it because no one can get him not to do it now.

The average reporter asks, "What do people want?" The great reporter asks, "What do I want them to want?" The public flatters the average reporter with prompt success. "You give us," it says, "what we want." To the great reporter it says, in its slowly awakened, immeasurable, and convincing way: "What will this man Kipling want next Then we want it." The average reporter, gadding about for availability instead of cultivating ability, cares more for succeed-

ing as a writer than he does for the thing he writes. That is why he is an average reporter. The power to make men interested in the things they never have learned to like is a power that belongs alone to the disinterested man, the man who is led by some great delight, until the delight has mastered his spirit, given unity to his life, become the habit and companion of his power, led him out into a large place to be a leader of men.

The typical journalist of the more literary sort, writing at a cent a word, or at regular Western Union rates, ten words for a quarter, is much impressed with some of the prices of which he hears. He asks, "Why does Mr. Kipling receive a dollar a word for a poem?" It is because he has been spending ninety-nine cents' worth of work on every word he has written for many years, — in ballads for country newspapers, in tales for out-of-the-way places. It is because he would have paid ninety-nine cents for any word, any day, to make it say what he wanted it to say. It is because the author of The Jungle Book has never been able to consider what he cost himself that we are not able to-day to consider what he costs us. The history of his art is the history of the habit he has always had of throwing himself away. We may be inclined to think that he is not doing it now. We may feel a little aggrieved, some of us, that good ordinary Saxon words that any one could find in a dictionary are worth a dollar apiece because Mr. Kipling selects them. But if we could look over the artist's shoulder, as he sits at his desk some fine morning, if we could see the hundreds of dollars' worth of words he is habitually throwing away, it would be food for contemplation. When one considers that Mr. Kipling has to pay for all the words he leaves out, and that one has to pay only for those he puts in, it is obvious that one cannot be an artist for nothing. It may be a sorry sight to see a man sitting down, spending hundreds of dollars a minute crossing out words, but this is only a trifling part of what it costs to be a Kipling, to be a poet and a reporter at the same time.

The essential difficulty with journalism as a basis for the arts is not that it deals with the passing thing, but that the average journalist does better work for ten dollars a column than he does for five. He calculates. He is not interested in the passing thing for what it is, but for what he can get out of it. Which is another way of saying that he does not respect the passing thing, that therefore he is not a good journalist, that therefore he can never be a good artist.

This is not saying that a man who is employed by his ideals will not desire to do better work for these same ideals at a ten-dollar rate than for five. If the truth were known, it would be found that he has such a desire, and that he is incompetent to fulfill it. Probably it is one of the sorest trials of his life, — for a long and trying period, at least, — his chronic inability not to write as well for the Centre County Clarion as for the New York Times. Indeed, the first sentence or so in the Clarion is likely to show more often than not what would be called a fitting degree of self-control, — a disposition not to fall into a ten-dollar rut on a five-dollar page; but he soon forgets it. He cannot help forgetting it. A five-dollar bill is more abstract to him than an idea.

But the assertion that to be an artist is to be a gigantic journalist, is to be able to do the timely thing with the eternal touch, is sure to meet with the objection from the reporter who is trying to be a poet, "But where shall a man begin to do the timely thing with the eternal touch?" The proprietor of the artist in his beginning days is the newspaper. "Where is timely eternity being published just now," he asks, "in the daily press?" "What we want," says the Daily Press to the artist, "is, not

the timely thing with the eternal touch, but the timely thing with the timely touch. You shall not write what is as good to read one day as another. Into this particular morning, into this particular edition of this particular morning, it belongs to you to fit the mood of the thing you say and the way you say it. If a man will write a thing that is just as good for the next morning as it is for this, or for the morning after that, or for the next month, or for the next generation, let him wait for the next generation. Let the next generation pay his wages. We have no subscribers among the next generation. Do the unborn advertise?" Before he knows it, the journalist who would be an artist, who would do the passing thing in an eternal way, finds himself bound body and soul to the Moment, to what happens in a moment, to the way the Moment looks upon what happens in a moment, and the Moment — "*We are the Moment!*" cries the voice of the newsboy through a thousand streets, and the sound of it is the sound of the voice of the ruler of the world. The power to silence this voice, to make this voice listen to him for one keen world-wide moment, is the first requisite a man must have who would crowd a masterpiece upon an age that can only hope to attain masterpieces in spite of itself, and by the willfulness and imperiousness of its artists.

To each age, as it comes, the word "masterpiece" now and always shall be an absolute and literal and matter-of-fact word. The age in which everybody reads, in which all the world has to be mastered, requires a more masterful masterpiece. The present age makes a more extraordinary demand upon the artist than ever has been made before. It demands that unless his work can have something in it that can master newsboys and art critics at the same time, it shall fall short of greatness. Neither of these alone shall be enough. If he holds the art critics, the newsboys, in the midst of their din, will see that he dies before men find out who he is. If he holds the newsboys, no one will care who he is.

It has been true of every great work of art, in every age, that "Eternity affirms the conception of an hour;" but in a journalistic age, unless the conception of an hour is affirmed before the hour is up, Eternity will never get a chance to affirm it. While it is true that the newspaper neither creates, modifies, nor affirms immortality, it is most important with regard to the newspaper that, for better or worse, it stands in the gate. It has posted a new rule on the door that leads to Olympus: "Do the passing thing in an eternal way while it is passing or before it has passed." Which, being interpreted, means that the success of an artist, under existing conditions, depends upon how much eternity he can crowd into five minutes. Even if he has once succeeded in getting the eternal touch, — doing a thing so that it lasts forever, in five minutes, — he has yet to go forth into the highways and hedges and discover the people, if he can, who are willing to spend as much as five minutes in watching a thing last forever.

The problem reduced to its lowest terms is something like this, for the would-be artist: First, "Create your eternal touch without taking any time for it." Second, "Create the people who can appreciate an eternal touch without taking any time for it." The most threatening aspect of the daily paper of the average sort is not merely that it is making it impossible for a man to write a masterpiece, but it is making it impossible to find anybody to read it, if he does. It is taking the artist's public away. It is producing a public that never looks at a book except over the edge of a morning paper; that looks at everything in this world and the next and through all the nations from over the great High Fence of the Moment, built in the small hours of the night. It is a public that lives one morning paper at a time.

It is a great century, this nineteenth century of ours, but it is the most self-centred century, the most telegraphed to about itself, the most preoccupied with the moments as they pass, that the world has known. It shall be known among the greater centuries that are yet to come as the little century of long ago that first discovered how large a moment was; the century that made a moment a colossal moment, as moments had never been made before; the century that, with telephone and telegraph and printing press, discovered the present tense, made all the world a voice on a wire; that brought the nations of the earth and all the sons of men out of work in their shops, sleep in their beds, ships, dreams, rushing trains, peace, war, sorrow, and pride, out of sunlight and starlight, sea and land, in the twinkling of an eye, wherever they were, — brought them face to face, breath upon breath, man to man, in the Congress of the Printed Page.

The nineteenth century shall be known as the century that made the present moment as vast on paper as all history had been in the thoughts of men before. It shall be known by the first great century of the future as the century that was moment-mad; that turned all eternity upside down in the present tense; that read about itself in the streets, the cars, in motion and at rest; that read about itself standing and sitting, eating and drinking and in bed; that read while it worked; that had literature in the parlor and the shop, in the bedroom for the invalid, in the kitchen for the cook; that had the letters of the alphabet in its very soup. It shall be known as the century that read and read, and continued to read, but always about itself, dizzied with its own sunrises and its own sunsets, — and never more than one sunrise or one sunset at a time.

"Why should I take," says the modern man, "one of these splendid, hurrying, jostling nineteenth-century minutes of ours to read a book that lasts forever?" With his maze of wood pulp in his hands, and ninety square feet of the present moment spread out before his eyes, why should he read a book that almost anybody could read in almost any century? — a book that can be read a thousand years from now, when this poor egotistic nineteenth century of ours, with its literature about itself, is hushed forever, remembered only for its steam engines whirling their wheels on the land and walking the waters of the sea, or for its steam hammers sounding on the anvils of the years that once a nineteenth century had lived. "Some centuries are remembered," says the voice of History, "because great men strove to live in them, but could not find room. The art of these centuries is the art of a few immortal rebukes."

Shut in out of all infinity between the high wall called yesterday and the high wall called to-morrow, this nineteenth century of ours is like some vast Roman circus under the wide heaven, the huge race course of which is drawing strangely now, in hot and eager madness, to its eternal close. Round and round and round we go, droves of us, as fast as we are born, running breathless all our days, trying to catch up, if we only may, to the News that above our dreams flies onward beyond our reach in the darkness of the night. It is a spectacle for gods. Every blessed man of us, on his paper charger mounted, while time flies under his feet, holding on to his last edition with both hands and for dear life, — and why? Lest we perish, — Heaven help us! — lest we perish, perchance, for not knowing what was not worth happening while we slept, or be caught in the act of not being intelligent enough to-day to know what to-morrow we shall be intelligent enough to forget.

In these extraordinary conditions, it is bound to be the moral and artistic value of the man who next shall love this age enough to master it, that he will prepare himself to thrive on the

two cardinal impossibilities of the literary life in a newspaper day, namely, — crowding eternity into five minutes, getting any one to take five minutes in which to notice eternity.

To be a transfigured reporter, a journalist who is more of an artist than the artists, an artist who is more of a journalist than the journalists, — this is the inevitable destiny of the next great writer who shall succeed in making headway in the public mind. His biography will be an interpretation of that public mind, wresting every day, in its great amorphous life, eternal things out of passing ones. The next great work of art will be this man's victory over himself, reflecting a world's victory. The measure of the art in it shall be the measure of his masterfulness. To be a journalist is to be master of the moment by living in it. To be an artist is to be master of the moment by living in it and by living outside of it; by living where the moments come from and whither they return; by getting all around a moment, ahead of it, behind it, beneath it, and above it; by possessing imagination, the faculty of being everywhere, and vitality, the faculty of being here now, focusing heaven upon the earth.

It makes little difference how keen his power of seeing may be, in an age like this, if there be not added to a man persistence and self-assertion and moral courage. These shall make his imagination part of the public furnishing of the world, instead of a merely private luxury. They shall make the man himself, living his victory quietly out in the din and jostle and hurry of our life, — an eternal spectacle.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

A CLEAR TITLE.

It was a ripe autumn day in southern Kansas. Signs of expiring life were on all the land. The gently rolling prairie was a mass of browns, encircled by a hazy horizon. The pervading spirit was one of dreamy quietude. The afternoon sun shone coppery through dust and smoke, its brightness dimmed, but its heat insistent. Insects droned and hummed in the hedges, out of time and tune. At intervals, a meadow lark broke the drowsy monotone with his clear call, or a partridge whistled from a corner of the fence. Sometimes a grasshopper fluttered above the dry grass, only to fold his wings for aimless descent. The air was still, but vagrant winds, at times, eddied across the fields and shook the dry pennants of the corn.

In his own dooryard, under the shade of a cottonwood, tilted back against the bole of the tree, his feet hooked in the rounds of his chair, sat a man of about forty years of age. His hair was unkempt, and stood about on his head like a loosely bound bundle of spikes. His coarse blue shirt was open at the throat, but a thick beard concealed his breast. His overalls hid their brevity in a pair of heavy boots. The union of trousers and shirt was preserved by two strips of ticking, which ran over his shoulders and crossed in the middle of his back. The four points of attachment were significant. There was one brass button in front, — the store button, — which shared its responsibility with a bone button, a domestic find; behind, the suspenders were secured by well-seasoned twigs, that told of a wife's accumulating duties in which something must be left undone, and of man's ingenuity in the extremity of necessity.

Jim Gooch was thinking intently. The

fact was manifest in the motions of his mandibles, which were as much an index to his mood as a dog's tail is to the canine mind. He was chewing vigorously, this afternoon, — now slowly, now fast, — as he weighed propositions carefully, or finally disposed of some half-formed plan. His eyes were directed toward a leg of his chair which he was pecking with a large penknife, the action being an additional accompaniment and measure of his thoughts.

His reveries were broken by a feminine voice from the house: "Jim, I wish ye 'd go and put up the bars where ye druv in the field this mornin'! I 'm afraid old Rose 'll git in the corn."

"Wall," said Jim.

A full quarter of an hour passed, when the request was repeated, but with more emphasis: "Jim, ye 'd better go and fix up them bars. If old Rose gits in the corn, she 'll founder!"

Jim arose, a little nettled by the interruption of his absorbing reflections, and started to comply with the wifely mandate. He was none too soon. A meek-eyed cow, one of the mainstays of the family, had been browsing about the yard all day without discovering her opportunity until now. She first gazed at the gap with incredulity, but as soon as she comprehended the evidence of her eyes she proceeded to act. She was headed off by Jim, who replaced a couple of bars carelessly, and finished his work by throwing the top bar into place. The cow stood by, regarding the work with interest. She withdrew a step or two when he threw a stone at her, then faced about and watched his receding form disappear around the house. As soon as he was out of sight, "old Rose" walked straight to the fence with confidence, inserted her head and shoulders between the upper bars, and was preparing to carry both her point and the fence, when she was again thwarted, and this time effectively. Jim's wife came running out, and threw a well-aimed club that rebounded from the cow's broad side and caused her to retreat, shaking her head furiously with disappointment. Then the woman went to work, and carefully put the bars in place.

When Jim's wife got back to the house, she dropped into a chair to rest. She took the corner of her apron and wiped the sweat from her brow, and brushed back her hair with long, sweeping motions. She sighed deeply, recalling the many things yet to do.

She was a pitiful picture as she sat there, that afternoon. Her figure was warped and bent with toil. Her hands were calloused and knotted, and the angles of her joints were displayed sharply through her loosely fitting dress. Her feet were bare and broad as a man's, and the flapping of her dress, as a breeze stole in at the door, revealed swollen ankles and distended veins. Her face was tanned and leathery, and upon it time and toil had graven lines. Her cheeks were pinched, and a look of hopelessness had long resided in her eyes. The corners of her mouth had a weary droop, as if they had never been relaxed in a smile. Her hair had become thin, and was drawn into a small, tight knot on the back of her head.

There was rebellion in her heart, and bitterness welled up from its very depths. She was weary of everything and everybody. She was weary of life and all it contained. Fatigue of body had brought fatigue of mind and soul. Where was it all to end? Must she go on and on forever, and for what? She felt a vague, wild desire to escape from all that environed her; to go back to youth and hope and joy, and begin anew the journey of life upon another road.

As she sat and thought, her head heavy upon her hand, her memory went back to the time, fifteen years ago, when, as a bride and proud of Jim, she had left the little Missouri town for a home in Kansas. There was youth in their veins then, and roseate hope ran on ahead.

They had rented, the first year. Grasshoppers came and swept their fields. And then appeared in Jim the first symptoms of the malady of unrest that was to become chronic. They began a series of wanderings that seemed to have no end. She wanted to stay in Kansas, with the hope of better luck next year. Jim saw brighter prospects in Arkansas. But there miasma was prevalent, and Jim's liability to swamp fevers drove them north again. He thought he would give Kansas another trial. They prospered here a year or two, but hot winds came and shriveled up the corn. Then Jim met with some glowing circulars devoted to the praise of western Nebraska, and once more they took the road. It was too dry in Nebraska, and the wheat fields of Dakota became bright with possibilities; but in Dakota the blizzards were too fierce and the changes too sudden.

In one sense Jim was not lazy or lacking in ambition, but he was always seeing better things just ahead. He was a victim of an era of land speculation of which the government was chief promoter. With lands for the asking, there was an embarrassment of riches. Always looking for the best, Jim lost the good that lay at hand. "Free lands and free homes" was an enticing cry that concealed all the hard conditions of success, and held only golden promise. The spirit of the times was against the cultivation of economy and thrift. Did the settler meet with obstacles? He moved, and tried to pass around them. Did grasshoppers come? There were places where grasshoppers did not come, and he moved. Was there drought one year? There were places where it rained, and he moved. Did hot winds stifle his fields? There were places which hot winds did not visit, and he moved. The "boomer" spent more time and energy in looking for a place of ideal conditions than he would have needed to build a house and barn and tend a year's crop. This roving disposition grew from day to day, until finally it rebelled at any anchorage.

Jim's return trip from the north was broken by a season or two in Nebraska and a trial of northern Kansas, and now, after several years, they had drifted into their present location. What they managed to accumulate in their stay at any one place was dissipated in the next move. Jim called it hard luck. "Seems like ye can't depend on nothin'!" he would say sometimes; but he continued to see visions and to dream dreams.

Their location in southern Kansas at this time had been partly accidental. Just a year before, their wanderings had brought them into this particular locality and to this particular place. Jim had come up to the well for water, when he chanced upon the owner, who had just locked the door and was putting the key in his pocket. On being greeted by Jim, he looked at him for a moment, glanced at the wagon in the road, and asked laconically, "Comin' or goin'?"

"I 've been doin' a leetle of both, lately," replied Jim. "I ain't goin' no place in pertic'ler."

"Want to run this place? I 'm goin' back to the states. You can stay here and hold it down, if you 'll pay taxes. Drier than hell!"

After consulting his wife Jim accepted the offer, and they moved in.

The year had been favorable, and they had raised corn and wheat, and had pigs to their credit in the pen. But it was beginning over again, and it had been a hard year, especially for Jim's wife. Her thoughts now ran back over that time. She had been compelled to pause and rest more than she used to do, and she had reached that stage in her domestic economy where many of each day's tasks went over to the morrow. The children were neglected, and were allowed to run their free course like young bandits. Fortunately for Jim, the oldest was a boy, and had reached an age where he could be of some assistance to him. Unfortu-

nately for her, the others had come into their lives much later, along with other misfortunes. The youngest of the five children were twins, and were just old enough now to crawl about the house, crying out their wants with exasperating persistency, or getting under their mother's feet to clog her steps.

In her present retrospection, Jim's wife included these innocents in the burdens that exhausted her strength, and as new fetters to bind her to her hard conditions. The laughter of the other children outside at this moment brought no music to her ears. She was tired of them all!

The last straw to her burden had been added lately, when Jim gave indications of having another attack of his old disease. Stories of a new Eldorado to the south were floating about, and he was growing restless. He had said nothing as yet, but from long experience she had learned to tell the symptoms. The first manifestation was a growing carelessness about the farm's management. Panels of fence lost a rail; gates made a show of trying, like a drunken man, to stand erect; barn doors tugged at a single hinge, like a rebellious child trying to break away from its father; pigs tunneled their way under the fence, and bigger pigs "got fast" in trying to follow them; even the crops waited to be gathered, and the weeds went to seed everywhere.

Jim's wife lifted up her head with a sigh as her duties appealed to her again. Her husband's footsteps had just sounded on the threshold, and as she turned to look at him he spoke: "I 'm jest goin' to take a little run down into the Territory fer a day or two, — me and some others," and he named several acquaintances of two or three miles around.

She replied immediately, with a note of protest: "Jim, what are ye goin' fer?"

His hand was stayed on the coat he was taking down from the wall, and he looked at her in mute surprise.

"What 's the use of yer goin', Jim?"

"What 's the use?"

"Yes."

He was puzzled. There was every reason for his going, it had seemed to him; but his thoughts were slow, and he could not put them into words. He was relieved by a voice from the road admonishing him to hasten. He lifted the coat from its nail, and said half apologetically, "We 're jest goin' down to look at some land."

"Jim," she said appealingly, "why can't we stay here? We 've raised good crops and — I don't want to move any more. It 's so wearin'!" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Jim could only look at her in amazement. It was the first time in all their married life that she had shown such emotion. He remained dumb, trying to get a clear idea of the situation.

She dried her eyes, and went on in a disconnected way: "Jim, let 's stay here. We 've moved around so much, and I want a home, — some place to stay. I 'm tired of pickin' up and makin' off agin, every time we git settled. I can't do nothin', or plan nothin', or have nothin'. I git so tired at times, and have hard feelin's 'ginst you and ever'body. I ain't never had any friends nor nobody I could talk to, — never through the whole long day! I don't want much, and it ain't much I 'm askin'. I jest want a home where I can git used to things and they can git used to me, so 's I 'll like 'em and be content!" Her voice choked, but, recovering herself, she exclaimed: "If ever we do move agin, I want to go back to Mizzoura! I want to see the folks once more!" She spoke the last words hurriedly.

Jim put on his coat with hesitation, adjusting it with more care than usual, as he tried, in the pause that ensued, to find words to answer her.

"Yes, but ye don't understand!" he exclaimed at last, and walked sullenly out of the door.

Jim and his comrades constituted but one of many small bands that were making their way to Indian Territory from all parts of Kansas and the West. Oklahoma had not yet been opened to settlement, — Congress had not even passed upon the proposition, — but the professional boomers anticipated it, and were giving the government no end of trouble. The federal authorities were compelled to employ the military to prevent the country from being overrun. But opposition only served to whet desire and make the forbidden land more enchanted. Every fresh incursion, every brush with the troops, was heralded in the press, and touched responsive chords in adventurous breasts throughout the land. Oklahoma became glorified. Rumors of places rich in minerals and precious ores ran abroad, and the most exaggerated accounts received prompt and willing credence.

During the fall and winter the lawless expeditions multiplied, and some of them did not end without bloody encounters with the government's armed forces. Jim Gooch and his companions were caught by the soldiers, bound to their horses, led out of the Territory, and thrown into jail; but they were soon released through a technicality, and the impunity gave them fresh encouragement. A main purpose of these incursions was to get acquainted with the country and to pick out claims in anticipation of the settlement.

Jim did his full share of exploration, and finally selected a quarter section about ten miles from the northern boundary, and set up his stakes. He was lavish in his praise of it to his wife.

"The purtiest rollin' ground, a patch of woods and a spring! By them woods is jest the place fer a house!"

At another time, when Jim fairly glowed in speaking of its advantages, she ventured to ask: "But ain't this as good here? What 's the difference?"

"Why — why, it rains down there, fer one thing, — it does, jest natchelly!" The implied advantage over Kansas might have had weight, had Jim been sure of his facts.

Not long after this Jim came home in silent mood. He was restless, and wandered about the house in spells of abstraction. His wife asked no questions; little by little, however, Jim gave out his secret. On his last visit to his claim he had made a startling discovery. His stakes had been pulled up, and in their place were others of a different mark. In a rage, he destroyed the new ones, and planted his own again.

The excitement over Oklahoma increased through the fall and winter. Occasional reports in the newspapers grew into daily ones with "scare heads." Boomers began to arrive on the border by tens and hundreds. Finally, in the early spring, the efforts of the Western statesmen at Washington found expression in a rider to an appropriation bill that sanctioned an early opening of the lands to settlement through a proclamation by the President. To be specific, the time was fixed by the President at noon of April 22, 1889.

The receipt of the news electrified the whole border. The camps of the boomers were given over to rejoicing, and men danced and behaved with the glad abandon of children. The fever spread through adjoining states, and men lost their reason. Many, in a condition esteemed "well to do," disposed of their possessions at a sacrifice, to seek something, they knew not what, in a country they knew not of. Each man's example decided his neighbor, and the fever became a contagion. All calm consideration was lost. Few in that motley crowd on the way to Oklahoma pursued the probabilities of their action to the end. Their reflections stopped, as they were commanded to do, — on the border. Farther they did not look. After the settlement, what? Was not the soil common earth? Were not the skies and the

air like those they had known? And did not earth and air and sky exact the same sweat of the brow, the same toiling through the heat of the day? Were there not to be the same accidents of fortune, the same play with chance, the same possibilities for good or ill? Nobody seemed to ask these questions; and if any one had asked them, this would have been the answer: "Well, what is everybody going for, then?"

The news of the proclamation had reached Jim one morning, after a hard night's ride from the Territory to escape from the troops. He immediately set out for home, and began to collect all his portable possessions. What could not be carried away he sold, and he did not haggle over the price. There was no stopping Jim now; the fever was in the blood. His wife said no more, — the automaton was at work again. She obeyed Jim's instructions like a child, but with perfect stolidity. The old covered wagon that had seen so much service was run out once more and converted into a traveling habitation. Jim went to the nearest town and bought new canvas for the top. Within and along the sides of the wagon bed he arranged boxes to hold provisions and household utensils. These boxes were placed end to end, so that when the lids were closed and blankets thrown over them they served as a bed. The stove would have taken up too much room in the wagon, so Jim built an extension to the bottom of the bed in the rear to support it. The pipe was run out of a hole in the canvas; with fire up, it belched out smoke in a very formidable way, and marked the landscape with a dark trail out of all proportion to its importance.

Jim and his family were on the road once more, and he was happy. He was like a sailor who had long been ashore, and was once more beyond the sight of land. He gloried in the freedom and freshness of the morning. The children were in full sympathy. The three older ones refused to ride, but played along behind, now and then running races to "catch up." The dog celebrated by jumping at the horses' heads and barking, or making side excursions into the fields in wide, sweeping circles.

Before us stretches a grass-covered land, where absence of hills and trees gives an impression of boundless expanse. It runs away to meet the horizon in long undulation. The winds sweep upon it, and cap its billows with the white of bending grasses. Here and there shadows of clouds glide along like swift birds on motionless pinions. As we look, a distant white speck appears on the green surface, pauses a moment and dips into a trough of prairie, like a gull riding a wave. A few moments pass, and again it appears, rising to the crest of a nearer elevation. It remains in sight longer this time, and we make out its character. It is a "schooner" of the prairies, traversing the land as a bark sails the sea. Let us be patient and await its approach. It does not cover distances with seven-league boots; it measures off every inch of every mile. What the camel is to the desert, or the sailing vessel is to the watery leagues, the white-covered prairie schooner was to the Western lands. Mean and trivial it may appear now, when the shriek of the whistle echoes across the fields and the rushing train roars by, but its place in history is secure. It threads the story of our country's life, and fills many a page with romance and tragedy. About it cling the memories of the pioneer who freighted it with his fortunes and his hopes. It tells of patient journeys full of hardships, of swollen streams that gave no warning, of maddening thirst, of parched plains, of bleaching bones on burning sands, of fierce encounters with savage men, of murdered father beside the embers of his fire, of captive child about whose fate no word has ever come.

But how crude and primitive, after all, it seems, as it surmounts that knoll, looking for all the world like a Quaker bonnet on wheels! Now watch it as it begins to descend. Slowly it dips, like the nodding head of a drowsy man, — lower and lower; then down it plunges, following clanking chains and thumping singletrees. It lumbers at the foot; the traces pull taut; it rights itself, and continues on its slow and toilsome way.

There was little need for so much haste on Jim's part. There was to be a whole month of waiting, and within three days he was on the border. All the boomers were halted at the line, and went into camp. The principal rendezvous was at Arkansas City, but other towns in southern Kansas had their full quota. The number of white-covered wagons increased with each day, until they seemed to be moving toward the towns in unbroken processions.

As the crowd grew, the trouble of the government officials increased. Incursions became more frequent and bolder. Jim stole in with the rest, from time to time, nursing his hopes and guarding his rights. His fears of the unknown rival had almost abated, until one day he discovered that his stakes had been removed again. Traces of the interloper were fresh, and Jim started to make a round of the place. Coming out of the clump of trees down by the spring was a roan horse with a peculiarly marked face, — a surface of white that looked like a mask. The rider and Jim discovered each other at the same moment, and they both rode forward to demand explanations. Their weapons were ready, and a fight seemed certain. Just then the clear notes of a bugle rang out, and they dashed away to escape from an approaching squad of cavalry.

The two men did not meet again before the opening, but the contest for the claim had begun in earnest. Both made other visits, and each time removed the marks left by the other. And now Jim was observed to do a peculiar thing. Every evening, shortly before dark, he mounted his horse, and rode out of camp and away from the town. When he had got beyond the reach of probable observation, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away. After covering a three-mile stretch of level road, he turned the horse's head and galloped back again. Often he varied the programme by whipping his mount across country, making it jump ditches and other obstructions. To the initiated, Jim's action was not only reasonable, but wise. He was preparing for the race.

Jim showed his wisdom, too, in the choice of a horse. The run to the claim was to be a long one, in which endurance was to count for more than speed. There was but one four-footed animal in all the Western country that could answer the requirements, — the hardy little mustang. Take a look at him as he stands before you. He is not a thing of beauty, and at present he does not appear to be a thing of life. There is no proud arching of neck or spirited prancing. His head, neck, and back make almost a straight line, and he has thrown his weight on one of his hind feet, while he rests the other on the edge of its hoof. His manner suggests indifference, if not disdain. There is no grace of figure or curve of line. His joints are obtrusive and angular. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh, but he is muscled like a cat. He is long of head; he is full-nostriled, deep-lunged, and his heart has fibres of steel. His limbs are slender and supple, and never tire. He takes the gallop as the bird takes to wing. And mind his eye. Do not infer from the droop of the lids that he is asleep; the ball is full, and receives impressions from all points of the compass. When eye and limb and lungs are called into full action, the display is magnificent if well directed, and pyrotechnic if not controlled.

The crowds grew and the excitement

increased. There were many times more people than quarter sections, and the consequences that would result were apparent. The honest settler or home-seeker was in the minority. The real-estate man and the professional boomer were there in abundance, scheming and planning. There were adventurers, men that prey on other men, and a large array of camp followers of every kind.

It was the evening before the eventful day. There was suppressed excitement all along the border. The long weeks of waiting by the boomers were at an end. To-morrow held their fortunes, whether for good or ill. There was little sleep among the camps, though men sought their blankets to gain strength for the morrow's struggle. The long line of boomers was marked by twinkling camp fires, before which shadows moved restlessly to and fro.

If anything additional were needed to increase Jim's anxiety, it was a discovery made early in the evening. He had set out along the line of camps to make a general inspection, and had not proceeded far when he halted suddenly and stood rigid in his tracks. Just in front of the regular road that led into the Territory, and so stationed as to command it, was the roan horse with the mask face. It was not to be an indiscriminate race, then, with a purposeless crowd; he was to start neck and neck with an opponent for the same goal!

But Jim had no reason to change his plans on this account. He had foreseen the congested condition of the road, and had not cared to take his chances there. He had moved farther west, explored the ground in front of him to make sure there were no pitfalls, and had planned, by riding straight ahead, to strike the road that ran diagonally a half mile distant.

The morning of April 22, 1889, dawned clear and full of the breath of spring. Not a cloud in the sky. A sea of blue above, a sea of green below. A breeze sprang up from the south, bringing hints of flowers and verdure. Before the boomers lay the promised land, baptized in the glories of a perfect day. They looked upon it with feelings akin to reverence. At noon they were to enter in and possess it. The wilderness was behind them, the land of milk and honey before!

But it was a time for action, and not for contemplation. The morning meal was hurriedly prepared and eaten. There was a clattering of utensils as the camps were struck. There were the neighings of horses and the commands of their masters. Excitement found voice, and long-repressed feelings were given vent in calls and yells and banter. Jim had given full instructions to his wife as to how to follow with the wagon, but now, in the hysterical excitement of the hour, he repeated them a dozen times.

The hours passed quickly in the final preparations. It was eleven o'clock. The racers advanced to the front and were ready, — some on horseback, some in wagons, and some afoot.

Fifteen minutes passed.

"There they come!" shouted an excited man. Looking forward, the boomers caught sight of a long line of cavalrymen advancing toward them from out of the Territory. It was the last beating of the bush. Before them sped some fugitives who had stolen in during the night. The latter were greeted with yells of derision, as they approached. The boomers opened ranks, and sent them to the rear with some physical tokens of their condemnation. A hundred yards in front the soldiers halted, and slid from their horses for a brief rest.

It was 11.45. The excitement increased. Drivers and riders shook out their whips and gathered up their reins. Their hearts thumped in their breasts, and their temples throbbed.

"Say, git out of the way, colonel, or we 'll run over you!" shouted an irrepressible boomer, breaking the silence.

His witticism was allowed to pass unnoticed.

It was 11.55. At word of command the troopers sprang into their saddles and dressed their line. A bugler advanced to the front, and took his place beside the commanding officer. The latter glanced calmly at the sun, drew out his watch and held it in his open palm. Upon him were fixed the eyes of the boomers, who were holding their lines in one hand and uplifted lash in the other. Those afoot stood with bodies leaning forward, with muscles tense, waiting for the word.

It was 11.59.

"Ready!" said the colonel to the bugler. The latter raised the instrument from his side. The second hand of the officer's watch was speeding around its last circle. More tense grew form and spirit along the expectant line. The bugler raised the instrument to his lips, up went the hand of the officer, and out upon the air rang the clear note that signaled the settlement of an empire!

The bugle's invitation was answered by a babel of sounds. There were shouts and the cracking of whips, the rattle of wagons and cursings. The racers spread out like a fan over the prairie, and were soon lost to sight in its billows; but here a wagon lay on its side, and there a horse galloped about, riderless.

Jim had seen the action of the bugler rather than heard the clear note he produced. With a single motion he brought down the whip on the horse's flank and pressed the spurs to its sides. It sprang into a gallop. Jim vaguely heard the din and clatter behind him, as the ground swept by. He headed straight for the road. As he neared it, he became conscious of hoofbeats other than those made by his own animal. Glancing back, he saw the roan horse coming at full speed. The race was on.

Jim's horse struck the road a little in the lead, but this position it was not long to hold. The roan came up, was abreast, forged ahead. The distance between them increased, and as Jim's rival reached a rise of ground ahead, and disappeared on the other side, he sent back a triumphant yell and shook his fist in challenge.

Jim's horse had not varied in its motions from the start. It struck its gait and kept it. With the regularity of a clock and an endurance that was sure it measured off the ground. Jim gave it rein, and, save for a word of encouragement occasionally, he did not urge it. Up and down the swells of prairie and across the stretches between, it was gallop, gallop, gallop! When half the distance of the ten miles had been covered, Jim's rival led by a mile. But Jim had based his confidence on his knowledge of the horses, and was not discouraged. His calculations were now to be put to the test. Before him for the next three miles the land lay level as a floor. Far down the road he caught sight of his competitor, and his heart sank, for he appeared a mere speck. But the speck grew larger, and assumed the shape of horse and man. Jim's heart gave a great leap, — his rival had dismounted from his horse to rest it! His own hardy pony maintained its gait. Gallop, gallop, gallop!

The rider of the roan horse remounted, and started swiftly forward again. Two miles now lay before them, and the test of endurance was yet to come. Jim's rival was half standing in his stirrups, lashing his horse remorselessly. The beast was being urged to its utmost; its head hung low, its limbs seemed unresponsive, and its feet like lead. The man turned in his saddle to note Jim's position, and plied his whip more desperately. The space between them was closing up. But a mile remained, and familiar landmarks began to appear. A scrub oak that Jim had blazed on one of his visits to his claim swept by.

It was the last stretch now. Jim too seized his lash and plied it with vigor.

His horse answered with longer lunge and swifter gait. Only a half mile remained, but the roan horse had done its best. Its motions were jaded and spasmodic. Its rider whipped, and spurred, and shouted. Jim was alongside. In fury and desperation his opponent reached for his pistol, when his horse stumbled, and pitched headlong at the side of the road. It lay where it had fallen. It had given its life for its master. Jim looked back, and saw his rival sitting beside his dead animal, the picture of despair.

Jim gave a shout of exultation as he reached the goal, but the cry died on his lips. The race was ended, but his troubles had only begun. There was a tent on his claim!

At first Jim was dazed. The situation was one on which he had not calculated. The rival he had feared he had beaten, only to find his victory barren. There was but one explanation: the new claimant had not made the race with the rest. He had gone into the Territory in advance, and had concealed himself somewhere until the opening day. In the vocabulary of the Territory, the man was a "sooner."

Jim rode straight for the man's tent, called him out, covered him with maledictions, and knocked him down. There was no incentive to continue the punishment, as the man made no defense. He did not, however, turn the other cheek, but threatened vengeance at a future date.

Jim now awaited the coming of his wife with impatience. He must take the proper steps to "file on" his claim as soon as possible. The long afternoon dragged on, and darkness began to fall before the wagon appeared. In his anxiety and haste Jim strode out to meet it. He climbed upon the seat, took the lines from his wife's hands, and whipped the horses out of their sluggish gait. He did not speak, but drove upon the claim, unhitched the horses, gave certain instructions to his boy, told his wife he should be gone a day or two, and prepared to mount his horse.

"Jim!" called his wife.

He turned at the sound of her voice.

"What" — she began, indicating the tent.

He did not reply. He jumped into the saddle, and rode swiftly away.

The place selected by the government for the land office was a point named Guthrie, on the south bank of the Cimarron River, and about nine miles from the northern boundary of the new country. Here utter confusion prevailed, a few hours after the settlement. The town site was a mass of white tents, with no streets. The only point "from which to reason and to which refer" was the government acre. About this reservation the city of tents had set itself, waiting for time to put things right.

Shortly after dark, a man was seen hurriedly to approach the land office and stop at the front window. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction when he found himself alone. He stood a few moments fanning himself with his hat; then he gathered up some loose boards, and improvised a seat beside the window. He tilted himself back against the building, and prepared to make himself comfortable. The man was Jim. He had come to file on his claim.

Another boomer, half breathless, appeared.

"Are we first?" was the stranger's salutation.

Jim nodded.

"Well, that 's luck!"

He too was from Kansas. These men formed an instant friendship, and fell to discussing the past, present, and future.

"Where 's yer claim?" the stranger finally asked.

"Down on Cottonwood Crick, 'bout a mile and a half from here," replied Jim.

"You 've struck it rich, so near town," said the new acquaintance, borrowing a

phrase from the mines; "but ain't ye afeard?"

"'Feard o' what?" asked Jim.

"Oh, nothin', maybe, and then agin, maybe. You know there 's a clique of these real-estaters that have tried to gobble up ever'thing anywheres near this town. You see they come in here aforetime. They got jobs as deputy marshals, or pretended like they was workin' fer the railroad, and when noon come they jest natchelly threw up their jobs and made a break fer quarter sections. Wa'n't right, — of course it wa'n't!"

Jim began to see matters more clearly. He had chosen his claim too well.

Other boomers had appeared. The line was growing fast. By midnight it had run back, and lay along the government acre in folds. The men crowded close together, each being jealous of the space that separated him from the man next in front. The impression had got abroad that a "filing" was a thing next best to a deed, and all were eager to get their names on the records.

Jim's anxiety grew with the hours. Frequently he felt for his papers, which were in his inside pocket, to assure himself that they were secure. The morning came at last. The long line of men yawned, stretched, and showed its restlessness. The government officials took their time, but at last they appeared. Jim had been on his feet an hour, with the papers in his hand. He could see the clerks inside moving about, and throwing out heavy books on the tables. The hour for government business had arrived. A clerk came forward to open the window. Jim felt a hand on his shoulder; turning, he saw the new claimant and a deputy marshal. The marshal said: "I shall have to arrest you for assault and battery. Come with me."

When Jim had got through with the magistrate, somebody had filed on his claim. There remained but one thing to do, — enter a contest in the courts.

Until the case could be settled both claimants occupied the land. Jim was almost subdued by his encounter with the authorities, and he deemed it more prudent, in the future, to depend less on physical force, and more on the power of the law. It required great self-control at first to see the stranger cultivate *his* land, but there was no alternative. One morning Jim awoke to find that, during the night, a long furrow had been ploughed through the centre of the tract, from one end to the other. It was a flag of truce calling for a cessation of hostilities, and leaving to higher tribunals the final adjudication of the case. Jim accepted the protocol, when he had concluded, after an examination, that he had not received the worst of the division. The furrow was thereafter considered the neutral strip.

Jim's opponent felt that he could afford to be generous, for he was not alone, and was pretty sure of the outcome. He was even charitable enough to forgive the blow, especially as Jim had been fined roundly, and promised a double amount in case the offense were repeated. He cared nothing for farming; his profits were not to come out of the soil, but from the enhanced value of the land that would result from its close proximity to the town. As far as actual cultivation of the ground was concerned, he could have given Jim all but a small potato patch, only that such generosity might yield the latter an advantage in evidence when the case came to trial. However, there must be signs of "improvement" as proof of his sincerity of purpose as a true settler; so he built a box house with one window and one door, nailed canvas over the top for a roof, and called the result an "improvement." He ploughed an acre of ground, planted it with corn and potatoes, and called that "cultivation."

Jim also built a temporary shelter and went to work. When he struck his plough into his new claim, he unearthed no pot of gold. The soil was not unlike

that of Kansas, and he felt just as tired when his day's work was done as ever before. As for his wife, her duties were doubled. She tired quickly now, and she acknowledged to herself that she was "wearin' out." Work as hard as she might, she seemed to accomplish little. What was worse, she worked without hope. Her interest was gone. She did what came to her hand to do, and beyond that she did not think. The contest over the claim had crushed her. Although she had not shared her husband's dreams in this venture, she had cherished a little hope that he might succeed this time. When nearly all their money had gone in the employment of legal agencies to sustain their rights, she bowed beneath the cruel conditions. Past experience had made her look on the dark side of things, and now she did not expect the shadows ever to lift. Her mind had lost all its buoyancy, and she received everything that came to her with the same impassiveness. Sometimes the children called her to herself, but these faint stirrings of the spirit only served to make her dejection deeper. Jim had not observed any difference in her. He was too much occupied with his own troubles to notice hers. She did not complain, and that was enough.

One day the truth was half borne home to him. He had come in at dusk and found her prostrate on the floor where she had fallen. He lifted her and bore her to the bed. The action aroused her. She "guessed it was nothin' much," — with her hand at her heart, — and allayed his fears. Within a few minutes she was up again, preparing the evening meal.

The case came to trial. Jim had justice and right on his side, but he did not have the evidence. It seemed man against man, claimant against claimant, until his defeated competitor, the owner of the roan horse, came into court.

"I and this man," he said, indicating Jim, "and this other man," with a wave of his hand toward the defendant, "was on the border when the land was opened. Us three had our eye on the same piece of dirt. We had a fair, square race fer it. I and this plaintiff was beat out. I give up like a man, and he don't, and that 's all there is to it."

That was his story. He left the court room and received his reward, and certain "influential citizens" were the richer by another quarter section.

Jim was stunned. He turned appealingly to his lawyer. "What is there to do?" he asked.

"Nothing but to get off the land," was the response.

"Well?" asked Jim's wife, when he got home.

He shook his head despairingly, and dropped into a chair, limp and hopeless.

"Don't take it so hard, Jim," said his wife simply. It was all the consolation she had to offer.

But for her the disappointment was too great. The next day she fell at her work. Jim bent over her and caressed her toil-worn hands, endeavoring to stroke them back into life. The officers coming to dispossess him found him thus engaged, and withdrew.

The death of a woman — the first in the Territory — attracted widespread attention. There was a feeling that the new land had been consecrated. Many a man, heretofore, had passed away, oftentimes with his boots on, and been buried where he fell; but this was different. The council of Guthrie met in extra session, and directed its attention to what it had been too busy to consider before, — the establishment of a cemetery.

The funeral was made a public event. The whole town turned out, and accorded to Jim's wife honors that might have been bestowed upon the founder of a state. She was laid to rest in the very centre of the new graveyard, and to the small bit of ground that inclosed her form there was no one to dispute her title.

A week after the burial, in the early morning, a prairie schooner was seen crossing from Indian Territory into Kansas. Soon the road led away to the east. As the horses' heads were turned to take it, the driver looked back. The west was dark with shadows, pressed down by the light of a new day rushing up the sky. Back there lay the past with its sufferings and disappointments; before, all the good in life that remained. Jim was "goin' back to his wife's folks."

Joseph W. Piercy.

SCIENCE IN PHILANTHROPY.

THOSE who look on only occasionally at the methods of dealing with the so-called degenerate classes often declare that nothing is really known, that guess-work reigns, that one plan is as good as another. This cynical despair of social science is not justified by the facts. As the science of life borrows data and suggestion from the hospital practitioner, so the student of normal society finds a laboratory in the institutions for defectives. Comte long ago said that sociology comes nearer actual scientific experiment in dealing with the defective than with the normal classes. In prisons and asylums we can more nearly control conditions than we can with free self-governing families and communities. Social pathology offers an important side light on normal human relations, because the laws of disease seem to be the seamy side of the laws of health, and show them in larger pattern.

Those who scoff at the possibility of building a social philosophy should recognize the fact that every attempt to concentrate all the forces of a commonwealth upon the solution of any specific problem more or less consciously proceeds upon some sort of theory of the ends and the resources of the commonwealth. The art of statesmanship, the organization of a school system or of a system of charities and corrections, imply a theory of the community which would properly be called a sociology, if it were more accurate and complete. It ought not to be regarded as a presumptuous attempt for special scholars to bring out into clearer light, with reinforcement of knowledge at every point and from every special science, a view of society as a whole, when every rural legislator and every superintendent of schools is actually proceeding on the basis of sociology, often without thinking of his scheme of life under this somewhat novel title.

When a community distinguishes classes of "abnormal" men, it tacitly acts with a standard of normal men and normal society before its mind. When a people, by legal means or by voluntary associations, constructs a system of institutions for the care of its abnormal members, it acts upon a theory of the objects of society and the normal order of its arrangements. This practical coördination of the special knowledge of economists, lawyers, physicians, educators, is a necessity of life. Sociologists are simply struggling to make this coördination as adequate as possible. A special science out of relations to a general theory of society is as helpless and futile as the mainspring of a watch lying in isolated "abstraction" outside the watch itself.

Compare the method of dealing with prisoners in the more advanced reformatories with that employed in backward communities, where the antiquated philosophy of vindictive justice dominates both law and discipline, and perpetu-

ates the passions of lynching, feuds, and murder. Modern criminology marks off, with increasing accuracy, the various classes of prisoners, — criminals of passion, occasional criminals, habitual criminals, and those congenitally defective persons who should be in custodial asylums for imbeciles rather than in prisons. Criminologists lay stress upon the characters and capabilities of men; the traditionalists persist in relying on definitions of acts, and in seeking to measure exact guilt in terms of time. Science deals with knowable qualities; tradition and popular passion grope for a standard of the unknowable.

We have already a few reformatory prisons in which the more advanced methods of education are employed with hopeful results. A visit to one of these institutions for reformation, with its splendid equipment for regenerating the dwarfed and perverted offender in body, mind, and spirit, awakens admiration. But instantly the question starts in the mind, Why not use these appliances of education in advance of crime? Why not give our public schools the means of preventing the germination and formation of the anti-social habit?

Indeed, all penological studies are driving us back to educational and other preventive measures. Reformation is costly and uncertain. Penalties have little influence upon minds not disciplined to foresight of consequences, incapable of connected reasoning. When wages are so low and fluctuating as they are in some ranks of labor, the prison becomes actually inviting, and its terror a paradise, to many of the proletariat. Prison reform problems lead straight on to kindergarten and manual training, the trade union, the minimum wage, and related agencies of prevention of degradation. Expert judgment has long since declared that for the socially unfit liberty is an injury to the individual and a constant menace to society. Legal "innocence" sets free the recidivist at the end of a brief sentence, while the wild beast in him is yet untamed and the enfeebled will is unable to resist temptation. This cruel policy of mathematical justice is sustained by custom and legal conservatism long after it is condemned by science. The sociological method of coördinating study is compelling the lawyers to bring fresh life into a formal text study, and just as truly compels theoretical specialists in anthropology to regard the legal point of view, the certainty, impersonality, and impartiality of justice.

The most glaring contrast between expert knowledge and popular custom and law is seen in the legal administration of local institutions, — the jail and the county poorhouse. The mere description of an ordinary jail should suffice to condemn it, and would awaken intense horror if the public could know and picture the necessary results of average administration. The local prison is used as a place for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial, sometimes of insane persons, and even of witnesses, as well as for the infliction of short sentences for minor offenses. Frequently, men, women, and youths are confined in the same building, not seldom within sight or hearing of one another. The corridors of many jails are occupied all day long by a motley company of prisoners of all grades of depravity. In this free school of crime, the uninitiated take lessons from adepts in licentiousness and burglary, and thoughtless children become the pupils and intimate companions of tramps and thieves. The local officials seem to have no standard of comparison. They seldom have any knowledge of the more civilized methods, and have contempt for "theorists." In some instances of extraordinary foulness, where the jail may be in the court-house cellar, the judges, if annoyed by odors and frightened by communicable disease, are ready, perhaps, to order an investigation. But the essential evils of the system are not merely defects in sanitation.

The detention of the insane even for a moment in a jail confuses nervous disease with crime, and helps to prolong the popular identification of insanity with demoniac possession or willful moral evil. The trial of children and youth in the same courts with older offenders, and their incarceration in jails and bridewells with adults, are causes of the perpetuation and increase of crime. Public opinion tolerates, through ignorance, the punishment of drunken and disorderly persons in jails. It is not felt by unbashful vagabonds as punishment. The district workhouse should provide actual disciplinary labor for a term long enough to affect the habits and character of the demoralized person. The jail should be merely a place of temporary detention before trial, and the cells should be so constructed that no inmate could ever see or meet any other, and those yet uncondemned should not be thrust into purgatory before trial.

The average county poorhouse is another pathetic and disheartening illustration of the tardiness of popular knowledge and belated legal reform. If ordinary citizens knew what almshouses in most regions of the country actually are, in construction and administration, they would demand a change. Stories of abuses come from all quarters. There is absence of classification. On poor farms, men, women, and children herd together, and sometimes sleep in the same dormitory, without even curtains between their beds. In remote places, the demented insane are neglected, and treated like animals. Feeble-minded women, irresponsible creatures, wander about the country, and return to the asylum to give birth to idiots and perpetuate defect. Honest old people, who have served their country in the army of productive industry for a half century, are shut in, during long winters, as intimate companions of worn-out criminals. This does not often occur, but it should never be permitted. Real working people have a right to protest with bitterness against this unjust confusion of misfortune and crime. If counties are too penurious to provide separate homes for the aged and helpless poor, the commonwealth should interfere.

Several states have in their service, at this hour, a small corps of very competent officials in charge of the feeble-minded. Out of about one hundred thousand of these hapless children less than one tenth are in expert custody. The others are scattered in homes, in poorhouses, wander about as vagrants, or find their way to prisons and asylums for the insane. Under competent care, this class can be supported in rural colonies almost without expense to the public, educated as far as their limited faculties permit, made comparatively happy in the society of equals, shielded from the humiliations and sufferings of competition, and prevented from propagating their defects. Here is the beginning of actual "social selection." The more advanced states have already proved, under expert guidance, that charity the most tender is consistent with the elimination of the unfit.

The ability to maintain life in competitive industry is a rough measure of fitness for parental responsibilities. The feeble-minded are not competent to care for themselves. It is believed that many vagrants have the hereditary character of these degenerates. Their turn for elimination will come next, and in the same merciful way, and then confirmed and hopeless dipsomaniacs may be treated rationally.

The most hopeful philanthropy is that which deals with dependent and neglected children, and in this endeavor certain principles have been established beyond reasonable skepticism. We know that infants without mothers cannot live in large dormitories. When a city continues to keep its foundlings in a great institution, in face of the statistics of mortality, it is guilty of their death.

The congregation in huge barracks of orphan and deserted children, past infancy, is now well understood to be injurious to them, so that the system of giving subsidies to church and other private institutions for the support of dependent children is a bounty on bad methods. It corrupts the conscience and blinds the judgment of good men and women; it dries up the fountains of voluntary benevolence, and it cripples the children. New York city and the state of California may be compared with Michigan and Minnesota, and the result will be ample evidence of the folly of the subsidy system. The policy of placing normal children in real homes, with natural family life and contact with ordinary community problems, may fairly be claimed as the only policy based on science. If experiment has any value in the study of the phenomena of society, then family care must be regarded as superior to institutional custody. The reasons are economic, physiological, pedagogical, and political. The expense of support in institutions is enormous; the health of children is exposed to needless perils of contagion; the artificial training unfits the young person for the actual world; and the relation of the institution to politics, especially if it is a private institution seeking subsidies from public funds, is almost inevitably hurtful.

Public outdoor relief, the assistance of dependent families in their homes, becomes more important with density of population and growth of cities. Students and administrators in this country are divided in opinion as to the necessity and wisdom of raising money by taxation for this purpose. Many believe that pauperism in New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia has been better cared for since official relief was abolished. But all acknowledge that, for a long time to come, a considerable sum must be given from voluntary or public sources for this purpose. In the distribution of this form of relief, general principles derived from long experience in many countries have been formulated, but are generally neglected by the sympathetic public.

One who reasons from the world's best thought and knowledge would insist that each dependent person must be treated as an individual; that the relief should be temporary and the application frequently renewed; that the way to normal industry should be kept open at every step, and be made preferable to the path of indolence and beggary. Trained opinion favors a system of coöperation of all benevolent persons and officials, with a common central record, with information accessible to all who wish to aid the poor. The most successful administration is that which reduces the material relief, and increases the capacity for self-support; which tends to restore sound social relations, and lift the decaying parasite into independence and manliness. This view of outdoor relief is exacting, and calls for a high order of ability and a large number of friendly visitors.

Surveying the actual practice in American cities, we discover that every one of these principles is constantly and flagrantly violated. The inquiry for causes is pronounced heartless. The friendly visitor is declared to be a cruel and impertinent meddler, who would substitute good advice for food and warmth. The attempt to bring order and bookkeeping into the chaos of almsgiving is condemned as "red tape" and presumption. Fortunate is the really thorough charity worker if he escapes the epithet of "anarchist" or "communist" because he discovers that individual and voluntary efforts are impotent in the presence of colossal misery, and because he invokes the coöperation of the entire community and the supreme power of the government.

There are reasons for the slow rate of approximation of social practice to scientific demands. The public finds the consideration of defects disagreeable and

painful. It is pleasant to think of education, art, industry, and literature; but criminals are odious and idiots repulsive in common thought. Our natural repugnance for defectives tends to awaken contempt. Genius is demanded to discover the essentials of divine personality in obscure intelligence and distorted nature. Comparatively few persons visit jails, prisons, and poorhouses, and most of those who do look about the abodes of misery with morbid curiosity alone, for they have no training in observation and no criteria of judgment. They simply disturb the discipline. It requires previous preparation and skillful guidance to derive benefit from examinations of this kind. Entrance is only too easily secured, in the case of public institutions in America; for an aimless ramble of sightseers, without knowledge or serious purpose, is positively harmful.

Our system of outdoor relief, both public and private, unlike the German municipal system, which provides as visitors a large corps of capable men who serve without salary, erects a barrier between the broken citizen and the prosperous. Our official methods are bureaucratic in the worst sense; hard, mechanical, rigid in routine, awkward and often corrupt in administration. Our busy people, eager to be rich, farm out their philanthropy, and pay relief societies to distribute their alms and the remnants left from charity balls. Our educated and comfortable ladies and gentlemen know not how the other half lives. If the Elberfeld system could be introduced, or the Boston corps of "friendly visitors" be organized in all towns, we should know more of the meaning of struggle "down in the folks-swamps."

The principal inspirer of philanthropic feeling in the world is the church. But up to recent times the leaders of the church have been educated in a way not very favorable to a wise direction of charity. The separation of ecclesiastical from political power has insensibly weakened the sense of responsibility for wards of the state. Our theological seminaries are just beginning to provide for a study of the methods which best represent the doctrines and practice of the Founder of the church in relation to the distressed. Those who give direction to the studies of the church leaders have still to learn much from the saying of Dr. Arnold: "It is clear that, in whatever it is our duty to act, those matters also it is our duty to study." There is great reason to hope that another generation will take up the burden with ampler knowledge, wiser method, and more earnest consecration.

In pioneer conditions only the rugged and dauntless pushed to the frontier. Indians, fever, and hardship selected the feeble for extinction. Free land gave rude plenty to all who could survive, and pauperism was rare. But with our great cities have come new problems. Altruism must find a way to be merciful, and yet reduce the burden of the unfit. There is no prospect for the dependent classes in mere material alms. Many can be educated to self-support, and to abandon the proletarian tendency to wear out mothers in bearing and rearing children who must starve on insufficient income. The feeble-minded and degenerate cannot be taught this fundamental lesson. Fortunately, they are not very numerous, and can all be easily segregated in self-supporting rural colonies. When they are removed, the real workers will more easily rise in earning power.

Perhaps the most important means of improving the formerly corrupt and barbarous local charities and prisons in England was the establishment of central supervision. The centralization of supervising power and function in the Home Office has lifted relief and corrective methods to a high level of efficiency and honesty. Most of our states, however, remain on the plane where England was before this vital reform was introduced. The "court-house ring" is only

too generally the despot over taxpayers and paupers. The improvement immediately manifest from recent laws in Indiana and Ohio, requiring the local almoners to report in detail to the State Board of Charities, is a startling evidence of the necessity for further changes in the same direction.

It is not desirable to discourage local interest in relief or disciplinary measures. Central control should seek to increase rather than to diminish the sense of responsibility of township and county administrators. The state boards which are now established in most of the more advanced states are usually advisory bodies, whose influence is felt in constant and skillful investigations, publication of abuses, distribution of information, education of the people, and guidance of legislators and administrators. The backward states, which have hitherto, through a mistaken notion of economy, refused to establish such boards, are sacrificing the money of taxpayers, the comfort and lives of the dependents, and the efficiency of penal machinery.

It is universally agreed that professional training is required for superintendents and assistants in institutions of charity and correction. But few persons will spend years in school and in subordinate apprentice service, unless they see before them a reasonable assurance that skill and fidelity will be rewarded with advancement and permanence in office.

The bearing of civil service reform on the improvement of our charitable and correctional institutions will be apparent. While all citizens should learn the essential principles of ameliorative method, it is absurd to expect administrative ability in all. The supreme social question in relation to public beneficence is the question of securing trained officials, and keeping them in the full light of intelligent and sympathetic criticism. Progress in this matter depends upon concentrating the general thought and will on a single point, which for the present should be civil service reform, with its examinations, eligible list, probation, promotion for merit, and security of tenure during the period of efficiency.

Never before in the history of our country was intelligence upon social obligations so general as now, and the process of education is going forward rapidly. The National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the National Prison Association, the International Prison Congress, have published a body of valuable thought. Naturally, the contributions are of unequal value, but the agreement of experts on important principles shows that opinion is not provincial.

Social science has no ready-made set of rules which can fit out a successful administrator; it does not pretend to offer a substitute for native talent, insight, sympathy, and technical training. But it ever remains true that the world's experience, as formulated in history and theory, is needed to correct the narrowness, egotism, and blindness of merely individual experience. It is a hopeful feature in contemporary philanthropy that associations bring together people of various kinds of knowledge and training, and that their publications increasingly influence legislation and administration.

Charles Richmond Henderson.

IN THE ABSENCE OF MRS. HALLORAN.

THE screaming of the child in the next room suddenly subsided into wailing; and Khalil Khayat, the old editor of Kawkab Elhorriah, — which, translated from the Arabic, is Star of Liberty, — knew that the day's causeless beating was over. Mrs. Halloran had quit through very exhaustion; and, intent on reviving draughts, she shuffled along the hallway and clattered down the stair, blowing, and railing blatantly between breaths. She groped her way in reckless wrath; but the hall's darkness was safely familiar, — for she was drunk, — and her left hand knew the shattered stair post, and her feet the sunken floor strip and broken step; so the tenants soon heard the last of her.

Khayat sustained his interest in the sad philosophy of Abo Elola Elmoarri, that lay open in his lap, until the sobbing on the other side of the partition appealed to him out of the near silence that the going of Mrs. Halloran gave. He closed the big black book, and laid it, with fleeting regret, in its place; and stood musing in the thin sunshine that the shadow of the opposite building had chased to his window sill. He listened to the shouts of the children in the street far below, where, in the first freedom of spring, they sported, swarming, making the most of the day's end; and fine simplicity made music of shrill cries for him, so that he smiled, and blessed his God, in his own way, that the little children of other men should so shed light into his dark dwelling place. Then he bethought himself of the present distress of the boy, his friend, — who, of all in the great tenement, called him Mister Khayat, and never Khayat the Dago nor (ah, the bitterness of the name, for he was a Christian and a Syrian) Khayat the Turk, — and sighed, and tiptoed in to tell him a story, as he had often done.

Mrs. Halloran's scrawny last-born was stretched out prone on the floor in the deeper dusk near the table's sound leg. Khayat gathered him in his arms, hearing never a whimper of protest, and lifted him out of the window to the fire escape. Billy Halloran had to be lifted over high places; for he was a cripple from birth, and had pains in his back and his leg half the days. He bestowed his body comfortably against a tub; and Khayat, with imperturbable deliberation, climbed out after him, and squatted with his back against the railing. Sitting so in the sunshine, he lit the precious short pipe the Oxford professor had given him in the days of foolishness, when he longed to touch the liberty that men from the West boasted, and told Billy Halloran the story he had liked to hear best, long, long ago and far away, when he was a child on his mother's knee: —

"Long ago — ver-ee long ago — there leeve a Keen' een Beirout, my home, een Syria; an' he was a Jew. An' een those days a grea-at dragon he come up from the sea, — come crawlin', roarin' — roarin'" —

"W'at's a dragon? I do' know," Billy plainted.

"Ho! W'at ees? A fear-rful creature. Thees dragon's head eet was the head of a serpent; an' hees eyes they were eyes for the night an' for the day, an' green an' — an' — ho, yes — an' green-hot; an' hees tongue eet was a sharp, twistin' flame; an' black smoke an' fires come from hees red nose. Hees bod-ee eet was like a mountain for greatness, an' covered with glees-ten-in' green scales, — to hees head, to hees tail an' to the end of eet, which was a spear; an' hees ween's were like the ween's of ten thousan' black bats. Lo, he come roarin' out of the sea, cryin': 'Geeve me somethin' to eat! Geeve me somethin' to eat,

for I am hungry!' An' he go to a dark cave een the mountain near the city to leeve there; an' the people fly een great hurry to the city to escape, cryin', 'O Keen', O mighty Keen', our Keen', save us from the jaws of the dragon!'"

"W'at kin a King do?"

"Ver-ee powerful man, a Keen'. Ho, yes! He" —

"Like a cop?"

"Much more, — very, ver-ee powerful. He" —

"Like de roun'sman, Hogan?"

"Yes, yes; as" —

"Like MacNamara? Naw, 'e ain't!"

"MacNamara? W'at ees he, MacNamara?"

"De block does w'at 'e says, you bet. 'E 's a alderman."

"As twelve hun'red MacNamaras!" exclaimed Khayat.

"Gee!" said Billy, and dismissed the matter as beyond comprehension.

"Now, I know that thees the story my mother have told me as a leetle chil' eet ees true," Khayat went on; "for I have seen the cave, an' the print of the dragon's claws een the very rock. Ah! my eyes shall see the mountain side nevermore. Oh, oh, I am sad, — so ver-ee sad! No more shall I go back. Oh, oh! For do they not look for me to keel me? Oh, cruel! W'at" —

"Eh? W'at 'd y'u do?" asked Billy, with an extraordinary access of interest.

"I have so much write against the Sultan of Turkey," Khayat answered gravely. "An' een Aleppo — sh-h-hh! — I keel three Mohammaden — I, myself. My seester — you would not understan' — eet was for my seester I shed blood. God he strength my arm an' sharp my knife."

"Was y'u pinched?"

"I escape," said Khayat quietly.

"Did y'u git it off?"

"Off?"

"De blood. One-lip Bill says it won't come off 'is 'and. 'E 's left-'anded, an' w'en 'e stabbed Yellow Mag de knife" —

"Sh-h-hh! I talk no more of eet. Well, I can go back — no. Eet ees God's weel. Eet matters not for you. Enough. Yes, I have seen the cave an' know eets darkness; an' the print of the dragon's feet I have touch with my feengers. So I know the story my mother have told me ees true, every word. I now tell eet to you."

Khayat lit his pipe again, and Billy got his bad leg in a more comfortable position.

"Now, the dragon begeen to devour the people," Khayat resumed, "seekin' out the children first; an' day an' night the people gather before the palace gates, cryin', 'O Keen', O mighty Keen', save our lives, an' the lives of our leetle ones!' After many days the Keen' hearken to the voices of hees people, an', standin' before all, said, 'O my people, my beloved ones, who weel keel the dragon for me, hees Keen'?' An' no man speak; for they have all great fear. Then deed the Keen' cry once more, 'O my people, my beloved ones, who are like to my eyes so dear, heem who breen' to me the head of thees dragon weel I make a preence een my house.' Yet deed no man say one word. Then the Keen' call the wise men to heem, an' consider what could he do; an' after, one go to the dragon een hees cave an' make a bargain with heem for the Keen', agreein' to geeve each day one chil' an' one sheep, eef only the dragon be good; an' the dragon he was content. So the people return to their homes an' have peace; an' every day the lot eet was cast by the wise men, an' out of many families was geeve a dear son, an' out of many folds a sheep. The dragon he grow fat an' merry.

"By an' by eet come the turn of the Keen', who have no son, but only one beautiful daughter. Now the Keen' deed weep; for he love hees daughter as he love nothin' else, an' he would not geeve her to the dragon. But the wise men say to heem: 'O Keen', O Keen', O Keen',

our sons have we geeve without weepin' before all men. Who among us ees faithless, O our Keen'? Geeve, we pray, your daughter with a sheep to the dragon.' The Keen' he answer an' say, 'O the people of Beirout, the chief city of my keen'dom, who weel take my keen'dom, an' save to me my daughter?' An' the people cry: 'O Keen', our Keen', deed your servants not keep their word? May eet please you, master, to geeve your daughter with a sheep to the dragon, — oh, please!' An' again deed the Keen' beseech a man to take hees keen'dom, an' save hees daughter. The people cry, 'Keen', your daughter to the dragon!' Three times the Keen' he call to the people, an' the people answer as they have done.

"At last the Keen' turn to hees servants an' order them to take a white sheep an' wash heem ver-ee clean; an' to hees woman servants he say, 'Dress my daughter, your meestress, een her finest raiment, an' put a white veil over her face, for she ees to die.' Then he go eento an eener room of hees palace, an' mourn een a loud voice, so the people they deed hear heem. The servants deed as they were told; an' when the sun was low on that day, the Keen', with tears een hees eyes, besought hees daughter to lead the sheep to the place where the dragon was. Hees daughter bow before heem an' say, 'O my dear father, as your people weel, so I do; an' een doin' so I grieve because I do not as you weel.' At thees speech the Keen' cry aloud, so ver-ee sad was he; but hees daughter, with greater courage than any woman, go out alone, leadin' the sheep. Now the people follow afar off; an' the Keen' was with them. So deed they all go out of the city's gates; an' the Keen' he weep an' cry out all the time, 'Who weel take my keen'dom, an' save my daughter?' — for there was yet time. But the people loved not the Keen' for that he deed not save hees own daughter; an' they were silent, all men of them.

"Now, when the dear lady, leadin' the white sheep, come to the place where the dragon was, she cry, 'O Monster, come forth! Here ees blood an' flesh, — flesh an' blood of chil' an' beast, as the Keen', my father, agree.' An' there come from the mouth of the cave black smoke, grea-at clouds, an' a roarin' from the bowels of the earth. Then the people look up from the plain, where they stan' een one great throng, an' observe with their two eyes, shadin' them from the sun, for eet was evenin'; an' again the Keen' he cry een a voice terrible with grief, 'Oh, oh, who weel take my keen'dom, an' breen' me back my leetle daughter?' Steel were the people silent; but some call upon their God to send an angel from heaven to slay the dragon.

"Then a wonderful theen' eet happen; for afar off on the road was a cloud of dust observed, an' out of the dust come a horseman, ridin' very mad; an' anon there stan' at the side of the Keen's daughter a great knight, with armor of silver an' a helmet of shinin' gold; an' tall feathers wave een the leetle weend above hees helmet, an' a spear he carry een hees han'.

"'O beauteous lady,' deed the horseman say to the daughter of the Keen', 'how beautiful are you! But why stan' you here alone with a white sheep, near where the smoke of a fearful dragon come from the mouth of a cave? Oh, fear not, beauteous one, for I weel slay the dragon.'

"An' the lady tremble, but not of fear, for the voice of the knight eet was gentle; an' she answer to heem: 'O young man, O young man, fly from thees dreadful place, for the dragon ees a great dragon as ever was, an' very hungry, for they have not fed heem for four days. Seek not to die for me, but fly quickly.'

"'Ho, ho!' said the knight. 'Ees eet so? A great dragon, an' not fed for four days! What a joy an' dignity for me to slay heem!'

"'Oh, try not,' said the lady, 'but fly, fly.'

"'Beauteous lady,' deed the knight say then, 'I may not fly from dragons, for I am the Christian George; an' eef I might, I would not.'

"An' three times deed the lady beseech heem to go; an' thrice deed he answer her, 'Oh, fear not; eet ees my task to slay dragons, an'' " —

"'Is work?" Billy Halloran demanded.

"Yes," answered Khayat, and continued: "'Eet ees my work to slay dragons, an'' " —

"'Is business, — 'is reg'lar trade?" Billy asked in wonderment.

"Ay," said Khayat impatiently, "hees trade, — say eet so. An' the knight he say, 'An' slay thees' " —

"Say," said Billy eagerly, "any chanst fer a willin' boy over there now, — a boy wit' a bad leg, but willin' — *willin'* " —

"Boy? For what, a boy?"

"Fer dis dragon-slayin' business. George was on horseback, an' " —

"Sh-h-hh!" said Khayat. "Eet ees all dead now. There ees no more of eet."

Billy Halloran sighed. "Bloody good business," he said regretfully, and was silent.

"Well," Khayat pursued, "the knight he say to the lady: 'I would not fly eef I might, while you stan' here all, all alone. Eet weel be to me a greater joy, so, to keel the drag—' "

"W'ere 's de dragon all dis time?" Billy interrupted. "Ain't 'e doin' any stunts?"

"Well, the dragon he come roarin' from the cave in terrible wrath; an' smoke an' fire come from hees mouth an' blood sweat from hees belly, so fearrful was hees madness. Hees ween's he flap with the noise of a great weend, an' hees claws he stretch as an angry cat; an' the sun fall on the green scales of hees bod-ee an' on the purple scales of hees head, so that they shine brighter than the armor of the knight, — ay, with a magic lustre that ob-scured the sun an' blind the eyes of the people on the plain. Eet ees truth; so deed the scales of the dragon shine unteel God he touch the armor of the Christian George with cool flame; then deed the light een them fade to very blackness een the people's eyes. Then the knight he speak comfort to the lady, an' ride up against the dragon, cryin': 'The Lord for George an' the lady! The Lord geeve help to George!' "

"De Lord, w'at 's 'e? I do' know," said Billy.

Khayat, silent, motionless, stared at Billy Halloran.

"Oh, do you not know, boy?" he whispered distressfully at last. "He ees our Father, — the Lord Almighty, who" —

"Aw, y'u mean Gawd. W'y don't y'u talk 'Nited States? 'E" —

"Sh-h-hh!" with a gesture of deprecation.

"Well, 'e ain't no business mixin' in de scrap," Billy persisted sullenly, and continued argumentatively: "It ain't no square t'ing fer de dragon. Gawd 'e jumped up an' t'rew sand in de dragon's eyes, did n't 'e, eh? Aw" —

"Stop, boy!" Khayat exclaimed. "Say not so. Oh, do not. Eet ees not so. Oh no — the story" —

"Well, was Gawd anyw'ere roun' w'en George give de signal?"

"Een heaven he was, O boy! You not know" —

"I know more 'n y'u t'ink," said Billy, with a knowing side glance. "A Salvationer tol' me a t'ing er two w'en she fix me leg. Say, y'u can't tell w'ere t' look fer Gawd in them days. 'E might 'a' bin in a tree, an' 'e might 'a' bin in a fire; an' 'e might 'a' bin a stone on de groun' an' y'u would n't know it, an' 'e might 'a' bin in de win' an' y'u could n't see 'im." Billy's voice had taken on a tone of mystery, and his eyes were

round; and now he continued plaintively: "I t'ink an' I t'ink, an' I don't know w'at 'e is er — er — I do' know."

"Well, he was een heaven," said Khayat.

Billy sighed, — for nothing immediate. "George must 'a' had 'is ally wit' 'im, if Gawd was dere," he said. "G'wan."

It was Khayat's turn to sigh. "The dragon," he said, taking up the thread of his story, "he turn an' go eento hees cave, where no eye could see heem; an' the knight ride up an' shake hees spear at the darkness of the cave an' mock the dragon. Then deed the people laugh loud at the dragon; an' the knight cry: 'So cowardly a dragon deed I never see een my life! Come forth an' fight, that I may keel you. See, I throw away my sword, an' my helmet I cast aside. Now have I only my spear; an' my face eet ees bare to your tongue of flame. Come to the sunlight. Geeve me fight for the lady.'

"Now the dragon was a cunnin' fellow, meanin' all the time to come forth an' keel the Christian George by a treek. Lo, as the people look, even as they laugh most loud, a smoke cloud, black an' theek like a night tempest, eet creep, creep from the mouth of the cave, bein' carried on the breath of the dragon, an' gather round about the knight, an' envelop heem from the people's sight. Then was there terrible fear een the people's hearts, who know much of the treeks of dragons; an' they say, each man to hees own heart, 'Lo, the black cloud ees the poison breath of the dragon, an' the brave knight weel surely perish.' Thrice deed George call upon hees God, an' hees voice was the evenin' prayer bell for sweetness; an' thrice deed he shout hees battle cry, an' hees voice was as the roarin' of a crouch-ed lion for — for — fear-rfulness. The darkness on the mountain side eet was terrible as night at noonday, an' the people tremble an' cover their faces to conceal the sight of the dragon's magic.

"Lo, the dragon leap forth with smoke an' fire an' great noise, as a shot of iron from a cannon's mouth. Hees tongue eet was as lightnin' een a black storm. Lo, a great roarin' come from the cloud, an' again a roarin', an' for the third time a grea-ater ro-oarin' than ever before. With suddenness deed God gather the smoke een hees han' an geeve eet to the four weends. Then was there silence as of rest-time, as of a tomb of ten thousan' years, as of hot noon on a desert of no endin'. Lo, the great victory of the Christian George deed affright the people. The knight he stan' by the mouth of the dragon; an' hees spear was thrust through the throat of the beast, an' black blood flow from the woun', — ay, a river of black blood. Lo, the dragon was dead; an' the knight was not hurt, even een one sma-all hair of hees head."

"Gee!" the boy ejaculated.

"Now the Keen' was possessed of so great joy that he could not contain eet een heem, an' ran before the bearers of hees chair, not waitin' for them, to the place where hees daughter stan' with the white sheep. Then he embrace hees daughter three times; for he was so please to see her alive an' the dragon dead. The Christian knight he come to where they stan'; an' the Keen' he say to heem, 'O young man of great courage an' skeel with the spear, favored of God an' beautiful een the eyes of all men, een whose bosom there leeve no fear, neither of the might nor the magic of dragons, come, I pray you, eat with me of the best een my house, an' rest from the terrible conflict.'

"An' the Christian George say, 'O my lord, when I have bury the dragon, then weel I come.'

"Then deed George call for twelve oxen to be brought an' fasten to the dragon's bod-ee with a strong rope to draw eet to a deep hole; an' so eet was done as he have order. Now the oxen pull, an' again pull they very hard; but

they could not move the dragon so much as one eench, so very beeg was he.

"'Oh, breen' to me a cotton thread,' the knight say.

"An' they breen' to heem a cotton thread; an' he tie the thread to the drag-on's tooth an' pull the great bod-ee, as a miracle — alone — heemself — with one arm; an' he bury eet een a deep hole. Then, immediately, he go to the Keen's palace; an' as soon as he have come to the door, the Keen' meet heem as equal to heemself, an' begeen to address heem, sayin', 'My son, I have no chil' but only one daughter; an' I would that you marry my daughter, whose life eet ees yours, an' be a son to me, to sit on my throne after me.'

"Now when the young lady she have heard thees, she have great fear; for, lo, she love the knight with all the love she have. So queek she run to her women, an' cry to them, 'Oh, take me to my chamber!' So the women look on the Keen' with frowns, an' do as she have said.

"George he bow very low to the Keen', an' say: 'Gracious master, to whom God, my God, grant to leeve one hun'red years an' more, surely never was there kin'ness like to the great kin'ness you have show to your unworthy servant. How beauteous ees your dear daughter! What reward more great'" —

"Cheese it!" whispered Billy Halloran. "She 's a-comin' back. Can't y'u 'ear 'er?"

A creak, — prolonged peculiarly, like the wail of a baby in pain, — a pause, a ponderous footfall, warned Billy Halloran that his mother had reached the seventh step of the last stair, and that there was now no time for the escape of the editor. He stretched his neck through the window, and peered with alert eyes at the door. Khayat got to his knees, and pressed his dark face against the pane above, his heart quaking.

"She shall not beat you once more thees day," he whispered, his voice shrill with high resolve. "I, Khalil Khayat, say eet. My arm shall defend you. The Lord God Almighty, the poor servant of heem I am, geeve me strength an' courage to prevail against the woman! Hees enemies, though they be as one thousan' against one, are as one against ten thousan' before hees might. Hees ees the power, an' hees shall be the glory for thees good deed. Eet ees to heem" —

Billy's chuckling shattered Khayat's rapture.

"Know w'at she done t' de ol' man?" Billy asked, mischief in his eye; and he added in warning, "'E 's in de 'ospital."

"Her strength I care not for," Khayat answered doggedly. "The strength of God ees mine."

Billy was tempted to prove his mother's single superiority; but just then Mrs. Halloran lurched in, and stood to rest, blinking stupidly at the window. She was drunk near to the point of collapse; and her corpulent body swayed this way and that, its besting of her exhausted legs imminent. Her face was loose; it was as though intelligence had left her in disgust. Matted strands of hair hung in the way of her eyes, and she swept her great grimy hand across her brow at sudden intervals, but vainly. Her dress was undone at the throat, revealing the degradation of uncleanliness and the depth of her poverty. It was now a step — then a step — a fearful fight to keep upright — always a groping after handholds, as she made her way toward the mattress in the corner.

Billy instinctively pushed Khayat back from the sight, and, of a sudden overcome by the humiliation of his presence, began to cry. He sobbed and sobbed, turning himself away from comfort, and at last asked sharply, returning to the story, "Did 'e marry 'er?"

"The people een Beirout say to thees very day," Khayat answered, "that the Keen's daughter weep many days; an'

at last she die of the strange seekness of heart, — eet ees call love."

"Huh!" said Billy.

There was a heavy fall in the room that seemed to shake the house. Mrs. Halloran had lain down.

"Lobster if 'e 'd''a' done it," Billy said, drying his eyes.

"To take her for hees wife, — ah no, no," Khayat said in protest.

Billy puzzled.

"A beauteous lady!" Khayat pursued. "Ah no!" and he looked away.

Billy gave him a knowing leer. "One-lip Bill, me frien'," he said, "says it ain't necess'ry."

Now Khayat did not understand; so his gentle old face did not sadden this time. He clambered through the window and crept like a cat to his own room, to resume the reading of Abo Elola El-moarri's sad philosophy in the big black book; and, later, into the night, to write wisdom concerning the oppression of his own people, for the men of his race to read in their own tongue, in the little restaurants of lower Washington Street, where his thoughts are to be found in a new Kawkab Elhorriah, every evening, — that they might ponder, perchance to their awakening, some day. And Billy Halloran was left alone on the fire escape, in the dusk and chill of evening, between the things of home, that repelled him, and the romp and laughter of the street, far below, that were greatly to be desired, but were out of the reach of a little boy who chanced to be a cripple from birth.

Norman Duncan.

THE MORMONS.

I.

When I left the train at Ogden, the dawn had touched the mountain snow crests with a delicate rose pink. The valley was still dark; those glowing summits hung like clouds in the sky. Then the pink turned to orange, the orange to chrome, the chrome to pale canary, and that to a crystalline white; and it was day. "What a paradise!" thought I. And with that I took up a morning paper, and read in the headlines, "Polygamy," and other things not to be mentioned. Oh, it was saddening! The beauty of Utah is tarnished, its alpine atmosphere tainted, its moral trend vile and low. And yet, aside from the curse of plural marriage, you have here the very pearl of the Rockies: a land rich in gold and silver and lead and gleaming precious stones; marvelous in its resources for the breeding of horses and sheep; fertile of soil and varied of climate, so that farms produce wheat and potatoes in one part of the state, and almonds, figs, pomegranates, and cotton in another. Moreover, the Mormons have developed every source of industry that goes to the making of a commercially independent commonwealth. Unlike the other intermontane states, Utah possesses a complete social order, masses as well as classes, the foundations of a people as well as its proud superstructure.

In the beginning of Mormonism, Brigham Young, that extraordinary character, — for daring a Cromwell, for intrigue a Machiavelli, for executive force a Moses, and for the utter absence of conscience a Bonaparte, — led up his people into the wilderness. It was a veritable pilgrimage, a soul-trying "move" across a trackless continent, harassed the while by savages. These wanderers trusted in Brigham Young as in their God. One hundred and forty-three persons, with seventy-two wagons, ninety-

three horses, fifty-two mules, sixty-six oxen, and nineteen cows, marched in the van. Two hundred Saints trod close in their rear. They traversed the wastes of Nebraska and Wyoming, crested the Rockies, and at last looked down upon a treeless, yellow valley. "See!" cried Brigham. "There is another Dead Sea, there another Lake of Gennesaret, and betwixt them another Jordan. This is the holy Canaan. Let us enter and possess the land." Accordingly, the Mormons halted their train, and began to establish themselves for permanent abode, a thousand miles from the borders of civilization, in what was then Mexican territory.

Their first task was the redemption of the desert. Eager hands assailed the sagebrush, and brought down water in trenches from the mountains. The Mormons became the inventors of American irrigation. Lucern absorbed the alkali from the soil. Crops sprang up; crickets attacked the crops; and then, by a miracle, a vast flock of white sea gulls, never seen before on the lake, fell upon the crickets and devoured them all. The vale became fruitful, and soon turned a transcontinental halfway house, or caravansary, making possible the development of California, Nevada, and Idaho. To Utah the Saints beckoned all true believers. Some came by ship round the Horn; some dragged handcarts over the prairies and mountain passes; while immense wagon trains rumbled westward, a marvel to bison and marmot. By 1848 Brigham Young had two thousand subjects. They had named their country Deseret, "the home of the honey bee," and they styled it "a free and independent state."

Then swiftly upgrew the Mormons' intermontane principality. Farms dotted its valleys, tiny hamlets clustered amongst its gulches, roads led from village to village, and all roads led at last to the holy city where centred its theocratic government. And the capital city was Zion in truth, builded by Brigham Young "according to the pattern shown him in the mount." It "lieth four-square." In the midst of the city, within a vast inclosure girt by stout yellow ramparts, looms the House of the Lord, — four gray walls and six gray towers, their slender spires half reminiscent of lovely Peterborough, — mysterious, repellent, yet fascinating, a Gregorian chant done in deathless granite. Forty years was the temple in building. Beside the Temple crouches the Tabernacle, — a squat brown turtle shell set hard upon countless red pillars. Near by is another inclosure, walled like the first and buttressed with cobblestones, where tithing is taken and coin counted out, and where, in the earlier day, Brigham Young made his home, and incidentally the home of his incalculable wives. There in the highway rises the tall plinth which supports the bronze statue of Brigham himself. To the four points of the compass run the stately broad streets of the Mormon capital, lined with superb shops, adobe cottages, and occasional really magnificent houses, and shaded by never ending rows of tall, shivering Lombardy poplars, "planted by rivers of water" drawn in little irrigation ditches from the melting snows of the mountains. And round about the city those naked crags leap into high heaven, — blue in the crystalline lustre of the upper atmosphere, caressed by lagging cloud drifts, crested a gleaming white by the same storms that drop rain to the valley to brighten the purple asters. Such, in a word, is Salt Lake City, — the city of uncrowned Cæsars and tiaraless popes, the Rome of a new and strange religion.

Go upon the Sabbath to the Tabernacle service. Sit beneath that crude white vault, look about you upon twelve thousand Mormon devotees, listen to the grotesque elucidation of Brighamite doctrine, and you will feel as if you were living five hundred years ago. Ah, but the music! — you think of Il Penseroso:

"There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes."

And that is just the devil of it! The religious instinct is thus yoked with delusion, treason, and crime.

No other instance of social transplantation and metamorphosis in America is in any way comparable with this Mormon migration. Yankee traits persist throughout Greater New England; the sweep of the Pennsylvanian from state to state leaves the Pennsylvanian very little changed; the Southern tide that rolls over lower Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana is salted with the flavor of the old Confederacy; but in Utah how astounding the transformation! Scarce had the Mormons caught their dupe when they made him over completely, giving him a degrading religion, a novel contentment with abridged liberty, and a perverted conscience which approved of plural marriage.

Let me be understood. I am not attacking Mormonism because I think it a false creed. I do so think it, but I am attacking it because it stands for treason and crime sanctioned by fabricated "revelations." The Mormon theocracy — or "theodemocracy" — is an utterly un-American conception. With the form of a republic, it is ideally an absolute monarchy; feigning to rest upon the consent of the governed, it exalts its president to supreme power over all believers. Said Brigham Young, "I am God to them." And as for polygamy, though only six per cent of the married men ever had plural families, the institution was sustained by the entire church, and is so sustained in principle to-day. Polygamy made Utah. Abnormally increasing its population, it became the basis of imperial ambitions. The Saints would overrun the earth.

Now I gladly admit, on the other hand, one splendid result of Mormonism. Along with its strong men, it has gathered many incompetent, many unfit, some degenerate, from all countries, fired them with religious mania, attached that mania to temporal activities, and bred a spirit of tireless industry. Utah is therefore a social elevator. The penniless immigrant, — where else is he half so sure of such helping hands? A bishop allots him his acres, a bishop lends him his implements, a bishop talks wisely of seeds and of harvest. Presently, this serf, or pauper, or Georgia cracker has become self-supporting and prosperous. Nine tenths of the Latter-Day Saints own their homes. Beyond a doubt, the Mormon church is, considered purely as a political economist's scheme, "to-day nearer to being a successful effort to inaugurate the brotherhood of man than anything ever tried."

Here, then, is a social and political force to be reckoned with. Marvelous in its power over the individual, it is rapidly becoming an actual menace to the nation. Already it numbers a million adherents. It owns Utah. It holds the balance of power in Idaho, in Wyoming, in Colorado, in California, and in Nevada. When Arizona and New Mexico are admitted to the Union, it will control them also.

Having traced the picturesque evolution of the Mormon hobgoblin, we are brought face to face with a psychological puzzle of the first order. How in this humdrum worldkin of ours did mortal men ever come to do this madness?

II.

I applied for instruction to the heads of the church, who welcomed me with so charming a courtesy that I have never seen it matched save among the gracious, fatherly Cohenim of the Salem Street ghetto. Gentle souls are these Mormon patriarchs, — soft-voiced, sunny, and smooth; and many a pleasant evening have I passed, sitting patient at their

feet. Thus, little by little, I came to a comprehension of the forces — both psychic and civic — which go to the making of Mormon success.

The first is the force of objective authority. Trace the whole long path of religious reflection, and you find but four sanctions for doctrinal tenet: the Roman sanction, which is the church; the Old Evangelical sanction, which is the letter of Scripture; the Progressive Orthodox sanction, which is the teaching of Christ; and the Outer Liberal sanction, which is the individual reason. And now comes the Mormon, seeking adherents. "What!" cries the Catholic. "Leave my church for yours, — mine with its divine origin, its venerable history, its gorgeous ritual, its adoration of the blessed Mother of God, for yours with a claim no sterner and a temple worship no lovelier?" Mormon missions fall fruitless in Romish lands. "A shame," cries Progressive Orthodoxy, "to exalt the Old Testament to rank with the New!" Since the beginning of the Progressive Orthodox transition, the Mormon evangelist has appealed solely to the ignorant, unenlightened masses. "Oh, pitiful imbecility!" exclaims the Outer Liberal. "No book authority for us!" You never saw the rationalist taught by Joseph Smith. But with the Old Evangelical how widely different the case! Truly, the Mormon church is the legitimate by-product of the Calvinistic theology. Make Scripture the seat of religious authority; call the Bible, not a record of spiritual evolution, but an indiscriminate armory of proof texts; adopt an antique interpretation of prophecy; and, bless you, you are out upon the broad highroad to Salt Lake City. "Keep your Bible," says the Latter-Day Saint, "believe it from cover to cover; but add the Book of Mormon, which explains its mysteries, reconciles its discrepancies, sustains its doctrines, and exactly fulfills its predictions." No other creed is so literalistic, no other church so immovably based on the letter of Scripture.

How came this so? Not, I think, by the hand of Joseph Smith. It is far more probable that Sidney Rigdon, long an intimate associate of the Rev. Alexander Campbell, framed the fabric of Mormon doctrine. For Campbell and Rigdon had formerly shared the hope of founding a new religion, and Campbell's Biblical erudition has rarely been equaled. The two quarreled. Campbell went one way to establish his "Campbellite" Disciples, Rigdon another to foist upon the world the Book of Mormon and its youthful prophet. Hence the skill which suited Mormon teaching to its purpose. Hence also its vast inclusiveness.

In this lies a further secret. The faith is a huge maw, gulping a dozen denominations. Are you a Baptist? The Mormon believes in immersion. A Methodist? The Mormon obeys his bishop. A Campbellite? The Mormon claims a yet closer return to apostolic ordinance. A Theosophist? The Mormon holds to preëxistence. A Spiritualist? The Mormon hears voices from the dead. A Faith Healer? The Mormon heals by the laying on of hands. A Second Adventist? The Mormon awaits the Messiah. A Universalist? The Mormon says all will be saved. Massing his proof, he declares his peerless religion the one immutable, eternal faith, lost in the early age and restored in the latter days, though glimmering in broken lights through all the creeds of Christendom. "Bring me from Europe or Asia," said Brigham Young, "a truth that is not a part of Mormonism, and I'll give you a thousand errors for it, if you can find them." Said a Mormon at Harvard, "Sunday by Sunday I go to service in the Appleton Chapel, and there I hear nothing but Mormon doctrine." Limited only by the broad bounds of Christianity, this faith is an amalgamated and coördinated Parliament of Religions.

Mormonism wins by breadth; also by narrowness. It meets crude thought with a crude anthropomorphism. It preaches a God of bone and of flesh, in his every attribute human. And this Mormon caricature of divinity resorts for Scriptural sanction to the earlier portions of the Old Testament. The God of Joseph Smith and of Brigham Young, Mormons will tell you, is the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. Then, to reconcile so blunt a doctrine with the refinements of historic Christianity, God is made omnipresent through the Holy Spirit, and the mystery of the Trinity is solved by the assumption of three separate Persons united by a common purpose. "Pure polytheism," I said. "Yes," came the answer; "is n't it grand?" Moreover, the Mormonite realizes that the low religious instinct craves tangible evidence of the unseen. Supi Yawlat caresses the feet of her mud-made Buddha; Sister Angelique clasps her crucifix; millions of Protestants worship their Bibles; but here is a gospel declared by a living prophet, mouthpiece of God and "boss of Jehovah's buckler;" here a creed beset on every hand with visible marvels, — miracles, healings, prophecies, revelations, and speaking with tongues.

Am I taking the Mormon too gravely? Perhaps. For to-day the appeal of Mormonism is less doctrinal than material. It dangles loaves and fishes before hungry mouths. It promises fertile lands in fee simple to the peasants of Scandinavia and the miserable crackers of Georgia. It says to the ragged outcasts of Darkest England, "Come with us to happy Utah: you find no want there; there is plentiful work for all, there is wealth for honest labor." And yet, originally, the power of Mormonism was unquestionably the power of doctrine. It entered American life at a period of intense illiberality. The air was full of schism. The sects teemed with recalcitrants. The time was ripe for the establishment of a church so broadly comprehensive as to welcome the malcontents of all Christendom.

Mormonism has from the first depended for its very life and heart throb upon ceaseless campaigns of propagandism. Aside from the lure of its doctrine or the gaudy fascination of its pledges, it triumphs by main strength. Two thousand youthful "elders" roam through "the world," seeking whom they may convert. They sprinkle the earth with tracts; they pass from cottage to cottage, teaching and preaching; they travel at their own expense, "without purse or scrip." When they can, they live like Napoleon's army, "on the country." So, considering their numbers and their zealous labor, the marvel is not that they bring home adherents; the marvel is that they bring so few.

Here, then, are the forces that fetch men to Utah. See now what keeps them there, and keeps them loyal. Missionary service seals the soul for the object of its devotion. Nearly every young Mormon — that is, nearly every young man, and now they are sending young women also — goes out to toil and to suffer for the faith. And there is in all this world no confirmation of a faith like that of abuse and contumely endured in its service. Tithing has also its power. Drop, year by year, a tenth of your income into the coffers of your church, and you learn to love it.

Again, enormous strength lies hid in the extraordinary acoustic properties of Mormonism. A pin let fall in a hat can be heard clean across the great Tabernacle; likewise the whisper of the First President is audible in the remotest gulch or cañon of the kingdom. What with his two counselors, his twelve apostles, his presidents of the stake, his bishops, his seventies, his elders, and his teachers, the whisper passes down from ear to ear, changing from English to Swedish, from Swedish to German, from German to Danish, — a miracle of tongues and interpretation of tongues, —

till perchance it comes, harsh and sibilant, through the keyhole of your kitchen door to the maid with her hands in the dough. Or back, up that ladder of listening ears, goes the whisper of the teacher, to be heard in the president's office. The German government is paternal, but an ill parent compared with this; Tammany Hall a superb organization, but lax beside Mormonism. The ward heeler, that dread bogyman of city politics, — what now is he? A petty amateur. This Mormon church boasts the grandest ecclesiastical, political, commercial, and industrial machine on earth! Are quarrels brewing? The church will stop them. Is schism afloat? The church will check it. Is wealth to be gained? The church stands behind the counter with Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution. Is Gentile competition becoming alarming? The church bids its people trade with one another. Are the rills of irrigation like to be wasted? The church sets just the hour and minute for the farmer to open the trench. Are votes to be polled? The church gives commands. There have not been forty scratched ballots in forty years. Are there poor to be fed? The church will feed them. Consequently, whoever once enters so complete a freemasonry finds it not only exceedingly difficult to get out, but also exceedingly desirable to stay in.

Besides, in the day when this iron order was welded, the doctrine of blood atonement had its hideous red part to play. Said Brigham Young: "There are sins that men commit for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world or in that which is to come; and if they had their eyes open to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt upon the ground, that the smoke thereof might ascend to heaven as an offering for their sins, and the smoking incense would atone for their sins; whereas, if such is not the case, they will stick to them, and remain upon them in the spirit world. . . . I know, when you hear my brethren telling about cutting people off from the earth, that you consider it a strong doctrine; but it is to save them, not to destroy them." Now one of these unforgivable sins, from which men might be saved by assassination, was the sin of apostasy from the Mormon church. "Rather than that apostasy should flourish here," bellowed the prophet Brigham in a mighty discourse, "I will unsheathe my bowie knife, and conquer or die!" Such was the temper of the Mormon Bismarck.

But the main cohesive force is polygamy. Here is once more the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin's "We must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately." With an appalling uniformity, it is polygamists who rise to ecclesiastical eminence. Such can be trusted. Such will stay put.

This Mormon church binds its adherents with the strongest bonds known under heaven. It is at once a religion, an empire, a fraternity, a trust, and a partnership in crime.

III.

Though the Mormons had built them a nest in the wilderness, they might not remain there at rest. The Mexican war brought the folk of Deseret back into hated American territory. A mad rush to our newly acquired California swept in throngs of strangers. An army post on the bench above Salt Lake City took away its sovereignty. The railroad, offering swift escape to Gentile proscripts, and as swift inrushing of government troops whenever they might be needed, gave freedom of speech. Schism cleft the church; the Godbeites seceded; they assailed polygamy, and they founded a journal which became the Salt Lake Tribune, — intensely, ferociously anti-Mormon. With Gentile immigration came the Christian sects, whose missionaries returned East and inflamed national sentiment.

After that it was certain that the Mountain Meadows massacre would not be repeated. Wolf and crow might scour the cañons to clean the bones of stray miners murdered alone and in secret, but never again would a heap of one hundred and twenty naked corpses lie festering in the sun for such foul repast. The new era had broken in full day. Cunning took the place of carnage. Henceforward the Americanization of Mormonism would follow the blazed train of governmental interposition and political combinations. The case against Zion was twofold: polygamy must go; so must the union of church and state.

Strange, you say, that a polygamous rout should have crossed America unmolested, and established itself afresh. Yes, but remember. The Mexican affair covered the flight of the quarry. Who chases the fox when the stag happens by? And again, in 1862, when the United States government enacted its first anti-polygamy law and abolished the ordinance incorporating the Mormon church, we were fighting a civil war. Later, we bent our best energies to mending the disrupted republic. Consequently, the decency laws remained unenforced in Utah, and crime ran riot. What wonder? The courts were the while in the hands of the Mormons, and though you may sagely set sinner to catch sinner, beware how you set Saint to catch Saint. Twenty years passed, and then the government at Washington saw a great light. So did the Mormons.

Open the Brief History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints; read the Mormon version of the story, and fancy, as you read, that the fox looks over his shoulder at your tall hat, pink coat, and riding whip, and talks back: "The enjoyment of peace was short. Days of sore trial were at hand. In the summer of 1881 a crusade was inaugurated against the Saints to suppress their institution of plural marriage. It was begun by sectarian opponents and politicians. Beginning in Utah, the agitation soon spread throughout the whole land. Alarming falsehoods of Mormon disloyalty, vice, and abominations soon stirred the people of the nation and their national representatives to a fever heat against the Saints. . . . The Edmunds law was signed by President Arthur on the 22d of March, 1882. Polygamy was made punishable by disfranchisement; also a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and imprisonment for not more than three years. Cohabitation with more than one woman was punishable by a fine not to exceed three hundred dollars, and imprisonment not to exceed six months. Polygamists and believers in the doctrine of plural marriage were rendered incompetent to act as jurors. No polygamist could hold office or vote. In 1887 a supplemental act was passed, known as the Edmunds-Tucker law. This gave additional powers to the officers, required certificates of all marriages to be filed in the offices of the probate courts (whose judges were appointed by the President of the United States), disincorporated the church, and ordered the Supreme Court to wind up its affairs and to take possession of its escheated property. Twelve thousand persons were disfranchised. A test oath was subscribed to by those Mormons who decided to retain their rights of franchise, — the election machinery having been placed in the hands of a commission of five, appointed by the President of the United States. Their political rights thus interdicted, the Mormons were set upon by the judiciary. . . . There followed an unjustifiably cruel legal persecution. Upwards of a thousand men were sent to the penitentiary, because they would not promise to discard their families. Hundreds were driven into retirement or exile, families were broken up. There was untold sorrow and heart-suffering in their midst. Juries obtained by open venire were unanimous in obeying the bidding of

overzealous prosecuting attorneys who were determined on conviction. As a rule, to be suspected was equivalent to arrest, arrest to indictment, indictment to conviction, conviction to the full penalty of the law. Unprincipled, some of them very immoral, adventurers dogged the steps or raided the homes of respectable veterans, founders of the commonwealth. Government aided in the enforcement of the law by increasing special appropriations. Paid spotters and spies prowled among the people. . . . The Saints were passing through a night of dreary darkness. Bereft of the counsels and presence of their leaders, torn with anguish, they were taught the lessons of self-reliance, dependence upon the Lord, faith in God."

A pious fox, was it not? Hunted and harried near to death, it at last ran into its earth in the Temple, and whined piteously to heaven. "President Woodruff sought the Lord" in behalf of his afflicted people, "and in answer to his petitions of anguish received the word of the Lord authorizing the Saints to discontinue their practice of plural marriage."

Then the Gentiles, taking Mormon word in good faith, recognized "changed conditions," and made Utah a sovereign state. And now the fox is out, nerved by his devotions, and leads his pursuers once more a steaming chase. For there are times in the life of every right-minded fox when he is so good that he is sorry afterwards, and the Mormon church has lately come to one of those times. The Saints break their pledge two ways at once. The editor of the Deseret News (the "organ of the Lord") admits new plural marriages since the manifesto of 1890, while no one attempts to cloak or dissemble the survival of numberless plural marriages contracted before that manifesto.

"Let Utah alone," says B. H. Roberts. "Polygamy will die of itself," says the Mormon church. Polygamy, I reply, will die when we kill it, and not sooner. What matter if new polygamous marriages are rare; what matter if they have to be contracted in states other than Utah; what matter if an apostle must enter into a ship and sail out into the Pacific Ocean, that he may espouse a fifth concubine? The trouble is not the isolated instance of law-breaking; the trouble is the determined attitude of the Mormon church, which permits the crime, covers the crime, and honors the criminal. Only when Zion will cut off a Saint for his breaking the law can we take Mormon declarations as anything but the delicious hoaxes they have hitherto proved to be.

With the survival or rehabilitation of plural marriages contracted before the manifesto we have been altogether too lenient. Mormons say: "Sir, suppose that for fifteen years you have had two wives; suppose you tenderly loved them both; and then suppose that Congress should compel you to relinquish one of them. Do you think you would keep the law?" What puling sentimentality! These Mormons took their plural wives when polygamy was a crime; they perjured themselves, one and all, when they promised to give them up; and now they stand defiant. A thousand polygamous children have been born in Utah since it was made a state. The church smugly grins and approves. Naturally, for its leaders rank chief among the offenders. Mr. C. M. Owen, who is traversing the state to expose polygamists, telegraphed his paper a dispatch which concluded with this interesting summary: "Of the fifteen leaders who pledged their faith and honor for the future compliance with the law by the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, eleven have been actually guilty of the transgression of the law; one is undoubtedly morally so; and three, two of whom are exceedingly old and feeble men, have complied with the pledge given to the people of the United States through their president."

There was also a purely political side of the contest with Mormonism. Salt Lake, a walled city for years, still remained departmentally a close corporation in the hands of the Mormons. For three long decades their opponents, the "Liberal" party, persevered with a patriotic, unselfish patience, awaiting recognition. Their ranks grew, also their power; and in 1889, to the surprise of every Gentile, they carried the county election. That night, the chief of police might well have posted a writ (like that of his Helena comrade, when the capital of Montana had been snatched from Anaconda) to the effect that "any man found sober on the streets after midnight would be run in." The next year Gentiles learned a lesson from Mormondom, organized "tens" in room of "seventies," accounted for every vote in every block in every ward, bought drums by the carload and torches by the mile, and fought "the greatest political battle ever pulled off in this country." When the returns lagged in, all good Mormons buried their heads in the sand. Gentiles thronged the streets. The city flamed with bonfires. Bales, crates, boxes, gates, horse-blocks, signs, wagons, — in short, every movable and combustible object in sight was gayly tossed into the blaze.

Then followed an era of dazzling reform. The Gentile administration built a million-dollar town hall, established a public library, borrowed $860,000 and spent it on schools, laid out Liberty Park, graded and paved the streets, lighted them with electricity, piped them for eighty miles with water mains, and tunneled some $400,000 worth of deep drains. But alas, their heads reeling with success, the Liberal party lost their balance, and the Mormon church had its way once more. Consequence, compromise. The former factions should vapor away, and there should be thenceforward division on Republican and Democratic party lines. And so it goes to-day, — ostensibly. But latterly one hears a note or two of the old plaint. Here is a perfectly conscienceless political machine, absolutely accurate in its every movement, strong as Tammany and twice as treasonable. If it put forth its power from time to time, why, what else are we to expect?

These are the charges against the Mormon, — crime and disloyalty. What retort now finds the Mormon? I went to my Mormon friends, and, to borrow a conceit from the Sweet Auburn folk, I "got the story straight from the bear's mouth."

IV.

Unvarying type traits or stigmata mark Gentile and Mormon. Your Gentile will clench fist, grit teeth, and sputter bad words. Your Mormon, with the usual suavity of an under dog, will spread forth his fat palms, smile a bland, sweet, Asiatic smile, and honey his talk with Scriptural quotations. Half an eye sees which is right. Yet *noblesse oblige;* let us grant this devil his due. Consider, I beg you, the case of the Mormon, who pleads for polygamy, and boasts a bright liege loyalty to country and country's flag.

Heeding the example of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, who sat in his *désobligeante* and classified travelers, I looked and found that polygamous Mormons were of five sorts, — sentimental Mormons, exegetical Mormons, philosophical Mormons, sociological Mormons, and barnyard Mormons.

Said a sentimental Mormon: "Polygamy with us is as sacred as baptism. It is for children, who are the heritage of God. The more children we have, the richer and more blessed we are; for we can take our children with us into heaven, and be blessed with them forever. I 've three wives and twenty-seven children, and I 'll die in the penitentiary before I 'll give them up." So saying, he opened a drawer of his desk and took out a bulging packet of portraits, which

he spread across my lap and across both arms of my chair, while I took the rest in my hand. One caught my fancy, — a dainty lass of seventeen, wide-browed and fair, with the look of a Perugino angel. "A dear, sweet girl," said Abou ben Brigham. "Polygamous child. And I tell you, sir, if Congress knew what splendid children are born in polygamy, we 'd soon see an end of this cruel persecution." Another oily sentimentalist proudly whipped open his watch, where lurked a composite photograph of his wives. Such call plural marriage "the supreme exaltation of earthly existence, and the sole key to highest heaven." Hence the Mormon definition of happiness: forty feet on a fender.

The exegetical Mormon sleeps with a Holy Bible beneath his pillow. Being a logbook of spiritual progress, the Scripture reflects the successive stages of psychical evolution which produced it. Polygamy prevailing in old Israel, you find no condemnation of it in the Pentateuch; polygamy disappearing from the Semitic social order, you find no mention of it in the gospel; neither is monogamy distinctly commanded there. And this is most unfortunate. For never will you persuade a Brighamite to call Christian marriage a lily sprung out of the mire. He "believes his Bible from cover to cover," and finding no explicit mention of the pale, pure lily, makes himself a filthy mud gospel from the muck and slime at its root. Nothing can exceed the glibness of his Biblical citations. The Book, forsooth, has turned him a pious knave. To break law is to "live his religion." When he tells the wife of his bosom that he is about to fetch home a concubine, he puts on a sweet, smug front, and says, "Dearie, I 'm resolved to live closer to my church and my God." She demurs? Not for long. He will open the sacred volume, and read her a thing or two. This is a commentary on the doctrine of an infallible, inerrant, and verbally inspired divine book, every part of which is as good as every other.

The philosophical Mormon prates long and loud of preëxistence and the bright world above us. Human souls, he will argue, had a life of their own ere they entered the body. That magnificent welter of white clouds amid the snow-capped mountain crags is crowded with untabernacled spirits longing to enter upon corporeal existence. Merciful, then, is plural marriage, which provides in roundest number the fleshly coils they crave. Suppose a man take a wife; suppose the wife die; suppose the man marry again. Then, beyond a doubt, the man must be wedded to both in paradise; for Mormons are joined together for time and eternity. If polygamy is right in heaven, it must *a fortiori* be right on earth. "Quod erat demonstrandum."

The sociological Mormon would floor you with statistics. There are more women than men. Unspeakably sad, says he, were it not for polygamy. Curse on his hypocrisy! See what polygamy means. Here are four sisters married to one man; yonder mother and daughter share the love of a bishop; while just over the way, a priest of the order of Melchizedek has lately espoused the granddaughter of his second wife. And what, think you, will be the moral possibilities of children bred of such unions and reared in such homes?

Now the barnyard Mormon keeps this to his honor: he owns the truth. He crassly confesses the creed of the mews. But of the barnyard Mormon the less said the better.

Are these, then, five wholly distinct and separate classes of Mormons? Bless you, no! For the last includes each or all of the others. Mormons, like Gentiles, are moved by mingled motives, — one compels, another condones. Sin wears the varied robe of hypocrisy. Yet this applies only to men. And, Heaven save us, what of the women? They reason alike, and they reason thus: Polyga-

mous wives shall be queens in Elysium. Acquiescence in the husband's plural marriage or plural marriages mounts to the very pinnacle of virtues. Besides, once in, there is never a hope of escape. Then it is only to hold a high head, to laud this vice, to beat back the shame of it.

Polygamy, remember, is not abolished; it is only suspended. To the holy apostles I said: "Suppose, sirs, the day of relief should come; suppose the federal government should absolve you from your pledge: what then?" "Then," replied the holy apostles, "we 'll go straight back to polygamy!" And this in America! I felt for my fez. Yet think! These vile Asiatics brag big of their patriotism. They have filched from heaven a "revelation" which pronounces the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence to be inspired documents. On the Fourth of July, they parade a Goddess of Liberty surrounded by polygamous children representing the states of the Union. "The American people," they say, "have killed our prophet, bombarded our cities, burned our Temple, stoned our elders, and hounded us across the continent; but, spite of all that persecution, we love them still. We feel to say, God forgive them; they know not what they do."

Say unto such they lie. Quote in retort the inspired utterance of Apostle Orson Pratt: "The kingdom of God [*id est*, the Mormon church] is an order of government established by divine authority. It is the only legal government that can exist in any part of the universe. All other governments are illegal and unauthorized. Any people attempting to govern themselves by laws of their own making or by officers of their own appointment are in direct rebellion against the kingdom of God." Look back to 1861. Said Brigham Young: "The people of the North are praying to God to destroy the people of the South. The people of the South are praying to God to destroy the people of the North. I say Amen to both prayers." These Utah patriots refused for two years to recognize the territorial government, and impudently convened their own congress instead. For many a day they took oath of vengeance upon the United States government. They drove out the first territorial officers. They called Lincoln's assassination the justice of God. They refused admission to Johnson's army. The nation's flag has floated at half-mast in Salt Lake City on Independence Day; it has been dragged in the dust by a Mormon mob. By their own confession, the Saints sought statehood because they "could better redress their grievances inside the Union than outside it."

Pierce the trailing fog of Jesuitic falsehood, and you find the Mormon theocracy still awaiting the day of its triumph, still delighting in hallowed sensuality, still lusting for conquest. That is the meaning of the enormous scheme of colonization. State after state falls victim; all will at last be theirs. Then what holds the storm in leash? "It is fear, little hunter, it is fear."

V.

Lord Rosebery has lately remarked that the Mormons are Boers, the Gentiles Uitlanders, and Utah another South Africa. How perfect the parallel! From the very first the Latter-Day Saints have been farmers; from the first their foes have been miners. And the problem is precisely the problem of the present-day Transvaal: a state laden with inconceivable mineral treasure is crippled, halted, and dwarfed by the tyranny of an unprogressive race. The Mormon, like Oom Paul, is a "thorn in the hand of Destiny."

Now when two peoples fall foul of each other, the quicker they make trial of strength, the better for both. As with Boer, so with Mormon: the Saint must shortly be beaten; and, very fortunately, he keeps a white flag handy, with a convenient doctrinal beanpole to fly it when

needed. Hammered hard enough, he will receive a "revelation;" the revelation will bid him submit. Then how pliable, and at last how feeble, this monster! The Mormon was once commanded to take many wives; then commanded to discard all but one. "God gave us that precious privilege," he says, "and afterward took it from us, because we had not sufficiently availed ourselves of it." The gods of Utah are continually changing their minds; they have always their ears to the ground.

Let us make short shrift of polygamy. Let us promptly cease winking at crime and at treason, for there is no mercy in temporizing sentimentality. "He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow." We must immediately frame a constitutional amendment, prohibiting polygamy in every part of the United States. That will throw all such cases squarely upon the federal courts, where they belong. Two things will happen: the Gentiles will soon outnumber the Mormons; the Mormon empire will disintegrate.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

RECENT BOOKS ON ITALY.

Among recent English works on the political development of Italy,[1] the place of honor must undoubtedly be awarded to Mr. Bolton King's History of Italian Unity. Mr. King has retold, with ample detail, the story, so familiar to the generation before our own, of the long and heroic struggle for Italian independence which ended in the seemingly complete triumph of 1870; and he has told it so forcibly, so clearly, and in the main so temperately, with so full a knowledge and so fine a sympathy, as to rekindle much of the enthusiasm with which the conflict was followed, while in progress, by all men of good will. The difficulties of a task like this are enormously increased by the very superabundance of material which lies ready to hand. He who undertakes to write recent history in these days has to develop a new faculty; or rather, he must develop, to a hitherto undreamed-of extent, a faculty always useful to the annalist. He has to deal with such a stupendous mass of printed matter bearing upon his subject that he needs, before everything else, a power of ruthless and unrepentant rejection. "The eagerness of the Italians," observes Mr. King in his preface, "to publish everything, however trivial, that bears on the Revolution, reaches almost to a literary mania;" and whoever has had occasion to dip, ever so lightly, into this ocean of patriotic literature must have been struck by the comparatively slight and ephemeral value of a great deal of it. Even the six monumental volumes of Cavour's Correspondence, edited by the indefatigable Chiala in 1883, and supplemented by two more volumes in 1889 and 1895, though most interesting, always, for the light they shed on the reserved character and subtle mind of the great statesman himself, contain much irrelevant matter, and seem sometimes curiously to "darken counsel" concerning the story of Italian unification. The letters and

[1] *A History of Italian Unity.* 1814–1871. By Bolton King, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

The Union of Italy. 1815–1895. By W. J. Stillman. Cambridge [England] Historical Series. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Cavour. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco. Library of Foreign Statesmen. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

ricordi of the lesser men are, naturally, even more diffuse and unsatisfactory. The memoirs of the d' Azeglios, those of Urban Rattazzi by his wife, the polished monographs of Costa de Beauregard, and many more, not to mention Mazzini's personal recollections and the artless and vehement Autobiography of Garibaldi, are all full of picturesque and affecting detail. But the serious inquirer has greatly needed, in the case both of these voluminous contemporary records and of the far more obscure and widely scattered annals of the earlier and later Carbonari, exactly such a lucid abstract as Mr. King has given us; and the bibliography of nearly a thousand volumes, appended to his history, shows the vast extent of the ground — he himself somewhere calls it the "morass" — which he has had to traverse.

Mr. King observes — and, we think, very justly — that it was Italy's brief experience of something like decent government and uniform order, under the administration of the Code Napoléon, which first awoke in the peninsula "a stronger national feeling than had flourished since the days of the Guelphs." What he does not so clearly note is the striking fact that whenever, since the days of the Roman republic, there has been patriotism in Italy which deserved the name, — the patriotism which is a religion, and exacts an unreserved self-surrender, — such patriotism has invariably been national, and not sectional. Guelph and Ghibelline, Black and White, petty state and petty state, have fought their small fights and taken their mean reprisals, and too often, to their lasting shame, have summoned the foreigner to arbitrate in their local disputes. But, none the less, the combatants upon either hand have always had, in their inspired moments, a higher vision. The image of the one integral and inviolate state has ascended clear above the mêlée of its warring members. The great revivalist leaders — Cola di Rienzi and Arnold of Brescia — dreamed and prayed and fought, in their transitory day, for the country, not the province. It was united Italy which was the object of Petrarch's larger passion, — toward which he stretched out his arms from the top of Mount Ventoux, — not Rome where he was crowned, or Parma where he long resided, or Venice in whose territory he died. And how often, even in Dante, painfully mixed up as he was in the sectional strifes of his time, does the "Deh Italia!"[1] or some such impassioned adjuration, mark the rising within him of a tide of overmastering emotion for his entire fatherland! "Now Jerusalem which is above is free."

The secret society of the Carbonari, organized in the first instance to resist the paralyzing effects of the monarchical and orthodox reaction, was the legacy of Napoleon I. to that ancestral country with which, by race, tradition, family, maternal influence especially, and native temper of mind, he was more vitally identified than ever with France. Mr. King's chapters on the Carbonari, and their various attempts at insurrection, are among the most interesting and valuable of his book. He notes the wide difference in character between the mystical tenets and ascetic rule of the society's earlier members, who organized that rising of 1821 in which Carlo Alberto, the heir to the Piedmontese throne, was implicated, and the conspiracies hatched under its later auspices, after it had attracted to its lodges the impracticable dreamers and more or less criminal malcontents of all Europe, — Louis Napoleon Bonaparte among them. All these movements were promptly suppressed, as we know, often under circumstances of great barbarity. The best and bravest of two generations of Italians disappeared behind the gates of the Spielberg,

[1] See notably the passage at the end of the VI. Purgatorio, after his soul has been shaken by witnessing the tearful meeting of the two *Mantovani*, Virgil and Sordello.

or stood up, with a smile, to receive the bandage and the bullets of the military executioner. But the sacred fire was never suffered to go out. The work of the Carbonari, purged by the blood of martyrdom, was taken up and carried on by the Society of Young Italy, of which Giuseppe Mazzini was the head and soul. Mr. Bolton King is a man somewhat prone to erect idols. His book would be less fascinating than it is, were he of a colder disposition. But his hero in chief is Mazzini; and his résumé of the character and career of the great radical agitator may be quoted as a good example of that balance of qualities which makes him a real master in the art of pen-and-ink portraiture: —

"In old age he became, as many a conspirator tends to be, a mere mischief-maker. Nor was he more successful in moulding his country to his ideal. The republic, the social reconstruction, have proved a dream. The former was probably neither possible nor desirable; and, in time, Mazzini himself, save in moments of obstinate unreason, came to realize that Italy was too conservative, too monarchical, perhaps too stagnant, for his titanic schemes. None the less, he made Italy. His mistakes in action have been far outbalanced by his mighty and fruitful influence. . . . He stamped it [the nationalist movement] with his own moral fervor, and gave it the strength that could survive long waiting and disappointment, and struggle on to victory. He had the genius to see that men require unselfish motives to stir them to noble deeds; that they will never rise above themselves save for a great and good cause; that it needs some sacred idea, which goes to the souls of men, to move them to action that means loss of love or home or life."

It is true that Mr. King tells us elsewhere in his history that "Garibaldi made Italy," and even, *alla fin' fine*, and almost grudgingly for so generous a soul, that "Cavour made Italy." But in the sense that each did a work without which that of the others would have been incomplete it is quite true; and true not only of these most prominent leaders, but, in widely varying degrees, of many more: of Manzoni, who looked for the political regeneration of his country through the personal regeneration of her sons and daughters; of Gioberti, the Jansenist priest of Turin, who invoked it under the leadership of a purified Church; of Guerrazzi, the keen and cynical Leghorn lawyer, "too full of hate of wrong to have room for love of good;" of Gino Capponi, the blind old Tuscan nobleman, who founded the Antologia as an organ of free thought, and welcomed both Mazzini and Leopardi among its earliest contributors; of the elder Viesseux, who started, with a like educative purpose, the library in Florence, which everybody knows; of Ridolfo Ricasoli, who made the desert blossom like the rose round the feudal towers of Brolio in the Sienese Maremma, and read the Bible like an old Scotch Covenanter to the peasants gathered in his hall; and of Daniele Manin, the selfless and stainless Venetian, who seems, as Mr. King justly says, the very ideal of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior; nay, it is true even of those two royal soldiers, Carlo Alberto, who, after all, granted the statute which is the basis of Italian freedom, and who expiated the tergiversations and treacheries of his middle life on the gloomy field of Novara and the solitary deathbed at Oporto, and his son Victor Emmanuel, as phenomenally simple a nature as his father was distressingly complex, — the very type of the few in all times and places who "do" great deeds "and know it not." While always behind the theorists and reformers pressed the endless ranks of eager recruits, who asked no better fortune than to do and die in the common cause; and still behind them waited and endured the unnamed millions of Italy's humble and gentle creatures, — depressed even below the

range of Austrian or papal bullets, — with their exquisite genius for suffering gayly, and the debonair piety of their perpetual watchword, "Ci vuol pazienza per andare in Paradiso."

From 1831 to 1845 the influence of Mazzini remained paramount among the more resolved revolutionists; and his fond chimera of an Italian republic was the goal of all their dreams, and the object of many an ill-considered and ill-starred rising. He was rightly held responsible, among many heart-breaking and seemingly futile tragedies, for the wild crusade of the young brothers Bandiera, — the Harmodius and Aristogeiton of Italian freedom, — and for the untimely sacrifice of those two brilliant lives. "Young Italy" died with them.

There was a moment in 1846, after Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti became Pope under the name of Pius IX., when it seemed as though the aspirations of that class of patriots who styled themselves the "New Guelphs," and who hoped for a federation of Italian states under the headship of the Holy Father, were about to be gloriously fulfilled. But the pontiff found his rôle of civic reformer untenable before he had fairly assumed it, and in his ninth chapter Mr. King writes of that great fiasco with uncommon picturesqueness and pith. To him, if the Pope be not, according to the simple creed of old-fashioned Protestantism, Antichrist in person, papal misrule was at all events the worst among the many forms of misrule with which Italy was afflicted in the earlier half of the century; and the shadowy presence of the Pope in Rome, though shorn of the last shred of his temporal sovereignty, he still regards as a standing menace to the prosperity of the Italian state. It will readily be understood, therefore, that his portraits of Pio Nono and his reactionary premier, Cardinal Antonelli, are painted with no flattering brush, and he hardly hesitates to attribute to the Jesuits the assassination of the liberal minister, Pellegrino Rossi. But his discussion of the still smouldering Roman question is, upon the whole, a masterly one.

When, however, Mazzini had had his chance for three months as president of a Roman republic; when Pius IX. had come back from Gaeta escorted by French troops, and sincerely repentant for his lapse into liberalism; when the revolutions of 1849 in Venice and the south, and the feebler movement in Tuscany, had been effectually suppressed, and the romantic splendor of the Five Days of Milan had been quenched in the disaster of Novara, there came the calmer hour of the Constitutional Moderates and of Camillo Cavour. The Statuto, whose festival they still celebrate annually in Italy, and which is essentially identical with the present Italian constitution, had been wrung from Carlo Alberto in March of that year of glory and defeat. It gave representative government to Piedmont, along with a large share of intellectual and religious freedom; and more and more, under the teaching of Cavour in the emancipated press, and on the floor of the Senate at Turin, it became clear to wise and temperate patriots all over Italy that in union with Piedmont lay their only reasonable hope of obtaining the same privileges. Decidedly, Cavour is not one of Mr. King's heroes. The cast of his character and the temper of his mind are antipathetic to the English historian, who dislikes Cavour's finesse, undervalues his diplomatic victories, and seriously questions the ultimate value to Italy of the French intervention which he secured in 1859. He barely notices Cavour's great work as a journalist, though the collected articles which he contributed to the Risorgimento show how solid and invaluable that work was, and bear noble witness to both the keenness of his prophetic insight and the magnanimity of his personal views.

The death of Cavour in 1861 is, however, recognized by Mr. King for the

"staggering blow" it really was to growing Italy, and there is something of the nature of a late and rueful *amende* in his final word concerning the one truly creative statesman of our century: —

"Cavour went to the grave with his work half done. No fair criticism would charge to his account the backwash that came after him. . . . His were the consummate statesmanship, the unbending activity, the resourceful daring, that accomplished the seemingly impossible. . . . If he sometimes sacrificed to his political ends the bigger ends of truthfulness and honest dealing, he helped to create a national environment where shams throve less and a robuster virtue was possible. Despotism, whether in a state or village, is ever the most fruitful parent of dishonesty, and Cavour made truth and straightforwardness easier in Italy to all time. And nothing can obscure the tolerant, genial, humane spirit, which had no room for pride and pettiness, which hardly ever allowed personal rancor to guide it, which through all its devotion to Italy never lost sight of the larger welfare of humanity."

That Italy was not paralyzed by this ghastly misfortune, but gathered herself up to carry on and complete the work of Cavour in the dull decade that followed his early departure, affords impressive proof of her essential soundness of heart and strength of purpose, and furnishes a hopeful augury even now for her heavily clouded future. Her greatest moral progress has hitherto been made (perhaps it is so with all moral progress), not in her "crowded hour of glorious life," but in the sad and uneventful intervals when the outside world has all but forgotten her; and there is a very real sense in which she has actually fulfilled the forlorn boast of Carlo Alberto, "Italia farà da se." No foreign power has ever materially assisted Italy. Individual Englishmen, usually men of genius, have loved the land for its beauty and pitied it for its sorrows, and warmly, if fitfully, espoused its cause. But England, as a nation, has always failed Italy at a crisis.

Nor has France proved herself much more helpful. French blood has indeed flowed freely in and for Italy at the bidding of both Bonapartes, — as where has it not flowed freely at their bidding? But the sixty thousand Italians who fell in the ranks of the first Napoleon's armies may help to offset that score; while the French occupation of Rome, which propped up for twenty years the corrupt government of the Papal States, and effectually barred Italian progress that way, was initiated — let it not be forgotten! — by the second French republic under the sentimental presidency of Lamartine. Again and again, and only too gladly, would Louis Napoleon have withdrawn those troops, but for his weak dread of a fanatical wife, the unsteadiness of a throne which was shaky at the best of times, and the social prestige of his ultramontane subjects. It was the man Louis Napoleon who was swayed by his Italian sympathies, and who bowed to the appeal from the scaffold of Felice Orsini, the man who tried to murder him. Mrs. Browning was but a disheveled and moonstruck though devoted Muse of Italian freedom, and abounds in pages of foolishly exaggerated panegyric. But the instinct was right, after all, which led her to separate the sovereign from his people, and to call the strangest of all her rhapsodies Napoleon III. and Italy.

In a work only less important than Mr. King's, — The Union of Italy, 1815–1895, written by our countryman, Mr. W. J. Stillman, for the Cambridge [England] Historical Series, and edited by Mr. Prothero, Fellow of King's College in that university, — the ground is unhesitatingly taken that France has been, from first to last, the worst of Italy's enemies, and French influence the most baneful which has been exercised there in recent times. But here it seems to me that Mr. Stillman goes too far. He is at all times a graphic and an interesting

writer; as titular correspondent for many years both of the Times and the Nation, he may be supposed to represent the best order of journalism; and nothing comes from his pen which is not abundantly readable. His narrative of events during the period covered by his history — a period coming down almost twenty-five years later than Mr. King's — is more condensed, of course, than the latter, but it is animated, and in the main trustworthy. Mr. Stillman has lived long in Italy, and has never any need laboriously to study the circumstances and scenery of events there. But he is essentially a partisan, — a man of *partis pris*. His parti pris, in the case of this and other late writings of his upon Italian themes, is Francesco Crispi, and the blessings to Italy of the Triple Alliance. Whatever glimmering hope Mr. Stillman can yet discern for Italy lies in the maintenance of the Dreibund. But he will hardly, without better proof than he has yet offered, persuade his readers that the nascent state was not forced by the exigencies of that compact into the raising of entirely disproportionate armaments, both naval and military, the cost of whose support has terribly aggravated the financial distresses of the last two decades. Mr. Stillman's faith in United Italy is, however, but feeble at the best. He takes up in his preface a frankly pessimistic attitude, and closes his narrative of a contest maintained with rare tenacity through three generations with the disheartening and ominous quotation, "Too easily and too quickly was Italy made."

Happily, the more hopeful and, as I think, much more healthful view of Mr. Bolton King is shared to the full by a third writer, who has attempted less than the others, but has accomplished her comparatively restricted task in a more perfect style than either. The Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco's life of Cavour is so entirely excellent a piece of biography that one can hardly speak of it fairly without seeming fulsome. The author, an Englishwoman by birth, and inheriting the best kind of civic traditions, has also lived in Italy, if not so long as Mr. Stillman, to better purpose than he. She understands her Italians more thoroughly than he will ever do, by virtue of a finer penetration and a warmer and more intimate sympathy. If Mr. King's faculty for happy selection out of a bewildering mass of material seems remarkable, the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's is little less than miraculous. She often says in a few lines all that need ever be said to the general reader concerning matters which have called forth tomes of controversy. Take as an illustration her laconic summing up of the position of the King of Piedmont in 1848: "Charles Albert's heart was with the growing cry for independence, but he wished for independence without liberty. This was the 'secret of the King' which has been sought for in all kinds of recondite suppositions; this was the key to his apparently vacillating and inconsistent character."

Here we have the truth, and the whole essential truth, concerning that unfortunate monarch, the intricacies of whose mind and the waywardness of whose career have proved so endlessly inviting to the morbid psychologist.

The subject of this beautiful character sketch, widely disliked and perversely misunderstood, both in his own day and since he died, has now been limned once for all in a modest monograph, and lives there, as he trod the earth for too brief a period: wise and wary, adroit and yet candid, haughty and yet tender; seemingly ruthless at times, but inexhaustibly humane; reckless of self to the last degree, and sometimes of the means he used, but always magnanimous in the ends he pursued; the greatest, surely, take him for all in all, among modern Italians, with not many greater among modern men. The commonwealth whose bases he gave his life to lay sol-

idly, and which accepted his dedicatory sacrifice, is in a difficult pass to-day. No one denies it. United Italy, after so many searching and scathing tests, is yet on trial. But while she has sons who can see her faults as clearly and confess them as unflinchingly as Pasquale Villari lately has done in the Antologia, her case is assuredly not hopeless; and I cannot do better than close this inadequate review with a few words of soberly cheering presage from the concluding pages of Mr. Bolton King and the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco: —

"[Italy] needs to keep clear of the temptations of a Great Power, to renounce charlatanry and adventure and militarism, to forswear showy ambitions that only drain her strength. But she has youth, she has calmness and docility and devotion, she has humane ideals, a comparatively generous foreign policy. If her political virtues are less than those of some other nations, she is free from some of their vices. She perhaps has neither the population nor the wealth to play a great part in the European polity. But she stands in it, on the whole, for a sane and liberal policy when sanity and liberalism are at a discount."

"Only those who do not know the past can turn away from the present with scorn or despair. In this century a nation has arisen, which, in spite of all its troubles, is alive with ambition, industry, movement; which has ten thousand miles of railway; which has conquered the malaria at Rome; which has doubled its population and halved its death rate; which sends out great battleships from Venice and Spezzia, Castellamare and Taranto. This nation is Cavour's memorial; *si monumentum requiris circumspice.*"

Harriet Waters Preston.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.[1]

Mr. Stephen Phillips was unfortunate in making his poetical début with Christ in Hades. That poem was not in his true vein. Powerfully imagined though it was, it was incurably fantastic, and in spite of frequent lovely lines, written with

"The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods,"

it left the impression of labored and unsuccessful striving to embody the weird and the supernatural. But the critics took it as giving Mr. Phillips his convenient *cachet*. So when his second volume came out, they at once seized upon the somewhat repulsive The Woman with the Dead Soul as conveying the poet's characteristic note, and for the most part failed to see that it was Marpessa which bore witness to a new birth of beauty in English poetry. Yet at least Mr. William Watson had eyes to perceive the dawning hope in the fact that "the youngest of our poets takes this ancient story and makes it newly beautiful, kindles it with tremulous life, clothes it with the mystery of interwoven delight and pain." Nor did the matter stop there. Beyond the large conception and atmosphere of the poem, there was its deep and sure reading of the human heart, and a recurring felicity of magically beautiful phrase which left you nothing for it but to think of Keats. You beheld again the gift of "fine things said unintentionally," which Keats himself divined in Shakespeare. Entire passages press forward to be cited, but who could read even such scattered lines as,

[1] *Paolo and Francesca.* By Stephen Phillips. London and New York: John Lane. 1899.

"That face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities,"

"All Asia at my feet spread out
In indolent magnificence of bloom,"

or,

"All that tint and melody and breath
Which in their lovely unison are thou,"

without feeling that, to quote Keats once more, here is again a poet presided over by "a good Genius" to make beautiful even his writing done "half at Random"?

In Mr. Phillips's latest book, Paolo and Francesca, he confirms the happy presages of his earlier poems, at the same time that he reveals one talent more, — that for dramatic composition. The work challenges the too hasty dictum of Poe, that a dramatic poem is a contradiction in terms. "Let a poem be a poem only; let a play be a play, and nothing more." Well, it must be confessed the yoking is often unequal, but Mr. Phillips's tragedy is a play and something more. That it is right theatric, eminently actable, might be inferred from the fact that it was commissioned and its acting rights purchased by a leading actor of the contemporary stage, Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Phillips himself, it is well known, has served his own histrionic apprenticeship, and an eye trained to dramatic situation and movement shows itself in his every page. Yet it may well be doubted if his play ever prove a great popular success, as theatrical managers count successes. Its theme of wrongful love is against it. Its main presuppositions are mediæval, even Greek. A sense of doom hurries the action, which from beginning to end marches with the tread of fate. Francesca flutters her wings as ineffectually as pathetically; Paolo stiffens his muscles in vain. "Have I not," he says,

"Parried the nimble thrust and thought of thee,
And from thy mortal sweetness fled away,
Yet evermore returned?"

Both feel that the decree has gone forth against them since before the world stood. Also thoroughly steeped in Greek dramatic tradition is the play in its frank unfolding of the plot from the very first. The blind old nurse, Angela, does the work of the Æschylean chorus in early giving the spectator the thrill of coming and fated horror. No need to trick with unexpected dénouement when the whole tragedy lies in the soul. And Mr. Phillips follows the Greeks, finally, rather than the Elizabethans, in making the bloody catastrophe take place off the stage; trusting to the reflected shock to the participants as more powerful, artistically, than the brute strangling or stabbing in full view.

Yet vivid as is the piece of portraiture which he has made of this pitiful tale of Rimini, one hesitates to think of it exhibited in the glare of the footlights. Effective as one sees the tragedy to be in its swift movement and constant appeal to the subtlest insight of actor and audience, it seems rather destined to be a work of art enjoyed and admired in hushed privacy more than in the swarming and noisy theatre. This is an inference partly from the ancient and austere setting of the play, and partly from the rare and delicate poetry which Mr. Phillips has thrown as a light and beautiful mantle over his stark tragedy. It is not that the poet gets the better of the dramatist. There is no surplusage of sheer adornment. The play's the thing all through, but that does not prevent the poet from making the fit and necessary speech of his characters glow, at times, with ideal beauty. This is his fine ministry of delight. With a noble restraint almost worthy to be named beside Dante's, in his brief handling of the same episode, with all lavish ornament pruned away, Mr. Phillips yet scatters through these pages such apt epithet and fresh figure, and now and then surprises you with such gleams of natural magic in language, that you can but rejoice in this inheritor and sustainer of the great English poetical tradition. Take, for

example, a few of the descriptions of Francesca's wondering innocence (and thereby infinite temptability), thrust all girlish into a world of fierce passion: —

"Hither all dewy from her convent fetched."

"This child scarce yet awake upon the world!
Dread her first ecstasy."

"She hath but wondered up at the white clouds;
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm sun;
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds."

These are all in due subordination as touches in the whole of character, and so of destiny, but what haunting grace of expression clothes them!

Mr. Phillips's inventive faculty is perhaps seen at its best where he is closely following and developing Dante's meagre hints: —

"Noi leggevano un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse."

This is worked out in a scene of high beauty and power, with a wealth of suggested secondary meaning and byplay which would be the despair as well as the spur of great actors, and is carried on to the *disiato riso* and the kiss all trembling which ends the third act. It is doubtful, however, if the most striking single feature of Paolo and Francesca is not the very original and moving tragedy within the tragedy. This passes wholly within the bosom of Lucrezia, cousin, and unconfessed, even unsuspected lover of Giovanni. A childless widow, who has never forgiven Heaven for having denied to her birth pangs, she sets on Giovanni to discover and take vengeance on his young wife's infidelity. But presently, Francesca, in an access of lonely dread, turns to Lucrezia and begs her to be as a mother to her. The heart-stifled older woman gathers Francesca to her breast with cries of pent-up longing; but, alas, the hovering fate is too near to be averted, and she finds a child at last only to lose her forever. This is cold prose. Now read what a poet can do. Giovanni has reproached Lucrezia with her "old bitterness." Then she: —

"Bitterness — am I bitter? Strange, O strange!
How else? My husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. O those children, mine!
Mine, doubly mine: and yet I cannot touch them,
I cannot see them, hear them — Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
That muffled call of birds how like to babes;
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve —
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift!
Omitted by His casual dew!"

There is more in this strain, — more of Lucrezia's wailing that

"It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern-cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night-wind."

But at last comes Francesca's frightened cry: —

"O woman, woman, take me to you and hold me!"

and then Lucrezia: —

"Close,
I hold you close: it was not all in vain,
The holy babble and pillow kissed all o'er!
O my embodied dream with eyes and hair!
Visible aspiration with soft hands;
Tangible vision! . . .
And now I have conceived and have brought forth;
And I exult in front of the great sun:
And I laugh out with riches in my lap!"

Such achievement makes criticism abashed; yet it may feel justified in having searched out the spiritual emptiness and loud coarseness of much that passes for the best poetry of the day, in order to win title to be silent, and to ask for silence, in presence of heaven-born imagination and its consonant utterance.

THE GHOSTS OF TEMPE.

Not the old Valley, but where Hadrian made
His little Hellas; where, dark overgrown
With aged ilex now, the ruined stone
Looses memorial voice which makes a moan
When the wind rises: here the ghosts have strayed
For centuries, unhappy ghosts, that still
Mutter at twilight down the cavernous hill.

For these are they who felt the inspiring air
Of conquest thicken slowly, felt the breeze
Die from their banners and their plumes; and these
Met their own eyes uplooking from the lees
Of glory, but laughed loud, and twined their hair
With roses, and lay listening all day long
To Greek lips fluting and to clear Greek song.

For they were fair, and how should beauty cloud
Her shining hair with ashes? White their hands
As wan white lilies born in shadowed lands,
And red their lips as if the poppied bands
They kissed upon a sweetheart breast endowed
Their own fine tint for guerdon. How should they
Shroud their sweet limbs in armor for affray?

And through the night, were the pale slave girls tired?
They urged them lute on lute to mad increase
Till the homesick marbles of their stolen Greece
Sighed. And through all the vale was no surcease
Of revelry; for villaed Tibur fired
The night with scarlet torches, too, and sang,
And clear across the trees her laughter rang.

But sometimes, did a slave girl drop her lute
In tears and jar the rhythm? Did the flame
Of the torches cower and darken at the name
Of Hellas dead? Did an owl cry? Or came
A dank, unnatural wind? They shuddered, mute,
Stilled the insisting music, rose, flung all
Their crumpled poppies down, and from the hall

Rushed out upon the hill, to find the night
Heavy with portent, and their ancient fear
Swelled cold within them: ominous they could hear
The tread of swift barbarian feet, where sheer
To the hot zenith leaped the northern light.
And some cried, "Rome!" "Come back to Rome!" And some
Were smit with fears and sudden hatreds dumb.

Till the spell broke again, and with the morn
They laughed, and bathed their faces in the dew
Of the rose garden. Now when mists are blue,
And the straight cypresses are threaded through
With scarves of it, that company forlorn
Still weeps for Rome, and laughs and weeps in change,
To echoes of old music, faint and strange.

Maude Caldwell Perry.

THE LOST SPELL.

Gray with haze the wooded hill,
And at its foot a ruined mill.
You take the wide, white thoroughfare
That disappears, and you are there, —
There where the wizard works his will,
And all is still.

Many a path in solitude
Winds its way along the wood.
Hark! a far voice faint and clear,
"Follow, follow, follow here!"
Not another soul has heard,
But obedient to the word
You thread the hillside up to the blue,
And then go through.

Oh, devious the track
That goes winding through the wood,
Sometimes very steep and hard,
Strewn with shard,
And the sky is lost,
And looking back
I count the cost,
But the quest is good.
Doubt asks, "Do I not journey wrong?
It is so long."
Then comes the far voice faint and clear,
"Follow, follow, follow here."
There are briers to tear the feet,
But the brier rose is sweet.
There are stones that cut and bruise, —
Thanks for healing of the dews!
And the blue withdraws so dark and far, —
Blessed be the one white star!
And I follow, follow, follow as I choose.

Came one morn to the ruined mill,
Where the wizard works his will,
One who heard the summons clear,
"Follow, follow, follow here!"
One who stifled the desire
That smote his heart with a coal of fire.
Was it a voice that he had heard?
Was it a word?
An idle word that nothing meant.
Back he went.

Yet another day he came
To kindle ashes into flame;
Found once more the ruined mill,
Where the wizard works his will,
Sending men upon their quest,
One by the east, one by the west,
To thread the hillside up to the blue,
And then go through.
Not an echo for his ear,
"Follow, follow, follow here!"
Gray the haze upon the hill,
And all was still.

Alice Lena Cole.

THE GRAY INN.

And at the last he came to a gray inn,
About which all was gray,
E'en to the sky that overhung the day;
And though in time long lapsed it might have been
Bedecked with tavern gauds, naught now it bore
Above the shambling door
Saving a creaky sign,
Whereon the storm had blurred each limnèd line.
The portal hung a-cringe,
Belike to fall from off its one bruised hinge;
And on the deep-set casement's leaded panes
The spiders wove their geometric skeins.
Hot weariness was on him, — he must rest;
And though he deemed to find no other guest,
No comradeship, within
The ghostly grayness of that sombre inn,
Lo, as he crossed the lintel he beheld,
In the packed gloom
Of the low-raftered room,
One from whose eyes the mysteries of eld

Shone in lack-lustre wise!
And oh, the unfathomable strangeness of those eyes!
From boot to drooping plume
Gray-garmented was he, and his still face
Was like the wan sea when the banked clouds chase
Above it through the winter's iron skies.
One lean hand held a box of shaken dice,
And in a trice
This grim and gray one cried, "Come, throw with me!
Long have I waited thee."
And he late-entered answered, "Naught have I
To wager!" And the gray one made reply,
"Thou hast thy soul, and shouldst thou cast and win,
Lo, all the hoarded treasure of this inn!"
They gripped and cast, but, ere he saw which won,
The sleeper stirred and woke, — the dream was done.
Within his breast there throbbed a stabbing sting:
That day, for wealth, and what its trappings bring,
He knew his hand would do an evil thing.

Clinton Scollard.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

On a City Pavement.

I HAVE never lived in a city, and am, in consequence, ignorant of its customs. A four weeks' visit in one has filled me with questioning, and has given me a new view of human nature.

Do city people never breathe fresh air save in the summer months, and is the spectacle of one who will not stay shut in a house on beautiful cold days more than their self-control can bear? I have come from the Adirondacks, where one lives outdoors, and where a house is considered as a necessary evil. I am ordered to continue the fresh-air cure, and I am on crutches and am not allowed to walk. The pavement is the only possible place for me to sit; it is sunny, and I am told that I am on a private street. What can be more natural than to have my steamer chair and rugs taken out? In all innocence I prepare to enjoy myself.

I realize, as I come to the door, that people stare, and I am in the very act of seating myself when the attack begins. Two excited-looking women rush up to me. Their hair and clothes are at odds and ends; they carry important-looking bags on their arms; their every movement denotes great energy, and a willingness to undertake to dispose offhand of the affairs of the universe. One of them begins with a volley of questions: "What is the matter with her?" (I am supposed to be unable to speak for myself, and my friend is addressed.) "What ails her? Oh, what left her like this? Is it rheumatism? If it is rheumatism, I can tell you what to do. You take some vinegar and some salt, common salt, and you put in it some lye, just common lye, and you apply it. I have cured a great many people of rheumatism with this. There is a man who is a conductor on the railroad, — I cured him; and he says if he ever has a twinge again, he will get in a tub of this." Smiles and nods

and the strangers have gone, and I begin to realize what I am doing. I feel like a pathetic object by the wayside, but I set my teeth, and determine not to be driven in.

Did you ever notice the different ways in which people can stare? There is the stare in which curiosity is predominant, and the stare in which pity prevails. There is the bold, unembarrassed stare, which intends to find out all that can be found out before it withdraws. This is practiced by small boys and negroes. There is the stare that is easily embarrassed, and that hides itself whenever it is observed, — it may even force its owner to cross to the other side of the street, — though it is as determined as the former, and comes and goes repeatedly, till its object is attained. This is the stare of small girls. There is the stare which comes from downcast eyes, and tries to conceal from itself that it is a stare. And there is the stare which begins after its owner seems to have passed. The last two belong to apparently well-bred men and women.

Nursemaids who have children out for an airing discuss me in the soothing tones supposed to be adapted to infant ears, and, in the midst of my reading, I hear murmurs of, "Yes, yes, a lady out taking the sun. Nice sun for the lady. Will do the lady good."

Homeless dogs and friendless children shelter themselves about my chair to rest. I am of great use to organ-grinders, serving as the nucleus of a quickly gathering crowd. An evangelist, one day, gave me her card. An umbrella-mender asked me if I was "afflicted"!

I serve as an intelligence office, and receive constant inquiries as to where people live, whether I know any one who would like to hire a servant, and whether I know of servants who wish to hire.

I have very quickly made a set of acquaintances, — people who pass frequently, and with whom I have daily communications in regard to the weather, our health, and the books I am reading. Some of these people bring me fruit, flowers, and other delicacies. Before many days I am sure to be told how much my independence of character is admired.

One sensible woman has spoken to me. She asked no questions, she expressed no sympathy; she simply said: "If half the world would do this same thing, there would be but little sickness. We do this at the seashore and other resorts; why should we not be able to get any air at our homes? If I knew you, how I should urge you to keep on; and," with a sweet smile, "I do urge you, in spite of being a stranger."

I have had an offer of work. A negro man addressed me: "Yuh mus' 'scuse me, lady, fuh speakin' tuh yuh. I axes yuh pardon, but I been a-lookin' fuh somebody lak yuh. I wan' tuh ax whether yuh would lak tuh teach somebody, — o' cose tuh be paid somethin' evvy week; she 'd come evvy night, and yuh to be paid jes' so much. It 's my wife. She can't read, and I wan' huh to lun. Somebody lak yuh lun'd me all I know, and ef agreeable we kin arrange it, and I hope yuh 'll 'scuse me fuh speakin'."

Small boys seem not to accept the situation at all; perhaps it is only that they are the frankest of mortals. I hear them across the street saying, "Come on, let 's go over and look at her!" One day I felt myself examined by two, and I heard surprised voices. "Is it a lady?" A long pause, and then, with still greater surprise, "Ye-es!"

At another time I had my arms under my cape, and I heard, from a pair of urchins who had been carefully observing me, awestruck tones, "She ain't got no hands!"

One day two little fellows sat down on the steps by me, and, after looking me over silently, ventured to speak: "Lady, what 's the matter with yer? Can't yer walk? Got both yer feet cut off?"

This time I questioned them in return, and upon my asking why they were not

in school, one glibly replied: "I have to work. Got to help my mother."

"Do you work?" I asked.

"Yes 'm," proudly, as he handed me a paper on which was written: "Please help my mother to pay her rent. God will help you. God bless you."

My remarks concerning this kind of work quickly ended the curiosity about me.

As a result of my experiences, I have decided that human nature is composed mainly of curiosity and sympathy; that curiosity breaks all bounds at the sight of crutches, so that these implements remove all privacy from one; and that sympathy is not necessarily a pleasing characteristic. There seems to be too much ill-regulated sympathy floating loosely about in the atmosphere. There is a vast difference, I take it, between the emotional sympathy of the average mortal, which submerges one in pity, and leaves one merely with the sense of being pathetic, and the healthy sympathy of the friend who looks at one with no weak sentiment, but, instead, with the conviction that the best of one will rise and prove equal to the contest. A dash of cold water is better than the former; there could be no more bracing moral tonic than the latter. An outlook upon life which has the courage to accept suffering as a means of growth seems to be all too rare.

To-day a chubby little tot walked backwards a long distance, so as to examine me; she finally turned away, but just before passing out of sight around the corner she turned again and threw me a kiss. For this I can indeed be thankful, as I am thankful for flowers that bloom and birds that sing.

To a Silent Poet.

HERE is a bit of vagrant verse that might serve for an appropriate valentine for many besides the man for whom it was written. The touch of pathos in it, the hint of "the tears of things," fits singularly well the occasions for regret that belong to our own time. After all, in spite of our immeasurable newspapers, there is a great deal of smothered poetry among us, and where our deeper feelings are concerned we are a rather dumb generation. We can easily call up, then, the kind of man to whom these verses were sent: an eager, aspiring nature, belonging by birth to the singers and mirth-makers of the world, but mewed up in the murky town, and driven to moil with his hands for a living while the song within him dies unsung.

TO A SILENT POET.

Of Gallic spirit and of Gaelic birth,
He loved the piquant songs of La Belle France,
And spoke the heavy tongue the English use,
All in a breathless country overseas.
He knew the sad and base, the good and dull,
And always, from his youth, toil was his fate.
Yet, in a greedy, grimy, callow town,
With Philistines and Pharisees and Prigs,
He stole an hour at times, you rogue, Villon,
To take a walk with you, in open road;
To flane with you, Musset, or you, Lemaître,
Or dream and muse with you, Alphonse Daudet.
He called, "Allons!" to you, poor Maupassant;
Cried, "Bravo, bravo, Théophile Gautier!"
To Balzac, "Master, but I understand!"

His pen earned pence by toil for dreary folk,
But when his stint was done, he took him pause,
And sent a shout to Paris, saying: "Here,
Here, far away, and speaking other speech,
Is one who reads your message comprehends!
I am your son, old Mother of the Arts, —
You, whom much beauty justifies! Ah, here
Is one who knows the ecstasy of life,
Although he has not felt it; one
Who thrills and dreams and laughs and fleers
with you;
Who walks your boulevards and knows your
town, —
The foyers, the Quartier Latin, cafés,
All the old spots! Places where poets walked, —
Those who revolted, those who, jesting, died, —
Those servitors of Liberty who served
Her to the martyr end, and made a mock
Of that they did, pricking with epigram
The side of Pain. Here, here am I,
Who love your life and ways, your artists
And your women and your songs! Oh, here,
far off,
Under a heavy yoke, am I, a merry man,
Who could, if Fortune had but willed it so,
Have lived for art and joy with perfect zest.

Nay, more. Attend! I think I might have made
One faultless bit for that mosaic rich
With which your eager sons have carpeted
The immemorial palace of your dreams."

The Calling of the Apostle.

THERE was once a little child who learned quite suddenly how to dream. And this is the way it happened.

They had wandered down to the shore of the lake together, the three boon companions of schoolroom and playtime. Marie Antoinette and Jo March and the Apostle Paul were they who sallied forth from the front gate, but three little girls in pinafores were they who arrived at the lake, and stood in a row on the bluff overlooking the blue expanse. They did not know it themselves, but the truth was that the artificiality of being "people" assorted but ill with the sunshine and the breezes of that summer afternoon. One may be anything one elects to be in a parlor, sitting on a formal chair; but what shall one be but one's self, pray, out of doors, in the face of the open sky?

The beach at the foot of the bluff was a glorious place. There were all sorts of things one could do there. Build castles and dig dungeons and execute marvelous artistic studies from the imagination on the smooth sand, and pick up shiny pebbles to serve as mantel ornaments at home. (The poor things! they invariably brought up in the gravel walk, because of their unaccountable collapse into dullness the next day.) Then there were always rare treasures to be discovered in the sand by means of a little searching, — the skeletons of fish, the defunct remains of unknown animals, that had a curious smell, — not exactly pleasant, one thought, but at any rate different, and therefore enticing. And once in a while there were bottles to be descried bobbing about in the water. That was most exciting, for of course you understand the probability was of the strongest that inside such bottles lay important communications written with blood on ragged scraps of paper: "Wrecked off the coast of Waukegan — come to our aid;" or, "Alone on a plank — help me;" or simply, "I die."

The fact that no such thrilling messages ever turned up, and that the bottles discovered heretofore had been persistently and undeniably empty, served only to increase the dramatic probabilities of future bottles. They were always drawn up on the sand in an intensity of excitement too great for speech. And even when, as usual, they proved unheroically empty, the fun was not over. For it was interesting to shut something up inside each bottle one's self, — a pebble, or a leaf, or a few words scrawled on a piece of paper, a message to the next discoverer, — and fling it forth with all the strength of one's good right arm (in the manner taught by Tommy Sampson during recess at school), and then go home and think about it when in bed that night, tossing, tossing, so far away, so lonely. The thought of it was fascinating, and made one's pillow a delight.

On this particular afternoon of which I write there was no bottle episode; but there was everything else to make life interesting, — a fine dead fish, for instance, in a beautifully flat, dry state. It was a debatable question whether he should be carried home to serve as a bookmark, or buried then and there for the sake of his funeral ceremonies; but the funeral ceremonies carried the day, and she who had been the Apostle Paul officiated with great effect.

After this it was that the aforetime Apostle Paul climbed far up on a sand bank, away from her companions, in the pursuit of a long-legged spider. Failing of his capture, she sat down for a moment to catch her breath, and there a strange thing happened to her. She had hardly so much as glanced at the lake before, that afternoon. What with castle-building and picture-drawing and the burying of dead fish, she had not had

time. And anyway, what was the lake but an inexhaustible moat-supplier and a polisher of pebbles? Why should one care to look at it? It was quite by accident, therefore, that, as she sat resting on the sand, her eyes moved gradually from the place where the spider had disappeared at her feet to the heap of driftwood near by; from that, across the tumbled surface of the dry white sand, to the line where the smooth brown shiny sand began; from that, again, to the slow-lapping edge of the water; and then suddenly up, out, and away, far, far over the blue surface of the lake. There were clouds in the sky, that day, and their shadows trailed long and slow across the water. Purple, green, violet, blue, — how the colors melted into one another! Swift little skimming white sails went dipping about near at hand, and grave, majestic dark sails stood out tall and well-nigh motionless against the pale horizon. Sea gulls circled and flew and flashed their wings in the sunshine. Lazy little waves swung themselves softly in to shore, and as softly slid away again down the sand. It was still, — oh, so very still. The Apostle Paul had never realized before what a very silent place the universe really is. It startled her somewhat. And then, as she sat looking and listening, with her hands clasped round her knees, and her lips apart, and her breath coming very softly, lo, what spell was this that bound her? What pleasure that she had never known before in all her life laid hold upon her? She could not tell; she did not understand; she did not even seek to understand; it was all too new and strange and wonderful, this game she had suddenly discovered of sitting quite still, and looking at the water, and feeling — well, what? Yes, feeling what? That was distinctly the question, as her two companions urged upon her, when they came clambering up the sand bank to find out what was the matter (stomach ache, probably), that she sat so still.

"Feel how? What do you mean? How do you feel?"

"Oh, sort of — I don't know — sort of — well, queer an' — an' hushed up an happy an' — an' prickly inside, sort of — I don't know. Try it yourself and see."

So then they sat down beside her, both of them, and clasped their hands about their knees, exactly as she had done, and stared off at the water for a long time, — as much as three minutes. And pretty soon one nudged the other.

"Feel any prickles?" she asked in a sepulchral whisper.

"No," replied the other, "'cept in my legs, and that 's ants, I guess. Ouch!"

"Well, I don't think this game 's much fun, anyway," said the first, aloud this time. "Don't let 's play it any more. I'll beat you both to the pier." And she began to scramble down the sand hill.

The Apostle Paul looked round at her companions slowly.

"I 'm sorry you don't like my game," she said; "I do. And I think I'll stay and play it a little longer."

They regarded her doubtfully from the edge of the sand hill a moment, but she did not look at them again, and presently a centipede lured them away.

Then for the rest of the afternoon the Apostle sat quite alone, and stared across her knees at the water, and stared and stared. And what it was that happened to her it would take more than a philosopher to say. The blue depth of the sky, — why was it good to look at? The clouds, — why would they not let one go? The swinging of the wind, — why did it stir up such curious sensations in one's throat and chest? And the sunshine, — there was positively nothing to that at all; and yet — well, it was strange.

"Oh," said the Apostle, rising to her feet and stretching out both her arms, "I wish I was a mile big!" And two large tears rolled suddenly down her cheeks.

Such was the calling of the Apostle.

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GROWTH OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

The characteristic of the foreign relations of the United States at the outbreak of the late Spanish war was isolation. The policy was traditional, originating at the very birth of the Republic. It had received the sanction of its founders — of Washington preëminently — had been endorsed by most if not all of the leading statesmen of the country, and had come to be regarded with almost as much respect as if incorporated in the text of the Constitution itself. What the policy enjoined in substance was aloofness from the political affairs of the civilized world in general and a strict limitation of the political activities of the United States to the concerns of the American continents. It had been distinguished by two salient features which, if not due to it as their sole or chief cause, had certainly been its natural accompaniments. One of them was the Monroe doctrine, so-called, directly affecting our relations with foreign Powers. The other was a high protective tariff aimed at sequestering the home market for the benefit of home industries and, though legally speaking of merely domestic concern, in practical results operating as the most effectual of obstacles to intercourse with foreign peoples.

While the Monroe doctrine and a protective tariff may be regarded as the distinguishing manifestations of our foreign policy prior to the late Spanish war, our "international isolation" has had other important consequences which should be briefly adverted to. The isolation policy and practice have tended to belittle the national character, have led to a species of provincialism and to narrow views of our duties and functions as a nation. They have caused us to ignore the importance of sea power and to look with equanimity upon the decay of our navy and the ruin of our merchant marine. They have made us content with a diplomatic service always inadequate and often positively detrimental to our interests. They have induced in the people at large an illiberal and unintelligent attitude towards foreigners constantly shown in the disparagement of other peoples, in boastings of our own superiority, and in a sense of complete irresponsibility for anything uttered or written to their injury. This attitude of the people at large has naturally been reflected in their representatives in public life, while in officials brought in direct contact with foreign affairs it has often been even greatly intensified. Apparently, in their anxiety not to fall below the pitch of popular sentiment, they have been led to strike a note altogether beyond it. Hence have come, only too frequently and on but slight pretexts, violent diatribes against foreign governments and gross abuse of their peoples and institutions, not merely on the hustings, but on the floor of the senate or house; not merely by unknown solicitors of votes but by public officials in stations so prominent as to give to their utterances an air of

real significance. The bad taste and worse manners of such utterances from such sources, whether in the past or in the future, need not be enlarged upon. The difference for the future is that they can no longer be made with impunity nor be excused by any professed belief in their harmlessness. The cheapest politician, the most arrant demagogue, can not fail to realize both that, after joining the international family of European states, the United States can not afford to flout its associates, and that foreign governments and peoples can not be expected to discriminate between the American people and those who represent them in appearance however much they may misrepresent them in fact.

Though historians will probably assign the abandonment of the isolation policy of the United States to the time when this country and Spain went to war over Cuba, and though the abandonment may have been precipitated by that contest, the change was inevitable, had been long preparing, and could not have been long delayed. The American people were fast opening their eyes to the fact that they were one of the foremost Powers of the earth and should play a commensurately great part in its affairs. Recognizing force to be the final arbiter between states as between individuals, and merit however conspicuous and well-founded in international law to be of small avail unless supported by adequate force, they were growing dissatisfied with an unreadiness for the use of their strength which made our representatives abroad less regarded than those of many a second or third class state, and left American lives and property in foreign countries comparatively defenseless. They had come to resent a policy and a condition of things which disabled the nation from asserting itself beyond the bounds of the American continents, no matter how urgently such assertion might be demanded in the interests of civilization and humanity, and no matter how clearly selfish interests might coincide with generous impulses and with what might even be claimed to be moral obligations. They had begun to realize that their industrial and commercial development should not be checked by limitation to the demands of the home market but must be furthered by free access to all markets; that to secure such access the nation must be formidable not merely in its wants and wishes and latent capabilities but in the means at hand wherewith to readily exert and enforce them; and, as it could not hope to compass its ends without a sympathizer or friend among the nations, that it was imperative the United States should be ready to take any concerted action with other nations which its own special interests might require. In short, when our troubles with Spain came to a head, it had, it is believed, already dawned upon the American mind that the international policy suitable to our infancy and our weakness was unworthy of our maturity and our strength; that the traditional rules regulating our relations to Europe, almost a necessity of the conditions prevailing a century ago, were inapplicable to the changed conditions of the present day; and that both duty and interest required us to take our true position in the European family and to both reap all the advantages and assume all the burdens incident to that position. Therefore, while the Spanish war of 1898 is synchronous with the abandonment of its isolation policy by the United States, it was not the cause of such abandonment and at the most only hastened it by an inconsiderable period. So, while the Spanish war ended in the acquisition of Cuba by the United States, that result was neither unnatural nor surprising, but something sure to occur, if not in the year 1898, before many years, and if without war, then by a cession from Spain more or less compulsory in character. It may be thought at first

blush that to speak of "the acquisition of Cuba by the United States" as a fact accomplished is inaccurate. But the objection is technical and the expression conveys the substantial truth, notwithstanding a resolution of Congress which, ill-advised and futile at the time of its passage, if now influential at all, is simply prejudicing the interests of Cuba and the United States alike. No such resolution can refute the logic of the undisputed facts or should be allowed to impede the natural march of events. To any satisfactory solution of the Cuban problem it is vital that Cuba's political conditions should be permanently settled. The spectacle now exhibited of a President and his Cabinet sitting in Washington with an appointee and sort of imitation President sitting with his Cabinet in the Antilles must have an end, the sooner the better, and will end when Congress ceases to ignore its functions and makes Cuba in point of law what she already is in point of fact, namely, United States territory. Were there to be a plebiscite on the subject, such a consummation would be favored by practically the entire body of the intelligence and wealth of the Island. Until it is reached, capital will hesitate to go there, emigration from this country will be insignificant, and Cuba will fail to enter upon that new era of progress and development, industrial, political, and social, which is relied upon to justify and ought to justify the substitution of American for Spanish control.

If our peculiar relations to Cuba be borne in mind — if it be remembered that the United States has always treated that Island as part of the American continents, and, by reason of its proximity to our shores and its command of the Gulf of Mexico, as essential to our security against foreign aggression — if it be realized that during our entire national existence foreign Powers have had clear notice that, while Spain would be allowed to play out her hand in the Island, no other Power than the United States would be permitted to absorb it, it will be at once admitted that neither the Spanish war nor its inevitable result, our acquisition of Cuba, compelled or is responsible for the relinquishment by the United States of its isolation policy. That relinquishment — the substitution of international fellowship — the change from passive and perfunctory membership of the society of civilized states to real and active membership — is to be ascribed not only to the various causes already enumerated, but above all to that instinct and impulse in the line of national growth and expansion whose absence would be a sure symptom of our national deterioration. For it is true of states as of individuals — they never stand still, and if not going forward, are surely retrogressing. This evolution of the United States as one of the great Powers among the nations has, however, been accompanied by another departure radical in character and far-reaching in consequences. The United States has come out of its shell and ceased to be a hermit among the nations, naturally and properly. What was not necessary and is certainly of the most doubtful expediency is that it should at the same time become a colonizing Power on an immense scale. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands need not now be taken into account and is to be justified, if at all, on peculiar grounds not possible to exist in any other case. But why do we find ourselves laboring under the huge incubus of the Philippines? There has always been a popular impression that we drifted into the Philippines — that we acquired them without being able to help ourselves and almost without knowing it. But that theory — however in accord with the probabilities of the case — that theory, with all excuses and palliations founded upon it, is in truth an entire mistake. It is certain and has recently been declared by the highest authority that, hav-

ing acquired by our arms nothing but a military occupation of the port and city of Manila, we voluntarily purchased the entire Philippine archipelago for twenty millions of dollars. The power of the government to buy — to acquire territory in that way — may be, indeed probably should be and must be admitted. Its exercise, however, must be justified by something more than the fact of its possession. Such exercise must be shown to have been demanded by either the interests or the duty of the United States. What duty did the United States have in the premises? The question of duty comes first — because, if there were any, it might be incumbent on us to undertake its performance even at the sacrifice of our interests. What, then, was the call of duty that coerced us to take over the Philippine archipelago — that compelled us to assume the enormous burden of introducing order and civilization and good government into uncounted, if not uncountable, tropical islands lying thousands of miles from our coasts — that bound us to enter upon the herculean task of leading into the paths of "sweetness and light" many millions of people of all colors from the deepest black to the lightest yellow, of tongues as numerous and hopelessly diverse as those of the builders of the tower of Babel, and of all stages of enlightenment or non-enlightenment between the absolutely barbarous and the semi-civilized? It used to be said that our honor was involved — that having forcibly overthrown the sovereignty of Spain in the archipelago, we were bound in honor not to leave it derelict. But, as already noted, that proposition is completely disposed of by the official admission that we never held by conquest anything more than the city and harbor of Manila and that our title to everything else rests on purchase. The same admission disposes of the specious argument, a cheap resource of demagogy, that where the flag has once been hoisted it must never be taken down. But if, as now authoritatively declared, it had never been hoisted over more than the city and port of Manila, no removal of it from the rest of the archipelago was possible in the nature of things. If not bound in honor to buy the Philippines, how otherwise were we bound? A distinguished senator, on his return from England last summer, being asked what was thought there of our Philippine imbroglio, is said to have answered that the English were laughing in their sleeves at us. They were not laughing, it may be assumed, at our disasters. They were not merry, unquestionably, over our waste of millions of treasure and over our sacrifice through battle and disease of thousands of valuable lives. They would naturally rather applaud than scoff at our ambitions in the line of territorial extension. But British risibles, not too easily excited under any circumstances, must indeed have been of adamant not to be moved by the justifications for our predicament vociferously urged by politicians and office-holders now especially prominent before the public. Does it appear or is it argued that the Spanish war was unnecessary — that the pear was ripe and ready to fall into our laps, without war and the killing of the reconcentrados, could we only have kept our heads and our tempers — that with a fair degree of tact and patience and common sense the Philippines might have been pacified — the astonishing answer is declamation about the beauties of the "strenuous life," the latest euphemism for war! Does it appear or is it claimed that no trade we are likely to have with the Philippines and China together is likely to compensate us for the enormous cost of first subjugating and afterwards defending and governing the Islands — an equally remarkable reply is that any such objections are shameful and unworthy; that we have a duty in the premises; and that whatever our wishes, or our interests, or our sacrifices, we are under solemn

obligation to carry the blessings of good government and civilization to the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago! It is not easy to conceive of anything more baseless and more fantastic. As if war, under whatever alias, were not still the "hell" it was declared to be not by any apprentice to the trade but by one of the great commanders of the age; as if charity should not begin at home and he who fails to make those of his own house his first care were not worse than the heathen; as if New York and Boston and all our cities did not have their slums and the country at large its millions of suffering and deserving poor whose welfare is of infinitely greater importance to us than that of the Kanakas and Malays of the Orient, and whose relief would readily absorb all the energies and all the funds the United States can well spare for humane enterprises. No wonder our British kinsmen guffaw at such extraordinary justifications of our Philippine policy. The Britisher himself is as far as possible from indulging in any such sickly sentimentality. He quite understands that the first and paramount duty of his government is to himself and his fellow-subjects; that, as regards all outside of the British pale, whatever his government may do in the line of benevolence and charity is simply incidental and subsidiary. He fully realizes that if territory is annexed or control assumed of an alien race, it must be justified to the British nation by its promotion of the interests of the British Empire. If the transaction can be justified to the world at large as also in the interest of a progressive civilization — and it must be admitted that it often can be — so much the better. But the British policy is first and last and always one of selfishness, however superior in point of enlightenment that selfishness may be. It is so of necessity and in the nature of things — as must be the policy of every other great Power. None can afford not to attend strictly to its own business and not to make the welfare of its own people its primary object — none can afford to regard itself as a sort of missionary nation charged with the rectification of errors and the redress of wrongs the world over. Were the United States to enter upon its new international rôle with the serious purpose of carrying out any such theory, it would not merely be laughed at but voted a nuisance by all other nations — and treated accordingly.

If not bound to buy the Philippines by any considerations of honor and duty, was it our interest to buy them?

Colonies may be greatly for the advantage of a nation. If it have a limited home territory and a redundant population, distant dependencies may afford just the outlet required for its surplus inhabitants and for the increase and diversification of its industries. It is manifest that no considerations of that sort are applicable in the case of the United States and the Philippines. Were our population ever so dense, it could not be drained off to the Philippines where the white laborer can not live. But the United States, far from having a crowded population to dispose of, has an enormous area of vacant land which for generations to come will be more than adequate to all the wants of its people. Our purchase of the Philippines can be justified, then, if at all, only by its effect in creating or extending trade and commerce with the Philippines and with China. What can be said for the purchase from that point of view?

On this subject the thick and thin supporters of the administration seek to dazzle our eyes with the most glowing visions. A soil as fertile as any on the globe needs but to be tickled with the hoe — to use Douglas Jerrold's figure — to laugh with abundant harvests of all the most desired tropical fruits. Minerals of all kinds are declared to abound everywhere — virgin forests of the choicest woods to be almost limitless in

extent — while as for coal, it is solemnly asserted to be even dropping out of the tops of mountains. Nothing, in short, is too good or too strong for the defenders of the Philippine purchase to say of the natural resources of the Philippines, and with declamation on that single point, they usually make haste to drop the subject. They do not stop to tell us what we are to sell to a community whose members live on the spontaneous growth of their mother earth, and clothe themselves very much as did our first parents after the expulsion from Eden. They fail to tell us, further, with what labor the vaunted resources of the Islands are to be exploited, since the white laborer can not work there and the native will not. Shall we take the ground that what is bad for the United States is yet good enough for the Philippines and so legalize coolie immigration from China? Or, being just recovered from the bloodiest war of our time waged for the national life but caused and inspired by hatred of negro slavery, shall we now follow up our Philippine investment by adopting the system of quasi-slavery known as "Indentured Labor" and hire "black-birders," as they are called in Samoa, to "recruit" laborers in India or to steal or cajole negroes from among the outlying islands of the Pacific? Upon these as upon all the other difficulties which lead, not orators nor politicians, but business men and experts on the subject to declare that the Philippine trade will never repay the cost of acquisition, the friends of the Philippine purchase are discreetly silent. They do not, however, rest their case wholly, nor as a rule, even to any great extent, on the Philippine trade alone. They point to China — to its swarming millions and the immense markets which the breaking down of Chinese traditional barriers will afford to the nations of the West — and they triumphantly assert that here is to be found the more than sufficient justification for the Philippine purchase. The claim would be much exaggerated even if the Philippines could give us the entire Chinese market instead of simply letting us join in a neck and neck race for a share of it with every country of Europe. Be it assumed, however, that all that is said about the value of commerce with China — be it assumed, indeed, for present purposes that all that is said about the value of both the Philippine and the China trade — is fully borne out by the facts — what follows? That we were compelled to buy the Philippines in order to get our share? That is so far from being evident — is indeed so far from what seems to be the plain truth — that it is not too much to assert quite positively that we should have been in a better position to command our share of the Philippine and Chinese trade without the Philippines than with them. Chinese territory, it may be taken for granted, is not coveted by the most advanced of American jingoes. What they may come to in the future no one can predict, of course, but as yet no party and no section of any party in this country claims that, for the purposes of trade with China or for any other purpose, we should be one of the Powers to demand and extort territory or territorial rights in China. The efforts of the United States are limited — and wisely limited — to seeking for its ships and its merchants equal opportunities in China — to promoting in Chinese waters and on Chinese soil the policy known as the "open door." Is, then, the position of the United States, as insisting upon the "open door" in China, strengthened or weakened by its having the Philippine Islands on its hands? The administration has apparently memorialized European Powers on the ground of our legal rights to the "open door" under our treaties with China. But, if those Powers have been rightly appealed to, it must be because they have become paramount in China — because by conquest

or unrestricted cession they have displaced China's sovereignty and substituted their own — in which case any observance by them of our treaty stipulations with China becomes matter of grace and favor purely. Our appeals are said to have brought satisfactory "assurances." But such "assurances" can hardly be regarded as definite obligations, nor as more than expressions of present views and intentions, nor as being more unchangeable than the views and intentions themselves. In these commercial days, governments do not give something for nothing — if they accord trade privileges, it is for value received or expected — and the official representative of the Czar in this country has already risen to explain as follows: "The extraordinary privileges for the importation of machinery and breadstuffs into Russia will of course not last forever. Americans understand the principle of the protective tariff too well to make lengthy explanation necessary. When Russian industries reach a stage where reasonable encouragement will produce good results, of course the necessary protection will be extended." We should indeed be credulous if we were to believe that, when the time comes which the Russian Ambassador anticipates, either any "assurances" now given will prevent such customs regulations by Russia as her own interest requires, or will lead her to distinguish for our benefit between her Chinese possessions and her territory generally. We can count upon the maintenance of the "open door" in China, therefore, only if we can influence the Powers concerned in one of two ways — by making it their interest to grant it through reciprocal concessions on our own part or by a manifest readiness to back our demand for it by such physical force as they will not care to encounter. To the successful use of the first method, our Philippine possessions are a serious drawback if not an insuperable obstacle. If we claim the "open door" of the Powers dominating China, how are we to deny it to them in our own dependencies and especially in the Philippines? One inconsiderate foreign office is already said to have answered us by asking our intentions as to the Philippines, and might, in view of the alleged vast extent of the Chinese markets, have not impertinently inquired if some other American territory would not also be opened to free trade. If the Philippines rather embarrass than help us in securing the "open door" in China by amicable arrangement, what is to be said upon the point of their enabling or aiding us to enforce it? We are told that they place us in the "front door-yard" of the "Orient" and, from that graphic figure of speech, are desired to infer and believe that the entire Philippine archipelago was and is necessary to our possession of power and authority in the Pacific. But it might as well be claimed that Gibraltar did not suffice for England's control of the Mediterranean and that for that purpose she ought to have in addition a large slice of Africa or of Spain. Assume to be true all that is said of the value of trade with China — assume that, if we can not get our share in any other way, we ought to be in a position to get it by force — assume that, to use such force or be prepared to use it, we must have a large navy which must be enabled to supply itself with coal — assume all this — and there is still no satisfactory proof that we had any occasion to buy the entire Philippine archipelago. Nothing, indeed, follows except that it would have been wise for us to acquire such part of the Philippines as was necessary to give us proper coaling stations and an adequate naval base. If that and that only had been done, we should have been in a better position to secure and protect our interests in trade with China than we are with the Philippine load on our backs. We should have been more likely to reach our end by friendly negotia-

tions because we should have seemed less aggressive; should have excited to a less degree the jealousies and the rivalries of foreign peoples; and should have had less difficulty with our anomalous attitude in demanding free trade with the dependencies of other countries while hampering free trade with our own by the severest restrictions. We should also have been stronger for accomplishing our object by force because, as compared with a proper naval base in the Philippines adequately supplied, fortified, and garrisoned, our possession of the entire Philippine group is a source of weakness rather than of strength. The Islands offer innumerable points of attack to any Power with a hostile animus. Yet we must always be prepared to defend each and all of them at all hazards and with all our resources — the Islands are ours as much as Massachusetts or Illinois — and not to maintain the integrity of American soil everywhere and against all comers, would deservedly expose us to universal contempt and derision. It follows, that whereas our trade with China would have been amply secured and protected by the enlarged navy we must and should have under any circumstances supplemented by an adequate naval base and coaling stations in the Philippines, the taking over of the whole archipelago enfeebles us for all purposes — by the immense, remote, and peculiarly vulnerable area we must defend; by the large permanent army we must transport and maintain, not merely to prevent and deter aggression from without, but to hold down a native population thoroughly disaffected and resentful of the tactless and brutal policy hitherto pursued towards it; and by the tremendous drain on our resources which the civil and military administration of the Islands will inevitably entail.

Thus, adequate grounds for the purchase of the Philippines by the United States, for considering it to be demanded by duty, or honor, or interest, are not apparent. Nevertheless, however bad the blunder, the possession of sufficient legal power to commit us on the part of those in charge of the government for the time being must be conceded. Whether we want the Philippines or not, and whether we ought to have them or not, that we have got them is something not to be denied. They are our "old man of the sea" — with this difference in favor of Sindbad, that by intoxicating his monster he managed to get rid of him. It is tolerably certain there is no such way out for us, and that if intoxication is any element in the case at all, it must have supervened at the time our "old man of the sea" was foisted upon us.

The thing is done. We were an American Empire purely — and the United States, in taking its seat at the international council table and joining in the deliberations of civilized states, might have been in an ideal position, combining the height of authority and prestige with complete independence and with a liberty of action which would enable us to always make our own interests our first care and yet allow us, when permitted by those interests, to say a timely word or do a timely deed wherever and whenever the cause of civilization seemed to require. This possible — this natural — ideal position, an exercise of the treaty power by the national executive and senate has deprived us of. We are no longer an American Empire simply — we are become an Asiatic Empire also, environed by all the rivalries, jealousies, embarrassments, and perils attaching to every Power now struggling for commercial and political supremacy in the East, and starting the second century of national existence with all our energies and resources, which have proved no more than adequate to the good government and civilization of the white and black races of North America, pledged and mortgaged for the like services to be rendered by us to seven or eight millions of the brown men of the tropics.

Nevertheless, as already stated, we are committed — the Philippines are ours — how we shall deal with them is a domestic question simply — so that, in this connection and at this time, what remains to be considered is the effect of this exact situation upon the future of our foreign relations. The United States now asserting itself not only as one of the great Powers of the world but as a Power with very large Asiatic dependencies — what consequent changes in respect of its foreign relations must reasonably be anticipated?

It goes without saying that the United States cannot play the part in the world's affairs it has just assumed without equipping itself for the part with all the instrumentalities necessary to make its will felt either through pacific intercourse and negotiation or through force. Its diplomatic agencies must, therefore, be greatly enlarged, strengthened, and improved, while a powerful navy up to date in all points of construction, armament, general efficiency and readiness for instant service, becomes of equal necessity. Our Philippine possessions will not merely emphasize the urgent occasion for such innovations. They will make the innovations greater and more burdensome while at the same time compelling others which we could have done without. The Philippines inevitably make our navy larger than it would have to be without them — they inevitably enhance the extent and the quality and the cost of the diplomatic establishment with which we must provide ourselves. But besides aggravating the weight and the expense of the necessary burdens involved in our assuming our true place among the nations, the Philippines add burdens of their own. There will be no respectable government of the Islands until they are furnished with a large force of highly educated and trained administrators. Further, as already observed, were it not for the Philippines, we might have escaped the curse of any very large additions to our regular standing army. But the equipment required for our new international rôle need not be discussed at any length. We must have it — the need will be forced upon us by facts the logic of which will be irresistible — and however slow to move or indisposed to face the facts, the national government must sooner or later provide it. It is more important as well as interesting to inquire how the new phase of our foreign relations will affect the principles regulating our policy and conduct towards foreign states.

In dealing with that topic, it should be kept in mind that membership of the society of civilized states does not mean that each member has the same rights and duties as respects every subject-matter. On the contrary, the immediate interests of a nation often give it rights and charge it with duties which do not attach to any other. By common consent, for example, the right and duty of stopping the Spanish-Cuban hostilities were deemed to be in the United States on account of a special interest arising from Cuba's proximity to the United States and from the intimate relations of all sorts inevitably growing out of that proximity. So, though England is an insular Power, her home territory lies so near the European continent that the internal affairs of the European states directly interest her almost as much as if the English Channel were solid land. On the other hand, while the United States as regards Europe in general may also be regarded as an insular Power, its remoteness and separation from Europe by a great expanse of ocean make its interest in the internal affairs of European states almost altogether speculative and sentimental. Abstention from interference in any such affairs — in changes of dynasty, forms of government, alterations of boundaries and social and domestic institutions — should be and must be the rule of the United States for the future as it has been in the past.

Again, as between itself and the states of Europe, the primacy of the United States as respects the affairs of the American continents is a principle of its foreign policy which will no doubt hold good and be as firmly asserted in the future as in the past. A particular application and illustration of the principle are found in what is known as the Monroe doctrine, which will be as important in the future as in the past; our uncompromising adherence to which we have lately proclaimed to all the world; and which may and should command general acquiescence since it requires of Europe to abstain from doing in America nothing more than we should and must abstain from doing in Europe.

It is to be remembered, however, that no rule of policy is so inflexible as not to bend to the force of extraordinary and anomalous conditions. During the Napoleonic wars, the United States wisely though with the utmost difficulty preserved a strict neutrality. But our weakness, not our will consented — we were the passive prey of both belligerents — publicly and privately we suffered the extreme of humiliation and indignity — and it is safe to say that were the career of the first Napoleon to approach or even threaten repetition, not merely sentiment and sympathy but the strongest considerations of self-preservation and self-defense might drive us to take sides. It is hardly necessary to add that the status of the United States as an Asiatic Power must have some tendency to qualify the attitude which, as a strictly American Power, the United States has hitherto successfully maintained towards the states of Europe. They are Asiatic Powers as well as ourselves — we shall be brought in contact with them as never before — competition and irritation are inevitable and controversies not improbable — and when and how far a conflict in the East may spread and what domestic as well as foreign interests and policies may be involved, is altogether beyond the reach of human sagacity to foretell.

Subject to these exceptions — to exceptions arising from extraordinary and anomalous European conditions and from difficulties into which the United States as an Asiatic Power may draw the United States as an American Power — subject to these exceptions, our new departure in foreign affairs will require no change in the cardinal rules already alluded to. Hereafter as heretofore, our general policy must be and will be non-interference in the internal affairs of European states — hereafter as heretofore we shall claim paramountcy in things purely American — and hereafter as heretofore we shall antagonize any attempt by an European Power to forcibly plant its flag on the American continents. It can not be doubted, however, that our new departure not merely unties our hands but fairly binds us to use them in a manner we have thus far not been accustomed to. We can not assert ourselves as a Power whose interests and sympathies are as wide as civilization without assuming obligations corresponding to the claim — obligations to be all the more scrupulously recognized and performed that they lack the sanction of physical force. The first duty of every nation, as already observed, is to itself — is the promotion and conservation of its own interests. Its position as an active member of the international family does not require it ever to lose sight of that principle. But, just weight being given to that principle, and its abilities and resources and opportunities permitting, there is no reason why the United States should not act for the relief of suffering humanity and for the advancement of civilization wherever and whenever such action would be timely and effective. Should there, for example, be a recurrence of the Turkish massacres of Armenian Christians, not to stop them alone or in concert with others, could we do so without imperiling our

own substantial interests, would be unworthy of us and inconsistent with our claims and aspirations as a great Power. We certainly could no longer shelter ourselves behind the time-honored excuse that we are an American Power exclusively, without concern with the affairs of the world at large.

On similar grounds, the position we have assumed in the world and mean to maintain justifies us in undertaking to influence and enables us to greatly influence the industrial development of the American people. The "home market" fallacy disappears with the proved inadequacy of the home market. Nothing will satisfy us in the future but free access to foreign markets — especially to those markets in the East now for the first time beginning to fully open themselves to the Western nations. Hitherto, in introducing his wares and in seeking commercial opportunities of any sort in foreign countries, the American citizen has necessarily relied almost altogether upon his own unaided talents, tact, and enterprise. The United States as a whole has counted for little, if anything, in his favor — our notorious policy of isolation, commercial and political, together with our notorious unreadiness for any exertion of our strength, divesting the government of all real prestige. In the markets of the Orient especially, American citizens have always been at a decided disadvantage as compared with those of the great European Powers. The latter impress themselves upon the native imagination by their display of warlike resources and their willingness to use them in aid not merely of the legal rights of their citizens but in many cases of their desires and ambitions as well. If the native government itself is in the market, it of course prefers to trade with the citizen of a Power in whose prowess it believes and whose friendship it may thus hope to obtain. If its subjects are the traders, they are affected by the same considerations as their government and naturally follow its lead in their views and their preferences. Obstacles of this sort to the extension of American trade can not but be greatly lessened in the future under the operation of the new foreign policy of the United States and its inevitable accompaniments. Our new interest in foreign markets can not fail to be recognized. Our claim to equal opportunities for our citizens and to exemption from unfriendly discrimination against them, will hardly be ignored if known to be backed by a present readiness and ability to make it good. "To be weak is miserable" and to seem weak, however strong in reality, often comes to about the same thing. Our diplomatic representatives, no matter how certain of the greatness of their country, have hitherto labored under the difficulty that nations to whom they were accredited, especially the Oriental nations, were not appreciative of the fact. That difficulty is unlikely to embarrass them in the future. They will, like the nation itself, cease to be isolated and of small consideration, and will speak and act with something of the same persuasiveness and authority as the representatives of European Powers.

Along with the Monroe doctrine and non-interference in the internal concerns of European states — rules of policy which generally speaking will stand unaffected — has gone another which our changed international attitude will undoubtedly tend to modify. It has heretofore been considered that anything like an alliance between the United States and an European Power, for any purpose or any time, was something not to be thought of. To give a thing a bad name, however undeservedly, is to do much to discredit it, and there is no doubt that the epithet "entangling" — almost invariably applied — has contributed largely to make "alliances" popularly and politically odious. Yet there may be "alliances" which are not

"entangling" but wholly advantageous, and without the French alliance, American independence, if not prevented, might have been long postponed. It has been a prevalent notion that Washington was inimical to all alliances as such and left on record a solemn warning to his countrymen against them. Yet Washington clearly discriminated between alliances that would entangle and those that would not, and between alliances that were permanent and those that were temporary. Justly construed, Washington's utterances are as wise today as when they were made and are no more applicable to the United States than to any other nation. It must be the policy of every state to avoid alliances that entangle, while temporary and limited are better than general and permanent alliances because friends and partners should be chosen in view of actually existing exigencies rather than in reliance upon doubtful forecasts of the uncertain future. Nevertheless, up to this time the theory and practice of the United States have been against all alliances peremptorily, and, were the Philippines not on our hands, might perhaps have been persisted in for a longer or shorter period. Whether they could have been or not is a contingency not worth discussing. We start our career as a world Power with the Philippine handicap firmly fastened to us, and that situation being accepted, how about "alliances"? The true, the ideal position for us, would be complete freedom of action, perfect liberty to pick allies from time to time as special occasions might warrant and an enlightened view of our own interests might dictate. Without the Philippines, we might closely approach that position. With them, not merely is our need of friendship imperative, but it is a need which only one of the great Powers can satisfy or is disposed to satisfy. Except for Great Britain's countenance, we should almost certainly never have got the Philippines — except for her continued support, our hold upon them would be likely to prove precarious, perhaps altogether unstable. It follows that we now find ourselves actually caught in an entangling alliance, forced there not by any treaty, or compact of any sort, formal or informal, but by the stress of the inexorable facts of the situation. It is an alliance that entangles because we might be and should be friends with all the world and because our necessary intimacy with and dependence upon one of them is certain to excite the suspicion and ill-will of other nations. Still, however much better off we might have been, regrets, the irrevocable having happened, are often worse than useless, and it is much more profitable to note such compensatory advantages as the actual situation offers. In that view, it is consoling to reflect that, if we must single out an ally from among the nations at the cost of alienating all others, and consequently have thrown ourselves into the arms of England, our choice is probably unexceptionable. We join ourselves to that one of the great Powers most formidable as a foe and most effective as a friend; whose people make with our own but one family, whose internal differences should not prevent a united front as against the world outside; whose influence upon the material and spiritual conditions of the human race has on the whole been elevating and beneficent; and whose example and experience can not help being of the utmost service in our dealing with the difficult problems before us.

In undertaking any forecast of the future of our foreign relations, it is manifestly impracticable to attempt more than to note certain leading principles which, it would seem, must inevitably govern the policy of the United States. It is not rash to affirm in addition, however, that a consequence of the new international position of the United States must be to give to foreign affairs a mea-

sure of popular interest and importance far beyond what they have hitherto enjoyed. Domestic affairs will cease to be regarded as alone deserving the serious attention of Americans generally, who, in their characters, interests, and sympathies can not fail to respond to the momentous change which has come to the nation at large. Such a change will import no decline of patriotism, no lessening of the loyalty justly expected of every man to the country of his nativity or adoption. But it will import, if not for us, for coming generations, a larger knowledge of the earth and its diverse peoples; a familiarity with problems world-wide in their bearings; the abatement of racial prejudices; in short, such enlarged mental and moral vision as is ascribed to the Roman citizen in the memorable saying that, being a man, nothing human was foreign to him.

Richard Olney.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

As the year 1899 drew to a close the attention of Germany was occupied chiefly with the war in South Africa. The attitude of the German public is one of practically unanimous condemnation of England's course toward the Transvaal. No newspaper of influence and no public man of note has come forward in defense of England; even the traditional friends of England among the Germans, who have tried to realize English political ideals on German soil, complain bitterly that Mr. Chamberlain has terribly injured their cause before the German public, which will be less ready than ever to follow English models in developing liberal institutions.

The large class of more or less impartial thinkers in Germany strongly disapprove of England's treatment of the Boers on moral grounds; but it is evident that outside of this select class there is a large element of envy and hate in the anti-English sentiment of the people. The tone of the German press, and the expressions of glee that one witnesses among the people as the news of English defeats becomes known upon the streets, are a sufficient proof of that. An outsider cannot escape the impression that England's immense fleet and her prosperous colonies — things which Germany very much desires to duplicate — rankle in the minds of the German people.

The colonial expansion of Germany was carried forward in 1899 by the acquisition of the Spanish islands in the Pacific and the chief parts of the Samoan group. The latter acquisition was received with great enthusiasm in Germany, based mainly upon sentimental considerations; for nobody of intelligence sees any great commercial importance in the event. The purchase of the Spanish islands was greeted with marked indifference, considering the German enthusiasm for colonial expansion in general. Germany will spend some $8,000,000 this year for her colonies; but the country is just as far off as ever from possessing real colonies, — territory, that is, to receive the surplus population of the empire and preserve it as an integral part of the German people. In colonial expansion in this sense the year was marked by no real progress; even Kiao-Chau turns out a distinct disappointment in point of healthfulness. Germany started upon her colonial policy too late; and Herr Richter was undoubtedly right when he recently exclaimed in the Reichstag: "Cake! The cake was divided long ago!"

The increase of the army by some seventeen thousand men, and the announcement of the plan to double the fleet, emphasized Germany's purpose to be strong against attack from without. The latter step is unquestionably aimed at England, whose statesmen are now thoroughly distrusted in Germany. It is a significant fact that an utterance of the Emperor at the launching of a vessel, "Our future lies upon the water," was at once made current coin in the language of the people. The incident is typical of the keen interest the Germans take in strengthening their maritime power. Last year the Fleet Society carried on an energetic propaganda, increased immensely in membership, and seems to have converted the vast majority of the people to its views.

In the domestic legislation of Germany, the measures that attracted most attention were the Imperial bill for protecting laborers from the terrorism and violence of strikers, and the Prussian bill for the construction of the Midland Canal. The former was a comparatively mild measure, its chief feature having been that it made picketing a punishable offense. Nevertheless, it called forth the most earnest opposition from all the more liberal classes of the people, and it was voted down with crushing emphasis. This result, as was made evident in the course of the debates, amounted to a vote of lack of confidence in the courts as to labor matters. The Prussian and Saxon courts particularly have distinguished themselves for their severity in sentencing laborers for trifling offenses. The courts, while above reproach as to their purity, have evidently lost touch with the national consciousness in regard to the labor question; and hence the people were not willing to intrust them with larger powers of repression as against the labor movement.

The cheapness of freight rates in the United States — about one third of German prices — makes it difficult for the American reader to comprehend why the Canal Bill played such a commanding rôle, last year, in Prussian politics. The defeat of the bill deserves special prominence in this review, since it is to be understood as an episode — a very significant one, it is true — in one of the most important economic, social, and political movements of the time in Germany. The need for cheap transportation from the great coal and iron district of Westphalia to the populous industrial centres of the Rhine and Elbe valleys has long been felt; and it was proposed to meet this want by building a canal to connect the two streams. Such a canal, however, would have an immense effect in hastening the development of Germany into a great manufacturing and commercial nation, a process which has already gone forward with astonishing rapidity during the past thirty years. Now, the proud, landowning aristocrats of Prussia have been watching that development with growing concern, seeing all too plainly that it must ultimately shift the balance of political power from their own class to the *bourgeoisie*. Already it has become evident that the *Junker* are able to play the chief rôle in Prussia only through the maintenance of a monstrous rotten-borough system, dating back to forty years ago. As a result of that system, Berlin, for example, has but little more than one third of its rightful representation in the Diet. The canal, then, meant an increase of power for the liberal, progressive classes of Prussia; and it was from this standpoint, chiefly, that the aristocratic, privileged classes voted it down.

The positive legislation of the year registered further advances in state-socialistic and centralizing ideas. The law for workingmen's insurance was revised in the direction of larger pensions, extending compulsory insurance to some classes hitherto excluded, and introducing voluntary insurance for others. A revision of the trade laws (*Gewerbeord-*

nung) was carried, which secures an improvement of conditions for employees in stores and other reforms. Private postal companies were voted out of existence, and the monopoly principle was adopted for the post office. A system of open accounts with the post office, which will make that institution the banker of the small tradesman and popularize the check in Germany, was decided upon by the Postmaster General.

The tendency to centralize power in the hands of the Imperial government is seen in the adoption of the first Imperial law for the regulation of mortgage banks, and in the renewal of the bank law in a form that gives the Imperial Bank the power to dictate the discount rates of the private banks of issue. The latter law was also made more state-socialistic, since the earnings of the bank are to be divided much more to the advantage of the Imperial treasury than hitherto.

Socialism, once the terror of Germany, is developing more and more into a party of radical reform along existing lines, and the year 1899 witnessed further steps in that transformation. True, the old theoretic shibboleths were heard as usual at the annual party convention of the Social Democrats; but the elder orthodox leaders were careful to draw the resolutions so mildly that they could be supported by the practical, opportunistic wing of the party. In the Reichstag, too, the Socialists demonstrated anew their readiness to coöperate with other parties, and even with the government, in carrying through practicable reforms. They helped the government to revise the workingmen's insurance law, the trade laws, and the bank law; and they helped to abolish private postal companies. Intelligent Liberals no longer regard the Socialist movement as a serious danger. On the contrary, the moderate Radicals adopted, last year, the policy of working with the Socialists, within certain limits, in carrying elections.

The year was made a memorable one in the history of the Social Democracy through the definitive abandonment, on the part of the government, of the policy of treating it differently from other political parties. An old law which prohibits political societies from combining together, and which had fallen wholly into disuse, was several years ago revived against the Socialists. All other political parties have for years maintained suborganizations which affiliate freely; and such affiliation had been accepted as a matter of course, till the prohibition was revived and applied against the Socialists. When the new Civil Code was adopted, Chancellor Hohenlohe gave a pledge to the Reichstag that this prohibition should be repealed before the Code went into effect on January 1, 1900; and the repeal was carried in December, after the Chancellor had wrested from the unwilling Kaiser, as is credibly stated, his acquiescence in this course.

The fact that the new Civil Code went into effect at the beginning of this year renders 1899 notable, in a negative way, as having been the last year under the heterogeneous systems of civil law hitherto prevailing in different parts of the empire. The development of Germany into a completely homogeneous people, with uniform standards of action and uniform ideas of justice, has been retarded by the confusion in the administration of justice, as well as by the maintenance of certain principles of right which the consciousness of the age had outgrown. Now uniformity has taken the place of confusion, more modern ideas of justice have been introduced, and thus a long step has been taken toward making Germany ethically one people.

At the end of the year an incident was closed which deserves mention here, since it throws a curious light upon a certain spirit prevailing in Germany today. In 1898 the Berlin town council decided to build an iron fence around the graves of the persons who fell in the

revolution of 1848, and to place upon the iron portal the following inscription: "Resting Place of those who fell at Berlin in the March Days of 1848." Permission was requested from the police to carry out this plan. After deliberating upon the matter for nine months the chief of police refused to issue the permit, upon the ground that the fence and the inscription would mean the glorification of revolution. The city government then appealed the case to the supreme administrative court, which, after a further period of nine months, dismissed the appeal, for the reason already assigned by the police. About the time the controversy began a new burgomaster for Berlin was elected. This official had to wait nearly eighteen months for the royal confirmation necessary before entering upon his duties; after the court's decision he was at once confirmed.

The incident affords a good illustration of the difference between Germany and our own country, in point of the confidence of government in the basis upon which it rests. In the South, monuments began to be erected to the Confederate dead within a few years after the close of the civil war. At that time some extremists saw disloyalty in those exhibitions of veneration for the dead; but nobody dreams now of disloyalty when a monument is erected. Not so Germany. Fifty years after the revolution of 1848, the authorities are unwilling to see a perfectly colorless inscription placed over the graves of a handful of revolutionists. That would endanger the public safety! We have here an example of a certain logical pettiness that often crops out in German political affairs. The *querelle d'Allemand* of the French still exists in Germany.

No survey of German politics would be complete that ignored the political rôle played by the Emperor, since he is the foremost politician of Germany, and is more upon the stage than any other. The successes of the Emperor as a politician, however, were not very great during the past year. In the case of the Anti-Strike Bill and the Canal Bill he suffered two humiliating defeats, having thrown his influence openly and vigorously in favor of both measures. The bearing of the Emperor upon the defeat of the Canal Bill affords a luminous view of his character as a monarch. In public and in private he had evinced his deep interest in the success of the measure, and had even caused to be conveyed to such members of the Diet as held political offices the threat that they should be placed upon the retired list if they voted against the canal; through the Chancellor he clearly foreshadowed the dissolution of the Diet if the measure should be rejected. It was rejected, and the threatened dissolution did not follow. Why?

The Emperor is a mixed character; contrary elements show themselves in him. Along with his undoubtedly genuine interest in the economic progress of Germany, he is filled with the ambition to resuscitate an idea of monarchy which Germany has long discarded. He openly proclaims himself a monarch by the grace of God alone, responsible to God alone, and knowing no mundane responsibility. The Conservatives — more exactly the landed aristocracy — are the only element of the people in which such ideas find any favor at all; the Liberal and other *bourgeois* parties incline more to English ideas of monarchy. Now, to have dissolved the Diet and appealed to the country to help him crush the reactionary enemies of the canal would have meant a sharp break with all the traditions of the Hohenzollern line. It would have amounted to a defeat of the aristocracy, and the ushering in of a more liberal régime in Prussia; but it would also have been equivalent to an abandonment of the more absolutistic pretensions of the monarch. The aristocratic enemies of the canal calculated that the Emperor was not the man

to inaugurate such a revolution, and the result shows that they gauged him correctly. The Emperor contented himself as best he could with disciplining the political officials who voted against the canal, — and that was all. In view of this incident, together with the emphatic rejection of the Anti-Strike Bill by the Reichstag, it must be admitted that the prestige of the Emperor as the political leader of Germany was not increased in 1899. The progressive people of the country have seen that his interest in the economic development of Germany, however sincere it may be, takes second place to a higher interest.

In the sphere of higher education, the most important event of the year was the decision of the Emperor to open the doctor's degree to the students of the higher technical schools. Further indications of the growing appreciation of the higher technical education are seen in the decision to establish a polytechnic institute at Dantzic, and another at Jena. The Prussian universities were troubled to an unusual extent by the interference of the government in the matter of disciplining professors. The theory that the professor is also a government official was asserted as never before in the present generation, in the direction of curbing freedom of speech in commenting upon acts of the government. Professor Hans Delbrück, the well-known historian and the editor of the Preussische Jahrbücher, was reprimanded and sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks for too sharply criticising the government for expelling Danish housemaids and stallboys from North Schleswig. Dr. Arons, a Privat-Docent of the Berlin University, a lecturer on chemistry and physics, was suspended by the Minister of Public Instruction from his functions as a lecturer, upon the ground that he was a Social Democrat; and Dr. Preuss, another Privat-Docent, was reprimanded by the faculty — at the instance of the Emperor, it is claimed — for having parodied, for a political purpose, a verse of the book of Job. These incidents have left a disagreeable impression among the professors, some of whom have expressed the fear that the traditional freedom of the German professor would be undermined by this apparently new policy of the government. The university extension movement made decided progress, having been introduced by several universities, and further developed by others.

Considerable progress in the woman's movement is to be recorded. In January, Count Posadowsky announced in the Reichstag that the federated governments had decided to admit women to the study of medicine, dentistry, and pharmacy. The University of Giessen voted by a large majority to admit women to the philosophical and law faculties, and at Strasburg women were allowed as hearers. At Berlin the doctor's degree was conferred for the first time upon a woman. The number of women now hearing lectures at the universities is much greater than ever before, the total at Berlin alone reaching nearly four hundred, whereas the number at all the Prussian universities a year ago was but slightly more than this.

The Society for the Reform of Education for Women continued to make propaganda for the establishment of *Gymnasien* for girls. It had already founded such institutions at Leipsic and Berlin, and last year another was opened at Hanover. Efforts are now making to establish such girls' schools at Bremen, Breslau, Cologne, Munich, and Stuttgart. The movement has already gained such proportions that the University of Göttingen held in December the first examinations of women for positions as higher teachers (*Oberlehrerinnen*) in these schools. Several of the South German states appointed, for the first time, woman factory inspectors.

The economic life of Germany in

1899 was one of unparalleled activity. In the production of coal and iron all previous records were broken, and the electrical industry, in particular, strode forward at an astounding pace. In shipbuilding, too, the year's results were record-breaking. The establishment of a society of German naval architects, after the model of the English institution, will have a great influence in promoting the scientific side of shipbuilding. In the sphere of transportation by land and water a similar story of progress can be told. In the construction of suburban and other secondary railways there was rapid development. The opening of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, which gives cheap communication between the Westphalian coal and iron district and the North Sea, was an event of immense significance for the economic life of the country. The great ocean steamship companies added largely to their strength in capital and in ships. The coasting trade of southeastern Asia fell chiefly into German hands, and the first German line of steamers was placed upon the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Owing to the prosperity of German manufactures, the condition of the laboring classes was the best that Germany has ever seen. The competition to get operatives for mill and mine resulted in a continuous rise of wages, and the working people are now earning more than ever before. The demand for laborers in the manufacturing and mining centres attracted great numbers from the farming districts, particularly from the northeastern parts of the empire. Some thousands of coal miners were brought from Styria into Westphalia, and the temporary immigration of farm labor from Russian Poland and Galicia into eastern Germany assumed large proportions. Nevertheless, the complaints among farmers there as to scarcity of help have grown chronic. In the presence of such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that emigration has shrunk to very small proportions; and of the surplus population that originally gave occasion for the inauguration of Germany's colonial policy one now hears nothing.

In the material life of Germany, then, development is going forward rapidly. The very outward expression of all this economic energy — everywhere old buildings being leveled to give place to better ones, the railways overrun with traffic, factories working overtime and unable to fill their orders, commerce reaching out into all parts of the world — is having an immense effect upon the character of the people. The consciousness of power is growing, and the self-reliance that shrinks at no task is ripening apace. Meanwhile, the conditions are shaping themselves for a larger influence of the liberal commercial classes upon the political and social life of the country, and the new Germany of the twentieth century is gradually emerging into view.

The year 1899 was important for the literature of Germany, but less so by reason of productions of note than for the new tendency revealed. In the realism which arose about ten years ago German literature experienced a rejuvenation. Hauptmann and Sudermann were the leading spirits of the younger generation, and they have remained so. The young writers threw themselves with pugnacious energy into the new movement. The antiquated traditions of the past, it was said, were to be broken with for good and all. It was demanded that one should describe what one saw, without any attempt at artificial literary adornment. At the same time, the problems of the present day, particularly the social problem, took hold of these younger writers with peculiar power. Modern scientific thought determined their views of life and its phenomena. Thus their radical realism took on something doctrinaire, their moralizing was rationalistic.

Realism, indeed, has remained domi-

nant upon the stage; and the stage continues to determine the tone of literature. There is yet no lack of authors who have continued to worship at the shrine of the realism of ten years ago. Georg Hirschfeld, the talented young author of Die Mütter, depicted recently, in his comedy Pauline, the heart experiences of a servant girl; and Max Halbe, in his drama Die Heimatlosen, gave a study of the ruin of a country girl in a *milieu* of metropolitan bohemian life, — both works true to the literary views with which the younger generation first entered the arena. The rationalistic, moralizing tone, indeed, has disappeared from their dramas, and in its place a view of life is evinced which can be characterized only as the negation of any view of life at all. A certain haziness is peculiar to their plays; and in this respect their latest works are unfortunately typical. Max Dreyer, whose Probekandidat has been the great theatrical success of the present season, has shown marked skill in giving a realistic setting to his problem drama. The plot represents a young teacher who has adopted Darwinian views, and who, when asked to recant, remains true to his convictions, and is dismissed. The liberal tendency of the play insured for it a continued success.

Hauptmann, however, and Sudermann himself, as well as others, have entered upon new paths. A striving after greater depth of sentiment, after self-communion, manifests itself in their most recent productions. In Hauptmann's Fuhrmann Henschel the figures are drawn with perfect realism, but there is a mystical element surrounding them. Fate created them, fate leads them, and fate works itself out in them. And surrounded by this mystical something the figures appear large, like men seen through a foggy atmosphere. On the other hand, it was just the peculiarity of Hauptmann's early works that the figures seemed reduced by that moralizing, rationalistic tone to a diminutiveness that was almost purposely malicious. Hauptmann's view of life has changed; it has gained in depth.

This striving after spiritual depth manifests itself, too, in Sudermann's drama Die Drei Reihenfedern. Sudermann takes up for study the problem of a longing which lives on, even when fulfillment is reached, because it does not recognize in fulfillment the object wished for. The Norse giant, Prince Witte, sets out upon his wanderings to find the woman that his longing fancy ever mirrors to him. He finds her, but fails to recognize her as the one sought, and wanders on till death reunites them. Dying, he recognizes, too late, in his deserted wife the idol of his longings. Sudermann's latest work has not been a dramatic success; it lacks the clearness essential for the stage. Nevertheless, Die Drei Reihenfedern shows progress in psychological insight and lyrical feeling.

In fact, the younger generation of German writers are seeking and finding a deeper lyric note. The lyrical element is strong in Arthur Schnitzler's one-act pieces, Die Gefährtin, Der Grüne Kakadu, and Paracelsus. It is also strong in his new novel, Die Frau des Weisen, in which problems of marital infidelity are treated, but in a quite spiritual way, — not straining after effect, but seeking for subjective situations. And this lyrical sensibility has led back — not quite recently, indeed — to the *Märchen* drama. The past year gave us a drama of this class, Schlaraffenland (Loafers' Land), by Ludwig Fulda, in which the writer endeavors to show how the longing for work awakens in a land of sluggards. Much more original are the lyrical dramas of the young Vienna writer, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Die Hochzeit der Sobeïde and Der Abenteurer, but they are also far-fetched and artificial.

As a lyrical writer, Hugo von Hofmannsthal is not far removed from his friend Stefan George. In George's lately

published volumes of poems, Hymen, Pilgerfahrt, Algabal, Bücher der Hirten, and Jahr der Seele, a highly finished lyrical style is exhibited. We have here a dreaming in pictures that are far removed from reality, a seeking after impressions unknown to daily life, a reveling in pretty and artificial visions. These lyrics did not spring from German soil. Maeterlinck, Verlaine, perhaps also Rossetti, are the sources of their inspiration. In original lyrical poetry Germany's literature is at present not rich. Nevertheless, in Anna Ritter (Gedichte) a lyrical writer not wanting in originality has recently arisen.

At the time when the new generation of writers stepped with so much self-confidence into the lists, it was with the avowed intention of pushing those of the elder generation utterly to the wall. The contest swayed back and forth, — "Truth" the watchword of the one side, "Beauty" that of the other. Since that time the points at issue have not been magnified; they have largely dropped out of sight. From Fulda's dramatical Märchen to Paul Heyse's finely thought out, beautifully written Märchen book is not a long step. Adolf Wilbrandt, in his tale Erika, treats the same problem as Max Dreyer, a writer of the younger generation, in a less recent drama, Drei, — namely, the awakening of unjustifiable jealousy in a young husband through his own consciousness of guilt; and the method of treatment in the two works is not altogether different. Wilbrandt's tales, of course, show a too evident effort to construct situations to fit his characters; and this fault is seen in his latest novels, Vater Robinson and Der Sänger. In order to exhibit his characters, wise and elevated natures, in their best light, he creates a world especially for them. Like Diogenes he is looking for a man. And in this respect he finds a counterpart in Wilhelm Raabe, the best of the German humorists, — a genuine, clear-sighted painter of character. But Raabe has grown old, and his new historical novel, Hastenbeck, shows traces of failing power.

In fiction the struggle for a deeper spirituality also makes itself felt. This has always been a characteristic of Rosegger, the Styrian writer; and his latest novel, Erdsegen, manifests it anew. Among writers of the younger generation Lou Andreas-Salomé is distinguished by the same tendency, as is shown by her new cycle of stories, Menschenkinder; and it is also found in Adalbert Meinhardt, Anselm Heine, and Kurt Martens. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, the most powerful and spiritual of the woman writers of Germany, unfortunately, published nothing during the year. The latest novels of Spielhagen, Rudolph Stratz, Ompteda, Wolzogen, and Polenz are worth reading, although they are not strongly characteristic of the general literary development.

The woman movement has brought with it a literature of its own. Helene Böklau's new novel, Halbtier, grapples with the question from a revolutionary standpoint, seeking to cut the knot at a single bold stroke. All the tragedy of woman's fate finds expression in Jese Frapan's slight book, Wir Frauen haben kein Vaterland; but in this tragedy there is a confidence of future victory.

The celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Goethe demonstrated anew how deeply and permanently he has laid hold upon the German mind. Among all the German writers of the past he is the only one from whose literary greatness time detracts nothing. In the practical Germany of to-day Schiller is losing ground; Goethe is greater than ever.

William C. Dreher.

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

I. THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR SOCIALISM.

One evening in the early summer of 1881, I happened to ride from Philadelphia to Washington in company with a member of Congress. He was one of the most distinguished protectionists of his time. He was always referred to as "the authority" by men of his own party. On this evening he was not wholly amiable, but he was confidential, and he told me that he had been to Harrisburg, and was not only hot and fatigued, but greatly annoyed because, as he expressed it, he had been forced to make the journey to explain to "those people at the capital that they ought not to disturb Mr. Randall's district, but should leave it to him; for," he continued, "they actually did not know that Mr. Randall in the House is as valuable to us as ten Republicans." It must be understood, to appreciate the remark, that Mr. Randall's district in Philadelphia was not normally constructed. It was slightly gerrymandered, its boundaries being drawn so that it would be safely Democratic. The tale reveals no secrets. The Republican leaders of Pennsylvania of twenty years ago were always frankly outspoken as to their relations with Mr. Randall, while he, of course, never concealed his economic prejudices or the requirements of his political necessities. But by the anecdote, and by the important fact which underlies it, hangs a tale.

The story is an additional chapter in the history of partisanship and blind sordidness, and at the end of it we shall find that what some people call Bryanism, and what others call socialism, is the natural result of the party strifes mingled with personal greed of the last thirty years. I take this period, because the rule of the Republican party did not begin to be seriously threatened until 1872. Moreover, between 1870 and 1874 parties might have been re-formed on lines of economic differences, but for irrational partisanship. It was at this time, too, that business interests began again to be felt in federal legislation. A new question was put to the politicians, and the answer was not rational. Instead of re-forming on the questions of immediate concern, the two old parties remained intact, and adopted sides in the new controversy. The Republican party became the party of protection, while most of the Democrats espoused the cause which was then appealing very strongly to the farmers of the West, and to all those who thought that they paid the taxes and reaped no gain from them.

In looking back to the years between 1872 and 1875, and at the consequences of the partisanship which prevented a re-formation of the two political organizations, we must see that this failure to meet new problems intelligently is the cause of many evils existing in our social and economic conditions. It would not be difficult, for example, to prove that the state of mind which has kept in close party association men whose economic and social opinions are opposed to one another is the state of mind which has accelerated, if it does not explain, the perfection of the party machine and the ascendency of the party boss. But it is not with this phase of our political history that I wish to deal. I shall try to show that the present menace of socialism in this country is due to the partisanship, resting on a false issue, which kept free traders in such close association with protectionists within the Republican organization that the party soon became practically unanimous on this issue; to the presence of protectionists

within the Democratic party; and to the unbending stiffness of those whose theory has been that government exists for the purpose of creating and maintaining commercial prosperity.

When we realize that the vast business interests which are in partnership with the government have had sufficient influence with the party pledged to economic change, through their agents within the party, to prevent it from keeping its promises, we shall be in a position to understand the reason for the revolt of 1896 in the Democratic party, — a revolt whose extravagance makes it simply a characteristic rising of men whose hopes have been disappointed, and whose rage is therefore excessive. It is, indeed, a rage that blinds, so that some of the very remedies which are professedly sought in order to restore good government and sound legislation are sought in reality for retaliation; while other so-called remedies, if adopted, would be but the more general application of the economic principle which the Democratic party has declared to be false, for the protectionist theory is essentially socialistic, and its natural antagonist is the individualist. The historic differences between the two parties ceased to exist long ago. The doctrine of state sovereignty as a question of constitutional construction fell with the war.

Since the war the doctrine of state rights and state responsibility has been as often advocated and applied by Republicans as by Democrats. The old-time Democratic position on the question of internal improvements was abandoned when the South came back asking for money with which to deepen its interior streams. But the issues arising out of reconstruction legislation, and from efforts to place the negro on a political and social equality with the white man, stiffened the old line between the parties, transformed past differences into enduring traditions, and established a partisanship on both sides that made impossible the natural realignment which should have followed the war. Then we heard again of the party of centralization, and the party opposed to centralization; for men seem always to forget that each party has done its best to extend federal power whenever it has had the opportunity. As a matter of fact, the parties remained divided as they were on the questions growing out of the war and out of the granting of the suffrage to the negroes. But these issues also were finally practically set at rest, at least so far as the North was concerned, although now and again there was a threat of intrusion from the North, like that of the so-called Lodge force bill, into Southern domestic affairs, for the purpose of making the negro vote tell as it ought to tell under the law. The Southern debate, however, after its acute stage had been passed, — that is, after President Hayes had withdrawn the troops from the South, — was revived by one side or the other merely for partisan purposes, either to keep the South solid, or to awaken Northern indignation by recitals of the wrongs and injustices done to the black man. While this partisanship was all-powerful, economic questions were pressing upon the minds of the people. Individual politicians really took sides, and the parties assumed "attitudes" on the tariff. So far as the well-disciplined Republican party was concerned, the attitude soon came to be real and permanent. So far as the undisciplined Democratic party was concerned, there have always been a sufficient number of its representatives in Congress who agreed with the Republican policy to prevent the party's attitude from having any significance and from attaining its alleged object. On another issue, the money question, each party has suffered from its own civil war.

During these thirty years, the Democratic party has consisted of a body of voters bound together by reminiscence and tradition, cultivating or opposing a

false political issue which has been projected into the contests of the day almost invariably for the sake of maintaining the integrity of the unnatural conglomerate called "the organization." United by these artificial ties were, at the outset and until a few years ago, leading bankers of Wall Street, the old aristocracies of New York and the South, on the one hand, and, on the other, the masses of the great cities of the East, excepting Philadelphia, and the discontented of the agricultural communities. The character of the composition has varied from time to time; still at the beginning of the era much the larger number of members of the organization were in favor of reducing tariff taxation to a revenue basis. While in this majority were included the stanchest and ablest advocates of the single gold standard, the natural successors of the hard-money Democrats of Benton's day, with them were the men who afterward became the leaders in the silver movement, — Bayard and Belmont at one end of the scale, Bland and William Allen at the other end. In the same company, defeating finally the accomplishment of the cherished object on which the extremes were united, were Randall and his protectionist Democrats. Their political fortunes were carefully fostered by the manufacturing interests whose hold upon the Republican party soon became absolute. At last the war on the tariff was abandoned. The little knot of Democratic protectionists won the day for the manufacturers. The revolt against the Republican party and its tariff policy, which had been growing steadily both in the old free-trade states of the middle West and in the newer agricultural states, was turned into a war against the banks, against the railroads, against corporations, against trusts, against wealth, against property: and with the war against those who have came a demand upon the government for bounties to the sugar grower, loans of money by the treasury on gathered crops and real estate, cheap money, the abolition of national bank notes, the inflation of the greenbacks, free silver, government ownership and operation of railroads, the employment of labor on public works, necessary or unnecessary, in "times of great industrial depression."

It is not possible in a magazine article to do more than indicate the leading events in the political history of the last thirty years that mark the movement which, in its present stage, is formulated in the Chicago platform of 1896, and is represented by Mr. Bryan. In 1870, there was general a sentiment among the politicians that the tariff taxes ought to be reduced. Many of the internal revenue taxes on manufactured products had been abolished, and there was a demand, especially in the West, that the compensatory tariff taxes should be removed also. This demand reached Congress, and several leading Republicans, including Senator Morrill, Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Allison, favored a reduction of rates of duty. Mr. Garfield said: —

"After studying the whole subject as carefully as I am able, I am firmly of the opinion that the wisest thing that the protectionists in this House can do is to unite on a moderate reduction of duties on imported articles. If I do not misunderstand the signs of the times, unless we do this ourselves, prudently and wisely, we shall before long be compelled to submit to a violent reduction, made rudely and without discrimination, which will shock, if not shatter, all our protected industries."

This was not the first warning that Garfield had uttered against the extravagances of protection. The movement for a reform of the tariff had begun in 1867, and he had then urged concessions. The House of Representatives had passed a measure materially increasing tariff taxes. Mr. David A. Wells, special commissioner of the revenue, then a protectionist, prepared a substitute for the

bill, the chief feature of which was a reduction of duties on raw material. The bill was supported by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McCulloch, and was passed by the Senate as an amendment to the House bill. When the measure reached the House again, it was necessary, in order to act on it, to suspend the rules, and for this purpose a two-thirds vote was required. The bill received 106 votes to 64 against it, and the necessary two thirds not having voted in its favor the bill failed. By 1870 the protectionists had gained in astuteness, if not in numbers. As I have said, it was generally admitted that some concession ought to be made to those who had determined that they were taxed unjustly, and in behalf of private interests, but the character of the concession was a subject for management. Already in 1867 the protected interests had successfully influenced Congress. In the tariff bill which failed of enactment, the provisions respecting wools and woolens were those which had been prepared by the convention of wool growers and woolen manufacturers which met at Syracuse in 1865. The scale of duties suggested by these interests was practically adopted by Congress in a special bill. It is impossible in this article to examine in detail the effect of this complicated wool and woolens schedule. A very clear and satisfactory statement of the movement and its consequences is given in Taussig's Tariff History of the United States. Suffice it to say that taxes on wools and on woolen goods were greatly increased, and that, in consequence, the prices of necessary articles of wearing apparel, especially of the cheaper grades, became much higher. The success of the wool growers and woolen manufacturers stimulated other protected industries to endeavor to secure more assistance from the taxing power of the government, while the complaints aroused by increases in the cost of clothes, blankets, and woolen hats gave an impetus to the movement for lower duties. So in 1870 a bill was passed which pretended to reduce taxes, and which did actually lower the rates of duty on tea and coffee, and on pig iron, although it materially increased the rates on many manufactured articles.

The year 1872 came, and the agitators in behalf of tariff reform grew more exacting. The Senators and Representatives from the West were almost unanimous in favor of lower duties. The country was beginning to feel the drain of overtaxation. For several years the receipts of the government had been in excess of its expenditures. The prices of agricultural products were falling. Relief was insisted upon, and it was through a reform of the tariff that it was generally expected. But relief was not to be had. The protected interests had now assumed the management of tariff legislation, and Republican leaders like Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, deferred to them as to those who knew what would be best for themselves. It was not necessarily a corrupt combination. So far as the men whom I have named are concerned, they were convinced that to promote the protected interests by tariff taxation was to further the well-being of the country. The storm was approaching, however, and it had to be met. The Ways and Means Committee prepared a bill materially reducing rates of duty on nearly all protected articles. The protectionists were alarmed, and while the measure was under discussion a bill was framed in the Senate making a horizontal reduction in duties of ten per cent. Eventually this bill was adopted, and became a law after provision had been made to reduce the revenues by abolishing the duties on tea and coffee, and by lowering the taxes on tobacco and spirits.

Up to this time, the two parties had not formally assumed attitudes on the tariff question, nor upon any economic or

financial issue. The Republican national platform of 1868 had not a word concerning the tariff; the Democratic platform of the same year contained a feeble suggestion in favor of a "tariff for revenue." There was no stated difference of opinion between the organizations, but there was a radical difference between individuals. The tariff reformers of the House who had desired the passage of the bill prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, but who finally accepted the Senate bill of 1872, realized that their movement had received a check, and that the hopes of the country had been thwarted by the protected interests and their representatives in the two houses of Congress. If the industrial and economic conditions which then occupied the minds of the voters had continued to furnish the issues of politics, there might then have been a transfer of party allegiance; at least many Republicans who remained in the old organization might have joined the Liberal Republican movement which was defeated by party politics.

Many causes led up to this movement whose convention at Cincinnati was captured by the politicians who nominated Horace Greeley, the prophet of protection. It was primarily a movement against the corruption of the "carpet bag" governments in the South, and the scandals that were issuing from Washington. It was a protest against the force bill legislation of 1871, and the conduct of the party in power which kept open the sore of the sectional issue. There was an actuality in that issue beyond peradventure, but it was not an actuality arising from natural conditions in the South. It was created and kept alive for party purposes. At the same time, the Liberal Republican movement possessed an economic character. The delegations were not chosen by organized constituencies, but delegates were sent from various clubs or bodies of citizens, many of whom had been Republicans, but who wished to join a movement that was supposed to be in the interest of good government. The Free Trade League of New York, for example, sent to Cincinnati a delegation whose candidate was Charles Francis Adams. If it had not been for the intensity of the partisanship growing out of the sequelæ of the war, there would probably have been a healthy movement for tariff reform in the Republican convention of 1872. As it was, the Republican platform declared that the revenue obtained by the government should be sufficient to pay "current expenses, pensions [then $30,500,000], and the interest on the public debt," also to furnish "a moderate balance for the reduction of the public debt;" and that it should be raised, except for the taxes on tobacco and liquors, "by duties upon importations, the details of which should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the industries, prosperity, and growth of the whole country."

Here, with the exception of the proposed end to be accomplished by the mere arrangement of the details of the tariff schedules, we have a declaration by the Republican convention in favor of a tariff for revenue, differing in no respect in principle from the Democratic platform of 1868. The Democratic platform of 1872, on the other hand, was written, so far as the tariff question was concerned, in deference to the economic opinions of its candidate for the presidency. The plank is interesting not only on account of its stupid cowardliness, but because its adoption furnishes the first instance of the suppression of the free-trade Democratic masses by leaders acting under protection influence. Realizing that Greeley on a tariff reform platform would make the campaign a farce from the outset, the Democratic leaders, after stating the same objects for which a revenue ought to be raised as had been set forth in the Republican platform, declared as follows: "And recognizing that there are

in our midst [*sic*] honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their congressional districts, and to the decision of the Congress thereon, wholly free from executive interference or dictation." It was, as will be seen, only a partial surrender. Mr. Greeley was notified by the platform that, although the Democratic party might suppress its principles for his sake so long as he was its candidate, he must not interfere with those principles if, in the event of his election as President, they should be presented to him in the form of a tariff bill passed by a Democratic Congress. Nevertheless, free-trade Democracy was compelled to halt by the pressure of protection exerted within the Democratic organization. The Democratic party, as an organization, was then, as it has been ever since, perfectly willing to forego any expressed principle, for the sake of defeating the Republican party at the polls, and of thereby gaining control of the government.

After Greeley's signal defeat, the panic of 1873 occurred. The financial and economic disturbance was very great, and the country suffered intensely. Among other results the imports fell off, and the revenues of the government were greatly diminished. As Professor Taussig says, "No further thought of tax reduction was entertained, and soon a need of increasing the revenue was felt." So in 1875 we had the repeal of the ten per cent reduction of 1872. But in 1874 the Democrats carried the country by a very large majority in the congressional elections. Various reasons may be given for this political revolution, but it is mainly interesting for our present purpose, because the first result of the victory was a battle on the tariff issue, in the campaign for the speakership, between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Randall. The opposition in the House numbered 174, and the Republicans 103. Naturally, the changes in the South were the greatest. South Carolina and Florida still returned solid Republican delegations, but from all the Southern states only 17 Republicans were returned, while 85 Democrats were chosen. In Massachusetts only 5 of the 11 Representatives were Republicans; of the other 6, 4 were Democrats, and 2 — General Banks and President Seelye — were elected as Independents. In the West, Ohio returned 13 Democrats and 7 Republicans; Indiana, 6 Democrats and 7 Republicans; Illinois, 12 Democrats and 7 Republicans. Democrats came from Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Kansas. The twelve Western and Pacific Coast states returned, together, 48 Republican and 42 Democratic Representatives.

There was a contest at once over the speakership. Mr. William R. Morrison was the leader of the free-trade forces, and Mr. Randall of the protective forces. Mr. Morrison selected Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, as his candidate for Speaker, and Mr. Randall was defeated. The free-trade element had won, and the tariff struggle inside the Democratic party had begun. The struggle lasted for twenty years, until the destruction of the Wilson bill in the Senate in 1894. During the first session of this Forty-Fourth Congress Speaker Kerr was seriously ill. Mr. S. S. Cox was chosen temporary Speaker because he belonged to the free-trade wing of the party. He was followed by Mr. Milton Sayler, of Ohio, for the same reason. When the Congress met in its second session Mr. Kerr was dead, and the party displayed its lack of principle by choosing Mr. Randall to be Speaker. In the meantime, Mr. Morrison, whom Mr. Kerr had appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had brought in a bill revising the tariff, which, after amendment in committee, was reported back to the House, and discussed; but, after Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, there was no opportunity to bring up

the measure for final action, so that the effort to secure a vote on tariff reform, by the House in which the Democratic party had a majority of more than seventy votes, failed. In the Forty-Fifth Congress the Democratic majority was much less than it had been in the Forty-Fourth Congress, and Mr. Randall was again elected to the speakership. He appointed Fernando Wood chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and punished Mr. Morrison by leaving him off the committee entirely. Mr. Wood's committee reported a tariff bill, which was languidly debated, and died without action. It was the general understanding that Mr. Randall had composed the Ways and Means Committee in the interest of the protectionists, and the result was what he had intended.

It was impossible for Mr. Randall to believe in the reality of an economic issue in politics. To his mind, a man belonged to this party, or to that, by reason of inherited political affinities or traditions or present association. He saw that the tariff and money questions were dividing the members of his party, and that men who, from his point of view, should have acted together for the purpose of driving the Republican party out of power were wrangling over an issue which seemed to him, who had been brought up in the atmosphere of the war and of reconstruction days, to lie quite outside of the domain of politics. He did not read the signs of the times, nor recognize the growing dissatisfaction of the West with prevailing economic and financial conditions. In 1876 the Republican platform repeated substantially the tariff plank of 1872, but the Democratic platform denounced the tariff, which it said yielded a dwindling revenue, degraded commerce, "cut down the sales of American manufactures at home and abroad, and depleted the returns of American agriculture,—an industry followed by half our people. It costs," it continued, "the people five times more than it produces to the treasury, obstructs the processes of production, and wastes the fruits of labor. It promotes fraud, fosters smuggling, enriches dishonest officials, and bankrupts honest merchants." The plank concluded with the phrase, afterwards so often repeated, with sneers by its enemies, and apologies by its pretended friends: "We demand that all custom-house taxation shall be only for revenue."

This utterance on the tariff undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of the West, where the Democratic strength was growing. The presidential contest was not carried on in every part of the country, on the tariff question. The money question was a very important element in the controversy, but the movement for unsound currency was rapidly coming to be part of a more general and older movement in which, eventually, the discontented people of the agricultural states confounded, in their enmity, all capitalists, including especially manufacturers and bankers. The first expression of the money question was in a demand for more greenbacks. The money legislation of the country, after the war, had been, on the whole, wise, until the Western Senators, under the lead of Oliver P. Morton, John A. Logan, and Thomas W. Ferry, began to urge inflation. They talked of the "blood-stained" greenback, and from one end to the other of the middle West there were loud protests against the "injustice to the debtor class." The greenback cause was greatly aided by the decision of the Supreme Court, and by the conduct of the Treasury Department under President Grant's Secretaries of the Treasury, Boutwell and Richardson, while the two parties were almost equally guilty of encouraging the movement in the West. The Republican Senators whom I have named had for coadjutors such Democrats as William Allen, of Ohio, and his nephew, Allen G. Thurman. And yet each of the party platforms in 1876 committed the organization and its candidates

to favor the resumption of specie payments. The Republican party, however, was soon to undergo a change of heart, on what we may call the inflation phase of the money question. The inflation bill of 1874, a Republican measure, had been vetoed by President Grant, largely by the advice of Secretary Fish, who more than once saved the President and the country from evil counsels; and Mr. Hayes had been chosen governor of Ohio distinctly as a champion of sound money.

The day of Republican coquetting with paper money was almost come to an end, although the party was far from being pledged to a sound policy; for it soon consented to the repeal of the clause of the resumption act which directed the destruction — in other words, the actual redemption — of the greenback, while its experiences and its vacillations on the silver question were still in the future. By 1876, however, it was no longer part of the Republican creed that the amount of greenbacks should be increased. Nevertheless, the number of people who thought that "more money" would help them out of the difficulties pressing upon them was growing, and the vote against the Republican party greatly increased; the tariff, nevertheless, remaining the principal object of the assault of those who saw the necessity of giving relief to the people who were complaining of their burdens. The Democratic party was still under the leadership of men who believed in sound money, and who now, in the presidential election of 1876, had made the first explicit declaration, since the close of the war, in favor of lower rates of duty. The result of the voting in the West, where the tariff continued to be the important issue, is interesting and significant. In Illinois the Republican plurality, compared with that of the presidential election in 1872, fell from 56,000 to 19,500; in Indiana, the former Republican plurality of 22,500 was turned into a Democratic plurality of 5500; in Iowa the Republican majority of 60,000 became a Republican plurality of 50,000; in Michigan the change was from 60,000 to 25,000; in Wisconsin the Republican plurality fell from 18,500 to 6000. It was in spite of the developing free-trade sentiment of the West, and in the very year when the Democratic National Convention declared explicitly in favor of tariff reform in a phrase which has been more frequently quoted than any other platform utterance of the generation, that Mr. Randall was chosen Speaker; moreover he was reëlected by the Congress chosen in the presidential year, on the platform from which I have quoted, on which Mr. Tilden also stood as candidate for President. It was also after his second election to the speakership that he made up a Ways and Means Committee, with Mr. Wood as chairman, with the purpose of defeating the expressed promise of the party of which he was the official representative in Congress.

The restlessness and discontent of the people, especially of the people of the West, now manifested itself by the formation of a new party. In 1876 Peter Cooper was the Greenback candidate for the presidency. This Greenback party was not organized purely on the financial issue. It is true that to many minds the need of more money was the pressing issue, but Greenbackism was the beginning of complete political socialism. The movement against high tariff taxation for the promotion of private interests had not succeeded, and the dominance of Mr. Randall in the Democratic party seemed to doom it to failure for years to come. Hard times, low prices, scarcity of employment, drastic industrial and social conditions, operated to intensify the feeling against wealth and capital which had been shown for several years by the poor and the discontented, who were encouraged and stimulated by the speculator ready to reap from the woes of the country, — the speculator

who persuaded all the unfortunates that they belonged to the "debtor class." These all believed that they were the victims of the "money power" which was intrenched in both of the old parties, preventing the reduction of tariff taxation which had been foreshadowed in 1870, and actually promised in 1872. Besides, they expected to be still more grievously wronged by those who insisted on reducing the supply of money by redeeming and retiring the greenbacks. Peter Cooper received many votes in the West from men who simply wanted a change. But the danger that was to come from the rapidly rising tide of financial heresy did not awaken the fears of the politicians of the Republican party, and actually obtained the support of those Democratic politicians, who, as I have said already, had no object except to defeat their opponents and to secure the power and profit of government for themselves.

In 1876 there were in the Republican and Democratic parties men who held the same economic and financial opinions, and who were kept apart by meaningless partisanship. There were men in the Republican party who, if they had kept to their honestly expressed sentiments of six years before, would have accepted the tariff plank of the Democratic platform of 1876. But their party was now actually under the control of the protected interests. In the other party, the real leaders of 1876 were men of high character, of great ability, believing that a tariff tax should be "only for revenue," and not only that the money standard should be the gold dollar, but that all the money of the country should be gold; at the same time there was coming into the party a passion of communism, stimulated by greed and want and by false reasoning, that in the end was to drive these leaders, and men like them, entirely out of politics.

The greenbackers appeared in the Forty-Sixth Congress, and with William D. Kelley, who would not vote for Garfield, the Republican candidate for Speaker, voted for Hendrick B. Wright. These greenbackers were objects of great curiosity. They were regarded generally as the temporary spume of a disordered time. No one dreamed that their successors would control the Democratic party and nominate its candidate for President. Among the thirteen who voted for Wright were G. W. Jones, of Texas; De La Matyr, of Indiana; Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois; Ford, of Missouri; Weaver, of Iowa, Bryan's immediate predecessor; and Murch, the stonecutter, from Maine. The Democrats still controlled the House. Randall was again chosen Speaker. For two years there was also a Democratic majority in the Senate. Not an effort was made, however, to reform the tariff in accordance with the promise of the Democratic platform of 1876. Randall stood in the way.

The agitation for the free coinage of silver had begun, and both parties, believing that it would be safer to evade than to meet the issue, compromised with it, and the silver act of 1878 — known as the Bland-Allison act — was passed. The real Bland act, which was passed by the House of Representatives, was a complete free coinage act. It provided for the free and unlimited coinage of the silver dollar at the ratio of 16 to 1. Here was formulated the principal issue on which Mr. Bryan ran for President eighteen years afterwards. The bill was amended in the Senate, and the compromise provided for the monthly purchase of $2,000,000 worth of silver. The silver agitation almost at once occasioned much bitterness and disturbance in the Democratic party. The Eastern Democrats, and especially Mr. Bayard, found themselves deserted by their old-time fellow partisans. Many of the Democratic politicians dreamed that the issue had been framed on which they were at last to return to power. The masses of the

West who had been insisting on relief of some kind — first from tariff taxation, and then through the increase of the amount of paper currency — now seized upon the scheme for "rehabilitating" silver as the club with which to break down the rule of their old enemy, the "money power." And the old enemy refused to yield an inch. It would not consent to any reduction of the tariff; it did not dream of any reform of the banking system in order to provide a more elastic currency. The successful opposition to any relief whatever increased, by the addition of discontented Republicans, the number of those who kept on crying out for "more money." Finally some of the politicians of the Republican party again expressed fear of the evil fate that might befall the protected interests if the tariff were not reformed, and President Arthur, in his annual message of 1881, recommended a revision of the laws, the recommendation being a consequence of the warning of the coming Democratic victory in the congressional elections of the next year.

The pretended reform, however, was a delusion. The bill framed by the revision commission proposed reductions of duty, but neither that measure nor the high protection bills which were passed by the House and the Senate became the law. The law of 1883 was the work of a conference committee whose members were chosen with a view to the formation of a body that would give to certain interests what they demanded. So confident of this were the revenue reformers of the House that it was only after several had declined to accept an appointment on the conference committee that Mr. Carlisle consented to serve for the purpose of preparing himself to contest the final passage of the projected measure. The committee did not set itself to the usual task of composing differences between the two houses; it took the measures into its own hands, and in many instances raised duties to higher rates than had been determined on by either house. The bill thus composed was passed in the last minutes of the session, so hastily that the engrossed law differed in some respects from the printed copy on which Congress had voted.

In the Forty-Eighth Congress, which was elected before this bill had passed, the Democrats had a majority of about ninety. The struggle for the speakership was again on the tariff question. The candidates were Mr. Randall and Mr. Carlisle. Again Mr. Morrison led the anti-protection wing of his party. The feeling between the factions had become intense, and the issue was even more definitely made than in 1875. Mr. Carlisle defeated Mr. Randall in the party caucus by a very great majority, and appointed Mr. Morrison as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which was organized for the purpose of bringing in a bill reducing tariff taxation. Mr. Morrison introduced his measure, making a horizontal cut of rates of duty, as had been done by the Republican measure of 1872. His contention was that if the Republicans had, as they asserted, really arranged the law of 1883 so that its various schedules were in proper relation to one another, then a horizontal reduction would not disturb the harmony thus established. Mr. Morrison's bill was defeated by the Randall Democrats, who numbered about forty. The vote was 159 to 155. Three Republicans only, from Minnesota, voted against the motion to strike out the enacting clause, which was made by Converse, a Democrat from Ohio, who was a follower of Randall, and who was not elected to the next Congress, Mr. Outhwaite, a tariff reformer, succeeding him.

The struggle over the tariff was not directly continued in the next Congress. In consequence of the dissatisfied elements the Republican party was losing strength in the middle West. In 1880, the Green-

back candidate for President was James B. Weaver, and while the popular vote for Peter Cooper, in 1876, had been only 82,000, that for Weaver, in 1880, was 307,000. The Greenback party flourished until 1886, drawing votes from both parties, but materially injuring the Republican party in its old strongholds. In 1882, in Kansas, it and the Democratic party together cast 28,000 more votes than the Republicans did. After 1880, the Prohibition party assumed a larger importance than its leading article of faith warranted. It ceased, however, for the time to be chiefly a party of cold water, and became one of the factions of discontent, demanding "more money," favoring government ownership and operation of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and tariff tax reduction. Its membership was made up largely of Republicans, and it began to grow rapidly after 1883, its vote in Ohio, for example, increasing from about 4000 in 1879 to 29,000 in 1886, and remaining above 20,000 until 1896.

The various factions of discontent began to draw together after 1886. At first we had the United Labor party, and then the Populist party, which was stronger than any of its predecessors. All the agitation, the restlessness, the efforts for change, which found form in the Grange and other farmers' associations, and expression in the Ocala and other socialistic platforms, obtained their being and gained their strength from the prevailing financial and commercial distress, but they got the fuel for their fury in the attitude of those who were receiving pecuniary benefits from the public treasury, and who steadfastly refused any relief. So long as Mr. Carlisle was Speaker, the Democratic party remained under the leadership of conservative men whose principles were finally expressed in the Indianapolis platform of 1896. Some of them treated the free silver movement too carelessly, but it was for the purpose of holding the silver Democrats true to the party's effort to secure a reduction of tariff taxes. On the other hand, some of the Republican leaders were equally guilty of compromising with the silver men, and in leading them to believe that eventually "something would be done for silver." The result was that the continuance of the strife over the tariff gave a good deal of factitious strength to the free coinage cause, and this was true especially in the Democratic party, because there the silver men found allies among the exasperated tariff reformers, many of these having come to regard the East as synonymous with the "money power." "Wall Street" was the region east of the Alleghanies, and it was the home of the common enemy. The Democrats who struck out the enacting clause of the Morrison bill came from Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey. To these were added four votes from the iron mines and furnaces of Ohio; three from the fruit growers and wine makers of California; one vote from the sugar planters of Louisiana, and a few others.

It was clear to the excited imaginations in the West, soon to be joined by the unprosperous agriculturists of the South, that the Democrats of the East had come under the power of "Wall Street," which stood for high tariff taxes, for restricted banking privileges, for high rates of interest, for tight money markets, for land grant railroads whose freight charges rendered it impossible for the farmers to earn enough to pay the interest on the mortgages often held by the railroads themselves. The tide of discontent was rising in 1886, and the Democrats continued to control the House. It was then that Mr. Randall undertook to prevail upon his party to reduce revenue by abolishing the remaining internal revenue taxes. He was defeated, and the quarrel between him and the free traders was intensified. They saw in his internal revenue bill a sham device which pretended to provide for lower taxes, the chief

purpose of its author being, however, to reduce revenues, and thus remove from the arsenal of free-trade arguments the danger from a redundant public income.

Again, in 1886, the Democrats carried the elections for members of the House of Representatives, and in this Congress reform of the tariff was made a strict party question. Mr. Carlisle was once more Speaker, and Mr. Mills was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. His tariff bill was passed by the House July 21, 1888, by a vote of 162 to 149. Three Democrats from New York voted against it, but Mr. Randall did not vote at all. His strength in the party had disappeared. The time had come when protectionist Democrats feared the result of a popular vote, and their field of activity was to be transferred to the Senate.

The Republicans had a majority in the Fifty-First Congress. Mr. Reed was chosen Speaker, and appointed Mr. McKinley chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. In 1890 Congress passed the McKinley tariff bill, and the bill subsequently known as the Sherman silver bill. At the elections in the autumn of the same year, 233 Democrats, 88 Republicans, and 9 Populists were chosen members of the House of Representatives. The result was generally regarded as a stunning blow for the tariff law of 1890. Mr. McKinley was not reëlected, but his friends declare that this was not on account of his tariff act, but because the Democrats had so rearranged his district that it was almost inevitably Democratic. However, the mandate to the majority in the popular branch of the Fifty-First Congress was supposed to be that tariff taxes must be reduced. Unfortunately, Mr. Crisp, formerly a timid follower of Mr. Randall, was chosen Speaker, and Mr. Springer was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. No comprehensive scheme of tariff reform was proposed, but a number of measures placing raw materials on the free list were defeated.

In the Fifty-Third Congress, the Democrats were in the majority in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and William L. Wilson was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Now occurred the final act in the play, in which tariff reform was indefinitely postponed, while, as a consequence of its defeat, all rational and conservative Democrats were deposed from leadership, and even driven out of the organization. The Wilson bill itself, in its income tax provision, bore evidence of the increased strength of an element that would no longer be satisfied by the reduction of tariff taxation. The Fifty-Third Congress had been called to sit in special session in the summer and fall of 1893, for the purpose of repealing the purchase clause of the so-called Sherman act. The commercial interests of the country demanded the repeal. Speaking generally, the far West and the South opposed it. The contest in the Senate was long and bitter, and the majority of the silver Senators were Democrats. The struggle was continued in order to force a compromise; and here again party politics intruded, for Mr. Gorman, who ostensibly favored the unconditional repeal of the silver law, secretly encouraged the silver Democrats to continue to filibuster to prevent a vote, assuring them that in the end Mr. Cleveland would assent to a compromise. This hope was blasted, for the unconditional repeal bill became a law, and, in the regular session, the men who had stood for free silver challenged the sound-money Democrats to fulfill the promise of the party made by Mr. Cleveland in his famous message, and repeated in the party platforms.

The Democrats in the House of Representatives did their best, and soon the tariff bill was passed by a vote of 204 to 140. But the Eastern Democrats in the Senate, under the leadership of Mr. Gorman, transformed the measure into one more obnoxious to the free

traders than any Republican bill had ever been, for it was the work of pretended co-partisans. In the sugar schedule, especially, the angry Democrats from the West and the South, thought that they saw the corrupting work of the sugar "trust." They felt that they had been betrayed in their own house. They had seen "Wall Street," in one form, striking silver from the coinage of the country, and now, in another form, they fancied that it was once more successful in preventing a reduction of tariff taxes. In the House of Representatives itself the Democratic leaders seemed to fail them. But the drama of the closing scene should have taught them better. The Representatives yielded to the Senators only when the Speaker himself abandoned Mr. Wilson, whose valedictory, — for so it turned out to be, — not only on surrendering the bill, but on quitting public life, contained this pregnant sentence and question : —

"We have realized, if nothing else, the warning lesson of the intrenchment of the protective system in this country, under thirty years of class legislation, until the mere matter of tariff schedules is a matter of insignificance, and the great question presents itself, Is this to be a government of a self-taxing people, or a government of taxation by trusts and monopolies?"

This question had long been in the minds of those who had asked for lower tariff taxes, and had been denied because of the stiffness of Republican partisanship and the presence of protectionists in the Democratic party. It was the issue of those who had turned their backs upon their own party and had demanded "more money." Now more than ever "Wall Street," capital, property, were massed in a single body, at which the disappointed and the discontented aimed their blow. The consolidation of the factions had been going on, and both the old parties were losing. Comparing 1892 with 1888 the regular Democratic vote increased only 18,685, the Republican vote fell off 264,108, while the greenback, prohibition, and labor vote increased from 400,820 to 1,326,325. The socialistic party was growing with great rapidity. Its argument was that it is quite as much the duty of the government to enrich the farmers as to enrich the manufacturers, and arrayed with those who insisted that any grant of public money to a private enterprise is a form of socialism especially obnoxious because it includes favoritism were those who insisted on extending socialism to all the interests of the community. By 1896 these had gained possession of the Democratic party, and had united with it most of the irregular parties. The old Democratic leaders went out of politics. The result of the thirty years' war is that men like Cleveland, Carlisle, Olney, Fairchild, Wilson, and hundreds of thousands of other Democrats are out of public life and have no party. But there still remain within the party men like Gorman, Murphy, Smith, and the Tammany leaders, who were the chief instruments of the party's betrayal in 1894. The results of the rage and rebellion are 6,500,000 votes for Mr. Bryan, and a large body of voters who demand free coinage of silver, government loans on farm produce, government currency to the amount of fifty dollars per capita, government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, gasworks, and electric plants, and finally the abolition of the Executive and the Senate, and the substitution of an Executive Board chosen by the House of Representatives from its own members. We have won a great victory against what we call the "forces of disorder," but we have done very little to repair the mistakes of thirty years. The vote for Mr. Bryan was not large enough to elect its candidate in 1896, but it exceeded by nearly 1,000,000 the vote of any previous Democratic candidate and by nearly 1,100,000 that of any Republican candidate except the

vote cast for Mr. McKinley. It is large enough to threaten and injure the prosperity of the country in any time of depression, yet those who taught this great host of voters that the treasury is a reservoir for the increase of private gain, and therefore for the relief of private need, make no concession, unless a few feeble reciprocity bills, which also consult the interests of favored classes, can be called concessions, while they even threaten an increase of taxation for the profit of the shipping interests. Meantime the welfare of the country depends upon a body of voters who are merely choosing between what they regard as evils. When will the weight of evil shift? In twenty years the federal expenditures have increased nearly fourfold, from $167,000,000 to $605,000,000, from $5.46 to $7.97 per capita. When will this burden accentuate too sharply a pinching financial depression brought on perhaps by the inability of the banks to respond to the demand upon them for currency? It may be that the extravagant socialism led by Bryan will never carry a presidential election. But so long as it exists in anywhere near its present importance, it can be counted on to increase distrust, to prolong panics, and to make their misery more acute.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

III. ART STUDY.

During the time of my preparation for entry to college, a wandering artist had happened to find his way to Schenectady, — one of the restless victims of his temperament, to whose unrest fate had given other motives for change than his occupation. He was an Englishman by the name of John Wilson, a pupil of the brothers Chalons, fashionable London miniature painters of the early part of the century, and in years long gone by he had established himself at St. Petersburg as a portrait painter; but losing his wife and two children by a flood of the Neva, which occurred when he happened to be absent in England, he abandoned Russia, and went to one of the Western states of America and gave himself to agriculture. Here fate found him again, and after losing another wife and other children he became a wanderer, interested in everything new and strange. He had been taken by Pitman's then new phonography, and his chief occupation at that time was teaching it wherever at any school he could form a class. He came to Union College to this end; and having been recommended to my mother for board and lodging, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity to get for me lessons in drawing in return for his board. He was a constitutional reformer, a radical as radicalism was then possible, and, indignant at the treatment accorded him by destiny, had become an atheist with Robert Dale Owen, but was *au fond* an honest and philanthropic man. He taught me the simplest rudiments of portrait and landscape in water color, and of perspective, of which he was master. I got up a small class in drawing for him, but after a dozen lessons he went his way to new regions, and I never heard from him again. What he taught me I soon lost, except the perspective.

A little later, during one of the vacations while I was at work in my father's shop, there came in for a piece of ironwork our local artist, a man of curious artistic faculties, a shoemaker by trade,

who had taught himself painting, and had gained a certain repute as the portrait painter of the region. He desired to make for himself a lay figure, and for the articulations had conceived a new form of universal joint, which he wished my father to put into shape. My father refused the job as out of the line of his work, and I volunteered to take it, stipulating for some instruction in painting in return. The joint did not answer when worked out, but the friendship between Sexton and myself lasted through his life; a truer example of the artistic nature never came under my study. All that he knew of painting, saving what he got on an annual visit to the exhibition of the American Academy at New York, he had gained from books; but his conception of the nature of art was very high and correct, and had his education been in keeping with his natural gifts he would have taken a high position as a painter. His was one of the most pathetic lives I can recall: a fine, sensitive nature, full of enthusiasms for the outer world, with rare gifts in the embryonic state and mental powers far above the average, limited in every direction, — in facilities, in education in art and in letters, — and with his lot cast in a community where, except the wife of President Nott, there was not a single person who was capable of giving him sympathy or artistic appreciation. Not least in the pathos of his situation were the simplicity and humility with which he accepted himself, with his whole nature yearning toward an ideal which he knew to be as unattainable as the stars, without impatience or bitterness toward men or fate. If he was not content with what was given him, no one could see it; he was, indeed, so filled with the happiness that nature and his limited art afforded him that he had no room for discontent at the limitations. Happy days were those in which my leisure gave me the opportunity to share his walks, and make my crude sketches of his favorite nooks and bends of our beautiful river Mohawk, and listen to his experiences while he worked. I can see now that it was more nature than art that evoked my enthusiasm, and that in art I felt mainly the expression of the love of the beauty of nature. Sexton gave me some idea of the use of oils, and from that time most of my leisure hours and my vacant days were given to painting in an otherwise untaught manner, copying such pictures as I could borrow, or translating engravings into color, — wretched things, most certainly, but to me, then, and with my crude ambition, productive of greater pleasure than the better works of later years.

The three years of my college course had left me little leisure for such studies, and at the end of them I realized that, so far as the object I had set before me was concerned, I had wasted the time and blunted the edge of my enthusiasms. In preparation for the career which I proposed for myself I had, however, entered into correspondence with Thomas Cole, then the leading painter of landscape in America, and an artist to this day unrivaled in certain poetic and imaginative gifts by any American painter. He was a curious result of the influence of the old masters on a strongly individual English mind, inclined to nature worship, born in England in the epoch of the poetic English school to which Girtin, Turner, and their colleagues belonged, and migrating to America in boyhood, early enough to become impressed by the influence of primitive nature as a subject of art. Self-taught in technique and isolated in his development, he became inevitably devoted to the element of subject rather than to technical attainment, and in the purely literary quality of art he has perhaps been surpassed by no landscape painter of any time. His indifference to technical qualities has led to neglect of him at present, but in the influence he had on American art, and for his part in the history of it, he remains an important

individuality now much underrated. It was settled that I should become his pupil in the winter following my graduation, but a few months before that he died.

At that time there was not in the United States a single school of art, and except Cole, who had one or two pupils when he died, there was no competent landscape painter who accepted pupils, nor perhaps one who was capable of teaching. Drawing masters there were here and there, mostly adepts in the conventional style adapted to the seminaries for young ladies. Inman, the leading portrait painter of the day, had taken pupils; but his powers did not extend to the treatment of landscape, and my sympathies did not go beyond it. I applied to A. B. Durand, then the president of our Academy, the only rival of Cole, though in a purely naturalistic vein, and a painter of real power in a manner quite his own, but which borrowed more from the Dutch than the Italian feeling, to which Cole inclined. Durand was originally an engraver of the first order, and afterwards a portrait painter; but his careful painting from nature and a sunny serenity in his rendering of her marked him, even in the absence of imaginative feeling, as a specialist in landscape, to which finally he gave himself entirely. His was a serene and beautiful nature, perfectly reflected in his art, and he first showed American artists what could be done by faithful and unaffected direct study of nature in large studies carefully finished on the spot, though never carried to the elaboration of later and younger painters. But he was so restrained by an excess of humility as to his own work, and so justly diffident of his knowledge of technique, that he could not bring himself to accept a pupil, and I finally applied to F. E. Church, a young painter, pupil of Cole, and for many years after the leading landscape painter of the country. He was then in his first success, and I was his first pupil. Church in many respects was the most remarkable painter of the phenomena of nature I have ever known, and had he been trained in a school of wider scope he might have taken a place among the great individualities of his art. But he had little imagination, and his technical training had not emancipated him from an exaggerated insistence on detail, which so completely controlled his treatment of his subject that breadth and repose were entirely lost. A graceful composition and most happy command of the actual effects of the landscape which he had seen were his highest qualities; his retention of the minutest details of the generic or specific characteristics of tree, rock, or cloud was unsurpassed, so far as I know, and everything he knew he rendered with a rapidity and precision which were simply inconceivable by one who had not seen him at work. I think that his memory and retention of the facts of nature once seen by him must have been at the maximum of which human power is capable, but he had no notion of the higher and broader qualities of art. His mind seemed a camera obscura, in which everything that passed before it was recorded permanently; but he added in the rendering of its record nothing of human emotion, or of that remoulding of the perception which makes it conception and individual. The primrose on the river's brim he saw with a vision as clear as that of a photographic lens, but it remained to him a primrose, and nothing more, to the end. All that he did or could do was the recording, the form and color, of what had flitted past his eyes, with unsurpassed fidelity of memory; but it left one as cold as the painting of an iceberg. His recognition of art as distinguished from nature was far too rudimentary to fit him for a teacher, for his love of facts and detail blinded him to every other aspect of our relation with nature, in the recognition of which consist the highest gifts of the artist. My study with him lasted one

winter, and showed me that nothing was to be hoped for from him, and that the most intimate superficial acquaintance with nature did not involve the perception of her more intimate relation with art.

I learned from Church nothing that was worth remembering, but at his studio I met Edgar A. Poe, a slender, nervous, vivacious, and extremely refined personage, and I made acquaintance with a young portrait painter who had a studio in the same building, an Irishman named Boyle, a pupil of Inman, whose ideas of art were of a far higher order; and to my intercourse with him during that winter and the following summer which we spent together, sketching, in the valley of the Mohawk, I owe the first clear ideas of what lay before me in artist life. But at that juncture I came across Modern Painters, and, like many others, I received from it a stimulus to nature worship, to which I was already too much inclined, that made ineffaceable the confusion in my mind between nature and art. Another acquaintance I made that winter was of great importance in developing my technical abilities, — that of a well-known amateur, Dr. Edward Ruggles, a physician whose love of painting finally drove him out of medicine. I had then met no one with so catholic and correct a taste. He introduced me to William Page, the most remarkable portrait painter, in many respects, America has ever produced, and whose talks on art used to make me sleepless with excitement. Page was the most brilliant talker I ever knew, and a dear friend of Lowell.

Returning to Schenectady the summer afterward, I made my first direct and complete studies from nature, and among these was one, — a view from my window across gardens and a churchyard, with the church spire in the distance, — a small study which incidentally had a most potent effect on all my later life. It was bought in the autumn by the Art Union of New York; and on the proceeds, thirty dollars, the first considerable sum of money I had ever earned, I decided to go to Europe and see what the English painters were doing! Of English art I then knew, directly, only the pictures of Doughty, an early artistic immigrant from England, and, as afterward appeared to me, a fair example of the school which had its lead from Constable, to whom he had no resemblance except in choice of motive. He had a comprehension of technique possessed by none of our home painters; a rapid and masterly execution with a limited scale of color, but, within this gamut, of exquisite refinement. Constant repetitions of the same motive wore out his welcome on the part of the American public, but his pictures had a charm which was long in losing its power over me, and had an influence in determining me to go to England at the first opportunity. But to see Turner's pictures was always the chief motive, and was that which decided me to go.

In knowledge of worldly life, I was scarcely less a child then than I had been when, at the age of ten, I determined to go out into the world and make my own career, free from the obstacles I imagined to be preventing me from following my ideals. The ever present feeling developed in me by the religious training of my mother, that an overruling Providence had my life in keeping, made me quite oblivious of or indifferent to the chances of disaster; for the assurance of protection and leading to the best end left no place for apprehension. It was a mental phenomenon, which I now look back on with a wonder which I think most sane people will share, that, at the age when most boys have become men (for I graduated at twenty), I should have been capable of going out into a strange world like the children of the Children's Crusade, with an unfaltering faith that I should be led and cared for by Providence as I

had been by my parents. I had no solicitude, from the moment that one of the shipowners who was in business relations with my elder brother offered me a free passage on one of his sailing ships to Liverpool, lest I should not find a similar bridge back again; and with my thirty dollars converted into six sovereigns, and a little valise with only a change of clothes, I went on board the Garrick, a packet of the Black Ball line, sailing in the last days of December. There had been a thaw; the Hudson River was full of floating ice, which in the ebbing of the tide endangered the shipping lying out in the stream, and the captain made such haste to get out of the danger (the extent of which was shown by the topmasts of an Austrian brig appearing above water where she had been sunk by the floating ice) that the ship had her anchor apeak before the boat which carried my brother and myself out to it could reach it. We barely did so in time for me to get aboard, the necessity of threading our way among the masses of ice making our progress difficult. That my childish faith in Providence was a family trait might be deduced from the fact that my brother, who had from boyhood stood to me *in loco parentis*, had not asked me until I was on the point of going aboard what my means of subsistence were; and when he found that I had only six sovereigns, he told me to wait at Liverpool for a letter of credit he would send me by the steamer which followed.

That voyage is one of the most delightful memories of my life. I loved the sea; and every phase of it, storm or calm, was a new joy. I had one fellow passenger, a German doctor of philosophy, named Seeman, who had been an ardent radical in Germany, and after studying in the United States the development of political intelligence under democratic conditions, was returning to his native land with the profound conviction that democratic government was a bad failure. We had hot debates on the subject, in which the doctor adduced his conversations with the intelligent farmers of New England, whom he had especially studied, to show that their political education was such as to endanger the best interests of the community from its extreme superficiality. I, with the unfaltering faith in the processes of universal suffrage, disputed his conclusions, — so hotly, in fact, that we quarreled, and he took one side of the quarter-deck for his promenade, and I the other. But the conditions of sea life, with a companionship limited to two persons, are such that no quarrel that is not mortal, or from rivalry in the affections of a woman, can endure many days, and after a few days of avoidance we drew to the same side of the deck and were better friends than before; but we dropped politics. This was in January of 1850, and I now feel curiosity as to the subsequent career of the young German savant, who in that state of American political evolution was capable of drawing the horoscope of a nation as it has been in recent times fulfilled; who saw in the crude notions of political economy of that prosperous yesterday the germs of the political blunders and errors of to-day. I drew his portrait, I made a few studies of sea and sky, but for the most part the sensation of simple existence under the conditions of illimitable freedom in space, with no reminder of anything beyond, was sufficient for me. I used to lie on my back on the roof of the wheelhouse and look into the sky, and try to make friends with the sea gulls which sailed around over me, curiously peering down with their dovelike eyes as if to see what this thing might be. Then the nights, so luminous with the "breeming" of the sea as we got into the Gulf Stream; the flitting and sudden population of the ocean, always bringing us surprises; the more exciting and delightful storms which came on us in the region in which they

were always to be expected, and which, though we had some that made lying in one's berth difficult, were never enough to satisfy my desire for rough weather, — all these things filled my life so full of the pure delight in nature that when, at the end of nearly three weeks at sea, we came in sight of the Irish coast, I hated the land. Life was enough under the sea conditions, and the prospect of the return to the limitations of living among men was absolute pain. We made Liverpool in twenty-one days from New York, and the steamer which had left that city the week after us did not arrive for three or four days, so that my waiting for the letter of credit involved a hotel bill which nearly exhausted my money in hand. The kindly captain, knowing my circumstances, made the hotelkeeper throw off fifty per cent of his bill (for I went to the "captain's hotel"); and thus I succeeded in getting to London with the money which was to have paid my expenses for six weeks — according to the careful calculations I had made, at the rate of a pound a week — reduced to provision for three, after which Providence was expected to provide me with a passage home. I had planned in these weeks to see Turner's pictures, Copley Fielding's, with Creswick's and all the others Ruskin had mentioned. But the railways and hotels had never come into my arithmetic, and such arithmetic was always, and remains, my weak point. Still, the letter of credit was for fifty pounds, and so I felt justified in my faith in Providence, my brother going to the general credit of that account.

Arrived at Euston Station in the small hours of the morning, I bought a penny loaf, and walked the streets eating it and carrying my valise. When the day was sufficiently advanced, I went and presented a letter of introduction given me by G. P. Putnam, the publisher, to his agent in England, Mr. Delf, who at once took me to a lodging house in Bouverie Street, where I got a room for six shillings a week, service included, and found an honest, kindly landlady, to whom I still feel indebted for the affectionate interest she took in me. I had letters to Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the Art Journal, and the Rev. William Black, pastor of a little Seventh-Day Baptist church at Millyard in Goodmansfields, Leman Street, a very ancient and well-endowed foundation, made by some Sabbatarian of centuries ago, with a parsonage and provision for two sermons every Saturday. Under Mr. Black's preaching I sat all the time I was in London. He was a man of archæological tastes, whose researches had led him to the conviction that the seventh day was the true Christian Sabbath, and to fellowship with the congregation of Millyard. I was admitted to honorary membership of the church, and the listening to the two dry-as-dust sermons was compensated for by the cordial friendship of the pastor, an invitation to dinner every Saturday, and the motherly interest of his wife and daughters. My childhood's faith and my mother's creed still hung so closely to me that the observances of our ancient church were to me sacred, and the Sabbath Day at Millyard still held me to the simple ways of home. In that secluded nook, out of all the rush and noise of London, we lived as we might have lived in an English village; it was an impasse, and one who entered from the narrow and squalid alleys which led to it was surprised to find the little square of the old and disused graveyard, with its huge hawthorn trees and its inclosure of the parsonage appendages, as peaceful and as far from the world as if it had been in far-off Devon.

My letter to Mr. Hall led to introductions to Leslie, Harding, Creswick, and several minor painters, all of whom found me attentive to the lessons they gave me on their own excellences, and led me no further; but it also brought me into contact with J. B. Pyne, a painter of a higher and more serious

order, one of the few thinkers and impartial critics I found among the English painters. Every Sunday I went out to Pyne's house in Fulham, walking the six or seven miles in the morning, and spending the day there. Kitchen gardens and green fields then lay between Kensington and Fulham, where are now the Museums, and there the larks sang and the hawthorn bloomed. After an early dinner we passed the afternoon in talk on art and artists. Pyne was one of the best talkers on art I ever knew, and a critic of ability; his art had great qualities and as great defects, but in comparison with some of the favorites of the public of that day he was a giant, and in certain technical qualities he had no equal in his generation except Turner. He had the dangerous tendency, for an artist, of putting everything he did under the protection and direction of a theory, — a course which invariably checks the fertility of technical resource, and which in his case had the unfortunate effect of causing him to be regarded as a mere theorist, whose work was done by line and rule. But I had good reason to know that Turner thought more highly of him than the English public, and I am convinced that as time goes on, and his pictures acquire the mellowness of tone for which he carefully calculated in his method and choice of material, he will be more highly esteemed than in his own time, while the careful and systematic technique which characterized his work, and which is so opposed to the random and hypothetically inspired methods which are the admiration of a half-educated public, will find its true appreciation in the future. Of all the English artists of that day with whom I became acquainted, Pyne impressed me as by a considerable measure the broadest thinker, and, except Turner in his water color, the ablest landscape painter; old John Linnell, in this respect, standing nearest him in technical power, with a more complete regard for nature and her sentiment. In Harding I took no interest; his conventions and tricks of the brush repelled me, and generally his work left me cold and discouraged. For this is the effect of wasted cleverness: that it disheartens a man who, knowing that his abilities are less, finds the achievement of cleverer men so poor in what the artist of feeling demands. In Harding's works I saw an exaggeration of Pyne's defects, and a feeble emulation of his good qualities. Creswick had a better feeling for nature, but in his methods convention gave place to trick, and I remember his showing me the way in which he produced detail in a pebbly brookside by making the surface of his canvas tacky, and then dragging over it a brush loaded with pigment, which caught only on the prominences, and did in a moment the work of an hour of faithful painting.

A painter who taught me more than any other, at that time, was Edward Wehnert, mainly known then as an illustrator, and hardly known now even in that capacity. Attracted by one of his water colors, I went to him for lessons, which he declined to give, while really giving me instruction informally, and in the most kindly and generous way, during the entire stay I made in London. Of the lives of artists I have known, Wehnert's was, with the exception of Sexton's, the most pathetic. His native abilities were of a very high order, and his education was far above that possessed by the British artist of that day. He was a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and the German blood he had from his father gave him an imaginative element, which the Englishman in him liberated entirely from the German prescriptive limitations. He painted both in oil and in water color, with a facility of design I have never known surpassed, completing at a single sitting, and without a model, a drawing in which were many figures. He was, at the moment I knew him, engaged in illustrating Grimm's stories, for

a paltry compensation, but, as it seemed to me, in a spirit the most completely concordant with the stories. He had several sisters, who had been accustomed to a certain ease in life, and to maintain this all his efforts were devoted, even to the sacrifice of his legitimate ambitions; he was overworked with the veriest hack-work of his profession, and I never knew him but as a jaded man. He was a graduate of Göttingen, widely read and well taught in all that related to his art as well as in literature. I used to sit much with him while he worked, and most of my evenings were passed in the family. The sisters were women who had been of the world, clever, accomplished, and with a restricted and most interesting circle of friends, but over the whole family there rested an air of tragic gravity, as if of some past which could never be spoken of, and into which I never felt inclined to inquire. Among the memories of my first stay in London the Wehnerts awaken the tenderest, for through many years they proved the dearest and kindest of friends. The hospitality of London, wherever I found access to it, was indeed unmeasured, and the kindly feeling which showed itself to a young and unknown student, without recommendation or achievement, made on me an indelible impression. I now and then met some one who asked me where I had learned to talk English, or if all the people in the section from which I came were as white as I was; but except in a single case — that of a lady who proposed to make me responsible for slavery in the United States — I never experienced anything but friendship and courtesy, and generally the friendliness took the form of active interest.

Most of my time was passed in hunting up pictures by Turner, and of course I made the early acquaintance of Griffiths, a dealer in pictures, who was Turner's special agent, and at whose gallery were to be seen such of his pictures as he wished to sell; for no inducement could be offered which would prevail on him to dispose of some of them. Griffiths told me that in his presence an American collector, Mr. James Lennox, of New York, after offering Turner £5000, which was refused, for the old Téméraire, offered him a blank check, which was equally rejected. Griffiths' place became one of my most common resorts, for Griffiths was less a picture dealer than a passionate admirer of Turner, who seemed to have drifted into his business because of his love for the artist's pictures, and to share in his admiration for Turner was to gain his cordial friendship. Here I first saw Ruskin, and was introduced to him. I was looking at some little early drawings of Turner, when a gentleman entered the gallery; and after a conversation with him, of some length, Griffiths came to me and asked if I would not like to be presented to the author of Modern Painters, to which I naturally replied in the affirmative. I could hardly believe my eyes, expecting to find in him something of the fire, enthusiasm, and dogmatism of his book, and seeing only a gentleman of the most gentle type, blonde, refined, and with as little self-assertion or dogmatic tone as was possible consistently with the holding of his own opinions; suggesting views rather than asserting them, and as if he had not himself come to a conclusion on the subject of conversation. A delightful and to me instructive conversation ended in an invitation to visit his father's collection of drawings and pictures at Denmark Hill, and later to spend the evening at his own house in Grosvenor Street. After the lapse of forty-eight years, it is difficult to distinguish between the incidents which took place in this first visit to England, in 1850, and those belonging to another, a little later; but the impression is very strong that it was during the former that I spent the evening at the Grosvenor Street residence, at which I met several artists of Ruskin's intimacy, and among them

G. F. Watts. I then saw Mrs. Ruskin, and have a very vivid impression of her personal beauty, saying to a friend to whom I gave an account of the visit just after that she was the most beautiful woman I had seen in England. As I went up the street to their house there was a bagpiper playing near it, and the pipes entered into the conversation in the drawing room. On my expressing a very disparaging opinion of their music, which I then had heard for the first time, Mrs. Ruskin flamed up with indignation, but, after an annihilating look, she said mildly, "I suppose no southerner can understand the pipes," and we discussed them calmly, she telling some stories to illustrate their power and the special range of their effect.

At that time Ruskin held very strong Calvinistic notions, and as I kept my Puritanism unshaken we had as many conversations on religion as on art, the two being then to me almost identical, and to him closely related; and I remember his saying once, in speaking of the doctrine of foreordination (to me a dreadful bugbear), as I was drinking a glass of sherry, that he believed that it had been ordained from all eternity whether I should set that glass down empty or without finishing the wine. This was to me the most perplexing problem of all that Ruskin put before me, for it was the first time that the doctrine of Calvin had come before me in a concrete form. Another incident gave me a serious perplexity as to Ruskin's perceptions of art. Leslie had given me a card to see Mr. Holford's collection of pictures, in which was one of Turner's, the balcony scene in Venice, — called, I think, Juliet and her Nurse. It was a moonlight, with the most wonderful rendering of a certain effect seen with the moon at the spectator's back; and I noted, in speaking to Ruskin, later on, that no other picture I had ever seen of moonlight had succeeded so fully in realizing it; to which he replied that he had never noticed that it was a moonlight picture. But when I called his attention to the display of fireworks on the Grand Canal, he admitted that it was not customary to let off fireworks by day, and that it must be a night scene.

My acquaintance with Ruskin lasted, with varying degrees of intimacy and some interruptions, till 1870, when it was terminated by a trivial personal incident to which his morbid state of mind at the time gave an undue importance. We separated more and more widely in our opinions on art in later years, and the differences came to me reluctantly; for my reverence for the man was never to be shaken, while my study of art showed me finally that, however correct his views of the ethics of art might be, from the point of view of pure art he was entirely mistaken, and all that his influence had done for me had to be undone before any true progress could be made. What little I had learned from the artists I knew had been in the main correct, and had aided to show me the true road; but the teaching of Modern Painters, and of Ruskin himself later, was in the end fatal to the career to which I was then devoted. But the first mistake was my own. What I needed was practical study, the training of the hand; for my head had already gone so far beyond my technical attainment that I had entered into the fatal condition of having theories beyond my practice. My execution was so far in arrears of my conceptions of what should be in the result that, instead of the delight with which I had, untaught and in my stolen hours, given myself to painting, I felt the weight of my technical shortcomings so heavily as to make my work full of distress, instead of that content with which the artist should be able to work. Everything became conscious effort, and the going was too much uphill. I had always been groping my own way, scarcely as much assisted by the fragmentary good advice I received as laid under heavier disabilities by the better

knowledge of what should be done. In art education, the training of the hand should be kept in advance of the thinking powers, so that the young student should feel that his ideal is just before him, if not at his fingers' end. That this is so rarely the case with art students in our day is, I am convinced, the chief reason of the technical inferiority of our modern painters, and the root of the inferiority of modern art. I was already belated, and every advance I made in the study of the theory of art put me the more behind, practically.

The hope of getting much technical instruction from competent masters in England was speedily dispelled. Lessons in water color I could get at a guinea an hour, and to enter as a pupil with one of the better painters was impossible. Pyne received from his pupils one hundred pounds a month! I had carefully calculated how far I could make my fifty pounds go, and put it at six months. By the advice of Wehnert I applied to Charles Davidson, a member of the New Water Color Society, for instruction, and went down into Surrey, where he lived, to be able to follow him in his work from nature. He lived at Red Hill, and in the immediate vicinity John Linnell had built his then new home, and in the few weeks I lived there I saw a great deal of the old man. He was one of the most remarkable examples of the old English type I have known, and to me as interesting a problem from the religious point of view as the artistic. Barring differences of creed, of which I knew nothing or little (for my own religious horizon had always included all "good-willing men," and I had never learned the distinctions of creed which would send on one side of the line of safety an Established Churchman, and on the other a nonconformist), we agreed very well, and in the general impression I set Linnell down as a devout Christian of the Cromwellian type; he certainly was a man of remarkable intellectual powers both in art and in theology. His Christianity might have taken a form of less domestic sternness, but I remembered my own father too well to find it inconsistent with genuine piety, though not even my mother ever inspired the awe Linnell and his religious severity excited in me. His landscape seemed to me the full expression of a healthy love of the world, possible only to a man of entire moral sanity, with a cheery, Wordsworthian enjoyment of nature, which, as a rule, I have never found in perfection except in the English school and its derivatives, the outcome of a robust nature which sees the outer world with the spectacles of no school, and through the memory of no other man. He was not self-taught in the sense of owing nothing to another mind, but in the sense that what he had learned had been digested and forgotten, except as a chance word in the universal gospel of art; technically weak, slovenly in style, but eminently successful in telling the story he had to tell. Even then, with my limited knowledge of painting, he seemed to me to furnish the antithesis to Pyne, — one too careful of style, and running to excessive precision, the other too negligent and running into indecision; and this judgment still holds. From Davidson, my immediate teacher, there were only to be got certain ways of doing certain things, limited to the elements of landscape: how to wash in the sky, to treat foliage in masses, and those tricks of the brush in which the English water-color school abounds, but no larger, or more individual, views of art itself. What he taught was, perhaps, what I most needed to learn, but I was already too far on the way to learn it easily.

I made a visit of ten days to Paris, and saw with great profit the work of the landscape painters and of Delacroix, the other figure painters in general not interesting me much. But to accomplish all that I did with my fifty pounds, it may be easily understood that I had to cut my corners close; and in fact they were

so closely cut in my Continental excursion, that I landed at Newhaven, on my return, with one shilling in my pocket; and when, at the end of my stay in England, I took the train for Liverpool, I had only sixpence (my passage being provided for). My good friend Delf, who saw me off, on finding the state of my purse, insisted at the railway station on my taking a sovereign for contingencies. This habit of making no provision for accidents had been, as I have said, a part of my moral training, the faith in the overruling Providence never forsaking me for an instant, so that, whatever I set about to do, I made no provision for accidents. To go ahead and do what I thought I ought to do, and let the consequences take care of themselves, has been the habit of mind in which I have always worked, and probably still work. If the thing to be done was right, I never thought of what might come after, or even if the means to carry resolution into effect were provided beforehand. I took it for granted that they would be, because the thing was to be done. I retain the distinct recollection of an expression of my mother while I was making preparations for this first voyage to Europe, and she was packing my clothes for the voyage; her lips were silently moving, and the slow tears running down her cheeks, when she exclaimed in her low and murmuring voice, as if in comment on her prayer, "Oh no, he is too pure-hearted," and I knew that her petition was for my protection from the temptations of that world of which she only knew the terrors and dangers from her Bible, and that she was so wrapt in her spiritual yearnings that she had quite forgotten my presence. And though I never deserved the great trust she had in me, the memory of those words thus uttered has served in many devious moments to keep me in the path. But if I had no such virtues as those which she attributed to me, I had what was perhaps more potent, the intuitions which I inherited from her, such as often take a man out of temptation before he is aware of its strength, and before it becomes a real danger; nor can any man remember such confidence on the part of his mother without, from very shame, if no sterner motive should exist, maintaining a higher tone of life.

I did not leave London without a sight of Turner himself, due to the friendly forethought of Griffiths, who so appreciated my enthusiasm for the old man that he lost no opportunity to satisfy it. Turner was taken ill while I was on this visit, with an attack of the malady which later killed him, and I had begged Griffiths to ask him to let me come and nurse him; but he declined the offer, yet was not, Griffiths told me, quite unmoved by it. One day, after his recovery, I received a message from Griffiths that Turner was coming to the gallery at a certain time on a business appointment, and if I would happen in just before the hour fixed for it I might see him. At the appointed hour Turner came, and found me in an earnest study of the pictures in the further end of the gallery, where I remained, unnoticing and unnoticed, until a sign from Griffiths called me to him. He then introduced me as a young American artist who had a great admiration for the master's work, and who, being about to return home, would be glad to take him by the hand. I was amazed at the sight of this little old man with a nose like an eagle's beak and an eye like the eagle's, but in every other way insignificant, and half awed and half surprised I held out my hand. He put his behind him, regarding me with a humorous, malicious look, saying nothing. Confused and not a little mortified, I turned away, and, walking down the gallery, went to studying the pictures again. When I looked back, a few minutes later, he held out his hand to me, and we entered into a conversation which lasted until Griffiths gave me

a hint that Turner had business to transact which I must leave him to. He gave me a hearty hand-shake, and in his oracular way said, "Hmph — [nod] if you come to England again — hmph — [nod] hmph — [nod]" and another hand-shake with more cordiality, and a nod for good-by. I never saw a keener eye than his, and the way that he held himself up, so straight that he seemed almost to lean backwards, with his forehead thrown forward, and his piercing eyes looking out from under their heavy brows, and his diminutive stature coupled with the imposing bearing, combined to make a very peculiar and vivid impression on me. Griffiths afterward translated his laconism for me, as an invitation to come to see him if I ever came back to England, and added that though he was in the worst of tempers when he came in, and made him expect that I should be insulted, he was, in fact, unusually cordial, and he had never seen him receive a stranger with such amiability, except in the case of Cattermole, for whom he had taken a strong liking. In the conversation we had, during the interview, I alluded to our good fortune in having already in America one of the pictures of his best period, a seacoast sunset, in the possession of Mr. Lennox, and Turner exclaimed, "I wish they were all put in a blunderbuss and shot off!" but he looked pleased at the simultaneous outburst of protest on the part of Griffiths and myself. When I went back to England for another visit, he was dead.

I may frankly say, that as to Turner's art, I enjoyed most the water colors of the middle period, though the latest gave me another kind of delight, — that of the reading of a fairy story or the building of glorious castles in the air in my younger days, that of something to desire and despair of. The drawings of the England and Wales series in the possession of Ruskin, and especially the Llanthony Abbey, seemed to my critical faculty the *ne plus ultra* of water-color painting, and I still remember that drawing[1] with the greatest distinctness. I saw in the Academy exhibition the last pictures he ever exhibited, some whaling subjects, fresh from his retouching of two days before, — gorgeous dreams of color art, but only dreams; the actuality had all gone out. Years after, when I saw them again, they had become mere wrecks, hardly recognizable.

I saw also that year a picture by Rossetti and one by Millais, and the latter impressed me very strongly; in fact, it determined me in the manner in which I should follow art on my return home. I did not, and could not, put it on the same plane as the Llanthony Abbey, but the straight thrust for the truth was evidently the shortest way to a certain excellence, and this of the kind most akin to my own faculties. I remember saying to Delf, who was with me at the exhibition of the Academy, that if ever English figure painting rose out of mediocrity it would be through the work of the P. R. B. My impression is that the picture in question was the Christ in the Carpenter's Shop, but of this I cannot be sure, only that it was in the exhibition of 1850. The Rossetti was in the old National Society, and was either the Childhood of the Virgin Mary or the White Lady. Beautiful as it was, it did not impress me as did the temper of Millais' work, the scrupulous conscientiousness of which chimed with my Puritan education. I left England with a fermentation of art ideas in my brain, in which the influence of Turner, Pyne, the teachings of Wehnert, and the work of the Pre-Raphaelites mingled with the influence of Ruskin, and especially the preconception of art work derived from the descriptions, often strangely misleading, of the Modern Painters.

I received from my brother, as I had anticipated, the order for a passage on

[1] I saw it again in the Guildhall exhibition of 1899.

the Atlantic, of the Collins line of steamers, and one of my fellow passengers was Jenny Lind, on her way for her first visit to America, under the guidance of Barnum. She gave a concert on board for the benefit of the firemen and sailors, and to this the half of Delf's sovereign contributed; the other half going for a bottle of Rhine wine, to return the compliment of my next neighbor at the table, who had invited me to take a glass of wine one day. Thus, as usual, I landed penniless from my venture, but fortunately found my brother on the wharf awaiting the arrival of the steamer. In those days, a voyage of fourteen days was not considered a bad one. A day's run of three hundred and thirty-six knots was a triumph of steaming, and rarely attained. But we were at the beginning of the contest between the Collins and the Cunard steamers, and up to that time the American line had generally a little the better of it.

The rest of that year and the year following were given to hard and monotonous painting from nature while the weather permitted, and in the winter to working out clumsily the mysteries of picture-making, — a work which, being without direction or any correct appreciation of what I had it in me to do, became a drudgery, which I went through as an indispensable duty, but with no self-satisfaction. My larger studies from nature (twenty-five by thirty inches) attracted attention, and had been hung on the line, getting for me the election to the Associateship of the Academy of Design and the appellation of the "American Pre-Raphaelite," — all which, for a man so lately embarked in the profession, was considered a high honor, as it really was. But the success so far as it affected me was injurious, for it carried me further from the true path. As studies from nature, the fidelity and completeness of them, even in comparison with Durand's, was something which the conventional landscape known then and there had never approached, and to the respectable amateurs of that day they were puzzles. For one of them, a study of a wood scene, with a spring of water overshadowed by a beech tree, all painted at close quarters, I had transplanted a violet which I wanted in the near foreground, so as to be sure that it was in correct light and proportion. This was in the spirit of the Ruskinian doctrine, of which I made myself the apostle. On that study I spent such hours of the day as the light served, for three months, and then the coming of autumn stopped me. Any difficulty in literal rendering of a subject was incomprehensible to me; and in fact, in that kind of work there is little difference, for it is but copying, and requires only a correct eye and infinite patience, both of which I had; and it was a puzzle to me rather than a compliment when the veteran Durand said of one of my studies that it was a subject he would not have dared attack, on account of the difficulty of the effect of light, for to me it was simply a question of time and sticking to it. It was not art, but the public did not know this any more than I did, and I was admitted to a place which I believe was one of the highest among my contemporaries at home, in a way that led to little even in its complete success. I influenced some of my fellow artists and gave a jog to the landscape painting of the day, and there my influence as an artist ended, by a diversion of my ambition to another sphere; but there it must have ended even if I had never been so diverted.

William James Stillman.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.[1]

XXXVI.

IN WHICH I HEAR ILL NEWS.

When I awoke from the sleep or stupor into which I must have passed from that swoon, it was to find myself lying upon a bed in a room flooded with sunshine. I was alone. For a moment I lay still, staring at the blue sky without the window, and wondering where I was and how I came there. A drum beat, a dog barked, and a man's quick voice gave a command. The sounds stung me into remembrance, and I was at the window while the voice was yet speaking.

It was West in the street below, pointing with his sword now to the fort, now to the palisade, and giving directions to the armed men about him. There were many people in the street. Women hurried by to the fort with white, scared faces, their arms filled with household gear; children ran beside them, sturdily bearing their share of the goods, but pressing close to their elders' skirts; men went to and fro, the most grimly silent, but a few talking loudly. Not all of the faces in the crowd belonged to the town: there were Kingsmell and his wife from the main, and John Ellison from Archer's Hope, and the Italians Vincencio and Bernardo from the Glass House. The nearer plantations, then, had been warned, and their people had come for refuge to the city. A negro passed, but on that morning alone of many days no Indian aired his paint and feathers in the white man's village.

I could not see the palisade across the neck, but I knew that it was there that the fight — if fight there were — would be made. Should the Indians take the palisade, there would yet be the houses of the town, and, last of all, the fort, in which to make a stand. I believed not that they would take it. Long since we had found out their method of warfare. They used ambuscade, surprise, and massacre; when withstood in force and with determination they withdrew to their stronghold the forest, there to bide their time until, in the blackness of some night, they could again swoop down upon a sleeping foe.

The drum beat again, and a messenger from the palisade came down the street at a run. "They 're in the woods over against us, thicker than ants!" he cried to West as he passed. "A boat has just drifted ashore yonder with two men in it, dead and scalped!"

I turned to leave the room, and ran against Master Pory coming in on tiptoe, with a red and solemn face. He started when he saw me.

"The roll of the drum brought you to your feet, then!" he cried. "You 've lain like the dead all night. I came but to see if you were breathing."

"When I have eaten I shall be myself again," I said. "There 's no attack as yet?"

"No," he answered. "They must know that we are prepared. But they have kindled fires along the river bank, and we can hear them yelling. Whether they 'll be mad enough to come against us remains to be seen."

"The nearest settlements have been warned?"

"Ay. The Governor offered a thousand pounds of tobacco and the perpetual esteem of the Company to the man or men who would carry the news. Six volunteered, and went off in boats: three up river, three down. How many they reached, or if they still have their scalps, we know not. And awhile ago, just before daybreak, comes with frantic haste

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Richard Pace, who had rowed up from Pace's Pains to tell the news which you had already brought. Chanco the Christian had betrayed the plot to him, and he managed to give warning at Powel's and one or two other places as he came up the river."

He broke off, but when I would have spoken interrupted me with: "And so you were on the Pamunkey all this while! Then the Paspaheghs fooled us with the simple truth, for they swore so stoutly that their absent chief men were but gone on a hunt toward the Pamunkey that we had no choice but to believe them gone in quite another direction. And one and all of every tribe we questioned swore that Opechancanough was at Orapax. So Master Rolfe puts off up river to find, if not you, then the Emperor, and make him give up your murderers; and the Governor sends a party along the bay, and West another up the Chickahominy. And there you were, all the time, mewed up in the village above the marshes! And Nantauquas, after saving our lives like one of us, is turned Indian again! And your man is killed! Alackaday! there 's naught but trouble in the world. 'As the sparks fly upwards,' you know. But a brave man draws his breath and sets his teeth."

In his manner, his rapid talk, I found something forced and strange. "I thought Rolfe was behind me," he said, "but he must have been delayed. There are meat and drink set out in the great room, where the Governor and those of the Council who are safe here with us are advising together. Let 's descend. You 've not eaten, and the good sack will give you strength. Wilt come?"

"Ay," I answered, "but tell me the news as we go. I have been gone ten days: faith, it seems ten years! There have no ships sailed, Master Pory? The George is still here?" I looked him full in the eye, for a sudden guess at a possible reason for his confusion had stabbed me like a knife.

"Ay," he said, with a readiness that could scarce be feigned. "She was to have sailed this week, it is true, the Governor fearing to keep her longer. But the Esperance, coming in yesterday, brought news which removed his Honor's scruples. Now she 'll wait to see out this hand at the cards, and to take home the names of those who are left alive in Virginia. If the red varlets do swarm in upon us, there are her twelve-pounders; they and the fort guns" —

I let him talk on. The George had not sailed. I saw again a firelit hut, and a man and a panther who went down together. Those claws had dug deep; the man across whose face they had torn their way would keep his room in the guest house at Jamestown until his wounds were somewhat healed. The George would wait for him, would scarcely dare to sail without him, and I should find the lady whom she was to carry away to England in Virginia still. It was this that I had built upon, the grain of comfort, the passionate hope, the sustaining cordial, of those year-long days in the village above the Pamunkey.

My heart was sore because of Diccon; but I could speak of that grief to her, and she would grieve with me. There were awe and dread and stern sorrow in the knowledge that even now in the bright spring morning blood from a hundred homes might be flowing to meet the shining, careless river; but it was the springtime, and she was waiting for me. I strode on toward the stairway so fast that when I asked a question, Master Pory, at my side, was too out of breath to answer it. Halfway down the stairs I asked it again, and again received no answer save a "Zooks! you go too fast for my years and having in flesh. Go more slowly, Ralph Percy; there 's time enough, — there 's time enough."

There was a tone in his voice that I liked not, for it savored of pity. I looked at him with knitted brows; but we were now in the hall, and through the

open door of the great room I caught a glimpse of a woman's skirt. There were men in the hall, servants and messengers, who made way for us, staring at me as they did so, and whispering. I knew that my clothing was torn and muddied and stained with blood; as we paused at the door, there came to me in a flash that day in the courting meadow when I had tried with my dagger to scrape the dried mud from my boots. I laughed at myself for caring now, and for thinking that she would care that I was not dressed for a lady's bower. The next moment we were in the great room.

She was not there. The silken skirt that I had seen, and — there being but one woman in all the world for me — had taken for hers, belonged to Lady Wyatt, who, pale and terrified, was sitting with clasped hands, mutely following with her eyes her husband as he walked to and fro. West had come in from the street, and was making some report. Around the table were gathered two or three of the Council; Master Sandys stood at a window, Rolfe beside Lady Wyatt's chair. The room was filled with sunshine, and a caged bird was singing, singing. It made the only sound there when they saw that I stood amongst them.

When I had made my bow to Lady Wyatt and to the Governor, and had clasped hands with Rolfe, I began to find in the silence, as I had found in Master Pory's loquaciousness, something strange. They looked at me uneasily, and I caught a swift glance from the Treasurer to Master Pory, and an answering shake of the latter's head. Rolfe was very white, and his lips were set; West was pulling at his mustaches and staring at the floor.

"With all our hearts we welcome you back to life and to the service of Virginia, Captain Percy," said the Governor, when the silence had become awkward.

A murmur of assent went round the room.

I bowed. "I thank you, sir, and these gentlemen very heartily. You have but to command me now. I find that I have to-day the best will in the world toward fighting. I trust that your Honor does not deem it necessary to send me back to gaol?"

"Virginia has no gaol for Captain Percy," he answered gravely. "She has only grateful thanks and fullest sympathy."

I glanced at him keenly. "Then I hold myself at your command, sir, when I shall have seen and spoken with my wife."

He looked at the floor, and they one and all held their peace.

"Madam," I said to Lady Wyatt, "I have been watching your ladyship's face. Will you tell me why it is so very full of pity, and why there are tears in your eyes?"

She shrank back in her chair with a little cry, and Rolfe stepped toward me, then turned sharply aside. "I cannot," he cried, "I that know" —

I drew myself up to meet the blow, whatever it might be. "I demand of you my wife, Sir Francis Wyatt," I said. "If there is ill news to be told, be so good as to tell it quickly. If she is sick, or hath been sent away to England" —

The Governor made as if to speak, then turned and flung out his hands to his wife. "'T is woman's work, Margaret!" he cried. "Tell him!"

More merciful than the men, she came to me at once, the tears running down her cheeks, and laid one trembling hand upon my arm. "She was a brave lady, Captain Percy," she said. "Bear it as she would have had you bear it."

"I am bearing it, madam," I answered at last. "'She *was* a brave lady.' May it please your ladyship to go on?"

"I will tell you all, Captain Percy; I will tell you everything. . . . She never believed you dead, and she begged upon her knees that we would allow her to go in search of you with Master Rolfe.

That could not be; my husband, in duty to the Company, could not let her have her will. Master Rolfe went, and she sat in the window yonder day after day, watching for his return. When other parties went out, she besought the men, as they had wives whom they loved, to search as though those loved ones were in captivity and danger; when they grew weary and faint-hearted, to think of her face waiting in the window. . . . Day after day she sat there watching for them to come back; when they were come, then she watched the river for Master Rolfe's boats. Then came word down the river that he had found no trace of you whom he sought, that he was on his way back to Jamestown, that he too believed you dead. . . . We put a watch upon her after that, for we feared we knew not what, there was such a light and purpose in her eyes. But two nights ago, in the middle of the night, the woman who stayed in her chamber fell asleep. When she awoke, before the dawn, it was to find her gone."

"To find her gone?" I said dully. "To find her dead?"

She locked her hands together, and the tears came faster. "Oh, Captain Percy, it had been better so, — it had been better so! Then would she have lain to greet you, calm and white, unmarred and beautiful, with the spring flowers upon her. . . . She believed not that you were dead; she was distraught with grief and watching; she thought that love might find what friendship missed; she went to the forest to seek you. They that were sent to find and bring her back have never returned" —

"Into the forest!" I cried. "*Jocelyn, Jocelyn, Jocelyn, come back!*"

Some one pushed me into a chair, and I felt the warmth of wine within my lips. In the moment that the world steadied I rose and went toward the door, to find my way barred by Rolfe.

"Not you too, Ralph!" he cried. "I will not let you go. Look for yourself!"

He drew me to the window, Master Sandys gravely making place for us. From the window was visible the neck of land and the forest beyond, and from the forest, up and down the river as far as the eye could reach, rose here and there thin columns of smoke. Suddenly, as we stared, three or four white smoke puffs, like giant flowers, started out of the shadowy woods across the neck. Following the crack of the muskets — fired out of pure bravado by their Indian owners — came the yelling of the savages. The sound was prolonged and deep, as though issuing from many throats.

I looked and listened, and knew that I could not go, — not now.

"She was not alone, Ralph," said Rolfe, with his arm about me. "On the morning that she was missed they found not Jeremy Sparrow either. They tracked them both to the forest by the footprints upon the sand, though once in the wood the trail was lost. The minister must have been watching, must have seen her leave the house, and must have followed her. How she, and he after her, passed through the gates none know. So careless and confident had we grown — God forgive us! — that they may have been left open all that night. But he was with her, Ralph; she had not to face it alone" — His voice broke.

For myself, I was glad that the minister had been there, though I knew that for him also I should grieve, after a while.

At the firing and the shouting West had rushed from the room, followed by his fellow Councilors, and now the Governor clapped on his headpiece and called to his men to bring his back-and-breast. His wife hung around his neck, and he bade her good-by with great tenderness. I looked dully on at that parting. I too was going to battle. Once I had tasted such a farewell, the pain, the passion, the sweetness, but never again, — never again.

He went, and the Treasurer, after a few words of comfort to Lady Wyatt,

was gone also. Both were merciful and spoke not to me, but only bowed and turned aside, requiring no answering word or motion of mine. When they were away, and there was no sound in the room save the caged bird's singing and Lady Wyatt's low sobs, I begged Rolfe to leave me; telling him that he was needed, as indeed he was, and that I would stay in the window for a while, and then would join him at the palisade. He was loath to go; but he too had loved and lost, and knew that there was nothing to be said, and that it was best to be alone. He went, and only Lady Wyatt and I kept the quiet room with the singing bird and the sunshine on the floor.

I leaned against the window and looked out into the street, — which was not crowded now, for the men were all at their several posts, — and at the budding trees, and at the smoke of many fires going up from the forest to the sky, from a world of hate and pain and woe to the heaven where she dwelt; and then I turned and went to the table, where had been set bread and meat and wine.

At the sound of my footstep Lady Wyatt uncovered her face. "Is there aught that I can do for you, sir?" she asked timidly.

"I have not broken my fast for many hours, madam," I answered. "I would eat and drink, that I may not be found wanting in strength. There is a thing that I have yet to do."

Rising from her chair, she brushed away her tears, and, coming to the table with a little housewifely eagerness, would not let me wait upon myself, but carved and poured for me, and then sat down opposite me and covered her eyes with her hand.

"I think that the Governor is quite safe, madam," I said. "I do not believe that the Indians will take the palisade. It may even be that, knowing we are prepared, they will not attack at all. Indeed, I think that you may be easy about him."

She thanked me, with a smile. "It is all so strange and dreadful to me, sir," she said. "At my home in England it was like a Sunday morning all the year round, — all stillness and peace; no terror, no alarm. I fear that I am not yet a good Virginian."

When I had eaten and had drunk the wine she gave me, I rose, and asked her if I might not see her safe within the fort before I joined her husband at the palisade. She shook her head, and told me that there were with her faithful servants, and that if the savages broke in upon the town she would have warning in time to flee, the fort being so close at hand. When I thereupon begged her leave to depart, she first curtsied to me, and then, again with tears, came to me and took my hand in hers. "I know that there is naught that I can say. . . . Your wife loved you, sir, with all her heart." She drew something from the bosom of her gown. "Would you like this? It is a knot of ribbon that she wore. They found it caught in a bush at the edge of the forest."

I took the ribbon from her and put it to my lips, then unknotted it and tied it around my arm; and then, wearing my wife's colors, I went softly out into the street, and turned my face toward the guest house and the man whom I meant to kill.

XXXVII.

IN WHICH MY LORD AND I PART COMPANY.

The door of the guest house stood wide, and within the lower room were neither men that drank nor men that gave to drink. Host and drawers and chance guests alike had left pipe and tankard for sword and musket, and were gone to fort or palisade or river bank.

I crossed the empty room and went up the creaking stairway. No one met me or withstood me; only a pigeon, perched

upon the sill of a sunny window, whirred off into the blue. I glanced out of the window as I passed it, and saw the silver river and the George and the Esperance, with the gunners at the guns watching for Indian canoes, and saw smoke rising from the forest on the southern shore. There had been three houses there, — John West's and Minifie's and Crashaw's. I wondered if mine were burning too at Weyanoke, and cared not if 't was so.

The door of the upper room was shut. When I raised the latch and pushed against it, it gave at the top and middle, but there was some pressure from within at the bottom. I pushed again, more strongly, and the door slowly opened, moving away whatever thing had lain before it. Another moment, and I was in the room, and had closed and barred the door behind me.

The weight that had opposed me was the body of the Italian, lying face downwards, upon the floor. I stooped and turned it over, and saw that the venomous spirit had flown. The face was purple and distorted; the lips were drawn back from the teeth in a dreadful smile. There was in the room a faint, peculiar, not unpleasant odor. It did not seem strange to me to find that serpent, which had coiled in my path, dead and harmless for evermore. Death had been busy of late; if he struck down the flower, why should he spare the thing that I pushed out of my way with my foot?

Ten feet from the door stood a great screen, hiding from view all that might be beyond. It was very quiet in the room, with the sunshine coming through the window, and a breeze that smelt of the sea. I had not cared to walk lightly or to close the door softly, and yet no voice had challenged my entrance. For a minute I feared to find the dead physician the room's only occupant; then I passed the screen and came upon my enemy.

He was sitting beside a table, with his arms outstretched and his head bowed upon them. My footfall did not rouse him; he sat there in the sunshine as still as the figure that lay before the threshold. I thought with a dull fury that maybe he was dead already, and I walked hastily and heavily across the floor to the table. He was a living man, for with the fingers of one hand he was slowly striking against a sheet of paper that lay beneath them. He knew not that I stood above him; he was listening to other footsteps.

The paper was a letter, unfolded, and written over with great black characters. The few lines above those moving fingers stared me in the face. They ran thus: "*I told you that you had as well cut your throat as go upon that mad Virginia voyage. Now all 's gone,—wealth, honors, favor. Buckingham is the sun in heaven, and cold are the shadows in which we walk who hailed another luminary. There 's a warrant out for the Black Death; look to it that one meets not you too, when you come at last. But come, in the name of all the fiends, and play your last card. There 's your cursed beauty still. Come, and let the King behold your face once more*" — The rest was hidden.

I put out my hand and touched him upon the shoulder, and he raised his head and stared at me as at one come from the grave.

Over one side of his face, from temple to chin, was drawn and fastened a black cloth; the unharmed cheek was bloodless and shrunken, the lip twisted. Only the eyes, dark, sinister, and splendid, were as they had been. "I dig not my graves deep enough," he said. "Is she behind you there in the shadow?"

Flung across a chair was a cloak of scarlet cloth. I took it and spread it out upon the floor, then unsheathed a dagger which I had taken from the rack of weapons in the Governor's hall. "Loosen thy poniard, thou murderer," I cried, "and come stand with me upon the cloak!"

"Art quick or dead?" he answered. "I will not fight the dead." He had not moved in his seat, and there was a lethargy and a dullness in his voice and eyes. "There is time enough," he said. "I too shall soon be of thy world, thou haggard, bloody shape. Wait until I come, and I will fight thee, shadow to shadow."

"I am not dead," I said, "but there is one that is. Stand up, villain and murderer, or I will kill you sitting there, with her blood upon your hands!"

He rose at that, and drew his dagger from the sheath. I laid aside my doublet, and he followed my example; but his hands moved listlessly, and his fingers bungled at the fastenings. I waited for him in some wonder, it not being like him to come tardily to such pastime.

He came at last, slowly and with an uncertain step, and we stood together on the scarlet cloak. I raised my left arm and he raised his, and we locked hands. There was no strength in his clasp; his hand lay within mine cold and languid. "Art ready?" I demanded.

"Yea," he answered in a strange voice, "but I would that she did not stand there with her head upon your breast. . . . I too loved thee, Jocelyn, — Jocelyn lying dead in the forest!"

I struck at him with the dagger in my right hand, and wounded him, but not deeply, in the side. He gave blow for blow, but his poniard scarce drew blood, so nerveless was his arm. I struck again, and he stabbed weakly at the air, then let his arm drop to his side, as though the light and jeweled blade had weighed it down.

Loosening the clasp of our left hands, I fell back until the narrow scarlet field was between us. "Hast no more strength than that?" I cried. "I cannot murder you!"

He stood looking past me as into a great distance. He was bleeding, but I had as yet been able to strike no mortal blow. "It is as you choose," he said. "I am as one bound before you. I am sick unto death."

Turning, he went back, swaying as he walked, to his chair, and sinking into it sat there a minute with half-closed eyes; then he raised his head and looked at me, with a shadow of the old arrogance, pride, and disdain upon his scarred face. "Not yet, captain?" he demanded. "To the heart, man! So I would strike an you sat here and I stood there."

"I know you would," I said, and going to the window I flung the dagger down into the empty street; then stood and watched the smoke across the river, and thought it strange that the sun shone and the birds sang.

When I turned to the room again, he still sat there in the great chair, a tragic, splendid figure, with his ruined face and the sullen woe of his eyes. "I had sworn to kill you," I said. "It is not just that you should live."

He gazed at me with something like a smile upon his bloodless lips. "Fret not thyself, Ralph Percy," he said. "Within a week I shall be gone. Did you see my servant, my Italian doctor, lying dead upon the floor, there beyond the screen? He had poisons, had Nicolo, whom men called the Black Death, — poisons swift and strong, or subtle and slow. Day and night, the earth and sunshine, have become hateful to me. I will go to the fires of hell, and see if they can make me forget, — can make me forget the face of a woman." He was speaking half to me, half to himself. "Her eyes are dark and large," he said, "and there are shadows beneath them, and the mark of tears. She stands there day and night with her eyes upon me. Her lips are parted, but she never speaks. There was a way that she had with her hands, holding them one within the other, thus" —

I stopped him with a cry for silence, and I leaned trembling against the table. "Thou wretch!" I cried. "Thou art her murderer!"

He raised his head and looked beyond me with that strange, faint smile. "I know," he replied, with the dignity which was his at times. "You may play the headsman, if you choose. I dispute not your right. But it is scarce worth while. I have taken poison."

The sunshine came into the room, and the wind from the river, and the trumpet notes of swans flying to the north. "The George is ready for sailing," he said at last. "To-morrow or the next day she will be going home with the tidings of this massacre. I shall go with her, and within a week they will bury me at sea. There is a stealthy, slow, and secret poison. . . . I would not die in a land where I have lost every throw of the dice, and I would not die in England for Buckingham to come and look upon my face, and so I took that poison. For the man upon the floor, there, — prison and death awaited him at home. He chose to flee at once."

He ceased to speak, and sat with his head bowed upon his breast. "If you are content that it should be as it is," he said at length, "perhaps you will leave me? I am not good company to-day."

His hand was busy again with the letter upon the table, and his gaze was fixed beyond me. "I have lost," he muttered. "How I came to play my cards so badly I do not know. The stake was heavy; I have not wherewithal to play again."

His head sank upon his outstretched arm. As for me, I stood a minute with set lips and clenched hands; then I turned and went out of the room, down the stair and out into the street. In the dust beneath the window lay my dagger. I picked it up, sheathed it, and went my way.

The street was very quiet. All windows and doors were closed and barred; not a soul was there to trouble me with look or speech. The yelling from the forest had ceased; only the keen wind blew, and brought from the Esperance upon the river a sound of singing. The sea was the home of the men upon her decks, and their hearts dwelt not in this port; they could sing while the smoke went up from our homes and the dead lay across the thresholds.

I walked on through the sunshine and the stillness to the minister's house. The trees in the garden were bare, the flowers dead. The door was not barred. I entered the house, and went into the great room and flung the heavy shutters wide, then stood and looked about me. Naught was changed; it was as we had left it that wild November night. Even the mirror which, one other night, had shown me Diccon still hung upon the wall. Master Bucke had been seldom at home, perhaps, or was feeble and careless of altering matters. All was as though we had been but an hour gone, save that no fire burned upon the hearth.

I went to the table, and the books on it were Jeremy Sparrow's: the minister's house, then, had been his home once more. Beside the books lay a packet, tied with silk, sealed, and addressed to me. Perhaps the Governor had given it, the day before, into Master Bucke's care, — I do not know; at any rate, there it lay. I looked at the "By the Esperance" upon the cover, and wondered dully who at home would care to write to me; then broke the seal and untied the silk. Within the cover there was a letter with the superscription, "To a Gentleman who has served me well."

I read the letter through to the signature, which was that of his Grace of Buckingham, and then I laughed, who had never thought to laugh again, and threw the paper down. It mattered naught to me now that George Villiers should be grateful or that James Stuart could deny a favorite nothing. "*The King graciously sanctions the marriage of his sometime ward, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, with Captain Ralph Percy; invites them home*" —

She was gone home, and I her husband, I who loved her, was left behind. How many years of pilgrimage . . . how long, how long, O Lord?

The minister's great armchair was drawn before the cold and blackened hearth. How often she had sat there within its dark clasp, the firelight on her dress, her hands, her face! She had been fair to look upon. The pride, the daring, the willfulness, were but the thorns about the rose; behind those defenses was the flower, pure and lovely, with a heart of gold. I flung myself down beside the chair, and putting my arms across it hid my face upon them, and could weep at last.

That passion spent itself, and I lay with my face against the wood and well-nigh slept. The battle was done; the field was lost; the storm and stress of life had sunk into this dull calm, as still as peace, as hopeless as the charred log and white ash upon the hearth, cold, never to be quickened again.

Time passed, and at last I raised my head, roused suddenly to the consciousness that for a while there had been no stillness. The air was full of sound, shouts, savage cries, the beating of a drum, the noise of musketry. I sprang to my feet and went to the door, to meet Rolfe crossing the threshold.

He put his arm within mine and drew me out into the sunshine upon the doorstep. "I thought I should find you here," he said; "but it is only a room with its memories, Ralph. Out here is more breadth, more height. There is country yet, Ralph, and after a while friends. The Indians are beginning to attack in force. Humphry Boyse is killed, and Morris Chaloner. There is smoke over the plantations up and down the river, as far as we can see, and awhile ago the body of a child drifted down to us."

"I am unarmed," I said. "I will but run to the fort for sword and musket"—

"No need," he answered. "There are the dead whom you may rob." The noise increasing as he spoke, we made no further tarrying, but, leaving behind us house and garden, hurried to the palisade.

XXXVIII.

IN WHICH I GO UPON A QUEST.

Through a loophole in the gate of the palisade I looked, and saw the sandy neck joining the town to the main, and the deep and dark woods beyond, the fairy mantle giving invisibility to a host. Between us and that refuge dead men lay here and there, stiff and stark, with the black paint upon them, and the colored feathers of their headdresses red or blue against the sand. One warrior, shot through the back, crawled like a wounded beetle to the forest. We let him go, for we cared not to waste ammunition upon him.

I drew back from my loophole, and held out my hand to the women for a freshly loaded musket. A quick murmur like the drawing of a breath came from our line. The Governor, standing near me, cast an anxious glance along the stretch of wooden stakes that were neither so high nor so thick as they should have been. "I am new to this warfare, Captain Percy," he said. "Do they think to use those logs that they carry as battering-rams?"

"As scaling-ladders, your Honor," I replied. "It is on the cards that we may have some swordplay, after all."

"We 'll take your advice, the next time we build a palisade, Ralph Percy," muttered West on my other side. Mounting the breastwork that we had thrown up to shelter the women who were to load the muskets, he coolly looked over the pales at the oncoming savages. "Wait until they pass the blasted pine, men!" he cried. "Then give them a hail of lead that will beat them back to the Pamunkey!"

An arrow whistled by his ear; a second struck him on the shoulder, but pierced not his coat of mail. He came down from his dangerous post with a laugh.

"If the leader could be picked off" — I said. "It's a long shot, but there's no harm in trying."

As I spoke I raised my gun to my shoulder; but he leaned across Rolfe, who stood between us, and plucked me by the sleeve. "You've not looked at him closely. Look again."

I did as he told me, and lowered my musket. It was not for me to send that Indian leader to his account. Rolfe's lips tightened and a sudden pallor overspread his face. "Nantauquas?" he muttered in my ear, and I nodded yes.

The volley that we fired full into the ranks of our foe was deadly, and we looked to see them turn and flee, as they had fled before. But this time they were led by one who had been trained in English steadfastness. Broken for the moment, they rallied and came on yelling, bearing logs, thick branches of trees, oars tied together, — anything by whose help they could hope to surmount the palisade. We fired again, but they had planted their ladders. Before we could snatch the loaded muskets from the women a dozen painted figures appeared above the sharpened stakes. A moment, and they and a score behind them had leaped down upon us.

It was no time now to skulk behind a palisade. At all hazards, that tide from the forest must be stemmed. Those that were amongst us we might kill, but more were swarming after them, and from the neck came the exultant yelling of madly hurrying reinforcements.

We flung open the gates. I drove my sword through the heart of an Indian who would have opposed me, and, calling for men to follow me, sprang forward. Perhaps thirty came at my call; together we made for the opening. The savages who were among us interposed. We set upon them with sword and musket butt, and though they fought like very devils we drove them through the gateway. Behind us were the wild clamor, the shrieking of women, stern shouts of the English, the whooping of the savages; before us was a rush that must be met and turned.

It was done. A moment's fierce fighting, then the Indians wavered, broke, and fled. Like sheep we drove them before us, across the neck, to the edge of the forest, into which they plunged. Into that ambush we cared not to follow, but fell back to the palisade and the town, believing, and with reason, that the lesson had been taught. The strip of sand was strewn with the dead and the dying, but they belonged not to us. Our dead numbered but three, and we bore their bodies with us.

Within the palisade we found the English in sufficiently good case. Of the score or more Indians cut off by us from their mates and penned within that death trap, half at least were already dead, run through with sword and pike, shot down with the muskets that there was now time to load. The remainder, hemmed about, pressed against the wall, were fast meeting with a like fate. They stood no chance against us; we cared not to make prisoners of them; it was a slaughter, but they had taken the initiative. They fought with the courage of despair, striving to spring in upon us, striking when they could with hatchet and knife, and through it all talking and laughing, making God knows what savage boasts, what taunts against the English, what references to the hunting grounds to which they were going. They were brave men that we slew that day.

At last there was left but the leader, — unharmed, unwounded, though time and again he had striven to close with some one of us, to strike and to die striking with his fellows. Behind him was the wall: of the half circle which he faced, well-nigh all were old soldiers

and servants of the colony, gentlemen none of whom had come in later than Dale, — Rolfe, West, Wynne, and others. We were swordsmen all. When in his desperation he would have thrown himself upon us, we contented ourselves with keeping him at sword's length, and at last West sent the knife in the dark hand whirling over the palisade. Some one had shouted to the musketeers to spare him.

When he saw that he stood alone, he stepped back against the wall, drew himself up to his full height, and folded his arms. Perhaps he thought that we would shoot him down then and there; perhaps he saw himself a captive amongst us, a show for the idle and for the strangers that the ships brought in.

The din had ceased, and we the living, the victors, stood and looked at the vanquished dead at our feet and at the dead beyond the gates, and at the neck upon which was no living foe, and at the blue sky bending over all. Our hearts told us, and told us truly, that the lesson had been taught, that no more forever need we at Jamestown fear an Indian attack. And then we looked at him whose life we had spared.

He opposed our gaze with his folded arms, and his head held high, and his back against the wall. Many of us could remember him, a proud, shy lad, coming for the first time from the forest with his sister to see the English village and its wonders. For idleness we had set him in our midst that summer day, long ago, on the green by the fort, and had called him "your royal highness," laughing at the quickness of our wit, and admiring the spirit and bearing of the lad and the promise he gave of a splendid manhood. And all knew the tale I had brought the night before.

Slowly, as one man, and with no spoken word, we fell back, the half circle straightening into a line and leaving a clear pathway to the open gate. The wind had ceased to blow, I remember, and a sunny stillness lay upon the sand, and the rough-hewn wooden stakes, and a little patch of tender grass across which stretched a dead man's arm. The church bells began to ring.

The Indian out of whose path to life and freedom we had stood glanced from the line of lowered steel to the open gates and the forest beyond, and understood. For a full minute he waited, moving not a muscle, still and stately as some noble masterpiece in bronze. Then he stepped from the shadow of the wall, and moved past us through the sunshine that turned the eagle feather in his scalp lock to gold. His eyes were fixed upon the forest; there was no change in the superb calm of his face. He went by the huddled dead and the long line of the living that spoke no word, and out of the gates and across the neck, walking slowly that we might yet shoot him down if we saw fit to repent ourselves, and proudly like a king's son. There was no sound save the church bells ringing for our deliverance. He reached the shadow of the trees: a moment, and the forest had back her own.

We sheathed our swords, and listened to the Governor's few earnest words of thankfulness and of recognition of this or that man's service; and then we set to work to clear the ground of the dead, to place sentinels, to bring the town into order, to determine what policy we should pursue, to search for ways by which we might reach and aid those who might be yet alive in the plantations above and below us.

We could not go through the forest, where every tree might hide a foe, but there was the river. For the most part, the houses of the English had been built, like mine at Weyanoke, very near to the water. I volunteered to lead a party up river, and Wynne to go with another toward the bay. But as the council at the Governor's was breaking up, and as Wynne and I were hurrying

off to make our choice of the craft at the landing, there came a great noise from the watchers upon the bank, and a cry that boats were coming down the stream.

It was so, and there were in them white men, nearly all of whom had their wounds to show, and cowering women and children. One boat had come from the plantation at Paspahegh, and two from Martin-Brandon; they held all that were left of the people. A woman had in her lap the body of a child, and would not let us take it from her; another, with a half-severed arm, crouched above a man who lay in his blood in the bottom of the boat.

Thus began that strange procession that lasted throughout the afternoon and night and into the next day, when a sloop came down from Henricus with the news that the English were in force there to stand their ground, although their loss had been heavy. Hour after hour they came, as fast as sail and oar could bring them, the panic-stricken folk, whose homes were burned, whose kindred were slain, who had themselves escaped as by a miracle. Many were sorely wounded, so that they died when we lifted them from the boats; others had slighter hurts. Each boatload had the same tale to tell of treachery, surprise, and fiendish butchery. Wherever it had been possible the English had made a desperate defense, in the face of which the savages gave way, and finally retired to the forest. Contrary to their wont, the Indians took few prisoners, but for the most part slew outright those whom they seized, wreaking their spite upon the senseless corpses. A man too good for this world, George Thorpe, who would think no evil, was killed, and his body mutilated, by those whom he had taught and loved. And Nathaniel Powel was dead, and four others of the Council, besides many more of name and note. There were many women slain, and little children.

From the stronger hundreds came tidings of the number lost, and that the survivors would hold the homes that were left, for the time at least. The Indians had withdrawn; it remained to be seen if they were satisfied with the havoc they had wrought. Would his Honor send by boat — there could be no traveling through the woods — news of how others had fared, and also powder and shot?

Before the dawning we had heard from all save the remoter settlements. The blow had been struck, and the hurt was deep. But it was not beyond remedy, thank God! It is known what measures we took for our protection, and how soon the wound to the colony was healed, and what vengeance we meted out to those who had set upon us in the dark and had failed to reach the heart. These things belong to history, and I am but telling my own story, — mine and another's.

In the chill and darkness of the hour before dawn something like quiet fell upon the distracted, breathless town. There was a pause in the coming of the boats. The wounded and the dying had been cared for, and the noise of the women and the children was stilled at last. All was well at the palisade; the strong party encamped upon the neck reported the forest beyond them as still as death.

In the Governor's house was held a short council, subdued and quiet, for we were all of one mind, and our words were few. It was decided that the George should sail at once with the tidings, and with an appeal for arms and powder and a supply of men. The Esperance would still be with us, besides the Hope-in-God and the Tiger; the Margaret and John would shortly come in, being already overdue.

"My Lord Carnal goes upon the George, gentlemen," said Master Pory. "He sent but now to demand if she sailed to-morrow. He is ill, and would be at home."

One or two glanced at me, but I sat with a face like stone, and the Governor, rising, broke up the council.

I left the house, and the street that was lit with torches and noisy with going to and fro, and went down to the river. Rolfe had been detained by the Governor, West commanded the party at the neck. There were great fires burning along the river bank, and men watching for the incoming boats; but I knew of a place where no guard was set, and where one or two canoes were moored. No firelight was there, and no one saw me when I entered a canoe, cut the rope, and pushed off from the land.

Well-nigh a day and a night had passed since Lady Wyatt had told me that which made for my heart a nighttime indeed. I believed my wife to be dead, — yea, I trusted that she was dead. I hoped that it had been quickly over, — one blow. Better that, oh, better that a thousand times, than that she should have been carried off to some village, saved to-day to die a thousand deaths to-morrow.

But I thought that there might have been left, lying on the dead leaves of the forest, that fair shell from which the soul had flown. I knew not where to go, — to the north, to the east, to the west, — but go I must. I had no hope of finding that which I went to seek, and no thought but to take up that quest. I was a soldier, and I had stood to my post; but now the need was past, and I could go. In the hall at the Governor's house I had written a line of farewell to Rolfe, and had given the paper into the hand of a trusty fellow, charging him not to deliver it for two hours to come.

I rowed two miles downstream through the quiet darkness, — so quiet after the hubbub of the town. When I turned my boat to the shore the day was close at hand. The stars were gone, and a pale, cold light, more desolate than the dark, streamed from the east, across which ran, like a faded blood stain, a smear of faint red. Upon the forest the mist lay heavy. When I drove the boat in amongst the sedge and reeds below the bank, I could see only the trunks of the nearest trees, hear only the sullen cry of some river bird that I had disturbed.

Why I was at some pains to fasten the boat to a sycamore that dipped a pallid arm into the stream I do not know. I never thought to come back to the sycamore; I never thought to bend to an oar again, to behold again the river that the trees and the mist hid from me before I had gone twenty yards into the forest.

XXXIX.

IN WHICH WE LISTEN TO A SONG.

It was like a May morning, so mild was the air, so gay the sunshine, when the mist had risen. Wild flowers were blooming, and here and there unfolding leaves made a delicate fretwork against a deep blue sky. The wind did not blow; everywhere were stillness soft and sweet, dewy freshness, careless peace.

Hour after hour I walked slowly through the woodland, pausing now and then to look from side to side. It was idle going, wandering in a desert with no guiding star. The place where I would be might lie to the east, to the west. In the wide enshrouding forest I might have passed it by. I believed not that I had done so. Surely, surely I should have known; surely the voice that lived only in my heart would have called to me to stay.

Beside a newly felled tree, in a glade starred with small white flowers, I came upon the bodies of a man and a boy, so hacked, so hewn, so robbed of all comeliness, that at the sight the heart stood still and the brain grew sick. Farther on was a clearing, and in the midst of it

the charred and blackened walls of what had been a home. I crossed the freshly turned earth, and looked in at the cabin door with the stillness and the sunshine. A woman lay dead upon the floor, her outstretched hand clenched upon the foot of a cradle. I entered the room, and, looking within the cradle, found that the babe had not been spared. Taking up the little waxen body, I laid it within the mother's arms, and went my way over the sunny doorstep and the earth that had been made ready for planting. A white butterfly — the first of the year — fluttered before me; then rose through a mist of green and passed from my sight.

The sun climbed higher into the deep blue sky. Save where grew pines or cedars there were no shadowy places in the forest. The slight green of uncurling leaves, the airy scarlet of the maples, the bare branches of the tardier trees, opposed no barrier to the sunlight. It streamed into the world below the tree-tops, and lay warm upon the dead leaves and the green moss and the fragile wild flowers. There was a noise of birds, and a fox barked. All was lightness, gayety, and warmth; the sap was running, the heyday of the spring at hand. Ah, to be riding with her, to be going home through the fairy forest, the sunshine, and the singing! The happy miles to Weyanoke, the smell of the sassafras in its woods, the house all lit and trimmed, the fire kindled, the wine upon the table; Diccon's welcoming face, and his hand upon Black Lamoral's bridle; the minister too, maybe, with his great heart and his kindly eyes; her hand in mine, her head upon my breast —

The vision faded. Never, never, never for me a home-coming such as that, so deep, so dear, so sweet. The men who were my friends, the woman whom I loved, had gone into a far country. This world was not their home. They had crossed the threshold while I lagged behind. The door was shut, and without were the night and I.

With the fading of the vision came a sudden consciousness of a presence in the forest other than my own. I turned sharply, and saw an Indian walking with me, step for step, but with a space between us of earth and brown tree trunks and drooping branches. For a moment I thought that he was shadow, not substance; then I stood still, waiting for him to speak or to draw nearer. At the first glimpse of the bronze figure I had touched my sword, but when I saw who it was I let my hand fall. He too paused, but he did not offer to speak. With his hand upon a great bow he waited, motionless in the sunlight. A minute or more thus; then I walked on, with my eyes upon him.

At once he addressed himself to motion, not speaking or making any sign or lessening the distance between us, but moving as I moved through the light and shade, the warmth and stillness, of the forest. For a time I kept my eyes upon him, but soon I was back with my dreams again. It seemed not worth while to wonder why he walked with me, who was now the mortal foe of the people to whom he had returned.

From the river bank, the sycamore, and the boat that I had fastened there, I had gone northward toward the Pamunkey; from the clearing and the ruined cabin with the dead within it, I had turned to the eastward. Now, in that hopeless wandering, I would have faced the north again. But the Indian who had made himself my traveling companion stopped short, and pointed to the east. I looked at him, and thought that he knew, maybe, of some war party between us and the Pamunkey, and would save me from it. A listlessness had come upon me, and I obeyed the pointing finger.

So, estranged and silent, with two spears' length of earth between us, we went on until we came to a quiet stream flowing between low, dark banks. Again I would have turned to the northward,

but the son of Powhatan, gliding before me, set his face down the stream, toward the river I had left. A minute in which I tried to think and could not, because in my ears was the singing of the birds at Weyanoke; then I followed him.

How long I walked in a dream, hand in hand with the sweetness of the past, I do not know; but when the present and its anguish weighed again upon my heart, it was darker, colder, stiller, in the forest. The soundless stream was bright no longer; the golden sunshine that had lain upon the earth was all gathered up; the earth was dark and smooth and bare, with not a flower; the tree trunks were many and straight and tall. Above were no longer brown branch and blue sky, but a deep and sombre green, thick-woven, keeping out the sunlight like a pall. I stood still and gazed around me, and knew the place.

To me, whose heart was haunted, the dismal wood, the charmed silence, the withdrawal of the light, were less than nothing. All day I had looked for one sight of horror; yea, had longed to come at last upon it, to fall beside it, to embrace it with my arms. There, there, though it should be some fair and sunny spot, there would be my haunted wood. As for this place of gloom and stillness, it fell in with my mood. More welcome than the mocking sunshine were this cold and solemn light, this deathlike silence, these ranged pines. It was a place in which to think of life as a slight thing and scarcely worth the while; given without the asking; spent in turmoil, strife, suffering, and longings all in vain. Easily laid down, too, — so easily laid down that the wonder was —

I looked at the ghostly wood, and at the dull stream, and at my hand upon the hilt of the sword that I had drawn halfway from the scabbard. The life within that hand I had not asked for. Why should I stand like a soldier left to guard a thing not worth the guarding; seeing his comrades march homeward, hearing a cry to him from his distant hearthstone?

I drew my sword well-nigh from its sheath; and then of a sudden I saw the matter in a truer light, knew that I was indeed the soldier, and willed to be neither coward nor deserter. The blade dropped back into the scabbard with a clang, and, straightening myself, I walked on beside the sluggish stream deep into the haunted wood.

Presently it occurred to me to glance aside at the Indian who had kept pace with me through the forest. He was not there; he walked with me no longer; save for myself there seemed no breathing creature in the dim wood. I looked to right and left, and saw only the tall, straight pines and the needle-strewn ground. How long he had been gone I could not tell. He might have left me when first we came to the pines, for my dreams had held me, and I had not looked his way.

There was that in the twilight place, or in the strangeness, the horror, and the yearning that had kept company with me that day, or in the dull weariness of a mind and body overwrought of late, which made thought impossible. I went on down the stream toward the river, because it chanced that my face was set in that direction.

How dark was the shadow of the pines, how lifeless the earth beneath, how faint and far away the blue that showed here and there through rifts in the heavy roof of foliage! The stream bending to one side I turned with it, and there before me stood the minister!

I do not know what strangled cry burst from me. The earth was rocking, all the wood a glare of light. As for him, at the sight of me and the sound of my voice he had staggered back against a tree; but now, recovering himself, he ran to me and put his great arms about me. "From the power of the dog, from the lion's mouth!" he cried brokenly. "And they slew thee not, Ralph, the hea-

then who took thee away! Yesternight I learned that thou livedst, but I looked not for thee here."

I scarce heard or marked what he was saying, and found no time in which to wonder at his knowledge that I had not perished. I only saw that he was alone, and that in the evening wood there was no sign of other living creature.

"Yea, they slew me not, Jeremy," I said. "I would that they had done so. And you are alone? I am glad that you died not, my friend; yes, faith, I am very glad that one escaped. Tell me about it, and I will sit here upon the bank and listen. Was it done in this wood? A gloomy deathbed, friend, for one so young and fair. She should have died to soft music, in the sunshine, with flowers about her."

With an exclamation he put me from him, but kept his hand upon my arm and his steady eyes upon my face.

"She loved laughter and sunshine and sweet songs," I continued. "She can never know them in this wood. They are outside; they are outside the world, I think. It is sad, is it not? Faith, I think it is the saddest thing I have ever known."

He clapped his other hand upon my shoulder. "Wake, man!" he commanded. "If thou shouldst go mad now — Wake! Thy brain is turning. Hold to thyself. Stand fast, as thou art soldier and Christian. Ralph, she is not dead. She will wear flowers, — thy flowers, — sing, laugh, move through the sunshine of earth for many and many a year, please God! Art listening, Ralph? Canst hear what I am saying?"

"I hear," I said at last, "but I do not well understand."

He pushed me back against a pine, and held me there with his hands upon my shoulders. "Listen," he said, speaking rapidly and keeping his eyes upon mine. "All those days that you were gone, when all the world declared you dead, she believed you living. She saw party after party come back without you, and she believed that you were left behind in the forest. Also, she knew that the George waited but for the search to be quite given over, and for my Lord Carnal's recovery. She had been told that the King's command might not be defied, that the Governor had no choice but to send her from Virginia. Ralph, I watched her, and I knew that she meant not to go upon that ship. Three nights agone she stole from the Governor's house, and, passing through the gates that the sleeping warder had left unfastened, went toward the forest. I saw her and followed her, and at the edge of the forest I spoke to her. I stayed her not, I brought her not back, Ralph, because I was convinced that an I did so she would die. I knew of no great danger, and I trusted in the Lord to show me what to do, step by step, and how to guide her gently back when she was weary of wandering, — when, worn out, she was willing to give up the quest for the dead. Art following me, Ralph?"

"Yes," I answered quietly. "I was nigh mad, Jeremy, for my faith was not like hers. I have looked on Death too much of late, and yesterday all men believed that he had come to dwell in the forest, and had swept clean his house before him. But you escaped, you both escaped" —

"God's hand was over us," he said reverently. "This is the way of it: She had been ill, you know, and of late she had taken no thought of food or sleep. She was so weak, we had to go so slowly, and so winding was our path, who knew not the country, that the evening found us not far upon our way, if way we had. We came to a cabin in a clearing, and they whose home it was gave us shelter for the night. In the morning, when the father and son would go forth to their work, we walked with them. We bade them good-by when they came to the trees they meant to

fell, and went on alone. We had not gone an hundred paces, when, looking back, we saw three Indians start from the dimness of the forest and set upon and slay the man and the boy. That murder done they gave chase to me, who caught up thy wife and ran for both our lives. When I saw that they were light of foot and would overtake me, I set my burden down, and, drawing a sword that I had with me, went back to meet them halfway. Ralph, I slew all three, — may the Lord have mercy on my soul! I knew not what to think of that attack, the peace with the Indians being so profound, and I began to fear for thy wife's safety. She knew not the woods, and I managed to turn our steps back toward Jamestown without her knowledge that I did so. It was about midday when we saw the gleam of the river through the trees before us, and heard the sound of firing and of a great yelling. I made her crouch within a thicket, while I myself went forward to reconnoitre, and well-nigh stumbled into the midst of an army. Yelling, painted, maddened, brandishing their weapons toward the town, human hair dabbled with blood at the belts of many, — in the name of God, Ralph, what is the meaning of it all?"

"It means," I said, "that yesterday they rose against us and slew us by the hundred. The town was warned and is safe. Go on."

"I crept back to madam," he continued, "and hurried her away from that dangerous neighborhood. We found a growth of bushes, and hid ourselves within it, and just in time; for from the north came a great band of picked warriors, tall and black and wondrously feathered, fresh to the fray, whatever the fray might be. They joined themselves to the imps upon the river bank, and presently we heard another great din, with more firing and more yelling. Well, to make a long story short, we crouched there in the bushes until late afternoon, not knowing what was the matter, and not daring to venture forth to find out. The woman of the cabin at which we had slept had given us a packet of bread and meat, so we were not without food, but the time was long. And then of a sudden the wood around us was filled with the heathen, band after band, coming from the river, stealing like serpents this way and that into the depths of the forest. They saw us not in the thick bushes; maybe it was because of the prayers which I said with might and main. At last the distance swallowed them; the forest seemed clear, no sound, no motion. Long we waited, but with the sunset we stole from the bushes and down an aisle of the forest toward the river, rounded a little wood of cedar, and came full upon perhaps fifty of the savages" — He paused to draw a great breath and to raise his brows after a fashion that he had.

"Go on, go on!" I cried. "What did you do? You have said that she is alive and safe!"

"She is," he answered, "but no thanks to me, though I did set lustily upon that painted fry. Who led them, d'ye think, Ralph? Who saved us from those bloody hands?"

A light broke in upon me. "I know," I said. "And he brought you here" —

"Ay, he sent away the devils whose color he is, worse luck! He told us that there were Indians, not of his tribe, between us and the town. If we went on, we should fall into their hands. But there was a place that was shunned by the Indian as by the white man: we could bide there until the morrow, when we might find the woods clear. He guided us to this dismal wood that was not altogether strange to us. Ay, he told her that you were alive. He said no more than that. All at once, when we were well within the wood and the twilight was about us, he was gone."

He ceased to speak, and stood regard-

ing me with a smile upon his rugged face. I took his hand and raised it to my lips. "I owe you more than I can ever pay," I said. "Where is she, my friend?"

"Not far away," he answered. "We sought the centre of the wood, and because she was so chilled and weary and shaken I did dare to build a fire there. Not a foe has come against us, and we waited but for the dusk of this evening to try to make the town. I came down to the stream just now to find, if I could, how near we were to the river" —

He broke off, made a gesture with his hand toward one of the long aisles of pine trees, then, with a muttered "God bless you both," left me, and, going a little way down the stream, stood with his back to a great tree and his eyes upon the slow, deep water.

She was coming. I watched the slight figure grow out of the dusk between the trees, and the darkness in which I had walked of late fell away. The wood that had been so gloomy was a place of sunlight and song; had red roses sprung up around me, I had felt no wonder. She came softly and slowly, with bent head and hanging arms, not knowing that I was near. I went not to meet her, — it was my fancy to have her come to me still, — but when she raised her eyes and saw me I fell upon my knees.

For a moment she stood still, with her hands at her bosom; then softly and slowly through the dusky wood she came to me and touched me upon the shoulder. "Art come to take me home?" she asked. "I have wept and prayed and waited long, but now the spring is here and the woods are growing green."

I took her hands and bowed my head upon them. "I believed thee dead," I said. "I thought that thou hadst gone home indeed, and I was left in the world alone. I can never tell thee how I love thee."

"I need no telling," she answered. "I am glad that I did so forget my womanhood as to come to Virginia on such an errand; glad that they did laugh at and insult me in the meadow at Jamestown, for else thou mightst have given me no thought; very heartily glad that thou didst buy me with thy handful of tobacco. With all my heart I love thee, my knight, my lover, my lord and husband" — Her voice broke, and I felt the trembling of her frame. "I love not thy tears upon my hands," she murmured. "I have wandered far, and am weary. Wilt rise, and put thy arm around me and lead me home?"

I stood up, and she came to my arms like a tired bird to its nest. I bent my head, and kissed her upon the brow, the blue-veined eyelids, the perfect lips. "I love thee," I said. "The song is old, but it is sweet. See, I wear thy colors, my lady."

The hand that had touched the ribbon upon my arm stole upwards to my lips. "An old song, but a sweet one," she said. "I love thee. I shall always love thee. My head may lie upon thy breast, but my heart lies at thy feet."

There was joy in the haunted wood, deep peace, quiet thankfulness, a springtime of the heart, — not riotous, like the May, but fair and grave and tender, like the young world in the sunshine without the pines. Our lips met again, and then, with my arm around her, we moved to the giant pine beneath which stood the minister. He turned at our approach, and looked at us with a quiet, kindly smile, though the water stood in his eyes. "'Heaviness may endure for a night,'" he said, "'but joy cometh in the morning.' I thank God for you both."

"Last summer, in the green meadow, we knelt before you while you blessed us, Jeremy," I answered. "Bless us now again, true friend and man of God."

He laid his hands upon our bowed heads and blessed us, and then we three moved through the dismal wood and beside the sluggish stream down to the

great bright river. Ere we reached it the pines had fallen away, the haunted wood was behind us, our steps were set through a fairy world of greening bough and springing bloom. The blue sky laughed above, the late sunshine barred our path with gold. When we came to the river, it lay in silver at our feet, making low music amongst its reeds.

I had bethought me of the boat which I had fastened that morning to the sycamore between us and the town, and now we moved along the river bank until we should come to the tree. Though we walked through an enemy's country, we saw no foe. Stillness and peace encompassed us: it was like a beautiful dream from which one fears no wakening.

As we went, I told them — speaking low, for we knew not if we were yet in safety — of the slaughter that had been made and of Diccon. My wife shuddered and wept, and the minister drew long breaths, while his hands opened and closed. And then, when she asked me, I told of how I had been trapped to the ruined hut that night, and of all that had followed. When I had done, she turned within my arm and clung to me, with her face hidden. I kissed her and comforted her; and presently we came to the sycamore tree reaching out over the clear water, and to the boat that I had fastened there.

The sunset was nigh at hand and all the west was pink. The wind had died away, and the river lay like tinted glass between the dark borders of the forest. Above the sky was blue, while in the south rose clouds that were like pillars, tall and golden. The air was soft as silk; there was no sound other than the ripple of the water about our keel and the low dash of the oars. The minister rowed, while I sat idle beside my love. He would have it so, and I made slight demur.

We left the bank behind us and glided into the midstream, for it was as well to be out of arrowshot. The shadow of the forest was gone; still and bright around us lay the mighty river. When at last the boat's head turned to the west, we saw far up the stream the roofs of Jamestown, dark against the rosy sky.

"There is a ship going home," said the minister.

We to whom he spoke looked with him down the river, and saw a tall ship with her prow to the ocean. All her sails were set; the last rays of the sinking sun struck against her poop windows and made of them a half-moon of fire. She went slowly, for the wind was light, but she went surely, away from the new land back to the old, down the stately river to the bay and the wide ocean, and to the burial at sea of one upon her. With her pearly sails and the line of flame color beneath, she looked a dwindling cloud; a little while, and she would be claimed of the distance and the dusk.

"It is the George," I said.

The lady who sat beside me caught her breath.

"Ay, sweetheart," I went on. "She carries one for whom she waited. He has gone from out our life forever."

She uttered a low cry and turned to me, trembling, her lips parted, her eyes eloquent.

"We will not speak of him," I said. "As if he were dead let his name rest between us. I have another thing to tell thee, dear heart, dear court lady masking as a waiting damsel, dear ward of the King whom his Majesty hath thundered against for so many weary months. Would it grieve thee to go home, after all?"

"Home?" she asked. "To Weyanoke? That would not grieve me."

"Not to Weyanoke, but to England," I said. "The George is gone, but three days since the Esperance came in. When she sails again I think that we must go."

She gazed at me with a whitening face. "And you?" she whispered. "How will you go? In chains?"

I took her clasped hands, parted them, and drew her arms around my neck. "Ay," I answered, "I will go in chains that I care not to have broken. My dear love, I think that the summer lies fair before us. Listen while I tell thee of news that the Esperance brought."

While I told of new orders from the Company to the Governor and of my letter from Buckingham, the minister rested upon his oars that he might hear the better. When I had ceased to speak he bent to them again, and his tireless strength sent us swiftly over the glassy water toward the town that was no longer distant. "I am more glad than I can tell you, Ralph and Jocelyn," he said, and the smile with which he spoke made his face beautiful.

The light streaming to us from the ruddy west laid roses in the cheeks of the sometime ward of the King, and the low wind lifted the dark hair from her forehead. Her head was on my breast, her hand in mine; we cared not to speak, we were so happy. On her finger was her wedding ring, the ring that was only a link torn from the gold chain Prince Maurice had given me. When she saw my eyes upon it, she raised her hand and kissed the rude circlet.

The hue of the sunset lingered in cloud and water, and in the pale heavens above the rose and purple shone the evening star. The cloudlike ship at which we had gazed was gone into the distance and the twilight; we saw her no more. Broad between its blackening shores stretched the James, mirroring the bloom in the west, the silver star, the lights upon the Esperance that lay between us and the town. Aboard her the mariners were singing, and their song of the sea floated over the water to us, sweetly and like a love song. We passed the ship unhailed, and glided on to the haven where we would be. The singing behind us died away, but the song in our hearts kept on. All things die not: while the soul lives, love lives; the song may be now gay, now plaintive, but it is deathless.

Mary Johnston.

(*The end.*)

THE TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE.

College life is the supreme privilege of youth. Rich men's sons from private schools may take it carelessly, as something to enjoy unearned, like their own daily bread; yet the true title to it is the title earned in college day by day. The privilege of entering college admits to the privilege of deserving college; college life belongs to the great things, at once joyous and solemn, that are not to be entered into lightly.

Now the things that are not to be entered into lightly (such as marriage and the ministry) are often the things that men enter prepared viciously or not prepared at all; and college life is no exception. "There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head," says Mr. Kipling of Harvey Cheyne's father, who had left the boy to the care of a useless wife, "that some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and ally; and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together, — the old head backing the young fire."

Such fatal gaps in calculation, common with preoccupied fathers, are not uncommon with teachers, — the very men whose life work is fitting boys for life.

To prepare a boy for examinations that admit to college requires skill, but is easy; to prepare a boy for college is a problem that no teacher and no school has ever solved. In the widest sense, the transition from school to college is almost coincident with the transition from youth to manhood, — often a time when the physical being is excitable and ill controlled, when the mind suffers from the lassitude of rapid bodily growth, and when the youth's whole conception of his relation to other people is distorted by conceit. Sensitive to his own importance, just beginning to know his power for good or evil, he is shot into new and exciting surroundings, — out of a discipline that drove and held him with whip and rein into a discipline that trusts him to see the road and to travel in it. If we add to this the new and alluring arguments for vice as an expression of fully developed manhood, we have some notion of the struggle in which a boy — away from home, it may be, for the first time — is expected to conquer. The best school is the school that best prepares him for this struggle; not the school that guards him most sternly or most tenderly, nor the school that guards him not at all, but the school that steadily increases his responsibility, and as steadily strengthens him to meet it. The best college is the college that makes him a man.

The first feeling of a Freshman is confusion; the next is often a strange elation at the discovery that now at last his elders have given him his head. "I never shall forget," says a noted preacher, "how I felt when I found myself a Freshman, — a feeling that all restraint was gone, and that I might go to the Devil just as fast as I pleased." This is the transition from school to college.

In a man's life there must be, as everybody knows, a perilous time of going out into the world: to many it comes at the beginning of a college course; to many — possibly to most who go to college at all — it has already come at school. The larger and less protected boarding school or academy is constantly threatened with every vice known to a college; the cloistered private school affords, from its lack of opportunity for some vices, peculiar temptation to others; the day school, if in or near a large city, contains boys for whose bad habits, not yet revealed, their parents by and by will hold the college responsible. I remember a group of boys going daily from cultivated homes to an excellent school, each of whom, in college, came to one grief or another, and each of whom, I am convinced, had made straight at home and at school the way to that grief. The transition from school to college was merely the continuation in a larger world of what they had begun in a smaller.

A continuation is what the transition ought to be: the problem is how to make it a continuation of the right sort. "What is the matter with your college?" says a teacher who cares beyond all else for the moral and religious welfare of his pupils. "I keep my boys for years: I send them to you in September, and by Christmas half of them have degenerated. They have lost punctuality; they have lost application; they have no responsibility; and some of them are gone to the bad." "What is the matter with your school," the college retorts, "that in half a dozen years it cannot teach a boy to stand up three months? College is the world; fitting for college is fitting for life: what is the matter with your school?" He who loses his ideals loses the very bloom of life. To see a young man's ideals rapidly slipping away, while his face grows coarser and coarser, is one of the saddest sights in college or out of it. What is his training good for, if it has not taught him the folly, the misery, and the

wrong of dabbling in evil? If he must believe that no man is wise till he has come to know the resorts of gamblers and harlots, and has indulged himself for experience' sake in a little gentlemanly vice, can he not put off the acquaintance four years more, by the end of which time he may have learned some wiser way of getting wisdom? Besides, in the course of those four years (and the chance is better than even) he may meet some girl for whose sake he will be glad that his record has been clean. Cannot a school which closely watches its boys while their characters are moulding teach them to keep their heads level and their hearts true, save them from the wrongs that never can be righted, send them to college and through college, faulty it must be, but at least unstained?

The main object of school and college is the same, — to establish character, and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to make moral character more efficient through mental discipline. In the transition from school to college, continuity of the best influence, mental and moral, is the thing most needful. Oddly enough, the only continuity worthy of the name is often (in its outward aspects) neither mental nor moral, but athletic. An athlete is watched at school as an athlete, enters college as an athlete; and if he is a good athlete, and if he takes decent care of his body, he continues his college course as an athlete, — with new experiences, it is true, but always with the thread of continuity fairly visible, and with the relation of training to success clearly in view. Palpably bad as the management of college athletics has been and is, misleading as the predominance of athletics in an institution of learning may be, the fact remains that in athletics lies a saving power, and that for many a boy no better bridge of the gap between school and college has yet been found than the bridge afforded by athletics. The Freshman athlete, left to himself, is likely to fall behind in his studies; but unless he is singularly unreasonable or vicious, he is where an older student of clear head and strong will can keep him straight, — can at least save him from those deplorable falls that, to a greater or less degree, bruise and taint a whole life. "The trouble will begin," said a wise man, talking to sub-Freshmen, "in the first fortnight. Some evening you will be with a lot of friends in somebody's room, when something is proposed that you know is n't just right. Stop it if you can; if not, go home and go to bed, and in the morning you will be glad you did n't stay." The first danger in the transition from boyhood to manhood is the danger in what is called "knowing life." It is so easy to let mere vulgar curiosity pose as the search for truth. A Senior, who had been in a fight at a public dance, said in defense of himself: "I think I have led a pretty clean life in these four years; but I believe that going among all sorts of people and knowing them is the best thing college life can give us." The old poet knew better: —

> "Let no man say there, 'Virtue's flinty wall
> Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none but know all.'
> Men are sponges, which, to pour out, receive;
> Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive:
> For in best understandings sin began;
> Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man."

Here comes in to advantage the ambition of the athlete. Football begins with or before the college year. Training for football means early hours, clean life, constant occupation for body and mind. Breach of training means ostracism. That this game tides many a Freshman over a great danger, by keeping him healthily occupied, I have come firmly to believe. It supplies what President Eliot calls "a new and effective motive for resisting all sins which weaken

or corrupt the body;" it appeals to ambition and to self-restraint; it gives to crude youth a task in which crude youth can attain finish and skill, can feel the power that comes of surmounting tremendous obstacles and of recognition for surmounting them; moreover, like war, it affords an outlet for the reckless courage of young manhood, — the same reckless courage that in idle days drives young men headlong into vice.

Has not hard study, also, a saving power? Yes, for some boys; but for a boy full of animal spirits, and not spurred to intellectual effort by poverty, the pressure is often too gentle, the reward too remote. Such a youth may be, in the first place, too well pleased with himself to understand his relation to his fellow men and the respectability of labor. He may fail to see that college life does not of itself make a man distinguished; in a vague way, he feels that the university is gratefully ornamented by his presence. No human creature can be more complacent than a Freshman, unless it is a Sophomore: yet the Freshman may be simply a being who, with no particular merit of his own, has received a great opportunity; and the Sophomore may be simply a being who has abused that opportunity for a year.

Now the Freshman meets, in a large modern college, a new theory of intellectual discipline. As Professor Peabody has beautifully expressed it, he passes "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity." Too often he regards study as an inferior opportunity; and having an option between study and loafing, he takes loafing. "In the Medical School," said a first-year medical student, "they give you a lot to do; and nobody cares in the least whether you do it." In other words, the Medical School may rely on the combined stimulus of intellectual ambition and bread and butter: its Faculty need not prod or cosset; it is a place of Devil take the hindmost. Yet the change in the attitude of teacher to pupil is not more sharply marked between college and medical school than between preparatory school and college. "There are only two ways of getting work out of a *boy*," said a young college graduate. "One is through emulation; the other is to stand behind and kick him.[1] Mr. X [a well-known schoolmaster] says, 'Jones, will you please do this or that;' Mr. Y stands behind Jones and kicks him into college." I do not accept the young graduate's alternative; but I have to admit that many boys are kicked, or whipped, or cosseted, or otherwise personally conducted into college, and, once there, are as hopelessly lost as a baby turned loose in London. "It took me about two years in college to get my bearings," said an earnest man, now a superintendent of schools. "I did n't loaf; I simply did n't know how to get at things. In those days there was nobody to go to for advice; and I had never *read* anything, — had never been inside of a public library. I did n't know where or how to take hold."

This is the story of a man who longed to take hold; and we must remember that many of our college boys do not at first care whether they take hold or not. It is only in football, not in study, that they have learned to tackle, and to tackle low. "A bolstered boy," says a wise mother, "is an unfortunate man." Many of these boys have been bolstered; many are mothers' boys; many have crammed day and night through the hot season to get into college, and, once in, draw a long breath and lie down. The main object of life is attained; and for any secondary object they are too tired to work. The old time-table of morning school gives place to a confusing arrangement which spreads recitations and lectures unevenly over the different days. They walk to a large lecture room, where

[1] Both ways are known in football, besides what is called "cursing up."

a man who is not going to question them that day talks for an hour, more or less audibly. He is a long way off;[1] and though he is talking to somebody, he seems not to be talking to them. It is hard to listen; and if they take notes (a highly educational process) the notes will be poor: besides, if they need notes, they can buy them later. Why not let the lecture go, and sleep, or carve the furniture, or think about something else (girls, for instance)? These boys are in a poor frame of mind for new methods of instruction; yet new methods of instruction they must have. They must learn to depend upon themselves, to become men; and they must learn that hardest lesson of all, — that a man's freedom consists in binding himself: still again, they must learn these things at an age when the average boy has an ill-seasoned body, a half-trained mind, jarred nerves, his first large sum of money, all manner of diverting temptations, and a profound sense of his own importance. How can they be taken down, and not taken down too much, — thrown, and not thrown too hard? How can they be taught the responsibility of freedom? They face, it may be, an elective system which, at first sight, seems to make elective not this or that study, merely, but the habit of studying at all. Already they have been weakened by the failure of the modern parent and the modern educator to see steadily the power that is born of overcoming difficulties. What the mind indolently shrinks from is readily mistaken, by fond mothers, mercenary tutors, and some better people, as not suited to the genius of the boy in question. "It is too much for Jamie to learn those stupid rules of syntax, when he has a passion for natural history;" or, "George never could learn geometry, — and after all, we none of us use geometry in later life. He expects to be a lawyer, like his father; and I can't think of any good geometry can do him."

The change "from the sense of study as an obligation to the sense of study as an opportunity" is a noble change for persons mature enough to turn opportunity into obligation; it is not a noble change for those who choose such studies only as they think they can pass with bought notes. Knowledge that does not overcome difficulties, knowledge that merely absorbs what it can without disagreeable effort, is not power; it is not even manly receptivity. Milton, to be sure, patient toiler and conqueror though he was, cried in his pain, "God loves not to plough out the heart of our endeavors with overhard and sad tasks:" but an overhard and sad task may be a plain duty; and even Milton, when he said this, was trying to get rid of what some people would call a plain duty, — his wife. When we consider the mass and the variety of the Freshmen's temptations, and what some one has called the "strain on their higher motives," we wonder more and more at the strength of the temptation to knowledge, whereby so many stand steady, and work their way out into clear-headed and trustworthy manhood.

One way to deal with these strange, excited, inexperienced, and intensely human things called Freshmen is to let them flounder till they drown or swim; and this way has been advocated by men who have no boys of their own. It is delightfully simple, if we can only shut eye and ear and heart and conscience; and it has a kind of plausibility in the examples of men who through rough usage have achieved strong character. "The objection," as the master of a great school said the other day, "is the waste; and," he added, "it is such an awful thing to waste human life!" This method is a cruel method, ignoring all the sensibilities of that delicate, high-strung instrument which we call the soul. If none but the fittest survived, the cruelty might be defended; but some, who un-

[1] A student whose name begins with Y told me once that he had never had a good seat in his life.

happily cannot drown, become cramped swimmers for all their days. Busy and worn as a college teacher usually is, thirsty for the advancement of learning as he is assumed always to be, he cannot let hundreds of young men pass before him, unheeded and unbefriended. At Harvard College, the Faculty, through its system of advisers for Freshmen, has made a beginning; and though there are hardly enough advisers to go round, the system has proved its usefulness. At Harvard College, also, a large committee of Seniors and Juniors has assumed some responsibility for all the Freshmen. Each undertakes to see at the beginning of the year the Freshmen assigned to him, and to give every one of them, besides kindly greeting and good advice, the feeling that an experienced undergraduate may be counted on as a friend in need.

Whether colleges should guard their students more closely than they do — whether, for example, they should with gates and bars protect their dormitories against the inroads of bad women — is an open question. For the deliberately vicious such safeguards would amount to nothing; but for the weak they might lessen the danger of sudden temptation. Of what schools should do I can say little; for with schools I have little experience: but this I know, that some system of gradually increased responsibility is best in theory, and has proved good in practice. The scheme of making the older and more influential boys "Prefects" has worked well in at least one large preparatory school, and shows its excellence in the attitude of the Prefects when they come to college. This scheme makes a confident appeal to the maturity of some boys and the reasonableness of all, trusting all to see that the best hopes of teacher and scholar are one and the same.

The system of gradually increased responsibility at school must be met halfway by the system of friendly supervision at college, — supervision in which the older undergraduates are quite as important as the Faculty. The Sophomore who enjoys hazing (like the Dean who employs spies) is an enemy to civilization. The true state of mind, whether for professor or for student, was expressed by a college teacher long ago. "I hold it," he said, "a part of my business to do what I can for any wight that comes to this place." When all students of all colleges, and all boys of all schools, believe, and have the right to believe, that their teachers are their friends; when the educated public recognizes the truth that school and college should help each other in lifting our youth to the high ground of character, — the school never forgetting that boys are to be men, and the college never forgetting that men have been boys, — we shall come to the ideal of education. Toward this ideal we are moving, slowly but steadily. When we reach it, or even come so near it as to see it always, we shall cease to dread the transition from school to college.

L. B. R. Briggs.

REEFS.

LIKE unto reefs, bared by an ebbing sea,
Love's fears, erstwhile aflood with ecstasy,
Lift their dark brows above my heart's content,
As, step by step, he goes away from me.

Frances Bartlett.

THE PLACE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE preëminence of French literature over its modern rivals has been complacently taken for granted by most Frenchmen. There is something not unnatural — indeed, there is something worthy of respect — in this view, even though their manner of putting it may irritate or amuse. French national vanity has been gratified by many eminent writers, from Voltaire to M. Brunetière, at no small sacrifice of true perspective. Yet they have made brilliant and interesting comparisons between their own national literary product and that of Italy, Spain, Germany, and England, and one would hesitate to blame them for drawing chiefly self-flattering conclusions, if only they were less narrow in their methods, and did not follow one another so closely in their reading of foreign works. For what value has an estimate of Italian literature which is based almost entirely upon a knowledge of Tasso and Ariosto, with Dante omitted? What ground of comparison is furnished by an acquaintance with English literature through Shakespeare, Pope, Addison, and Byron only? And what are the chances of progress in the views of French critics, if they pursue merely the traditional round of English or Italian reading?

A foreigner's conception of the place of French literature may be equally ill balanced; but if so, it will be from some other cause than inability to appreciate anything that is not French. There are several excellent reasons why it may be useful to make a survey of the general relations of French literature. It may be that we entertain a high opinion of its merits, and wish to review the grounds of our liking; or we may want to consider, in the presence of so many claims for various studies, whether it is worth while, as much as ever, to read French. To diminish the danger which such an attempt invites, we must guard against merely conventional estimates, and leave out of account those authors whom, in some mysterious way, we have come to hold in honor without having really felt their power, or perhaps even read them. We are concerned with only so much of our own and of foreign literature as is vital to us now for purposes of general culture. Of Italian literature, a well-educated Frenchman might say Boccaccio, Tasso, and Ariosto were vital to him; but if he added Dante he would not be truly representative of his countrymen. We Americans and English, for our part, should perhaps say the Divine Comedy, parts of the Decameron, a very few of Petrarch's sonnets, and something of Manzoni and Leopardi; if we added Tasso and Ariosto it would be singular. Of French literature a much larger quantity is accessible to us and full of life, yet we must beware not to speak of even such great men as Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, and Saint-Simon as if their works were really our daily bread. And we must be careful not to take for granted that to Frenchmen all of English literature can mean what it does to us. Indeed, if we are frank, we shall admit that a large part of our literature has ceased to yield much sustenance even to us, whether through its remoteness or our own fault.

French literature possesses a signal advantage in the fact that a very large proportion of it is really vital to Frenchmen, and that most of what they enjoy we foreigners may also relish. It is easier in the case of French than in the case of English to say what is literature. The national genius has led to the maintenance of a rigid censorship by the highest courts of public opinion, — the Academy, the centralized system

of education, and especially the most cultivated circles of Parisian readers. A few eminent critics and a succession of women distinguished for wit and taste have been the acknowledged jurists in these matters. The conventions thus established decide between excellent and inferior work, between the permanent and the ephemeral. The debates are long and minute; but when once the boundaries are sharply fixed, no educated person in France is exempt from reading the approved authors. A time limit is also set, not so much by convention as by convenience; it is generally agreed that one is not obliged to be acquainted with much that was written before the seventeenth century, on the ground that the language of the sixteenth century was not yet really modern French.

One result of these exclusions has been to render possible and necessary for Frenchmen a comprehensiveness of reading which is relatively infrequent with us, and in this way to supply, as it were, a national subject of thought, a national topic of conversation, a national fund of common interests. You can seldom be sure that more than a small minority of an English or American audience will appreciate a literary allusion; for though every one in the room may be well read, there is no telling just what he has read. In France you may quote from the canonized list of approved authors with full assurance of being understood by all educated persons.

Another result is that some tincture of literary taste and accomplishment has penetrated lower in the social mass than with us. Most French people, above the merely illiterate, do actually know something of their literature for the last three hundred years. They go to hear the plays of Racine, Corneille, Molière, Regnard, and Beaumarchais, as well as of Dumas fils and Augier. They are really acquainted at first-hand, however slightly, with Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Bossuet, La Bruyère, Madame de Sévigné, La Fontaine, Boileau, and Saint-Simon, with Montesquieu, Lesage, Voltaire, and Rousseau, as well as with the poets of 1830 and the recent novelists.

For the last three hundred years French literature has maintained a sort of corporate existence. We find in it less diversity of type than in ours; and it has been possible for one great critic to prove it to be the homogeneous product of a singularly unified people, and for another to trace the evolution of its forms. There may indeed be in the dogmatism of Taine and M. Brunetière a ruthless severity which has blinded them to whatever did not accord with their theories; but it is easy to see how the solidarity of French literature must tempt a speculative mind. For French literature is like a family dwelling in one great mansion. We advance to knock at the front door, and a troop of lively children flock about us on the steps. They are the gay farces and sparkling comedies and the sprightly stories which have enlivened the world from Molière's time to the days of the elder Dumas, Scribe, and Labiche. At the portal, if we are wise, we shall place ourselves under the guidance of Sainte-Beuve; for no one else is so well acquainted with the family history, ancient and modern, public and private, with genealogies and titles, with deeds of prowess, and with whispered scandals. He knows to a nicety the intricate relationships of every branch, and all degrees of cousinship. In his genial society we wander on, through quiet firelit rooms where easy-slippered old gentlemen are composing memoirs, — Joinville in his honorable eld, Sully unused but active in retirement, Saint-Simon indignant, resentful, his head smoking with fervor; through the cold cells of austere Pascal and gentle François de Sales; through apartments bright with a hundred tapers, where the ladies of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or Madame de La Fayette, or Madame Sophie Gay, or our

guide's friend, Madame Récamier, receive great wits and poets. He conducts us finally to the throne room, or hall of honor, where, on gilded chairs and with laurel-crowned brows, the family dignitaries sit in high confabulation: the king of comedy, sad-smiling Molière; the kings of tragedy, Corneille and Racine; the prince of preachers, Bossuet, with warning hand; Montaigne, asking hard questions; Rabelais, himself a riddle; La Fontaine, who chafes at so much pomp; Voltaire, whose vanity helps him endure it; Hugo, lord of many realms; noble Musset, bulky Balzac. In every countenance some lineament proclaims the family blood. Fathers here are proud to own renowned sons, and sons to claim high lineage from great sires. The marks of race are not to be mistaken. Of adopted children there are a few, and in them the family traits are wanting. Rousseau, for one, is plainly not of this blood, though he does honor to the house.

When we make the acquaintance of one member, we soon learn to know many. Introductions fly from lip to lip, and before long we are at home and hospitably entertained. There is much banter and anecdote and gossip. It is a world in itself, for many inmates have never stirred abroad, and these four walls hold everything they love. Others have traveled, but with reluctance, and have always been glad to return. There is a family hierarchy and an etiquette and order of precedence very definitely settled. Several members of the household, besides Sainte-Beuve, are enthusiastic antiquarians, and their researches are continually adding vitality to the family bond.

If no other literature presents to the world so solid a front, the reason probably is that French men and women of letters, with singularly few exceptions, have really lived in personal contact. Paris, at one time or another in their careers, has contained them all. Nor have social barriers been able, as a rule, to separate those whom common talents have joined together. And the traditions of each generation have passed, through groups of intimate acquaintances, to the next. In marked contrast to these circumstances, the hearthstone of English letters has been now London, now the northern Athens, now beside Grasmere, now Boston, and at times the flame has burned warm, but of various hues, on all at once. There is pathos indeed in Wordsworth's lament at the grave of Burns: —

> "Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
> By Skiddaw seen, —
> Neighbors we were, and loving friends
> We might have been."

As the Brontës are of Yorkshire, so Jane Austen is of Hampshire. What an abyss of education and social feeling yawns between Charles Dickens and Walter Pater! What uncongenial couples would be Keats and Carlyle, Swinburne and Newman! How vain to attempt a search for typical English features in Shelley, Browning, or Landor, whose chief racial trait seems to be the strong determination to have none. There is scarcely a French writer that cannot be classified. But who shall put a label on Izaak Walton, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, or George Herbert, on Samuel Johnson, Gilbert White, Arthur Young, or William Blake, on Thomas Hood or Coleridge, on William Godwin or Harriet Martineau, on William Morris or the Rossettis, on George Borrow or Sir Richard Burton, on Emerson, on Thoreau, on Ruskin?

This diversity of type is but a reflection of the complex political, social, and religious life of the English-speaking world. We are Englishmen, Americans, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadians, Australians; we are democrats, socialists, frontiersmen, feudal lords; we are divided into a hundred stubborn sects. Local pride is often stronger in us than national patriotism.

As both cause and effect of the unity

of French literature must be noted the peculiar zeal of the French people in literary controversy. They never weary of reading and writing about those matters which, as one of their critics declares, "are always in order." That Sainte-Beuve, for instance, has discoursed charmingly on some seventeenth-century worthy is deemed no reason why M. Doumic should not approach the same subject from another side, even though, in the interval, Schérer has revealed its moral aspect, or Taine has made it illustrate his evolutionary theory. It is very properly assumed by the French that each generation, each literary school indeed, may refashion the past, because no single era can lay claim to complete knowledge or a perfect standard of judgment. And to systematize its knowledge is a necessity of the Gallic mind.

So then the French may be right in saying, as they often do, that their great authors truly represent the national life, and that in their literature has been drawn a faithful portrait of the ideal Frenchman and the ideal Frenchwoman. We are just as well pleased that no such statement can be for a moment maintained in regard to English literature. And indeed, to maintain it at all rigidly in regard to French literature leads to strange and amusing inconsistencies. Yet not a few eminent critics, among them Taine and the estimable Nisard, have made this contention the very backbone of their teaching, — with what curious results, sometimes, the latter's History of French Literature may serve as an illustration. Still, it is undeniable that French literature is singularly homogeneous, and that France may well be proud of the very definite and in the main favorable representation which it gives of her character and life.

There must be something exhilarating to a Frenchman in the omnipresence of French books. In all civilized countries outside of France they enjoy a popularity second only to that of books in the native languages, if indeed they do not take the first place itself. I remember seeking Dutch books in the shops of Delft, and finding chiefly French. I recall that in a summer resort among the Apennines I could neither buy nor borrow an Italian novel, because everybody was reading Daudet and Zola, Bourget, Loti, and Maupassant. It is said that in the eastern states of Europe French works are even more prominent than in Holland and Italy; that in Athens, Constantinople, and the cities of Russia they far exceed all others in sale and circulation. In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, in Spain and Portugal, in Egypt, in Mexico and South America, the French novel, the French comedy, the French book of travel or speculation, occupy at least the second rank. It is only where American, English, or German influence prevails that French writing is not thus almost or altogether paramount.

Connected with this great popularity, both as cause and effect, is the prevalence of the French language. No other modern tongue is so much studied by aliens. German is perhaps studied by a larger number of Americans, owing to the presence of a German population in our country, and to the influence of the German universities upon the last two generations of our choicest young scholars. But in Great Britain and throughout the rest of the world French is the favorite foreign language.

And there is another respect in which the ascendency of French letters is almost as great as this mere popular vogue. Our Anglo-Saxon civilization, by its antiquity, continuity, and vitality, is well adapted to resist foreign influence; yet it is remarkable for how much of recent progress in literary workmanship we are indebted to France. Every new phenomenon in French literature, every fresh departure in method, occasions the development of theories in criticism. Our critics cannot afford to neglect these doc-

trines, and do in fact adopt them, with advantage. The French masters of the short story have given invaluable lessons to the world, in brevity, simplicity, and concentration. One has but to investigate the sources of half the new plays that appear in an English dress, to discover that they are adaptations from the French. English style is constantly being modified by French example, and often with good results in the direction of order and clearness.

In spite of these titles to our favor, perhaps it will seem that as much as has been claimed for French literature might be claimed for Italian or German. The Divine Comedy alone easily outweighs the entire mass of French poetry. Yet Italian literature is, as a whole, less effective than French literature. Its current has not been so continuously well supplied. In prose it is comparatively very poor. For much of Italian prose is singularly unlike what one would expect the thought of Dante's countrymen to be; it is languid and obscure, not quick and vigorous. Much of it is deficient in intellectual substance. Nevertheless, the one man Dante and his incomparable poem suffice to keep Italian literature forever in the front rank.

For all the charm of German poetry, — and its charm is deep, and clings in memory like music loved in childhood, — for all the tenderness and depth, the homely warmth and kind simplicity, which make German poetry so dear to us, I am not sure but that French prose is more likely to do us good. There is in our own poetry much that may enlarge our capacity for sentiment. And this, moreover, is not what we need so much as something to sharpen our purely intellectual faculties, — something not at all abundant in our own, but almost superabundant in French literature. To make precise distinctions, to observe rules, to cultivate artistic clearness, — these are habits which we may acquire by reading French prose.

Italian and German thought, especially as expressed in poetry, have again and again been the refuge and inspiration of our great English writers; but the influence of French literature has been more constant and broader. It has reached us all. Considering both quantity and quality, both good effects and bad, it is surely no exaggeration to say that French ideas and French fashions of writing have invaded the English mind and English letters more than have the thoughts and style of any other nation except the Hebrew.

The preëminence of French literature in the non-English world has been so unquestioned that much of English literature, although at least as excellent, has been obscured and relegated to a second place. It would not be impossible, perhaps, to maintain the proposition that ours, in depth and seriousness, in scope and variety, is the greater literature of the two, and indeed superior to any other since the Greek. Yet whereas, for most educated people on the Continent, Milton is only a name, and Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Burke, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Ruskin are but shadows, Montaigne, Molière, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo, Balzac, have wrought a mighty work in political and social life, and their thought is being woven, night and day, into the complex tissue of European civilization. There must be some peculiar quality in French literature which has made it thus universally pervasive. If it has been received by all other European peoples as their favorite foreign body of thought, the cause must be its adaptability to the minds of all men. It must be that it abounds in general and easily comprehended excellences. It must be closely connected with the unvarying realities of life. It must be remarkably normal to the average human intelligence. In short, if French literature is universally pervasive, it is because it is universally applicable.

The character of a thing depends upon its origin, its environment, and the special mode or instrument employed in its production. The origin of French literature is in the minds of Frenchmen, and when comparing general traits we may speak collectively of the French mind. The environment in which this literature has been created, and by which it has been modified, is the life of the French people. The special instrument employed is the French language. So, to apprehend the causes of the peculiar adaptability of French literature to the world's need, we may, not unreasonably, seek them in these three factors, French character, French history, and the French tongue. And considering first the character of the average Frenchman to-day and in the past, and the nature of French society, we observe the same centrality which we have remarked in the literature. The French think straight. Their minds work along the lines of normal universal logic, in company with one another, above ground, in the full sunlight; not by labored processes, through subterranean caverns, as German minds do; not erratically, like a river, now hiding in the sands, then sparkling forth again, as do Russian minds; not paddling along in personal seclusion, like tortoises, each with his own house on his back, as do the minds of Englishmen. French thought is simple and direct, and so are French manners. This is why the etiquette of French society has become the accepted form of intercourse in most other civilized countries. It is a mistake to think of the French as excessive or artificial in their expression of politeness. It is rather in German, Scandinavian, and Spanish social circles that unreasonable formalities persist. And two French traits — traits, moreover, which have a close connection with literary production — are the desire to please and the artistic instinct. The Frenchman is fond of producing satisfaction, — partly from genuine kindliness, and partly because it reflects credit upon himself. His artistic instinct comes to the aid of his love of pleasing, so that if he wishes to give flowers to a lady, he will not thrust them at her, in an awkward handful, but lay them gracefully at her feet, in a well-ordered bouquet. If he has occasion to sing a song, or ride a horse, or write a letter, he will be at pains to avoid a shabby performance. He would be humiliated if he misspelled a word or wrote it illegibly. Thus the French seek for their thought an interesting form, lucid, readily diffusible, and therefore practical. They are led naturally to a dramatic rather than a philosophical expression of their thought, because the dramatic form is more immediately telling. Their thought is expressed also in general rather than technical terms, and is therefore more widely understood. It aims at simplicity rather than completeness, and thus avoids anything like pedantry. French thought may often be vague and peculiar enough before it has reached artistic expression, but when moulded into form it stands out free from eccentricity. Whatever is fantastic is not French. The French have also a horror of obtrusive individuality, and one of their strongest terms of reprobation is to say of a man, "C'est un original." It is in a measure true of them, and truer of them, perhaps, than of any other people, that

> "The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

Of the second factor, the environment, determined chiefly by political change, by history, it is enough to say that in the three great phases of institutional development since the fall of the Roman Empire — feudalism, absolutism, democracy — France has been the initiatory and typical example. The feudal system was first and most fully developed in France, and introduced thence into England at the Conquest. It was Louis XI. who first broke the power of the barons, in which feudalism consisted, and

Louis XIV. who perfected his work and became the most absolute personal sovereign that western Europe has known. It was the French philosophers of the eighteenth century who undermined the royal power in France, and through Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and Benjamin Franklin effected the theoretical preparations for the American Revolution, which otherwise might indeed have been an armed protest against taxation, but would hardly have resulted in a refusal, on principle, of allegiance to King George. The slower process of reform by act of Parliament has, to be sure, given the England of to-day a freer government than republican France possesses or has ever possessed; but it must not be forgotten that the American Revolution and the French Revolution forced the tardy hand of English legislation, and that many solid British liberties, acquired in peace and quietness, are indirectly due to the "red fool-fury of the Seine."

Until recently, French affairs have ever been foremost in European politics, and to write of French kings or French generals or French diplomacy has been to address the world on subjects in which it was interested. Thus we may attribute to French history the same quality of centrality which we found to belong to French character, and once more infer that this may well be a cause of the universal applicability and acceptability of French literature.

In one great historical movement, however, France has not occupied as prominent a place as Germany and England, namely, in the religious and moral Reformation which became widespread in the sixteenth century, and is still operative in all Teutonic countries. Every attempt to establish generally the reformed principles in France has been crushed by the arm of despotism, or thwarted by the folly and shallowness of Protestant nobles, or nullified by the lukewarmness and moral feebleness of the middle classes. To the failure of France to grasp her opportunities in this respect, I believe we must attribute a decadence, moral and physical, which is becoming precipitate, and which bids fair to reduce her to a secondary rank among nations.

A third cause of the universality and popularity of French literature is the fitness of the French language. To it, also, as to French character and French history, we may apply the words "central" and "normal." Its grammar is simple, — though not so simple as that of Italian or Spanish. Its vocabulary, in which the Latin originals are often clearly discernible, is easy to acquire and retain. Its orthography, while not phonetic, is based on rigid principles, the same combination of letters being, with rare exceptions, always pronounced alike. The firmness of its mechanism makes French a satisfactory language to foreigners. There is usually some one accepted way of expressing a given idea, and the idioms are so striking that, once thoroughly learned, they are never forgotten. It is only the degenerate writers of our own time, the so-called naturalists, who have gathered slang and thieves' jargon from the gutters of Paris and attempted to force them into good company, and the half-crazed decadent poets who, in their ignoble scramble for notoriety, have invented meaningless phrases, — it is only through the deliberate efforts of these men that the French language has suffered any radical change in the last three hundred years. For the Romanticists of 1830, while, it is true, they enriched the vocabulary of poetry, did so mainly by reviving certain ancient and half-forgotten but thoroughly French expressions, and admitting these and many terms of the prose or colloquial language into the "consecrated" list of words allowable in verse. As a rule, they took no improper liberties with syntax, and did not cultivate either obscurity or slang. You can read Molière more easily than you can read Paul Verlaine; and the vocabulary of Zola is

vastly larger and more unfamiliar than that of Saint-Simon and Voltaire. In short, until the last forty years there was no very serious alteration in either the grammar or the vocabulary since the close of the sixteenth century; so that it has been eminently worth while to know French, because a command of the language enabled one to read indiscriminately in the literature of the last three hundred years. It is interesting to observe that Old French, also, or the language as written from the middle of the eleventh to the beginning of the sixteenth century, preserved a character of remarkable uniformity for nearly five hundred years. The case of English has been quite different. A foreigner who can read Byron, Addison, and Washington Irving may not know the language well enough to understand Dickens or Carlyle, Shelley or Swinburne. Nor is the ability to read the simple love songs of Heine a guarantee that one can even make sense out of Schiller's noble ballads or Goethe's intricate and learned prose. It is not likely, however, that the modern innovators will be able to corrupt permanently the French language, so clear, facile, and solidly constructed. It will probably continue to resist the encroachments of personal and local idiosyncrasy. It is still amply protected by the Academy, and by the traditions of the University and the National Theatre.

We read in the writings of Wace, a Norman-English poet, that the French bard Taillefer went into the battle of Hastings singing of Charlemagne and Roland. What he sang was probably from the Chanson de Roland, composed most likely, in some form or other, before the middle of the eleventh century. And the Chanson de Roland was but one of many epic poems that grew up in France at the same time. Thus French literature is much more ancient than Italian literature and English literature. For it is fair to admit that English literature does not begin before the age of Chaucer. The Anglo-Saxon language, although modern English is bone of its bone, differs from modern English so widely that for practical purposes it is another tongue. We cannot read Beowulf or the Saxon Chronicle or Alfred without long and serious preparation, any more than we could read Dutch or Norwegian; but this earliest French, the French of the Chanson de Roland, wears the physiognomy of modern French. A French schoolboy, with intelligence and patience, can make out its meaning. We do not have to give it another name, as we do Anglo-Saxon. It is French.

What is still more remarkable, from the earliest times of its history, eight hundred and fifty years ago, there has been no break in the seamless unity of French literature. Its characteristics have been the same from age to age. It has been a living organism, marked by the same excellences, the same defects, at all stages of its development. Take it at any point you will, and you must find it interesting, full of life, vividly concerning itself with contemporary history. M. Brunetière, in his fine essay entitled Le Caractère Essentiel de la Littérature Française, sums up the distinguishing quality of French literature in the word "social;" meaning that it has, in the main, and more than other literatures, been produced with direct consideration of the tastes and needs of an immediate circle of readers. The appropriateness of M. Brunetière's remark becomes apparent when we consider what a large part of French literature consists of letters, memoirs, literary criticism, comedies, and dramas of private life. I would go a step farther than M. Brunetière, and say that French literature is not only social, but appeals to the taste of a high and aristocratic society. It is marked by a noble distinction and courtly grace. It has the urbane quality which comes from city life. It has that lucidity, that definite-

ness and positiveness, which seem also to be the results of high-pressure existence in a metropolis. On the other hand, its deficiencies, as compared with English literature, seem to be a want of variety and freedom, a want of depth too, which three qualities, I think, — variety, freedom, and depth, — are the glory of English literature. The remarkable thing is that it has maintained its character from first to last, so that one studying the poems of Charles d'Orleans and Villon in the fifteenth century finds them, in spirit and weight, curiously like the poems of Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Musset in our own day. This majestic fullness and this sustained identity of character are mainly due to the fact that the French have been, generally speaking, a very homogeneous and united people, — one in religion, in patriotic ideals, and in social impulses.

Moreover, it is not merely in recent times that French literature has maintained either the supremacy as compared with other modern literatures, or at least a position in the first rank. It has been of such a sort that if you wish to know what the choice spirits of the world were thinking, at any given time, about the most important contemporary happenings, you will not be far astray if you read the French books of that period. The position of French literature has all along been much like the geographical situation of the country, in the centre of western Europe, or like the political standing of the nation, in the forefront of progress. To be imbued with the French spirit has almost always meant to be near the heart of the age. And furthermore, French literature has shared with Italian the distinction of being a large part of the channel through which Greek and Roman civilization and the traditions of ancient scholarship have flowed downward into the modern world.

All this immense success has not been achieved without conscious effort. It has not all been due to impersonal causes. Nowhere has literary competition been so severe as in France. Nowhere has good work been so openly and dazzlingly rewarded. And nowhere, also, has failure been so quickly remarked and unhesitatingly derided. So that, in order to receive the stamp of authoritative approval, literary work in France has had to come up to a high standard. Frenchmen have the artistic conscience more highly developed than Englishmen or Germans, and are less likely to commend a badly written book or a poor painting. It is the carefulness resulting from such sharp competition and such outspoken criticism that, more than anything else, has made French prose so clear, until now it is perhaps a more easily handled instrument of expression than English, and certainly more facile than German, and more precise than Italian.

There are certain fields in which the preëminence of French literature is acknowledged. It holds the palm for memoirs and letters, for criticism, and for comedy. It is doubtful whether any other periods of history are so abundantly and entertainingly represented in correspondence and diaries as the age of Louis XIV., the Regency, and the reign of Louis XV. Something comparable, indeed, has been done for the age of Queen Anne by English men of letters; but the feminine element here is not sufficiently prominent, and the scene, while not lacking in color, is too vaguely outlined. We have had one literary critic of the very first rank in Matthew Arnold, and many men of genius, like Coleridge and Lamb, who were great critics occasionally. But in general criticism has not been viewed seriously among us, as one of the grand, natural, necessary, and distinct divisions of literature. Even Lowell, with his splendid critical gift, was too often willing to lower the tone of an essay by admitting a pun or other irrelevancy. What we need as much as we need great critics of the

first rank, and what can be more easily supplied, is a sound tradition, in which minor reviewers may grow into usefulness; a standard or standards which shall promote consistency, or at least define real issues. As compared with the chaos in America and England, criticism has, in France, reached the development of a fine art. What exalted names are Geoffroy, Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, Planche, Schérer, and Taine, to mention only the dead! What an abundance, what a superabundance, what a pullulation, of schools and methods have we seen there even in our own day!

Yet we too have had some critics, as we have had some letter-writers and diarists. But what must be said of English comedy as compared with French comedy? It is practically non-existent, so far as present vitality is concerned, except for Shakespeare and Sheridan. Meanwhile, for every phase in the development of French society, during the last three centuries, there has been an accompanying comment in the form of comedy, which is capable of being made the most useful of all arts, from a moral and social point of view. The history of the French people for the last three hundred years may be traced in their comedies. And their comedies have helped to make history. Le Mariage de Figaro was worth more to the Revolutionary cause than ten barricades or ten thousand bayonets. At every point, in this long period, we find French comedy still vital. The ancients are as popular as the moderns: Tartuffe, Le Joueur, Le Barbier de Séville, see the footlights as often as Le Fils de Giboyer and La Dame aux Camélias. Moreover, these lively creations appeal not only to the French, but to us all.

Perhaps it is that the French take more seriously to light things than we do, and make serious successes out of what with us are only light attempts; whatever the cause, they excel us in comedy, criticism, and the epistolary art. But in spite of enormous effort and productiveness by the French in prose fiction, there can be little doubt that the English novel, and also the Russian novel, present nobler and more varied and especially truer types of men and women, and a vastly wider range of action. The almost exclusive preoccupation of French novelists has been and is the study of sexual relations, preferably immoral. The rest of life does not attract them. The spacious world of masculine strife for power seems to them small in comparison. The miniature world of home, vital and common to all, they have despised, in favor of a demimonde which one cannot help suspecting them of having rather created than observed. Woman they have abundantly, though discouragingly portrayed. But there is scarcely a man in French fiction, let alone a gentleman. Outdoor life, physical danger and prowess, the joy of muscular effort and victory over things, the glory of self-control, the intoxication of free movement amid nature's terrible and fascinating sport, — all these are infinitely better and more copiously rendered by Gogol and Tolstoi, by Fielding, Scott, and Stevenson, than by any Frenchman; for Dumas is unnatural, and Loti silly. Nor, apart from the description of sexual emotions, and apart from Balzac, has French literature a master of social synthesis to compare with Jane Austen, Thackeray, or Trollope, or with Turgenieff. And for novels of psychological analysis, with the same exceptions, there is no French diviner of the heart like Hawthorne and George Eliot; for Stendhal is dreary, and Bourget chooses to limit his fine powers to studying the outworn and wearisome question of illicit love. Balzac alone of French novelists is great in a world-wide sense, but the traveler through the city of his creation needs a cicerone to save time.

In the highest kind of dramatic writing, in tragedy, France is excelled by Germany, with her Goethe and Schiller, and by England, with her Shakespeare

and the other Elizabethans, whom we should know better did he not overshadow them. This is almost pitiful, for in no field have the French so plumed themselves and made such determined effort. Perhaps the cause of their comparative failure here lies in the peculiar qualities of the language, — its want of natural rhythm, and the absence of a natural division in its diction between homely words and merely rhetorical words. Perhaps it lies deeper, — in the racial aversion to individuality. Parts of Corneille and Hugo, and all of Molière's real tragedy, Le Misanthrope, and Alfred de Musset's little *proverbe*, On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour, are tragic in a universal, and not merely French sense; but even they cannot be named with Wallenstein or Macbeth.

In lyric poetry it is the same causes which account for the same or even a more marked inferiority. Life purely social may produce charming *vers de société*, exquisite *émaux et camées*, — may produce, even, as its fine flower, the fables of La Fontaine; but only a land of intellectual and moral Protestantism, a land of warm personal religious conviction, a land where the individual feels himself standing alone, with the abyss of hell below him and the eternal heaven within his reach above, can give us the Divine Comedy, Faust, or the Ode to Duty. The French poems which can be compared, not with the poems of Dante, Goethe, and Wordsworth, or with those of Milton, Shelley, and Keats, but with the love songs of Germany, the plaintive monologues of Leopardi, the hundreds of minor English lyrics whose sweet undertone has been unbroken for six hundred years, are few indeed: three or four superb things by Villon in the fifteenth century, six or eight by Ronsard and du Bellay in the sixteenth, nothing in the seventeenth, nothing in the eighteenth till we come to André de Chénier, who was half a Greek! In the nineteenth century, however, there has been a very extensive production of what the non-French world recognizes as poetry in a universal sense. To deny that France is great in poetry is to deny that she is great in the better half of literature. Yet in poetry English holds the primacy, with Italy a noble second, and Germany third.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the importance of French literature. Even though it were not so valuable, it would be attractive still, and men would read it for its immense resources of entertainment. And having once made ourselves acquainted with it, we shall realize its nobler qualities, shall acknowledge how sane and curative it is, what an antidote to morbidness of many sorts, what an enemy of melancholy and fanaticism, how it will preserve the mind from vain excesses and confusion and dull sloth.

George McLean Harper.

THE UNOFFICIAL GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

THERE is probably no subject to which, during the last few years, the attention of public-spirited Americans has been more carefully directed than that of municipal government. It is admitted that the government of great cities in the United States is in many respects unsatisfactory. This result is attributed partly to the defective machinery provided by law, and partly to defects in administration. The real cause of the evils which all deplore appears to be this: The American people, with their characteristic conservatism, have adhered to

forms of government which were suited well enough to the conditions existing seventy-five years ago. Then our population was more homogeneous, the distinction between rich and poor less marked, the relations of the different members of society were more intimate; and consequently, individual citizens were able to, and did in fact, coöperate more effectively to administer the government of cities, as they had done that of their towns. Moreover, many subjects, which have since come to be recognized as a proper or even necessary part of municipal administration, were then left entirely to individual direction and control; so that organizations which were suited well enough to the simpler requirements of the social conditions of that time might well have proved inadequate to the more difficult task which is now required of city governments, even if the other obstacles alluded to had not multiplied.

It is no part of my purpose to underrate the evils to which I have referred, but I desire to point out some of the ways in which they have been mitigated or obviated altogether.

One of the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race is its indisposition to consider theoretical objections, and its willingness to adopt methods which for the time being are convenient and adequate, even though they may be subject to many such objections. In no respect is this more manifest than in the means which have been adopted for dealing with these admitted evils of municipal administration. Individual citizens, without sharing in the official administration of the city government or holding offices mentioned in its charter, in many cases discharge duties which are now recognized as being incumbent upon any intelligent government of a great civilized city; and that, too, in cases relating both to criminal and to civil administration. Very little attention, apparently, has been paid to this amelioration of conditions which has been produced by the voluntary action of public-spirited citizens. Experience shows that when a person loses his sight his sense of touch becomes more delicate; if he lose a hand, the other hand becomes more dexterous, and supplies, as far as may be, the deficiency. In like manner, individuals have stepped in and performed voluntarily the duties that, theoretically and in the ideal city, would be performed by the officials of the local government.

It would seem that nothing could be more distinctively the function of public officials than the enforcement of the laws. This duty is devolved by the charter of all cities upon certain officers mentioned therein. Yet in practice, private corporations, chartered by the legislature, but receiving no pecuniary aid from the state, do in fact discharge a very considerable and important part of the functions which by charter are devolved upon officials. Among the oldest and most notable instances are the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which are to be found in all our important cities. The New York association was incorporated in 1866, "to enforce all laws which then were or might thereafter be enacted for the protection of animals, and to secure by lawful means the arrest and conviction of all persons found violating such laws." This parent society (which is indeed designated as the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals") has authority, under its charter, "to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the United States." But in practice, as stated in its last report, "the organization and influence of the American Society soon led to the establishment of local societies in all parts of the Union, and in other countries on the American continent and elsewhere. The number of local societies incorporated in the United States is now 209, and in other American nations eleven societies have been established and incorporated since 1866, making a

total of 220." To quote again from its last report: —

"The officers of the society are clothed with ample police powers. They wear a distinctive uniform, and patrol the streets by day and by night. They have full power to arrest and prosecute offenders against the laws relating to animals. In addition to the uniformed police, the society has nearly two hundred special agents in different parts of the state, clothed with the same authority, and engaged in enforcing the laws for the prevention of cruelty. In the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, the society has ambulances for the removal of injured, sick, and disabled animals; appliances for the rescue of drowning animals and animals which have fallen into excavations; and a patrol wagon which carries with it the necessary apparatus and medicines for rendering aid to injured animals in the streets."

Yet this society, which thus aids essentially in the performance of some of the recognized functions of municipal government, "receives no appropriations from the city or state, and is dependent upon voluntary donations and bequests."

A similar Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was incorporated in 1875. A Society for the Prevention of Vice has since been incorporated in New York, which is charged with the enforcement of other laws of the state which, theoretically, should be enforced by the district attorney and his subordinates, and by the police.

Indeed, to such an extent are these societies recognized as an unofficial but actual part of the city government that in the Criminal Court House one of them has an office, in which an officer, employed by it, is regularly stationed, who has come to be considered as really a part of the municipal organization.

On the civil side of municipal administration, a still more notable development of this unofficial government is to be noted. This is more marked in some cities than in others. For example, in the city of New York, the entire duty of providing public circulating libraries is performed by private corporations, chartered under state laws for that purpose. These are under the supervision of the regents of the university, and receive aid from the city, pursuant to a general law of the state. But their officers are not selected by the city authorities. In Boston, however, the Public Library is managed by the municipal authorities. In Washington the Library is under the control of Congress. It would be unreasonable to say that either method is practically better than the other.

One great fault of constitution and charter makers is to assume that a method which is advantageous in one locality is necessarily the best for another. It might as well be said that because a suit of clothes fits one man, it must therefore fit every other. This Procrustean method of compelling the sleeper to fit the bed was laughed at long ago by the Greeks, and ought to be the subject of ridicule in every intelligent community.

The New York system has two distinct advantages. In the first place, it tends to encourage private liberality. The entire plant of the public libraries in that city, including the buildings which they occupy and most of the books which they use, has been furnished without expense to the city, by private benefactions.

Again, in a polyglot city like New York or Chicago, the tendency of the foreigners who come there is to form colonies in particular localities. In New York city, for example, the Italians are mostly in one quarter, the Bohemians in another, the Chinese in another, the colored people in still another. In Buffalo the Poles occupy a separate district. Each neighborhood has its distinctive requirements, and intelligent librarians in each district, administering a library founded for the requirements of that locality, are far more likely to meet the special needs of that neighborhood than

public functionaries appointed by a central authority, necessarily chosen under general rules and without adequate attention to individual needs.

The provision of museums of art and natural history, zoölogy, and similar subjects has also come to be recognized as an appropriate function of a city. Such museums exist in many large cities, and are supported to a great degree at public expense. Yet experience in this country has shown that these museums are more intelligently conducted by private corporations chartered by the legislature, and under the management of public-spirited and art-loving citizens, than they would be if directed by committees of the board of aldermen. The truth is (and no intelligent reforms can be accomplished in municipal government without the recognition of this truth) that the official government of our large cities is democratic, founded upon universal suffrage. Each voter likes to feel that there is somebody in the city government who represents him. This is the reason why the democracy has clung so persistently to the district system of electing members of one branch, at least, of the city council. The alderman is alderman of the district. He represents his constituents, not merely in his functions as a member of a municipal legislature, but in all his relations with the constituted authorities. It is very well that it should be so, and that voters should feel that there is some official personage to whom they can directly appeal, and who does distinctly represent the people of his district.

It is equally natural that these voters should elect a representative of their own kind. The fact that a man is very much wiser and better educated than the majority in his district is rather a disqualification for this kind of representation. On the other hand, the voters are intelligent enough to know that the representative they elect for their particular district is not necessarily qualified to discharge all the duties that might theoretically be intrusted to the municipal legislature. To devolve general legislative functions upon a municipal council elected on the district system is one of the absurdities of theoretical charter-makers, and a blunder into which no one should fall who has studied the subject of municipal government intelligently and practically, and is not misled by the ordinary vice of charter-makers, who want to turn out a pretty piece of work, all shining with the last gloss of the most recent theory.

Another very important function of municipal government is the administration of public charities. In all cities there are hospitals and asylums which are supported at the expense of the public, and managed by officials who are either elected by the people or appointed by those who are so elected. It must be said that in the administration of these charities something is lacking of that personal tenderness and thoughtful care which ought, if possible, to attend ministrations to the sick, to the insane, and especially to young children. The mortality among infants in public institutions in the city of New York, for example, is certainly greater than it is in the best private institutions. How this may be in other cities I have no means of knowing. But it is almost inevitable that the causes which have produced these results in one city should, to some extent at least, produce similar results in others.

These deficiencies in public charities are to a large degree supplied by private institutions. Any one who is at all familiar with the feeling of the plain people must be aware that, as a rule, they are more willing to be sent, in case of sickness, to a hospital managed by a private corporation than to one managed by the public. Yet a vigorous agitation to abolish all public aid to private charities has been lately set on foot by many well-meaning citizens, who, it seems to me,

look at the subject too exclusively from a theoretical standpoint. On the other hand, as the supervisor of Catholic charities in New York city has very well put that side of the question, the "private institutions give the use of their grounds, buildings, and equipments to the public without charge, and in addition do the work cheaper than it could be done in public institutions." Mr. Kinkead then takes as an instance the work of the New York Foundling Asylum, and puts the case for this institution so clearly that it is worth quoting as an admirable illustration of the point under consideration: —

"The public wards of this institution are paid for by the city only while they are in the institution or being nursed at its expense. At the age of three or four years, or even younger, these children are placed in good permanent family homes, where for at least twelve or fifteen years longer they are under the supervision of the institution; and the institution receives no compensation for this long after-care. It costs an average of $1000 for each group of about fifty children sent to homes in the West, and for the supervision of those already placed. Several of these trips are made during the year, yet the institution is not reimbursed for its outlay. Thus the city has been relieved, during thirty years, of the care and maintenance of thousands of children for whom it could not have provided in the same manner without maintaining a force of officials at great expense in other states, — a thing evidently impracticable."

The argument against the continuance of this unofficial system is based largely upon abuses that have grown up in its administration. These abuses do undoubtedly exist, and ought to be prevented. No private institution should claim exemption from the most rigorous public inspection. Its accounts and its management should at all times be open to the examination of the public authorities. Because it is an unofficial part of the government of the city, it should not therefore claim to be free from public control. But such control is equally necessary for public institutions, in which similar and even greater abuses have frequently been discovered. It is trite to say that the possibility of abuse is no argument against the existence of a system. The question always for the lawmaker to determine is, not whether abuse is possible, but whether, on the whole, under existing conditions, one system is more likely to produce satisfactory results than the other. It is quite possible that, in the future development of municipal government, some of the functions that are now discharged by unofficial agencies may be performed by public officials; and this change will come when the public is ready for it, and when the administration of the municipality so improves that the change will be desirable. For example, it is not more than twenty years since many residents of the city of New York paid private persons to clean the streets in front of their houses more frequently and more efficiently than the city was prepared to do it, and employed a private watchman to patrol the street in which they lived, because patrol duty was not done efficiently by the public police. So great an improvement has taken place in the management of the street-cleaning department and of the police department that these private agencies have gone out of use.

There is another branch of the unofficial government of cities that deserves consideration, but which has had an entirely different origin from those already referred to. In all large cities, political leaders, holding no municipal office, perform a very important part in the selection by the public officials of their subordinates. These leaders very frequently determine that one proposed public improvement shall be undertaken, and another postponed or rejected. It is to

them, as well as to the public officials, that persons having dealings with the city government go in order to get business done to their satisfaction. A great deal of invective has been bestowed on these "bosses," as they are commonly called, and certainly there is no occasion to enter upon a defense of their acts. Yet candor compels the admission that in some cases these political leaders give very intelligent directions, which are distinctly beneficial to the public, and that in many respects public business is better done through their influence than it would be without it. The great point on which good citizens should insist is, that these political leaders should perform their functions with more regard to the public interest. The machinery of party government, from which municipalities have not yet been freed, gives to citizens some opportunity of punishing the selfish actions of political leaders, and of securing for legitimate public uses at least the larger part of the money raised by public taxation. But the indiscriminate abuse of political leaders tends to dishearten the average man, and to quench his purpose to better the administration of the city in which he lives. It is in the public interest to give even the devil his due, and to perceive that during one campaign a political leader may be sincere in his expressed desire to elect honest and capable candidates, even though at another election his influence has been thrown into the opposite scale.

The wise reformer should be an opportunist. He should "sow beside all waters," and "mitigate where he cannot cure."

The explanation of the facts to which attention has thus been drawn is this; In large cities the function of a pure democracy has been indeed to give to the humblest citizen a right to vote, and by means of his vote to protect, according to his choice, his personal liberty and individual rights. But these democracies, as yet, have not proved themselves equal to the task of administering, even to their own satisfaction, the complicated functions of municipal government. It is by the consent of the people, through their chosen representatives, that all the associations before referred to have been incorporated, for the discharge of functions which might very well have been performed by public officers elected or appointed for that specific purpose, had these proved adequate to the task. These associations have actually become a part of the *de facto* government of our cities. They constitute an essential part of it. Functions recognized by all thinking men as essential to the completeness of municipal government are performed solely by them. It is of great importance that the actual situation should be appreciated, and that these associations should realize the responsibility of their position, and should be satisfied that the duties they perform, though unsalaried and not compensated in any way out of the public treasury, are just as necessary a part of the administration of the city and of the state as if they were specified in the charter and paid by the public.

It is interesting to notice that, centuries ago, the same conditions, in wealthy and prosperous cities, produced the same results. The free cities of Italy, during the Middle Ages, while their government continued democratic, were the abodes of wealth, the homes of literature and art, the centres of thriving commerce and manufactures. Their organization was as complicated as ours, and their democratic governments proved as inadequate as ours to discharge all the complex municipal functions that were devolved upon them. To use the language of Armstrong in the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici: —

"As the functions of government in Florence became more extensive, its constitutional forms proved inadequate. The predominant feature was the fear of a strong executive, the elimination or

emasculation of ability by division of authority, by rapid rotation in office, by an intricate tangle of checks and councils, by the substitution of lot for selection, by the denial of military power. Thus it was that when vigor and experience, secrecy and rapidity, were needed, they must be sought outside the official government. This is the secret of all Florentine history until the republic became a principality. This, therefore, was the secret of that unofficial organization the 'Parte Guelfa,' which, when the conflict with the Ghibellines was closed, still continued to control the state, possessing large independent resources and a highly organized executive."

Walter B. Scaife, in his monograph on Florentine Life during the Renaissance, thus describes the Parte Guelfa:

"For a time the Guelph party was so powerful in the affairs of the city that it may almost be said to have exercised an *imperium in imperio*. They had their own captains, who were the mouthpiece and executor of the will of the party. . . . As their power increased, the pride of party leaders waxed apace, and their insolence toward the remainder of the citizens became almost intolerable. They were feared more than the signoria, and the decisions of their court appear to have been more respected than those of any other body of men in the Commonwealth. . . . The party was composed largely of the ancient nobility, who in this guise continued for a long period to be among the leaders of the city."

No doubt the condition thus described by the historian was largely due to the party feuds in these mediæval republics, which were even more fierce than those which prevail in modern cities. These feuds exercised an important and sometimes a disastrous influence upon the administration of the government. Their parties were organized as thoroughly as our own. The description which Hallam gave of the condition of Milan was true of other cities, and is equally true, in substance though not in form, of New York and Chicago: —

"Milan had for a considerable time been agitated by civil dissensions between the nobility and inferior citizens. These parties were pretty equally balanced, and their success was consequently alternate. Each had its own podesta, as a party leader, distinct from the legitimate magistrate of the city."

The American word "boss" is a very good vernacular translation of the Italian word mentioned by Hallam. The existing facts in municipal history, when compared with the past, show plainly enough that history repeats itself, and that the same conditions in human life and character produce similar results in successive epochs.

The Anglo-Saxon race has usually been indifferent to the logical construction of its government, provided its practical results were satisfactory, or even tolerable, and has constantly utilized legal forms for purposes very different from those for which they were originally intended. We need not be apprehensive that these ancillary associations upon which so many important duties have been devolved by law will be deprived of power, if they use it well. Notwithstanding all the imperfections in the government of American cities, we may rationally hope that if public spirit continues to be vigorous enough to maintain these various associations in active life, and they use fearlessly and well the powers given them by their charters, the aggregate result of municipal administration will become more and more satisfactory. The development may be slow and uneven, but it will be continuous.

Everett P. Wheeler.

THE PRINCESS PITY.

THE man looked any age between twenty and thirty. He wore a rusty alpaca coat, and a coarse shirt without a collar. As he sat on the pile of boards against the wall of the cooper shop, it was hard to say whether he was a hunchback. Certainly, his body was very short and crooked, his legs and arms uncouthly long and thin. The dead brownish skin was drawn tight over the big bones of his wide face.

Perhaps Miss Stein's assumption of seniority rested upon nothing more tangible than her pleasure and his bodily weakness. Standing before him, tall, graceful, finely made, she could easily have stooped and picked him up. But many other things were involved in her attitude. For example, the enormous chimney that towered into the sky behind the shop bore the sign down its gigantic sides "Stein Brewing Company," and the dozen buildings of the immense brewery plant dominated the neighborhood like a hill set on a plain. It was a poor sort of neighborhood. The little dirty streets were made up of rotten wooden pavement, warped plank walks, and dilapidated little houses. There were sheds piled with rusty iron; others where old bottles were collected in dismal heaps. In some small rooms, open to the street, patient women sewed all day. Ragged children played over mounds of junk in a vacant lot, as though it were their park. Narrow runways between the houses led down to forbidding back yards, populous as rabbit warrens. Nowhere a sprig of living green. Everywhere the stupid iteration of squalor and ugliness. But the great brewery was like a feudal city in itself. Little streets, narrow and clean, brick-paved, led between the huge blank walls of its buildings. Processions of wide wagons, heavy enough for artillery, drawn by splendid horses in brass trappings, entered its arched, fortress-like gateways.

The man had ceased speaking a moment before. Now he looked aside at the barelegged, bareheaded child that, with grave industry, carried little wooden blocks and handfuls of shavings from the littered floor of the shop, and added them to the pile on the brick pavement in front of the door. Miss Stein watched the child, too. She looked serene enough, but in fact she was gaining time. She did not quite trust herself to speak. This abrupt encounter had found her unprepared, although she had half hoped for it. She felt that it was offered her as a last chance, and she wished so much to succeed. It seemed to her that a certain large justification of herself depended upon succeeding, and this fluttering at the heart was not a good condition to begin with.

"Careful, there, Fritz!" she called, as the toddler stumbled, collided with the door, and dropped some blocks.

The child looked around at her with infantile seriousness. It lifted an ineffectual hand, the chubby fingers of which still grasped the precious blocks, to its curly head where it had come in collision with the door. Its helplessness against the bump was at once comical and indescribably pathetic, so that the young woman felt a powerful impulse to swoop down upon the mite, to gather it in her vigorous arms, to kiss it. Ah, she meant so well! The generosity welled up so strong and warm in her breast! She wished so mightily to stretch out her arms to these people, to these very streets themselves, and cry, "Dear, ugly little streets, be less ugly!" She restrained her impulse in respect of the child. It was the man who must be won, and one had to be careful. She knew well enough his strong, rude fence that

did not hesitate to meet her advances with rough blows.

It was her wish to succeed, her sense of a secure background, perhaps also an amiability of temper, which modulated her voice to the perfection of cheery friendliness. "But you are too bitter," she said. "You keep on the defensive when there is no need. You try to make it too dreadfully personal. You bring in a lot of things that don't belong in it at all. Just say to yourself that I had the will to friendship. I had said that you and I were friends. One does n't quit one's friends at the first hint. I will tell you. When I came out here the first time, — that is, last spring, and that was as good as a first time, for I had n't seen the place since I was a child, — it was really, in a way, more than wishing to see the brewery. I suppose I had seen a good deal of a certain sort of life abroad. At least, most things were open to me. Maybe I had thought of myself as being a success, in a way, according to the plan of things there. Then " —

She hesitated an instant over the details. She did not wish to say that she had been on the point of committing herself to the European plan by marrying it, when her count had been summoned as a co-respondent.

"Then something very disagreeable, very painful, happened, and I saw that I had not been a success at all, but a very dismal failure. All at once I decided to come back here. And I decided that I really belonged here. Perhaps my name on the brewery chimney gave me the idea. Well, I started in, finally, to be friends with you, and I did n't wish to give it up. There ought to be something genuine about one somewhere. And after all, it 's just the simplest matter of human good will. That ought to cover everything between human beings, — only you will not believe in me." She smiled and shook her head at him.

"Oh yes, I believe in you," he replied quickly. "I understand what you mean, too, — maybe better than you do. Still, it 's no good. It won't do. You don't understand me. I believe in you more than anything else in the world — and that 's just why " — He sought the word a moment amid evident emotions. He got up, standing beside the shop door, at the case of which the bony fingers of one hand picked nervously. His eyes were downcast. He hurried on: "To see you is to believe in you, because you are beautiful. That day last March when it rained, and you came into the shop, after I had peeked at you awhile I got up courage to say a word. I did that because I wanted to hear you speak. I wanted to see you move, so I would know you were really alive there near me. We both ought to understand this now. Too much has happened."

"Yes, go on; tell me about it," said Miss Stein quickly. She had an excited perception that at last she might understand him. His mood was more like a confession than any other had been. Merely for the relief of motion she took a few steps up the long, empty shop. But he limped away from the door, and fell in beside her. They walked on slowly, she with a curious underconsciousness of the ungainliness of his figure, of his shuffling, awkward gait.

"I wanted to come close to you, you understand, to make sure of you. For it was an old dream with me. And pretty soon you mentioned your name, you remember? 'Miss Stein.' And I said, — I remembered it all afterward, — 'Not Miss Ilse Stein? Not the Prinzessin Ilse?' Because you were a sort of legend to me, and it seemed still more impossible that it could be you, really alive there. I was astonished out of my wits. You said, 'You know about the prinzessin?' I guessed afterward that you were kind of joking. I was still confused. I said,

'Dein Haupt will ich benetzen
Mit meiner klaren Well,'

just to show you that I knew about her, you see. I could n't get the two unmixed for a minute. You were surprised. You said, 'You read Heine, then?' And I saw it come up in your eyes, the big, deep surprise and compassion. But I did n't understand how it was to be then, and you have n't understood at all. Someway it 's like this brewery. These great big walls like castles, and the big arched doorways, — everything still and strong, — why, I 've had all sorts of pageants and fights here, when I was a boy; not lately, for of late I 've hated this place. But after I got through having courts and armies here, there was something else, bigger than all the rest and more real than all the rest, because, in a way, it might happen, while the armies and courts could n't. That was the Princess Ilse. I don't know how I got hold of it, — things in the newspapers, I guess. But I knew there was an Ilse Stein, and somebody had called her Prinzessin Ilse; and of course she was a princess to me, *schön und blühend.* You can understand. A man can't be a king or great general or a court poet, — that gets to be a boy's fancy, after a while. But a princess, — to any man, you see, that 's possible enough. If she comes along, he can talk with her and look at her sure enough."

They had reached the upper end of the long cooper shop. Through an open door they saw three horses standing abreast, filling the width of the little street, still harnessed to a great wagon from which two workmen, brawny in undershirt and trousers, were rolling beer kegs. An idler stood against the stable wall, near the horses' heads, smoking his pipe. They passed on and stopped by the window, leaning against the sill.

"Well, you do talk with her sure enough," the woman suggested, smiling.

"But you don't understand," the man insisted. "A man don't talk to his princess as a beggar. He don't want her to give him tickets to a soup kitchen."

The woman made a protesting exclamation.

"Oh, I know," he cut in. "You 've never done that, although" — He was going to say she had done it for his sister, but he forbore. Instead he made a swift, positive gesture. "I understand now that you 're really more impossible than anything else, — more impossible than my kings. You 're further off. It 's just pity on your part. You like to feel pitiful. It makes you feel good. It makes you feel as though you were doing something serious and good, after you 'd been so long amusing yourself. But this is just amusing yourself in another way. It can't be serious to you. You can't belong here. You say I 'm too bitter, but I think I 'm not bitter enough. It 's like the brewery. I hate it, you see, just because I 've led armies to capture it, and been a king and ruled in it; and then after all it 's been just the same huge, stupid old thing, having nothing to do with me. Its walls shame me with the dreams I 've dreamed over them. If I had money enough, I guess I 'd blow it up." His voice had gathered passion, and he plunged on doggedly: "The same way, I can't have anything to do with you. I 'm getting old. I won't have anything more to be ashamed of in my old clothes and my humpback. I 've got to be bitter to keep some self-respect."

He turned away quickly, and stepped half a dozen feet toward the open door. The woman looked after him, agitated, profoundly pitying, wishing to pour out her generosity to him, to make him feel that she liked him.

At that moment, staring after the man with pitying eyes, in act to speak, she was aware of a faint coloration in the light. In the momentary confusion, before she could quite direct her mind, the glow deepened; there was the quick stroke of shod hoofs on the pavement outside, the rattle of harness, the long snort of a frightened horse, a loud warn-

ing shout. The next instant Miss Stein turned to the window. From the little heap of shavings at the horses' heads, where the lounger had emptied his pipe, a broad feather of smoke and a little tongue of flame curled up. The horses had crowded aside, and now stood, held for an instant in the habit of obedience, straining, quivering, with terrified eyes. A workman was edging rapidly along between the wagon and the wall to reach the bits. But the flame flared up. The horses sprang forward, dragging the heavy wagon, headed down the narrow street between the cooper shop and the great blank wall of the next building, and in Miss Stein's mind, as a part of this swift picture, was a consciousness of the child playing with its blocks full in the path. She screamed, "Fritz!" The man rushed from the door. In a flash she saw him running with all his might, in a fast, uncouth hobble; and the horses tore by her window, mad with fear, their hoofs ringing furiously against the pavement, the wagon bounding and crashing behind them.

She fell back from the window in a weak, sick way. Without knowing it she began to sob. She put her finger over her lips, like a child that would keep from crying, and ran down the shop toward the lower door. At once crashing and grinding sounds came thence from a wreck of horses and wagon, and these sounds crazed her, as though amid them she could hear the helpless wails of the child and the moans of the man.

But like a vision the man appeared in the doorway just before her, carrying the child. As he limped swiftly toward her, as she rushed to meet him, she felt the glowing of his triumph which melted into her receptivity, fusing and blending in one high, dramatic moment of complete contact.

Without hesitation, without pause, as she met him, he raised the child and laid it in her arms, as though he gave her all he had.

Holding the child to her breast, bending slightly toward him, her eyes full upon him, she said, "I really love you."

For an instant their eyes were together. She heard him give a little quick catching of the breath, and saw him standing before her, looking down. Then, in their dramatic height, a frightened workman thrust his head through the door and peered in. Evidently he saw that no one was hurt, and he at once withdrew. Some other men ran by. They were subduing the thrown, tangled horses. Neither the man nor the woman could have said afterwards just how long a time elapsed; but it was long enough for a certain rough consciousness of the relationship of things to reassert itself. Outside an excited hostler was swearing ludicrously in broken English. Miss Stein grew sensible of a certain weakness and lassitude, now that the crisis was passed. These things happened in five minutes or five seconds; but they had not yet got back to speech. She stepped to a corner of the shop where a rough workbench stood, and let the heavy child slide down to the bench.

The man came with her. As she stood in that nook of the shop, one arm still over the child's shoulder, he gave a quick look at her face; looked down again; then, in a mighty desperation, in an irresistible impatience to know, he took a step nearer and threw his arm around her. He felt her start from his embrace; but for an instant of passionate stubbornness he held her close. Her hand touched his shoulder — rested upon it; she stood passive, perfectly still, and the intoxication of an incredible triumph spread through the man's blood; a suffusion from the touch of her body smothered his heart.

In a moment he lifted his head from her breast and looked up, aglow, beatified — and at the first glance he understood everything.

The lids had fluttered down over her

eyes. The corner of her lip was drawn between her teeth. Her face was perfectly white. She seemed ready to faint. He saw in the instant that her passiveness had been a sheer physical inability; that the touch of her hand on his shoulder had been the beginning of a movement to throw him off; that every fibre of her body rebelled against his touch.

He flung furiously away from her.

"It 's a lie!" he cried loudly. He shook with hot resentment. "It 's a lie! You hate me! It makes you sick when I touch you!"

"You did n't understand me," she murmured faintly. "I did n't mean — in that way." The lids still fluttered down over her eyes. It could be seen that she was quite sick.

"No, I did n't understand!" he repeated harshly. "I thought I was a human being. Don't you know I feel everything that you do? You did n't mean loving me as a human being. You meant loving your own pity. You meant you 'd love me to be your nice prize beggar. I 'm ugly. I 'm deformed. You can't love ugliness. You can only pity! Well, go away. What did you come here for? Get a dog to pity, and be satisfied. Don't insist on a dog that can read Heine and talk. We were all right without you. Go away!"

It came to Miss Stein in a large, helpless way, amid a whirl of shame and remorse, that nothing could really make it any better; that nothing could make it right; that anything else would probably make it worse, — especially the fit of weeping that was so near. She could not even repeat that she had meant so well. She turned and walked out, her eyes downcast.

The man watched her go. He still burned with a raging resentment. He saw her tall figure disappear. He thought: "Let her go! She could only degrade me!"

In a moment he turned back to pick up the child, which still sat, grave and undisturbed as a midget Fate, on the workbench. The shop seemed very large and empty, and the man had a sense of that large emptiness extending indefinitely, illimitably, all around. His affection moved subtly toward the child. "Fritzie," he whispered, and touched his cheek against the curly head. The child put up its arms to be taken, and at their touch, as though by some mechanical process, the man felt again that ineffable suffusion from the touch of the princess's body smothering his heart. For an indescribable moment his consciousness nestled down in that memory, and he thought that nothing could take that away.

Will Payne.

AN INDIAN TEACHER AMONG INDIANS.

I.

MY FIRST DAY.

THOUGH an illness left me unable to continue my college course, my pride kept me from returning to my mother. Had she known of my worn condition, she would have said the white man's papers were not worth the freedom and health I had lost by them. Such a rebuke from my mother would have been unbearable, and as I felt then it would be far too true to be comfortable.

Since the winter when I had my first dreams about red apples I had been traveling slowly toward the morning horizon. There had been no doubt about

the direction in which I wished to go to spend my energies in a work for the Indian race. Thus I had written my mother briefly, saying my plan for the year was to teach in an Eastern Indian school. Sending this message to her in the West, I started at once eastward.

Thus I found myself, tired and hot, in a black veiling of car smoke, as I stood wearily on a street corner of an old-fashioned town, waiting for a car. In a few moments more I should be on the school grounds, where a new work was ready for my inexperienced hands.

Upon entering the school campus, I was surprised at the thickly clustered buildings which made it a quaint little village, much more interesting than the town itself. The large trees among the houses gave the place a cool, refreshing shade, and the grass a deeper green. Within this large court of grass and trees stood a low green pump. The queer boxlike case had a revolving handle on its side, which clanked and creaked constantly.

I made myself known, and was shown to my room, — a small, carpeted room, with ghastly walls and ceiling. The two windows, both on the same side, were curtained with heavy muslin yellowed with age. A clean white bed was in one corner of the room, and opposite it was a square pine table covered with a black woolen blanket.

Without removing my hat from my head, I seated myself in one of the two stiff-backed chairs that were placed beside the table. For several heart throbs I sat still, looking from ceiling to floor, from wall to wall, trying hard to imagine years of contentment there. Even while I was wondering if my exhausted strength would sustain me through this undertaking, I heard a heavy tread stop at my door. Opening it, I met the imposing figure of a stately gray-haired man. With a light straw hat in one hand, and the right hand extended for greeting, he smiled kindly upon me. For some reason I was awed by his wondrous height and his strong square shoulders, which I felt were a finger's length above my head.

I was always slight, and my serious illness in the early spring had made me look rather frail and languid. His quick eye measured my height and breadth. Then he looked into my face. I imagined that a visible shadow flitted across his countenance as he let my hand fall. I knew he was no other than my employer.

"Ah ha! so you are the little Indian girl who created the excitement among the college orators!" he said, more to himself than to me. I thought I heard a subtle note of disappointment in his voice. Looking in from where he stood, with one sweeping glance, he asked if I lacked anything for my room.

After he turned to go, I listened to his step until it grew faint and was lost in the distance. I was aware that my car-smoked appearance had not concealed the lines of pain on my face.

For a short moment my spirit laughed at my ill fortune, and I entertained the idea of exerting myself to make an improvement. But as I tossed my hat off a leaden weakness came over me, and I felt as if years of weariness lay like water-soaked logs upon me. I threw myself upon the bed, and, closing my eyes, forgot my good intention.

II.

A TRIP WESTWARD.

One sultry month I sat at a desk heaped up with work. Now, as I recall it, I wonder how I could have dared to disregard nature's warning with such recklessness. Fortunately, my inheritance of a marvelous endurance enabled me to bend without breaking.

Though I had gone to and fro, from my room to the office, in an unhappy

silence, I was watched by those around me. On an early morning I was summoned to the superintendent's office. For a half hour I listened to his words, and when I returned to my room I remembered one sentence above the rest. It was this: "I am going to turn you loose to pasture!" He was sending me West to gather Indian pupils for the school, and this was his way of expressing it.

I needed nourishment, but the midsummer's travel across the continent to search the hot prairies for overconfident parents who would intrust their children to strangers was a lean pasturage. However, I dwelt on the hope of seeing my mother. I tried to reason that a change was a rest. Within a couple of days I started toward my mother's home.

The intense heat and the sticky car smoke that followed my homeward trail did not noticeably restore my vitality. Hour after hour I gazed upon the country which was receding rapidly from me. I noticed the gradual expansion of the horizon as we emerged out of the forests into the plains. The great high buildings, whose towers overlooked the dense woodlands, and whose gigantic clusters formed large cities, diminished, together with the groves, until only little log cabins lay snugly in the bosom of the vast prairie. The cloud shadows which drifted about on the waving yellow of long-dried grasses thrilled me like the meeting of old friends.

At a small station, consisting of a single frame house with a rickety board walk around it, I alighted from the iron horse, just thirty miles from my mother and my brother Dawée. A strong hot wind seemed determined to blow my hat off, and return me to olden days when I roamed bareheaded over the hills. After the puffing engine of my train was gone, I stood on the platform in deep solitude. In the distance I saw the gently rolling land leap up into bare hills. At their bases a broad gray road was winding itself round about them until it came by the station. Among these hills I rode in a light conveyance, with a trusty driver, whose unkempt flaxen hair hung shaggy about his ears and his leather neck of reddish tan. From accident or decay he had lost one of his long front teeth.

Though I call him a paleface, his cheeks were of a brick red. His moist blue eyes, blurred and bloodshot, twitched involuntarily. For a long time he had driven through grass and snow from this solitary station to the Indian village. His weather-stained clothes fitted badly his warped shoulders. He was stooped, and his protruding chin, with its tuft of dry flax, nodded as monotonously as did the head of his faithful beast.

All the morning I looked about me, recognizing old familiar sky lines of rugged bluffs and round-topped hills. By the roadside I caught glimpses of various plants whose sweet roots were delicacies among my people. When I saw the first cone-shaped wigwam, I could not help uttering an exclamation which caused my driver a sudden jump out of his drowsy nodding.

At noon, as we drove through the eastern edge of the reservation, I grew very impatient and restless. Constantly I wondered what my mother would say upon seeing her little daughter grown tall. I had not written her the day of my arrival, thinking I would surprise her. Crossing a ravine thicketed with low shrubs and plum bushes, we approached a large yellow acre of wild sunflowers. Just beyond this nature's garden we drew near to my mother's cottage. Close by the log cabin stood a little canvas-covered wigwam. The driver stopped in front of the open door, and in a long moment my mother appeared at the threshold.

I had expected her to run out to greet me, but she stood still, all the while staring at the weather-beaten man at my

side. At length, when her loftiness became unbearable, I called to her, "Mother, why do you stop?"

This seemed to break the evil moment, and she hastened out to hold my head against her cheek.

"My daughter, what madness possessed you to bring home such a fellow?" she asked, pointing at the driver, who was fumbling in his pockets for change while he held the bill I gave him between his jagged teeth.

"Bring him! Why, no, mother, he has brought me! He is a driver!" I exclaimed.

Upon this revelation, my mother threw her arms about me and apologized for her mistaken inference. We laughed away the momentary hurt. Then she built a brisk fire on the ground in the tepee, and hung a blackened coffeepot on one of the prongs of a forked pole which leaned over the flames. Placing a pan on a heap of red embers, she baked some unleavened bread. This light luncheon she brought into the cabin, and arranged on a table covered with a checkered oilcloth.

My mother had never gone to school, and though she meant always to give up her own customs for such of the white man's ways as pleased her, she made only compromises. Her two windows, directly opposite each other, she curtained with a pink-flowered print. The naked logs were unstained, and rudely carved with the axe so as to fit into one another. The sod roof was trying to boast of tiny sunflowers, the seeds of which had probably been planted by the constant wind. As I leaned my head against the logs, I discovered the peculiar odor that I could not forget. The rains had soaked the earth and roof so that the smell of damp clay was but the natural breath of such a dwelling.

"Mother, why is not your house cemented? Do you have no interest in a more comfortable shelter?" I asked, when the apparent inconveniences of her home seemed to suggest indifference on her part.

"You forget, my child, that I am now old, and I do not work with beads any more. Your brother Dawée, too, has lost his position, and we are left without means to buy even a morsel of food," she replied.

Dawée was a government clerk in our reservation when I last heard from him. I was surprised upon hearing what my mother said concerning his lack of employment. Seeing the puzzled expression on my face, she continued: "Dawée! Oh, has he not told you that the Great Father at Washington sent a white son to take your brother's pen from him? Since then Dawée has not been able to make use of the education the Eastern school has given him."

I found no words with which to answer satisfactorily. I found no reason with which to cool my inflamed feelings.

Dawée was a whole day's journey off on the prairie, and my mother did not expect him until the next day. We were silent.

When, at length, I raised my head to hear more clearly the moaning of the wind in the corner logs, I noticed the daylight streaming into the dingy room through several places where the logs fitted unevenly. Turning to my mother, I urged her to tell me more about Dawée's trouble, but she only said: "Well, my daughter, this village has been these many winters a refuge for white robbers. The Indian cannot complain to the Great Father in Washington without suffering outrage for it here. Dawée tried to secure justice for our tribe in a small matter, and to-day you see the folly of it."

Again, though she stopped to hear what I might say, I was silent.

"My child, there is only one source of justice, and I have been praying steadfastly to the Great Spirit to avenge our wrongs," she said, seeing I did not move my lips.

My shattered energy was unable to hold longer any faith, and I cried out desperately: "Mother, don't pray again! The Great Spirit does not care if we live or die! Let us not look for good or justice: then we shall not be disappointed!"

"Sh! my child, do not talk so madly. There is Taku Iyotan Waŝaka,[1] to which I pray," she answered, as she stroked my head again as she used to do when I was a smaller child.

III.

MY MOTHER'S CURSE UPON WHITE SETTLERS.

One black night mother and I sat alone in the dim starlight, in front of our wigwam. We were facing the river, as we talked about the shrinking limits of the village. She told me about the poverty-stricken white settlers, who lived in caves dug in the long ravines of the high hills across the river.

A whole tribe of broad-footed white beggars had rushed hither to make claims on those wild lands. Even as she was telling this I spied a small glimmering light in the bluffs.

"That is a white man's lodge where you see the burning fire," she said. Then, a short distance from it, only a little lower than the first, was another light. As I became accustomed to the night, I saw more and more twinkling lights, here and there, scattered all along the wide black margin of the river.

Still looking toward the distant firelight, my mother continued: "My daughter, beware of the paleface. It was the cruel paleface who caused the death of your sister and your uncle, my brave brother. It is this same paleface who offers in one palm the holy papers, and with the other gives a holy baptism of firewater. He is the hypocrite who reads with one eye, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and with the other gloats upon the sufferings of the Indian race." Then suddenly discovering a new fire in the bluffs, she exclaimed, "Well, well, my daughter, there is the light of another white rascal!"

She sprang to her feet, and, standing firm beside her wigwam, she sent a curse upon those who sat around the hated white man's light. Raising her right arm forcibly into line with her eye, she threw her whole might into her doubled fist as she shot it vehemently at the strangers. Long she held her outstretched fingers toward the settler's lodge, as if an invisible power passed from them to the evil at which she aimed.

IV.

RETROSPECTION.

Leaving my mother, I returned to the school in the East. As months passed over me, I slowly comprehended that the large army of white teachers in Indian schools had a larger missionary creed than I had suspected.

It was one which included self-preservation quite as much as Indian education. When I saw an opium-eater holding a position as teacher of Indians, I did not understand what good was expected, until a Christian in power replied that this pumpkin-colored creature had a feeble mother to support. An inebriate paleface sat stupid in a doctor's chair, while Indian patients carried their ailments to untimely graves, because his fair wife was dependent upon him for her daily food.

I find it hard to count that white man a teacher who tortured an ambitious Indian youth by frequently reminding the brave changeling that he was nothing but a "government pauper."

Though I burned with indignation upon discovering on every side instances no less shameful than those I have mentioned, there was no present help. Even

[1] An absolute Power.

the few rare ones who have worked nobly for my race were powerless to choose workmen like themselves. To be sure, a man was sent from the Great Father to inspect Indian schools, but what he saw was usually the students' sample work *made* for exhibition. I was nettled by this sly cunning of the workmen who hoodwinked the Indian's pale Father at Washington.

My illness, which prevented the conclusion of my college course, together with my mother's stories of the encroaching frontier settlers, left me in no mood to strain my eyes in searching for latent good in my white co-workers.

At this stage of my own evolution, I was ready to curse men of small capacity for being the dwarfs their God had made them. In the process of my education I had lost all consciousness of the nature world about me. Thus, when a hidden rage took me to the small white-walled prison which I then called my room, I unknowingly turned away from my one salvation.

Alone in my room, I sat like the petrified Indian woman of whom my mother used to tell me. I wished my heart's burdens would turn me to unfeeling stone. But alive, in my tomb, I was destitute!

For the white man's papers I had given up my faith in the Great Spirit. For these same papers I had forgotten the healing in trees and brooks. On account of my mother's simple view of life, and my lack of any, I gave her up, also. I made no friends among the race of people I loathed. Like a slender tree, I had been uprooted from my mother, nature, and God. I was shorn of my branches, which had waved in sympathy and love for home and friends. The natural coat of bark which had protected my oversensitive nature was scraped off to the very quick.

Now a cold bare pole I seemed to be, planted in a strange earth. Still, I seemed to hope a day would come when my mute aching head, reared upward to the sky, would flash a zigzag lightning across the heavens. With this dream of vent for a long-pent consciousness, I walked again amid the crowds.

At last, one weary day in the schoolroom, a new idea presented itself to me. It was a new way of solving the problem of my inner self. I liked it. Thus I resigned my position as teacher; and now I am in an Eastern city, following the long course of study I have set for myself. Now, as I look back upon the recent past, I see it from a distance, as a whole. I remember how, from morning till evening, many specimens of civilized peoples visited the Indian school. The city folks with canes and eyeglasses, the countrymen with sunburnt cheeks and clumsy feet, forgot their relative social ranks in an ignorant curiosity. Both sorts of these Christian palefaces were alike astounded at seeing the children of savage warriors so docile and industrious.

As answers to their shallow inquiries they received the students' sample work to look upon. Examining the neatly figured pages, and gazing upon the Indian girls and boys bending over their books, the white visitors walked out of the schoolhouse well satisfied: they were educating the children of the red man! They were paying a liberal fee to the government employees in whose able hands lay the small forest of Indian timber.

In this fashion many have passed idly through the Indian schools during the last decade, afterward to boast of their charity to the North American Indian. But few there are who have paused to question whether real life or long-lasting death lies beneath this semblance of civilization.

Zitkala-Ša.

BRITISH SHIPPING SUBSIDIES.

THE much-talked-of legislation in regard to shipping subsidies, which promises soon to become an accomplished fact so far as the United States is concerned, renders particularly interesting the policy pursued by the British government toward the great mercantile marine of that country, and its general effect upon it. It is important to note that the growth of British shipping has been due entirely to natural causes, and shipowners complain that so far as government or parliamentary action is concerned, it has been rather in the direction of hampering than of assisting the industry. Freedom to manage their ships and work their business in their own way is all they have asked for; and if this has not always been granted them, it is because the less scrupulous would take advantage, and be less careful than they should of life and limb and of the property committed to their charge.

There are no subsidies or grants of any kind made out of the public funds to shipbuilders. Every British vessel, as it leaves the stocks, represents neither more nor less than the cost of the material and labor expended upon it, plus whatever profit the builder has been able to make upon them. The great majority of such vessels have, then, to take their chance in open competition with the whole world, and the profits they earn for their owners are dependent entirely upon the freights and passage money they secure from the public in the ordinary way of business. There are, of course, some exceptions, and it is with these we have to deal. Large sums are paid for the carriage of mails to various parts of the world, and in this guise it is quite possible that the companies receiving them may be specially favored. We shall see.

There are five of these mail subsidies which may be classed as of first-rate importance, namely, to the United States, India and the Far East, Australia, the British West Indies, and South Africa. The last-named is a colonial contract, and beyond the control of the British government, the governments of South Africa having only recently concluded terms for its renewal. There is another important service, namely, with Canada, for which £60,000 per annum is paid; but this has undergone so many changes of late, and is even yet so subject to change, that it is difficult to discuss, particularly as it includes the overland service via Vancouver to China, Japan, and Australasia. There are one or two smaller contracts, like those for West Africa and South America, the latter being regulated strictly by weight of matter carried. Of the five we are to deal with, provision has been made for the current year as follows: —

For the United States, divided between the Cunard and White Star lines, outward to New York only, £130,000.

For India, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, China, and Japan, paid to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, outward and homeward, £245,000.

For Australia, divided between the Peninsular and Oriental and Orient companies, out and home, £170,000.

For the West Indies, to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, out and home, £80,000.

For South Africa, divided between the Union and Castle Mail lines, out and home, £90,000. After September, 1900, this will be increased, under the new contract, to £135,000.

Before discussing the details of these, it will be as well to add that there is a further annual payment made to four companies, amounting to £50,000, for

the right to call upon certain steamers as armed cruisers in the event of hostilities between Great Britain and a foreign power. This is divided among four companies, namely, the Cunard, White Star, and Peninsular and Oriental, named in the preceding list, and the Canadian Pacific Railway for its Pacific mail steamers, the largest amount any one of them receives being £15,000, and for the total, ten or eleven of the finest and quickest steamers in the world can at very short notice be added to the British navy. A good deal of comment has been made upon the circumstance that none of them was at first chartered for the conveyance of troops to South Africa, but it must be borne in mind that the subsidy is paid for retention for fighting purposes, and not for transport service.

To return once more to the mail subsidies: it cannot be too strongly impressed that they are paid with the primary object of securing steamers for the respective services of great power and speed, which, owing to the enormous consumption of coal, are exceedingly costly to work and maintain. On the whole, the various companies act up to the spirit of their agreements, and are constantly adding to their fleets new and improved boats, calculated to increase the efficiency of the service they are called upon to render to the public. The two South African companies, for instance, have made so much progress in this direction that a number of their steamers are now delivering the mails several days ahead of actual contract time, thus permitting replies to be sent fully a week earlier than has been customary. The effective fleets, according to the latest reports of the respective companies, were as follows, though additions to several have since been made: —

	Number of Steamers.	Total Tonnage.	Total Effective Horse Power.	Average Tonnage.	Average Horse Power.
Cunard	20	112,650	145,000	5625	7250
P. & O.	56	276,100	286,050	4930	5100
Orient	6	32,000	—	5330	—
Union	21	120,620	—	5745	—
Castle Mail	18	87,170	83,200	4850	4620
Royal Mail	23	83,700	90,500	3640	3940

The White Star does not issue reports available to the public, the company being owned by a private body of shareholders, and the shares never coming upon the market.

The Cunard and White Star lines practically confine the mails to eight of their very considerable fleets, performing with them a bi-weekly service. Since the launch of the Oceanic, five of the eight are among the finest boats the world has yet seen, the only one so far comparable with them in size and speed combined being the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and the mails are delivered with a celerity and regularity which leave nothing to be desired. The Peninsular and Oriental and Orient companies have their entire fleet of ocean-going steamers more or less regularly employed in mail-carrying, the newest, largest, and most powerful, as well as the smaller ones. The same remark applies to the Union and Castle lines, every new steamer being promptly utilized for mail purposes. The Royal Mail Company, however, adopts a different policy with regard to the West Indies, and of the five steamers employed in the fortnightly service during the current year, one stands fifth on the list, the others seventh, eighth, ninth, and eleventh respectively; three of the five, moreover, being a quarter of a century old as regards the hulls, though fitted with machinery much more recent. This company has no boats at all equal, either in tonnage or horse power, to those of the other lines, and the best of what it

possesses are regularly occupied in the South American service, for which, jointly with others, they are under contract for the mails, though, as already stated, receiving payment by actual weight, and not, as in the case of the West Indies, by subsidy.

In considering these subsidies, however, there are other things to be taken into account besides the size and speed of the vessels, important as these are from an international and political as well as a commercial point of view. Note must be taken of the distances to be covered as well as the weight of mail matter to be carried, and it is interesting to discover the rate per mile the payments indicate, as well as the rate per pound. This can be calculated, approximately at least. The distance, for example, between New York and Queenstown is 2850 miles, and as this is covered twice a week, 5700 miles per week must be traversed for the payment of £130,000. From Brindisi to Bombay is not quite 4000 miles, and as the mails are conveyed each way once a week, this is equivalent to a mileage of 8000 per week. From Brindisi to Shanghai is a trifle over 8000 miles, and as there is an outward and a homeward mail every fortnight, this is equivalent to another 8000 miles per week, or say 16,000 in all, for the subsidy of £245,000. From Brindisi to Albany the distance is 7500 miles, the service weekly each way: consequently, the total covered is 15,000 miles per week for £170,000. Cape Town is 6250 miles from Plymouth or Southampton, and weekly service each way makes 12,500 miles for £90,000, or, as it will be shortly, £135,000. The West Indian mileage is more difficult to estimate. The most distant colony, Jamaica, is 4500 miles from Plymouth, but the steamers subsequently proceed under contract to Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, which would, however, probably be their destination in any case, if they were to obtain much homeward freight. There is also an inter-island delivery distributed from Barbados, though by small and slow steamers, which cannot involve very much outlay in working. A fair allowance would perhaps be 5000 miles per week. Thus we arrive at the following results: —

	Miles traversed per Annum.	Subsidy paid.	Rate per Mile.
New York . .	300,000	£130,000	8*s.* 6*d.*
India and China . . .	830,000	245,000	6
Australia . .	780,000	170,000	4 6
South Africa .	650,000	90,000	3
West Indies .	260,000	80,000	6

Though the New York service is apparently, according to this table, the most costly, the much greater speed compared with any of the other routes must be taken into account, and, as we shall discover later, the difference is much more than compensated for in other ways.

Then there is another very important test, namely, the weight of mail matter, and for particulars of this we can refer to the British Postmaster General's annual report, from which the following information is taken: —

	Total Weight of Letters, Book Packets, etc.	Subsidy paid.	Rate per Pound.
New York (outward only) .	2,750,000	£130,000	11*d.*
India, Ceylon, China, etc. .	3,400,000	245,000	1*s.* 5
Australia . . .	2,900,000	170,000	1 2
South Africa .	1,500,000	90,000	1 2½
West Indies .	400,000	80,000	4

Some allowance, of course, must be made for distance: thus the rate per pound per thousand miles would be less to Australia and China than to the United States, so that the comparisons are by no means perfect. Then some of the contracts include parcels dispatched by parcels post, which, if added to the weights given above, would lessen the rate per pound materially. Parcels, however, must be regarded more in the light of general cargo earning a high freight, and the deductions to be made would

not then amount to anything considerable.

There is still another most important aspect to be taken into account. The International Postal Convention takes no note of distances, and permits the same charge to be made for a letter dispatched from Dover to Calais as from London to Yokohama. Whether the mail-carrying companies or the post offices of the respective countries are to benefit from the short distances must be settled between them; but there can be little doubt that, in arranging the British contracts, account is taken as far as possible of postal earnings. Again, the actual disbursements of the British post office are in all cases much less than the amounts of the respective subsidies. A certain proportion of the latter are surcharged to the colonies and India for homeward mails. Further sums are collected from foreign post offices, or from colonial ones not directly concerned, for postage on matter dispatched from their respective countries by British mail routes, and in the case of the contracts for the West India mails a small portion of the subsidy has to be provided by the Haytian government. To arrive at the net cost, therefore, deduction must be made, first of the colonial and foreign reimbursements, and then of the amount of postage collected. The latter can be arrived at with an approximation to accuracy by calculating on the basis of the current rate of postage on the total weight; but inasmuch as many letters fall below the maximum weight allowed for the postage paid, the actual receipts must be somewhat in excess of the calculation.

The figures which follow are based upon two and a half pence per half ounce for foreign, and one penny for Indian and colonial postage, with the exception of Australia, which still maintains the old rate of two and a half pence, and a half-penny for every two ounces of book or newspaper matter: —

	Total Subsidy.	Colonial Contribution.	Foreign. Receipts.	Approximate Receipts for Postage in U. K.	Approximate Profit.	Loss.
New York . . .	£130,000	—	£27,280	£140,000	£37,250	—
India and China . .	245,000	£69,400	26,500	70,000	—	£80,000
Australia	170,000	71,650	7,750	70,000	—	20,000
West Indies . . .	80,000	17,650	16,100	7,500	—	40,000

A further credit must be allowed — except in the case of the United States, with which country there does not exist at present a parcels post — for the postage received on parcels, but on the other hand there are charges which cannot easily be arrived at. Mails are dispatched to the farthest possible points by land routes, which involves considerable expense. It cannot be supposed, for example, that the large sum paid for the service between Great Britain and Ireland, amounting to about £100,000, is in the interests of the business connections between the two countries. The real purpose of the Irish Channel service is the acceleration of the American mails to and from Queenstown, though the actual saving of time does not now exceed a few hours in any instance. Then, again, mails going eastward have the advantage of quick overland transit to Brindisi, or some other port on the Italian or Southern French littoral, and payments for this have to be made in the English Channel service as well as to foreign post offices. In the West Indian and South African mail services an English port is used in each instance, and they get the benefit of the ordinary postal service, the weight of matter adding little to the cost of the ordinary contracts with the respective railway companies. Further, something must be allowed for the services of the post-office staff, — many employees being required for the

handling of the foreign mails, — and also for the use of buildings and stock. It is probable, therefore, that, were these things taken into account, the apparent profit on the American mail service would disappear, and that the loss on the others would be somewhat increased.

When everything is considered, however, the fact remains that the gigantic foreign mail service of the United Kingdom costs the British taxpayer little if anything more than a quarter of a million sterling per annum, and this represents the subsidy which the entire British mercantile marine receives from the government. Something, of course, is added by the colonies and India, as they do not receive in postage the equivalent of the sums surcharged them; but the net disbursements in these cases all together probably fall short of £100,000. The fact is, the conveyance of British mail to all parts of the world is purely a matter of commercial arrangement, and in no case does the government make it the vehicle for favoring any particular line of steamships or group of shipowners. The contracts are thrown open to public competition, and if, as is contended, the amounts paid are sometimes extravagant, it is either because the company tendering has bought off its competitors, or, as is more probable, that none of the latter are in a position to fulfill the exceedingly onerous conditions demanded. The British Postmaster General has more than once in recent years attempted to set the companies at defiance, where he has considered the terms demanded excessive, or the conditions of the service in any way objectionable. But in taking such a step he invariably finds himself in an exceedingly unpleasant position. The amount involved is never sufficient to make any appreciable difference to the individual taxpayer, who consequently does not thank the Postmaster for his efforts, while the inconvenience arising from even a temporary dislocation of the mail service is so great that the small portion of the public affected immediately raises an outcry which compels a settlement, and as likely as not results in the victory of the recalcitrant company.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the post-office authorities to make economical contracts, there has been much dissatisfaction of late years on the part of a section of the mercantile and manufacturing community, who are aggrieved at what they consider to be the excessive rates of freight they are called upon to pay, in comparison with some of their Continental competitors. The contention is that the large subsidies paid enable the companies receiving them to form combinations or rings, and beat off competitors not so favorably situated, yet willing to work at cheaper rates. This grievance has never extended to the Atlantic trade, which is too immense to be dominated by a couple of companies, however powerful, and rates of freight are invariably regulated by the laws of supply and demand. It is in the Eastern and South African trades that the dispute is particularly rife, and here, undoubtedly, the terms enforced upon shippers are of a despotic nature. The combination, or conference, as it is more generally termed, fix their rates of freight conditionally upon shippers confining themselves exclusively for a definite period to their lines of steamers. The nominal rate charged is in excess of the actual, the difference being returned as rebate when the term has elapsed, if the conditions have not been infringed. Thus a shipper is precluded from taking advantage of an occasional outsider which may be put upon the berth at a cheap rate, because in doing so he would forfeit rebates extending perhaps over many months, and amounting to hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds sterling.

It might reasonably be supposed that, enjoying the double advantage of handsome subsidies and of combination which

they appear to afford, these companies would be among the most lucrative investments to be found in the list of British shipping. Many of the steamers, moreover, are floating palaces, and at certain periods of the year earn very large sums for the conveyance of passengers. Yet in spite of all this, the requirements under the mail contracts are so exacting and onerous that the sum distributed to bondholders and stockholders as interest and dividends falls far short of the amount received as subsidy, as the following figures amply testify: —

	Subsidy received.	Interest and Dividends paid for 1898.
Cunard	£65,000	£56,000
P. & O.	330,000	202,000
Orient	85,000	—
Union	45,000	50,000
Castle Mail	45,000	53,500
Royal Mail	80,000	48,500

Where a subsidy is divided between two companies, it has been assumed that each receives one half. The Union and Castle lines are the only two, therefore, which distribute more than their subsidy; and this is more apparent than real, as the capital of the companies has been steadily growing for years, while the fleets have assumed an importance which will soon entitle them to £67,500 each per annum, instead of £45,000, when they, like the other companies, will show a deficiency. Nor are the rates of dividend, with one exception, in excess of, or even equal to, what might reasonably be looked for from first-class industrial undertakings. The Cunard Company, for instance, paid its shareholders in 1898 three and a half per cent, the highest rate for a number of years. The distribution to the shareholders of the White Star line is known to have been much higher, but it is equally well known that the profits of the company are derived, not from the subsidized mail steamers, but from its magnificent fleet of cargo boats. The P. & O. is the one instance where a really substantial dividend is paid, and this is the company which more than any other has roused the animosity of the mercantile community. Its colleague in the Australian service is quite at the other extreme, as for 1898 the Orient Company paid no dividend at all, and it is doubtful if it really succeeded in meeting its fixed charges. The two South African lines divided five and a half and five per cent respectively, the Royal Mail five per cent, though to do so an inroad had to be made into the insurance fund. Most of these companies have debenture or bond issues bearing very moderate rates of interest, so that the average distribution over the entire capital employed is less even than the figures named. This is markedly the case with the P. & O., the £202,000 paid being equal to very little over six per cent on all the money actually invested in the enterprise.

Were this a fair representation of the returns from the shipping industry, it would compare most unfavorably with other British industrial enterprises, and there would be little eagerness exhibited to invest accumulated wealth in it. British shipowners do not by any means rank among the poorest members of the community, and it must be assumed that the average earnings upon their capital are very much more than five per cent. Private owners are naturally in a better position than public companies, as by personal attention they can save a great deal in the cost of management, and many private owners are known to derive handsome incomes from their property. There are numerous instances, however, of companies earning substantial dividends without any aid whatever in the form of subsidies. Take the Leyland line, which traverses much the same routes as the Cunard. After paying a moderate dividend for the first year or two of its existence, it transpired that a reserve had been accumulated sufficient to justify an additional distribution to bring the average of the whole

period up to eleven per cent, the rate now current. Compare this with three and a half per cent paid by its subsidized competitor. Again, the West India and Pacific Steamship Company, with its headquarters at Liverpool, covers a good deal of the same ground as the Royal Mail, but has recently been earning as much as twelve and a half per cent against the doubtful five per cent of its rival. So far, then, from subsidies being an advantage, they appear in some instances, at least, to be positively detrimental to the companies receiving them.

In face of these facts, it is scarcely to be wondered at that few shipowners care to enter the lists as competitors for government mail contracts. They much prefer to sail their vessels in their own way and to suit their own convenience; and though many of the non-subsidized lines maintain as regular and punctual a service as the subsidized ones, they are under no legal compulsion, and can break it whenever serious loss is threatened. The mail service has to be regarded as a totally distinct branch of the business, and treated accordingly. The state of perfection to which it has been brought has been the outcome of the developments of many years, and only those who have taken part in them are able to cope with them. No shipowner would build a Campania or an Oceanic on the off chance of getting a share of the American mail contract; the consequences of his failing to do so, after it was built, being too serious to contemplate. There are many steamers trading with the East equal to or superior to some of the P. & O. boats carrying the mails, yet it would be impossible to find any single line or any combination sufficiently well equipped to carry on the whole service. Steamers quite equal, if not superior, both in size and speed, to those of the Royal Mail Company, call at ports in the British West Indies, yet £80,000 per annum is not sufficient inducement to their owners to compete for the mails. In these days, trade fluctuations are so violent, and channels so apt to change, that nobody likes to bind himself to one route for so long a period as five years, particularly where, as in the case of the West Indies, the prospects are anything but inviting.

It cannot be urged too strongly that the British mercantile marine owes practically nothing of its enormous development to government assistance, and were this entirely withdrawn only a very slight percentage of the total tonnage would be affected. For all the government pays it both expects and gets full value. The conditions necessary to secure its patronage are most costly, while there is no guarantee that it will be continued beyond a limited period. The P. & O. contracts, for instance, were renewed last year until 1905, but a good deal of uncertainty exists as to what may occur after that. With the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, that route is almost certain to be adopted for the transmission of the mails to the Far East, and perhaps eventually to Australia: in the first instance, at any rate, the time occupied will be about one third of what it is now. There may some day be a transcontinental route to South Africa; the transatlantic companies alone may feel tolerably secure that their route will not be disturbed, whatever other changes may take place in the arrangements. These are all risks which must be taken into account, and which few shipowners care to run; those who do so often gain more credit than profit. In the great Atlantic liners, the new and powerful steamers of the two South African lines, and in a lesser degree the crack boats of the Eastern companies, the British public feel a legitimate pride, and it is quite true that without the prospect of the subsidies such vessels would never be constructed. But they are sometimes costly luxuries, and it is not upon them that the prosperity of British shipping rests.

These facts are well worth consideration before an attempt is made by any other government to build up, by wholesale subventioning, a mercantile marine to compete with the British. France has tried the experiment, at an enormous cost, with anything but satisfying results. The stimulus to the great expansion of German shipping has been from within, and not from heavy grants of taxpayers' money; and though two or three of the larger companies do receive mail subsidies in excess of those paid for like service by the British government, their success is in much greater degree attributable to their independent efforts. The shipping industry is, in its very essence, an international one, and the application to it of principles which may have proved successful in the internal industries of a country may be found to end in very disastrous results.

J. W. Root.

A GIRL OF SIXTEEN AT BROOK FARM.

Of all the memorable company whom I found seated at the tea table when I arrived at Brook Farm, a few weeks after its opening, not one is now alive. I myself, sole survivor of the men and women who occupied that first table in the parlor of the Hive, have already passed nearly a lustrum beyond the allotted term of life.

I realize, therefore, that if I am to comply with the repeated requests of many friends, and record my recollections of the earliest days of what, with Hawthorne, I may call "my old and affectionately remembered home," I must not longer defer the task. I esteem it both a duty and a privilege not only to correct some inaccuracies and supply some omissions in the accounts of those less familiar than myself with the inner life of those early days, but also to express my gratitude to my friends and teachers at Brook Farm for the noble, sweet simplicity of the life there, which has been to me one of the most precious influences of the past threescore years.

The idea of Brook Farm originated with Rev. George Ripley, settled over Purchase Street Church in Boston, and his wife, Sophia Dana Ripley, a niece of Richard H. Dana, the poet and scholar. Mr. and Mrs. Ripley had boarded for several summers at the Ellis Farm in West Roxbury, and were convinced that it was the ideal spot for their enterprise. They invited all interested in the scheme to meet at their pleasant home in Boston one evening a week, through the winter of 1840–41, to discuss the matter and form definite plans. These meetings called together such "cultivated and philosophic minds" as Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, William Henry Channing, John S. Dwight, David Mack, and others of similar character and culture. The proposed association became the current topic of conversation in Boston and the neighboring towns. Some laughed at it, of course, but some were as much frightened as men and women have since been by the talk of the anarchists.

I was then a girl of nearly sixteen, living in a college town. My mother, a woman of rare discernment, wishing to send me away to a good school, and knowing that teaching as well as farming was included in the scheme, attended the meetings at the Ripleys' house, not without some opposition and ridicule from her Philistine friends.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Ripley, then Miss Dana, had been a most successful teacher in Cambridge. She was

a woman of elegant manners and perfect self-control, qualities which insured her a remarkable degree of influence over her pupils. My mother felt that she could intrust my intellectual and moral training to her with the greatest confidence; but my father was a clergyman, with a large family and the usual small income of his profession, and there was some hesitation. On learning, however, that I could work four hours a day for my board, leaving only my tuition to be paid for in money, my parents decided to send me.

One pleasant afternoon in June, 1841, my father drove over to West Roxbury with me in the family chaise, with my trunk securely strapped beneath, and left me at the Nest. This was a small house occupied by Miss Ripley, a sister of George Ripley, and a few young boys brought with her from her school in Boston, among them two sons of George Bancroft. In the care of these children and of the house I was to assist her. We all took our meals at the Hive, and in the autumn went there to live.

The Hive was the Ellis farmhouse, one of the lovely old New England houses with a broad hall running through the whole length, and having a door at each end. From the left side of this hall, as you entered, a staircase went straight up to the second floor. The walls of the hall were lined with open bookshelves filled with rare English, French, and German books, belonging to Mr. Ripley, who had, I imagine, one of the finest libraries in Boston at that time, especially in foreign works. After the Eyrie was built the Hive became merely the working headquarters, and this library was removed to the new building; but the books were always free to all, a fact which showed the real generosity of Mr. Ripley.

There was a comfortable sofa in the hall, under the stairs, on which Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the front room at the right, used to sit for hours at a time, with a book in his hand, not turning a leaf, but listening with sharp ears to the young people's talk, which he seemed to enjoy immensely, perhaps with the satisfaction of Burns's "Chiel amang ye takin' notes." It is, however, but just to Mr. Hawthorne to say that, whatever use he made in Blithedale Romance of the scenery and "romantic atmosphere" of Brook Farm, he cannot be accused of violating the sanctities of the home and holding up to public observation exaggerated likenesses of his associates there. I spent some delightful hours with him the winter he died, when he assured me that Zenobia represented no one person there.

The company on which my eyes fell, when I arrived at the farm, included Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; George P. Bradford, kinsman and friend of Emerson; John S. Dwight, musician and scholar, founder and editor of the Journal of Music; Nathaniel Hawthorne, then a young man, not yet married, but engaged; Rev. Mr. Burton, a Unitarian clergyman; Miss Sarah Stearns, niece of Mr. Ripley, a young woman of much culture and charm; the family from the Nest; and a pupil of about my own age, tall, fair-haired, and beautiful to look upon, Ellen Slade, mentioned by name in Hawthorne's American Note-Books, and the original Diana of that book and The Blithedale Romance, with whom I was proud to be associated.

There soon came others to our little company: Miss Georgiana Bruce, one of the most interesting persons at the farm, the writer of Years of Experience; Minot Pratt, who brought with him his wife and two little sons, one of whom afterwards married Annie Alcott, the Meg of Little Women. The Pratts were admirable people, and became very useful members of the association. Mr. Pratt, a printer, wanted, I imagine, more liberty to labor as he chose, and to find time for reading and study, and took an important part in the farmwork. Mrs.

Pratt I remember as a most kind and motherly woman.

Charles A. Dana, the late editor of the New York Sun, then a handsome collegian, came over from Cambridge and passed a day or two in the course of the summer, and later he took up his abode with us.

Theodore Parker's farmer, William Allen, had been deeply interested in the idea of the association, and soon came to take charge of the farm. This new farmer, William, was a sturdy young fellow from Westmoreland, Vermont. He married just before coming to us, and brought his pretty wife, Sylvia. William's brother also came, bringing his bride. These four were, I think, among our most efficient workers. The education of their hands had not been neglected, and these were well trained by good heads. It was such as they, perhaps, who kept the daily machinery running smoothly.

William, as I remember him, must have been a man of power in his way, as he was the head farmer, and the four or five men who fitted boys for college (I fancy this was the surest source of income to the association) must have been directed by him and his brother in all the work of the farm. I remember well that George P. Bradford and Mr. Hawthorne had the care and milking of the cows, but not to the exclusion of other less Arcadian labors, as is evident from the American Note-Books. Mr. Hawthorne seems to have had a rather tender feeling for his charges, expressing forcibly in The Blithedale Romance, chapter xxiv., his indignation at their "cold reception" of him on his return from an absence of several weeks. I recall distinctly the names of two cows, Daisy and Dolly, from the fact that Messrs. Hawthorne and Bradford were particular always to assign to these cows adjoining stalls in the barn at night, because they were always together in the pasture. I recollect also Mr. Bradford's often begging me to stop at the gate through which the long line of cows came at evening, and watch the varying and interesting expressions on their faces.

The pigs too came in for their share of Mr. Hawthorne's care. When, in the the following winter, the Brook Farmers, as a delicate attention, sent a spareribb to Mrs. George S. Hillard, with whom he was then staying in Boston, thinking to please him, he raised his hands in horror, and exclaimed, "I should as soon think of a sculptor's eating a piece of one of his own statues!"

Besides those whom I have mentioned others joined us, with well-trained hands, but not of such good New England blood. I recall among them two Irishwomen, one of whom, a fine cook, had lived with the Danas and others of the best families of Boston. This woman came to Brook Farm for the sake of her beautiful young daughter, an only child, who looked like a Madonna and possessed much native delicacy. Her mother was desirous that she should be well educated. These women were perfectly welcome to sit at the table with us all, but they preferred not to sit down until the two courses had been put upon the table, if at all.

As I remember our meals, they were most delightful times for talk, humor, wit, and the interchange of pleasant nonsense. When our one table had grown into three, Charles A. Dana, who must have been a very orderly young man, organized a corps of waiters from among our nicest young people, whose meals were kept hot for them, and they in their turn were waited on by those whom they had served. I have seen Mr. Dana reading a small Greek book between the courses, though he was a faithful waiter. The table talk was most delightful and profitable to me. Looking back over a long and varied life, I think that I have rarely sat down with so many men and women of culture, so thoroughly unself-

ish, polite, and kind to one another, as I found at those plain but attractive tables. All seemed at rest and at their best. There was no man, tired with the stock market and his efforts to make or to increase a big fortune, coming home harassed or depressed, too cross or disappointed to talk. There was no woman vying with others in French gowns, laces, and diamonds. The fact that all felt that they were honored for themselves alone brought out more individuality in each, so that I have often said that I have never elsewhere seen a set of people of whom each seemed to possess some peculiar charm.

I do not recollect Hawthorne's talking much at the table. Indeed, he was a very taciturn man. One day, tired of seeing him sitting immovable on the sofa in the hall, as I was learning some verses to recite at the evening class for recitation formed by Charles A. Dana, I daringly took my book, pushed it into his hands, and said, "Will you hear my poetry, Mr. Hawthorne?" He gave me a sidelong glance from his very shy eyes, took the book, and most kindly heard me. After that he was on the sofa every week to hear me recite.

One evening he was alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the farther end, when my roommate, Ellen Slade, and myself were going upstairs. She whispered to me, "Let's throw the sofa pillows at Mr. Hawthorne." Reaching over the banisters, we each took a cushion and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, warded off our cushions, and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them at him he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could hit only the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements. Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars. Wonderful eyes they were, and when anything witty was said I always looked quickly at Mr. Hawthorne; for his dark eyes lighted up as if flames were suddenly kindled behind them, and then the smile came down to his lips and over his grave face.

My memories of Mr. Hawthorne are among the pleasantest of my Brook Farm recollections. His manners to children were charming and kind. I saw him one day walking, as was his custom, with his hands behind his back, head bent forward, the two little Bancrofts and other children following him with pleased faces, and stooping every now and then with broad smiles, after which they would rise and run on again behind him. Puzzled at these manœuvres, I watched closely, and found that although he hardly moved a muscle except to walk, yet from time to time he dropped a penny, for which the children scrambled.

Among our regular visitors in that first year were: Emerson, who came occasionally to spend a day; Margaret Fuller, who passed weeks at a time with us; and Theodore Parker, who was a frequent caller. The last, a warm personal friend of Mr. Ripley, lived within walking distance, and we were often amused at the ceremonies of his leave-taking. When he took his departure, after spending two or three hours in close conversation with Mr. Ripley, the latter always started to accompany him part of the way; at the end of a mile or so, when Mr. Ripley turned back, Mr. Parker, in his turn, became escort, Mr. Ripley resuming the rôle when Brook Farm was reached. In this way, the two men, always absorbed in conversation, walked back and forth, until sometimes another couple of hours were added to the solid talk.

Wendell Phillips came once, but I was away and did not see him. On my return I was flattered to hear that he had especially asked for me; but my pride had a fall when I learned that he had supposed the "Ora" of whom he had heard so much to be a favorite cat.

All sorts and conditions of men were kindly received at Brook Farm, and of course many peculiar persons came to claim our hospitality. I remember well the man mentioned by Mr. Codman in his book on Brook Farm, who, when Mr. Ripley offered to show him to his room for the night, declined, averring that he never slept, and would sit up all night in the parlor, which he was allowed to do.

As our family soon grew too large for the Hive, two other houses were built while I was there. One, perched on a hill not far from the Hive, and built upon the rock, was named the Eyrie. In this was a good-sized room for our musical evenings and dancing; also a library, to which, on its completion, the books were removed from the hall in the Hive. At the Eyrie Mr. and Mrs. Ripley had their rooms; also my sister, who came a year after me, and myself, with several other young people; but we continued to go to the Hive for our meals and recitations. That the Eyrie was built on the Scriptural foundation I know, from having once seen the elegant Burrill Curtis, brother of George William Curtis, filling the oil lamps of the house on the cellar floor of solid rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Minot Pratt took charge of the Hive, and there all the cooking and washing were done. Mr. Bradford continued to keep his room there until he left, I believe.

One of the houses was a cottage built in the form of a cross, by a cousin of Mrs. Wendell Phillips, a wealthy lady, who lived in it herself. Charles A. Dana and other young people also had rooms there.

Later, Ichabod and Edwin Morton, of Plymouth, Mass., who came to Brook Farm after I left, built a large house after Fourier's plan, with a common kitchen, dining room, and laundry on the lower floor, and separate rooms above. This was called the Phalanstery. I think it was the outcome of a pet plan of Mr. Ripley's. The inmates might either eat at the common table, or, by paying a certain sum, might have their meals sent to their apartments. This would clearly indicate that Brook Farm was not a *community*, as so often miscalled, but an *association*, where the members could more easily live out the aims for which it was founded. Possibly the whole settlement might in time have grown to be a sort of coöperative village, but unfortunately the Phalanstery was burned to the ground, in March, 1846, before it was quite finished. The financial loss was heavy, and I know that the destruction of the Phalanstery was a great blow to the association in many ways.

Perhaps my recollections of Brook Farm are tinted by the rose-colored optimism of sixteen, but as I have grown old, and, looking back to the general standard of half a century ago, have compared the lives led at Brook Farm with the most useful ones of these days, I am more and more convinced that my estimates are true, that there was very much "sweetness and light" there, — a light too bright for most people at that time to bear.

With the progress of time, as higher moral and scientific developments have improved the internal as well as the external vision, the world is coming to see that living for others is true living. Certainly, most of the persons whom I knew at Brook Farm lived on a higher plane than their contemporaries, recognizing, as they did, others' needs as of equal moment with their own. I can recall so many unselfish, loving, gentle-mannered people that I am sure that if others of a different stamp did come, they could not have lived contentedly there, but must soon have slid out. Thank God, there were always enough of the old stock left to keep the spirit of the place as it had been at first. Among the boarders, too, were some who entered into that spirit, and though not sharing the labors, yet added greatly to the pleasures of the

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C[redacted]gine the influence such a [redacted]eorge P. Bradford had on the people assembled at Brook Farm. He knew the woods and fields well, — indeed, all outdoor things ; the flora, especially, which, as my memory recalls it, was very rich ; astronomy, too. Many, many nights he showed us the constellations, quietly talking of all this beauty in a way that inspired love and reverence in us.

He loved the beautiful pine wood which we called the Cathedral, using it as a magnificent hall, for our amusement. Hawthorne tells in one of his Note-Books of the masquerade we had there, where more beautiful people met, I think, than usually falls to one's lot to see in a lifetime.

The brook he loved, I fancy, as much as I did, as it ran in front of the Hive, through the large green meadow ; talking sometimes in a serious undertone, sadly, as if finding fault with me, and sometimes so gay and frolicking that even now, after more than half a century, it comes to me as a voice either blaming or making me joyous.

The dearest friend I have ever had since I left Brook Farm often used to stop beside some singing brook, as we were driving through the country, and ask me : " How about this brook ? Is n't its voice as sweet as the one at Brook Farm ? " But only once did I ever hear one that even approached to the sweetness of Brook Farm's brook, and I believe firmly that the memory of its voice has helped many of those who were happy enough to have heard it to bear their successes and failures with gratitude, sweetness, and strength. I have often wondered if such a place, so pure, refined, and entirely democratic, could have been started nearly " sixty years since " in any other place than the United States, and in Boston or its vicinity.

One thing I early learned there was to discern the small importance of outward worldly distinctions as compared with true worth of character. This has helped me much in life in choosing friends, finding them sometimes even among servants. It has enabled me to treat them as if they were really equals, and to recognize sometimes their superiority to myself. This lesson has done much to make the practical part of my life run smoothly, I am sure. That such men as George P. Bradford and George William Curtis should muffle themselves up in the stormy and freezing weather, and work hard in the unaccustomed business of hanging out clothes, to save women, some of whom had toiled all their lives, seems to me more chivalrous than Raleigh's throwing his cloak in front of Elizabeth. I have never seen such true politeness as prevailed there. The selfish and consequently impolite people who occasionally came were either ashamed and left, or learned to follow the customs.

The boys studying there did not fight, as at other schools, for they were treated courteously, and had few rules. My tender conscience, however, has kept alive the memory of my connivance in one violation of a rule. One of my morning duties was to dust and adorn the parlor in the Hive, after it had been swept. Mrs. Ripley had made a strict rule that none of the boys who used that room for morning study should enter it before I had finished my task. Early one morning, on entering the room, dust-cloth in hand, I was surprised to see there three boys on three different sides of the room, each in a chair drawn forward from the wall, with heads bent over their books, apparently deeply absorbed in study. Not a head was raised nor a movement made, when I went in. " Boys," I said, " you know you must n't be here." " Oh, please let us stay, Ora, and we won't disturb you a bit. We 've dusted our chairs, — see," and, suiting

the action to the word, they polished their chairs with their coat sleeves.

Finding them bent upon staying, I crossed the hall to the dining room and told Mrs. Ripley. She went immediately back to the parlor with me; but the room was empty, the boys having jumped out of the window. I continued my dusting. Soon one of the delinquents thrust his head in at the window and said: "Now, Ora, if you 'll dust that sofa, you may take as much time for it as you please; and then I 'll come in and put my feet up on it, so as to be out of your way, and I 'll read hymns to you just the way some of the Unitarian ministers around Boston do." As some of the Unitarian pulpits in Boston and vicinity were filled, at that time, by men with very peculiar voices and styles of delivery, the temptation was too great to be resisted. The entertainment was certainly unique and mirth-provoking. My entertainer, George Wells, became one of the youngest judges ever on the bench in Massachusetts. Later, the dear fellow gave his life to his country in the civil war. Some years after leaving, he said that he felt all the good there was in him he owed to Brook Farm.

In keeping with this testimony of Judge Wells was a remark once made to me by George William Curtis, when staying at our house in the course of one of his lecturing tours: "In many places where I lecture I meet old Brook Farmers whom I have not seen for years, and they are always, I find, among the very best people of the place."

The teaching at Brook Farm was fine, and, to one who really wished to learn, of the very best kind. It was not confined to daytime study hours, for some, not only of the teachers, but of the scholars, used to work a portion of each day on the farm. In order to get our work done early enough for the evening pleasures, among which we reckoned Mr. Ripley's classes, Georgiana Bruce, Sarah Stearns, and myself, whose duty it was to wash the tea dish[illegible]gh the task with gr[illegible] men helping by wi[illegible]par-ticularly one eve[illegible] philosophy class, — which [illegible]e been very interesting to rouse and keep the enthusiasm of a girl of sixteen, — when the question of free will came up. Mr. Ripley read aloud Jonathan Edwards's famous chapter on Golden, Silver, Wooden, and Pottery Vessels, and this was followed by a most exciting discussion between Mr. Ripley and Miss Bruce.

The arrival of George William Curtis, then a youth of eighteen, and his brother Burrill, two years his senior, was a noteworthy event in the annals of Brook Farm, at least in the estimation of the younger members. I shall never forget the flutter of excitement caused by Mr. Ripley's announcing their expected coming in these words: "Now we 're going to have two young Greek gods among us." Nor have I forgotten their first appearance at the gate at the bottom of the hill leading to the Eyrie. This was the gate by which I had stood, at Mr. Bradford's request, to study the expressions on the faces of the cows as they came through. After we moved up to the Eyrie, this gate always seemed to me to separate the two different lives led at Brook Farm: on one side, the rest and recreation of the Eyrie; on the other, the busy, active, happy life of the Hive, where sweeping, dusting, lessons with Mrs. Ripley, and pleasant chitchat filled the morning hours. On a bright morning in May, 1842, soon after Mr. Ripley's announcement, as I was coming down from the Eyrie to the Hive, I saw Charles A. Dana with two strange young men approaching my "magic gate" from the direction of the Hive. Arriving at the gate before me, Mr. Dana threw it open with the flourish peculiar to his manner, and stood holding it back. His companions stood beside him, and all three waited for me to pass through. I saw at a glance that these must be the

...s." They stood ... Virgil's Venus, by ... their beauty and bear... Curtis was at that time the ...ful. He had a Greek face, ...rity of expression, and curling ... George too was very handsome, ... remarkably as in later life, but ... with a man's virile expression. ...rill, whom I soon came to know ... well, was quite unconscious of him... and interested in all about him. He t...ked of the Greek philosophers as if h... had sat at their feet. He carried this h...gh philosophy into his daily life, help...ng the young people in their studies, and ready at any time to take his share of the meanest and commonest work. He had that thoroughgoing truthfulness that made him feel that every mood *must* be lived through. One result of this was that he gave himself up so completely to the person in whom he was for the moment interested as to create false impressions, and sometimes cause disappointment. But he was so much more attuned to another life than to anything here, so entirely fine in thought, manner, and deed, that one could not resolve to pain him by speaking of this. He was unworldly and wholly indifferent to what others thought of him, as also to their laughter when he changed his opinions, which he often did. Burrill's influence must have been of value to George in keeping him from caring too much for the admiration showered upon him later in life, the pleasures of this world being in many ways more enticing to him than to his brother. George had the greatest love and respect for Burrill, and, I always understood, was led by him to go to Brook Farm. Their intimacy was like that of two sisters. They worked, walked, talked, and sang together. Burrill's power is acknowledged most tenderly in the last chapter of Prue and I. George himself once told me that "our cousin the curate" was in part a portrait of his brother.

About George William Curtis there was a peculiar personal elegance, and an air of great deference in listening to one whom he admired or looked up to. There was a certain remoteness (at times almost amounting to indifference) about him, but he was always courteous. His friends were all older than himself, and he appeared much older in manners and conversation than he was in years; more like a man of twenty-five than a youth of eighteen. I, being a year younger and quite immature, did not then know him so well as a few years later, from which time the privilege of calling him my friend became one of the greatest pleasures of my life. As time passed he grew more genial, but he was always more sociable with some of the older men and women — George P. Bradford, Caroline Sturgis, and Mrs. Shaw, the last two being our near neighbors — than with any of the younger people at that time, excepting Charles A. Dana, with whom he and his brother used to take long walks. I remember Mr. Bradford's telling me that he and the other older men saw more promise in George than in Burrill, perceiving as they did, I suppose, the steady practical side of his nature; but I must always think that the influence of "our cousin the curate" was an important factor in the development of his character.

I passed a happy year and a half as a scholar at Brook Farm; but for the following three years, until I left New England, I was in the habit of making frequent visits there, and was always received as one of their own, — "a child of the farm," as it were. In the course of these visits I made the acquaintance, and in some cases the friendship, of later comers. Among these I must not omit to mention Abby Morton (Mrs. Diaz), who became very dear to me, and whose peculiar combination of liveliness and dignity, together with her beautiful singing, made her a favorite with all the members, old and new.

Another whom I first met at the farm, and whose friendship I prized, was Isaac Hecker. It was on one of my earliest visits after leaving the school that I went out to the kitchen to see some of my friends, and there beheld, on one side of the chimney, a strange young man with the regulation baker's cap on his head. His face attracted me. It was pockmarked and not handsome, but it was earnest, high-minded, and truthful. Circumstances — among other things the friendship then existing between him and Georgiana Bruce — led to a somewhat intimate acquaintance and frequent correspondence between him and myself, the latter continuing after Mr. Hecker went to the Catholic college at Worcester. Young as we both were, our correspondence was yet on high, spiritual themes, and his persuasive powers almost made me too a Roman Catholic. Undoubtedly, Isaac Hecker's influence had much to do with Mrs. Ripley's conversion to the church in which his restless mind finally found "surcease of doubt." My dear young friend Sarah Stearns became not only a Catholic, but a nun.

Among the unwarranted calumnies formerly circulated about Brook Farm was the assertion that a good deal of flirting was carried on there. I have been much with young people in my life, — a teacher for some years, a mother with several children, and now a grandmother with hosts of grandchildren, — and I have never seen more truly gentlemanly and gentlewomanly relations between youths and maidens than at Brook Farm. I am sure not only that no harm was done, either to young men or maidens, by the healthful and simple intercourse that was invariable between them, but that very much good came, especially to the young men. There seemed a desire in each person to make Brook Farm a happy home. There were few of us who had not enough work each day, either manual or intellectual, generally both, to give a keen zest to the [illegible] ing. It seems to m[illegible] upon the happy hours o[illegible] we were more amiable an[illegible] ourselves and one another t[illegible] cle of people I have ever kno[illegible]

Among our daytime amusem[illegible] some charming picnics in the [illegible] grove, one of which is almost [illegible] described in The Blithedale Ro[illegible]e. Hawthorne's one variation from the [illegible] was in making me, both there and [illegible] the American Note-Books, the gy[illegible] fortune teller, whereas that part w[illegible]s really taken by Mrs. Ripley, and I was merely the messenger to bring persons to her; but it would seem that I must have done some talking on my own account.

In the happy Brook Farm evenings there were games for the young people at the Hive, while once or twice a week, at the same place, the older classes listened to Mr. Bradford's readings of Racine's and Molière's plays, — delightful readings they were, — or to discussions in Mr. Ripley's moral philosophy class. At the Eyrie we had charming singing by the two Curtis brothers, occasional concerts given by people from "the world," talks by Margaret Fuller, William H. Channing, and others, sometimes dancing in moderation, and once in a while a fancy-dress party.

Everybody on the farm knew that he or she was cordially invited to all these various amusements, and would be kindly received. The result was that all sorts and conditions of men mingled freely and without sense of constraint. There were often side by side three of the most beautiful women I have ever seen from the Shaw and Russell families, a girl who had been nursemaid in my uncle's family, and others of even lowlier station in the world. When the chairs gave out, as they not infrequently did in our more crowded assemblies, our aristocratic guests did not disdain to sit upon the Eyrie floor, — a fact that

was made a subject of no little ridicule in Boston at the time, it not being known, perhaps, that it was impossible to get extra chairs.

At one fancy-dress party George William Curtis took the part of Hamlet. Our delightful neighbors, the Shaws and Russells, who were much interested in us, and who had plenty of money and many pretty things to wear themselves, not only came to these simple little balls, but generously lent many of their fine things to Brook Farmers. Jonathan Russell, a not remote ancestor, had been our Minister to Russia, and I remember that some of his court clothes appeared at our fancy parties, particularly a sky-blue silk frock coat, which J. S. Dwight wore. I recollect being dressed as a Persian girl in satin trimmings and tartan, lent by these neighbors, who made our assembly shine by their beauty and charming garments, warming our hearts by their constant kindness.

That many of the Brook Farmers went to church I know; for I remember well the hot walk with them two miles and back on summer Sundays. Most of them fulfilled their duty as citizens by voting, although a few refrained on the ground taken by Garrison and Samuel J. May, that the United States Constitution was a pro-slavery document.

Not long after the burning of the Phalanstery, Brook Farm closed its six years of existence. I cannot regard it as a failure. The influence of the fine, magnanimous living there must have carried blessing to all parts of our land, as its members scattered and planted in distant communities the seeds of the harvest they had themselves gathered at Brook Farm.

Yes, it was indeed a very happy and wholesome life. I wish I had the power to tell in earnest, glowing words how wide its influence seems to me to have been, and still to be. I have not this power, and so quote from an article by my dear friend George P. Bradford, who lived at Brook Farm throughout the six or seven years during which it was maintained: —

"And some there are who still revere all the dreams of their youth, not only those that led them there, but those also that hovered around them while there, and gave a color of romance to their life, and some of whom perhaps still cherish the hope that in some form or mode of association or of coöperative industry may be found a more equal distribution of the advantages, privileges, and culture of society; some mitigation of its great and painful inequalities; a remedy, or at least an abatement, of its evils and sufferings. But it may be thought that I have dwelt too much on the pleasantness of the life at Brook Farm, and the advantages in the way of education, etc., to the young people, which is all very well, but not quite peculiar to this institution, and some may ask what it really accomplished of permanent value in the direction of the ideas with which it was started. This I do not feel that I can estimate or speak of adequately, neither is it within the scope of this paper. But I would indicate in a few words some of the influences and results that I conceive to belong to it. The opportunity of very varied culture, intellectual, moral, and practical; the broad and humane feelings professed and cherished toward all classes of men; the mutual respect for the character, mind, and feelings of persons brought up in the most dissimilar conditions of living and culture, which grew up from free commingling of the very various elements of our company; the understanding and appreciation of the toils, self-denial, privations, which are the lot to which so many are doomed, and a sympathy with them, left on many a deep and abiding effect. This intercourse or commingling of which I have spoken was very simple and easy. When the artificial and conventional barriers were thrown down, it was felt how petty and poor they are. They were easily

forgotten, and the natural attractions asserted themselves. So I cannot but think that this brief and imperfect experiment, with the thought and discussion that grew out of it, had no small influence in teaching more impressively the relation of universal brotherhood and the ties that bind all to all, a deeper feeling of the rights and claims of others, and so in diffusing, enlarging, deepening, and giving emphasis to the growing spirit of true democracy."

Ora Gannett Sedgwick.

A DAUGHTER OF SAINT ANNE.

THE flat Sardinian fields lay submerged by autumnal inundations; through the falling sheets of rain could be only dimly discerned the outlines of a *nurago*, unique, mysterious monument of a forgotten civilization. All over the island these conical stone erections mock the scholar with impenetrable reserve, and seem to say, "You read the hieroglyphs of Egypt and the signs of the Assyrian, but what was I?" When the sun colors the red moss on these prehistoric *nuraghi*, and picks out the crimson prickly pear, splashed like a blood stain on the gigantic gray-green cactus hedge; when the light floods the purple "lilies of the field" and the scarlet pomegranate flowers, limning the stone pines against tropical sunset skies and horizons softly wreathed with blue mountains, there is singular beauty in this unvisited island of the Mediterranean. Its men, dark-browed and reticent, capped and clad in dense black homespun, mounted on long-tailed, softly stepping black horses, seem only sable velvet silhouettes to throw into more salient relief the pervading brilliance of light and color; and the women, with bared bosoms, crimson stays, heavily shawled heads, and barbaric ornaments, have an Oriental aspect foreign to Italy.

But when the rains come, and the sun magician withdraws his reconciling rays, the desolation and grim misery of the island lie revealed. It is like a woman in whose eyes hope and the light of love are quenched. Every autumn the country is flooded. Then the squalor of the low adobe huts and the poverty of the inhabitants is patent, and fever prevails. No wonder that, in spite of fine shooting, officials and army men deem it an exile to be stationed in Sardinia.

My eye vainly sought some consoling object through the mist-dimmed window panes of the second-class compartment, and came back for relief to study my three fellow travelers. Opposite sat my elect companion, the minister whose sweet, unworldly face confirmed the affectionate sobriquet of "the Angelical Doctor," and showed that this sensitive, conscientious New England nature "sloped to the southern side." As my glance lingered on his transparent face and shining blue eyes, a smile rose to my lips at recollection of one person's remark that he looked as if he had lived on nothing more material than white ostrich plumes, and the no less characteristic ejaculation of the Calabrian peasant, "He is a wax Jesus!"

In Italy a smile always finds its twin on another face, and when I raised my eyes they met the dark, sympathetic ones of a tall, graceful young officer occupying the third corner.

I am young, I am a woman, I am a blonde. In Sardinia it is enough, and there was no vanity in the conviction that at the junction of Chilivani my face at the car window had drawn this

comely fellow and his belongings from the neighboring first-class compartment. His interest was courteous, but a flame of heat flew to my cheeks, and my glance shifted to the remaining occupant of the carriage, a small creature in the garb of a nun, with hands, feet, and brow so withdrawn under the overlapping folds of black as to seem merely a sombre little drift of merino in the corner. She had gotten in alone at the last station, sorely cumbered with a canary cage, a basket of live chickens, and two heavy blue bags of knobby, uncertain contents, which the Angelical Doctor and the officer had wedged into the nets overhead. Then her slight figure and beseeching black eyes had said: "Take care of me, be good to me. I am quite helpless."

As I scanned her rusty draperies to discover to what order she belonged, the car gave a sudden lurch, and one of her bags, which had been set up by the scholarly, unpractical hands of my Angelical, was dislodged and flung forwards; but ere it descended upon my unoffending head the quick eye of the officer saw the danger. With a swift bound and a deft turn of the wrist he averted the avalanche, and thrust the weighty blue homespun firmly back into its place. The little nun's smothered "Perdoni" was lost in my exclamation of gratitude and the young man's deprecatory reply. Of course my Angelical touched his hat, murmuring, "Obbligatissimo," and the other was quick to respond. A rattling, crackling gust of rain supplied an impersonal topic, and the social ice was cracked. My dear Angelical is deaf, so the captain's remarks had to be repeated by me in clear, familiar accents close to his ear; and erelong he retreated from the conversation with the words: "Susy, dear, don't bother to repeat; leave me to my book."

A second's frost fell on the dialogue, and then it bravely blossomed again. I had been imprisoned for a week by washouts in a dreary, comfortless, bookless Sardinian hostelry, and the captain had not spoken to a woman for eighteen months. Perhaps he remembered Count Lamarmora's advice to a young man from the Continent: "Never look at a Sardinian woman unless you wish to marry her, or be shot in the back by one of her relatives." Given the slow, tentative crawl of the locomotive through the sodden fields and swamps, with the affinities of youth and congenial taste, was it any wonder we talked? At first our chat was of Sardinia, no less a foreign country to the cultured, progressive Milanese than to my American eyes. He told of the Sard feuds, — stern, irreconcilable from generation to generation; of the *vendette* drowned in the blood of men and flocks; of old usages such as the loving cup, which it were a deadly insult for a stranger to refuse. Through the impersonal tale pierced the isolation of the Italian exiled among alien Italians, far from the glories of La Scala and the social life of rich, emancipated Milan. From Sardinia the conversation flew to other countries. He had been one of the commissioners to the Chicago Exposition.

While he spoke of "the White City" I heard a slight movement in the corner. It was the nun drawing her thick veil closer over her head. The action chilled me with its implied withdrawal, but an instant's reflection convinced me that the bundle of black merino could scarcely become more oblivious of us than she already was. Again our talk flamed up. Italy's trials were the topic, and with it came mention of the socialistic disturbances in Milan and the military occupation. I quite forgot the reproving presence of the nun, while he told of mounting guard for twenty-four hours, and the scene when the ladies of Milan came out from their arcaded courts into the streets and squares to distribute bread and wine to the common soldiers, never dreaming that the officers who sat their horses impassively and waved their

gleaming sabres in the sunlight had borne a fast as strenuous and were quite as hungry.

At a wayside station he went to another car to smoke, and I approached the open door for a breath of damp, soft air. The nun's veil dropped back from her head, and she lifted two eyes aglow with interest. My smile called forth one from her, and she burst out with abrupt eagerness, "Do the bars on his sleeve mean that he is lieutenant or captain?" And when I replied she said musingly: "Ah, I had been wondering. But he is a beautiful man, is he not? — so tall, so straight, so aristocratic!" There was a slight pause, and then she continued wistfully: "How interesting it has been! How far you both have traveled! What a satisfaction! If I had not been a Daughter of St. Anne, I should have chosen to see the world. I would have been a great traveler."

The slight person with her rusty black gown, her livestock, and her clumsy bundles spoke, unconscious of her own pathos. Her friendliness made me ask where she was going, and she responded readily, "I am sent to the Continent, to Genoa, to do private nursing."

Having spent three happy, busy years in an American hospital, my sympathies leaped out to her with the fellowship of a common craft, and I was glad that this little woman of traveling aspirations should leave her miserable mud village for superb Genoa with its patrician palaces and pictured villas.

"Ah, you will like that!" I exclaimed.

But, to my surprise, she replied with Italian frankness that she was sorry, adding, "To tell the truth, signorina, one is only the servant of the rich, but the poor are our little brothers and sisters." In the affectionate diminutives *fratellini e sorelline* was a note of St. Francis and thirteenth-century Christianity.

"They must have loved you very much in Oristano!" exclaimed I involuntarily.

"They did indeed," she answered, with childlike candor; "they have been so good to me. If you knew how they all acted when the government took it with me about their teeth!"

"About their teeth?" I queried, quite puzzled.

"Eh, you cannot know; but this government does not allow any one who has not a diploma to pull teeth, and there was no dentist nearer than Cagliari."

"And did *you* pull them?" I exclaimed, so unique a dentist did this small, shrinking nun appear.

"Every tooth drawn in Oristano for three years," and when she met my wondering gaze she clasped to herself the dignity of her motive: "When they suffered there was no one else. I did it for no gain; they only brought thankofferings to the Madonna's shrine."

"And the government?" asked I.

"Ah, the government condemned me to pay five hundred francs or go to prison."

"And you paid it?"

"Eh, where should a Daughter of St. Anne get such a fortune? Mother Superior reproved me. She said no one should ever break the letter of the law, and I must bear the penalty."

"So you decided" —

"To go to prison; there was nothing else. It was a great passion, dear signorina, but then I found what were the hearts in Oristano. None of the gentry moved a straw, though I had sometimes pulled the milk teeth of their children; but when the poor people heard that I was going to prison, they rose in a body and marched to the syndic, and they said: 'The Daughter of St. Anne shall not go to prison; she has had compassion for us, and we love her. The government is a thief, — it would draw blood from a stone. The grapes have failed, and you know whether we are a race of miserables; but if your *signoria* has the heart of a human being, he will feel compassion to wait while we bring the money

"THE DARKNESS UNDER THE LIGHT."

THE darkness under the light,
The gleaming under the night,
The sleep 'neath the autumn breath,
The leap from the winter death,
The beat of far-away wings,
The greetings, the vanishings, —
These haunt me, and will not go;
I dream, but I cannot know.

A LOVELY THOUGHT.

FLUTTERED near a lovely thought;
It set my heart a-swinging.
Out I reached: 't would not be caught,
Yet still I hear it singing.

What it says I cannot tell;
Than thought there 's nothing fleeter.
Off it flew, but know I well
That only love is sweeter.

THE WAY TO TELL.

THE way to tell how well I love you, Dear?
Ask any of the gossip winds that blow,
The thousand flowers that burn it where they glow;
Ask all the things that love's close secret hear;
Inquire of sound and silence far and near,
Of brooks that sing it or must cease to flow, —
All ministers of love above, below.
Their answer, Sweet, — of that I have no fear;
For I believe all life below, above,
Is leagued with love as light is with the day,
That heaven and earth aye take the lover's part.
But should all other voices mock my love,
You will not heed them; you will turn away,
Content to have the answer of your heart.

LOVE AND GRIEF.

WOULDST hear strange music only the dreamer knows,
Breath sweeter than breathing of winds that have been with the rose?

Wouldst see strange light that deep in the shadow plays,
Wouldst pluck the secret from out the heart of the days?

Then follow Love and that other who feeds on her sweet;
Yea, follow Love and Grief, and fall low at their feet.

BLANCHE GAYLORD.

Could I put up my hand and pluck a star,
I would give that power
To be one hour
Where you, Blanche Gaylord, love and beauty are.

AT A GRAVE.

As out of the dark the stars,
Broke forth the heavenly bars
Of passion strong,
The wild bird's song,
Borne, wave on wave,
From a branch above a grave.

Mute heart, you, listening, heard
The music of the bird;
'T was in your cry, —
"A song had I,
But oh, I know
Of the dead asleep below!"

LOOK UP.

Enough of sweet and fair
Hovers for hope to see;
Enough for hope is the summer air,
The song in the summer tree.

Fair things in plenty spread,
They fill faith's quiet eye;
The heart that hungers and is fed
Fears not the by-and-by.

Fixed be the upward gaze,
The lifted eyes of trust;
The green looks up from the April ways,
The daisy from the dust.

BEAUTY AND DREAM.

BEAUTY and Dream, I fled from you, one day,
And down a new path wandered on and on.
Had you not followed softly all the way, —
I knowing not, — oh, whither had I gone!

MY FAITH.

I TRUST in what the love-mad mavis sings,
And what the whiteweed says whereso it blows,
And the red sorrel and the redder rose,
The power that puts the honeybee on wings,
And in its socket sets the rock, and rings
The hill with mist, and gilds the brook, and sows
The dusk, is on the wind that comes and goes,
The voice in thunders and leaf-murmurings.
I trust the might that makes the lichen strong,
That leads the rabbit from his burrow forth,
That in the shadow hides, in sunlight shines.
I trust what gives the one lone cricket song,
What ranks and hauls the wild-goose harrow north,
And snows the wild white on the silent pines.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

WE act the part allotted; right or wrong,
We robe us, and the prompter's call obey.
Between the acts I sit and pipe away —
Quite unregarded — at an artless song.

John Vance Cheney.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Stevenson from a New Point of View.

WE have grown used to taking for granted the affection with which Stevenson is regarded by the entire reading world. Hence it was with interest and considerable amusement that I lately made the discovery that different circles in this same reading world have different gods, and that there is at least one in which the name of Stevenson is known and not honored. This new light on his reputation came to me in the course of an evening spent at a literary society.

The evening's programme began with a biographical sketch of Stevenson, given by an elderly woman, who said that she had never had any esteem or liking for him, but she felt bound in fairness to

admit that, on looking up the facts in his life, she had become convinced that there must have been something attractive about his personality to make so many people speak well of him.

It devolved upon another elderly woman to give her opinion of The Master of Ballantrae. She declared that the book did not contain a single pleasant paragraph. It was the sort of thing, she thought, which perhaps would interest boys. Here, the president of the Foreign Missionary Society, a portly woman, with decided views on all questions involving a moral principle, broke in with, "And no doubt the boys would be the worse for it." Resuming after this interruption, the speaker told the incidents in The Master of Ballantrae, with so little attention to their relative importance that the result was a bewildering chaos of persons and events. The impression made upon her hearers was anything but favorable to the book. Nods of satisfaction were exchanged among some of those present who, without reading Stevenson, had always known that they should not like him.

A retired school-teacher, who had been asked to give her impression of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, said she had found the literary style of the book very faulty in some respects. Many of the sentences ended with prepositions. With regard to the story considered simply as a story, she hardly knew what to say. It was a very disagreeable book. It might be that Stevenson had had a purpose in writing it. In that case, possibly it might do good.

Here ensued a general discussion as to whether the book was intended to have a moral. The question being difficult to settle decisively, the author was generously given the benefit of the doubt, and it was conceded that he might have had a purpose in view, and that the book might be useful to some readers.

An editor read a paper, in which he spoke in the customary strain of admiration for both Stevenson and his books. At the close of his eulogy, which was rather coldly received, the widow of a Baptist minister asked in a significant tone, "What were Stevenson's religious opinions?" The manner of the question clearly implied, "I am sure nothing satisfactory can be said of them." This was evidently, to many present, hitting the nail squarely on the head. The writer of the paper answered that he did not know that Stevenson had anywhere made a definite statement of his religious belief, but he was confident of his being a good man. The president of the Foreign Missionary Society said that, judging from his conduct in the Gilbert Islands, she was not so sure of that. When asked to tell what there had been reprehensible in his behavior in that quarter of the world, she said her daughter could answer the question better than she could.

The daughter, thus brought into prominence, — a returned missionary from some of the heathen islands of the Pacific, — said she had never met Stevenson, although his boat, the Equator, lay for some weeks at the island where she was. She had heard too much of him to wish to see him. (Oh, the irony of fate! that Stevenson should have been anchored before the very door of a woman who did not care to see him, when others would cheerfully have gone as missionaries to the cannibal islands for the chance of meeting him!) When pressed for details, she said that Stevenson's influence over the natives was pernicious, and the example he set them greatly to be deplored. By appearing in the native dress on certain occasions, he counteracted the efforts of the missionaries to make their converts wear the garb of civilization and cease to go barefooted. He also smoked cigarettes in the sight of the islanders. She added that an autograph copy of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, which Stevenson had presented to the library of the Morning

Star, was thrown overboard by the missionary in charge of the station, because he deemed it unfit for circulation.

There was a shaking of heads over this testimony.

When the meeting adjourned, there seemed a disposition on the part of the members to regard the author of The Master of Ballantrae with charity, and to admit that he doubtless had many excellent qualities; although they agreed with the president of the Foreign Missionary Society, who said, "We must not forget that there is grave reason to fear there was a lack of essential rightness in the man."

American Mysticism from a European Standpoint.

One of the less obvious features of American life that strike the European eye is a growth of mystical sects and imaginations that are in marked contrast with the general atmosphere of absorption in material energies and interests. The European may naturally be set to speculate on this, to wonder if it is a backwater or an undercurrent. In the mechanical ingenuities Europe is slowly following the transatlantic pioneer; Rome echoes the weird moan of the electric car, and the East is being colonized by American hotels. Will Europe, indifferent to religion except where it concerns politics, also adopt American mysticism? Is mysticism to flourish with the progress of society on its present lines? Civilization may blunt curiosity (as it now seems to do in Europe) as to ultimate things, or, on the other hand, it may intensify the craving for ultra-terrestrial exploration. American civilization most probably has the latter effect. In the biographies of the greatest Americans, it sometimes seems as if the white light of affairs were so garish as to drive them to repose in a region of shadow and twilight. Of twilight in any sense an American city is peculiarly devoid; its dominant note is personality, publicity, unnecessary visualization. Externally, it cannot be called soul-satisfying. Even its triumphant modernity produces momentarily a pessimistic reaction, such as overtook John Stuart Mill when he brooded on the vanity of realizing his ideal commonwealth.

It has indeed another aspect, *sub specie æternitatis*. For a mile or two above the Niagara Falls the river is contorted into eternal eddies and fixed writhings. The swirl and thunder of the flood stupefy the onlooker, with a hypnotic quality all its own. But when he stands over the actual drop, everything is swift and clear and silent after the fitful fever of the rapids. The waterfall itself, seen from afar, has the tranquillity of a snow mountain. Similarly, American life seen against the encompassing cloudland of human existence loses its roar and glare. This point of view is in a certain sense mystical, but it springs from a healthy because a negative mysticism, — the mysticism of the north, of Shakespeare, Spinoza, and Goethe. Those who live with the gray mists of earth, sea, and sky are ready enough to turn their eyes to rest on the darkness, from which the sparrow of the old English tale entered the banquet hall only to return to darkness. Nor is it incompatible with the belief that life is worth living, wherever it is lived, and that pessimism generally arises from the failure to grasp the true inwardness of what others are toiling to achieve.

There is little of this in American mysticism. The American mystic prefers, indeed, a positive mysticism, — the mysticism that would map out the infinite into chessboard squares. The Hellenic images of the Revelation, the Latin clarity of the sixth book of the Æneid and of the Divina Commedia, reflect the azure-clear sights of southern Europe. This clarity abundantly satisfies the *curiosité malsaine* of modern humanity, which would fain see magic-lantern views thrown upon the nebulous veil, and then persuade itself that the veil is transparent.

This demand is met by the enterprising Spiritualist, by Dr. Dowie, General Booth, and others. It is the morbid result of a morbid activity; it is as though the brain found more rest in dreams than in sleep. Unhappily, it seems to be growing, and the same causes may produce the same effects in Europe. Only a civic life, which shall permit of reasonable leisure and exercise for the bodies and minds of all citizens, can breed the clear-eyed idealist. The mystic realist is generally the product of physical and mental ill health.

Dust to Dust.

THE proposed search for the remains of Paul Jones at Paris, with a view to their removal to America, awakens reflections on reburials, actual or possible. While families naturally desire to bring home the ashes of their loved ones, it may be doubted whether municipal or national authorities should be encouraged in such exhumations. John Howard's Russian grave is a fitting seal to his self-sacrificing labors. No American would think of disturbing the remains of Theodore Parker at Florence, nor any Englishman those of Mrs. Browning. The free Italy which she loved is the proper custodian of her grave. It would seem a profanation, moreover, to tamper with the shrines of Keats and Shelley at Rome. Ravenna properly refused to surrender to Florence the dust of Dante. It aptly urged that, in a united fatherland, his dust was no longer in exile. No Briton would spoil Charles Wolfe's noble lines on Sir John Moore by a search for the hero's remains, albeit we should have missed one of Tennyson's finest sonnets if Arthur Hallam's ashes had not been brought to his ancestral village. Nor has England reclaimed from Paris the dust of Sir Sidney Smith, who, Napoleon thought, spoiled his career by preventing his conquest of the East. As for the reinterment of Voltaire and Rousseau in the Paris Pantheon, it was a revolutionary demonstration rather than homage to genius; and for many years it was believed that the sanctity of their new resting place had not been respected.

As for exiled monarchs, the Napoleon apotheosis of 1840 is perhaps the sole instance of pompous reinterments. When Louis Philippe thus honored the Emperor's memory, he little foresaw that he too would die on a foreign soil, and that if his ashes ultimately reached France, they would be privately laid in the family vault at Dreux, as though he had never reigned, but had remained Duke of Orleans.

There was once an idea of exhuming Joel Barlow's remains in Poland, but it evoked little sympathy. There were more cogent reasons for bringing from Tunis to Washington the dust of John Howard Payne, and the reburial, amid the strains of his own song voiced by a thousand lips, was an impressive spectacle. Yet after all, there was some congruity as well as pathos in that African grave, which no English-speaking traveler failed to visit. As I stood on the spot, on an Easter Sunday, it seemed to me not unfit that Payne, who from the age of thirteen never possessed a home, should rest in a strange land. The visitor's first impression, on alighting from the street car, passing under Carthagena gate, pushing open a door in the archway, and mounting a few steps into an inclosure where the custodian is watering some sickly flowers, is that it was a pity to disturb the remains to which thirty years had given a kind of naturalization. But on reflection, standing in the shade of the overhanging pepper tree, and reading the cenotaph, he rejoices that this homeless man has at last found a home. It is a homily of consolation and hope.

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AN ACADIAN EASTER.[1]

GOOD FRIDAY, MDCXLV.

"Surely, O Christ, upon this day
Thou wilt have pity, even on me!
Hold thou the hands of Charnisay,
Or bid them clasp, remembering thee.

"O Christ, thou knowest what it is
To strive with mighty, evil men;
Lean down from thy high cross, and kiss
My arms till they grow strong again.

"(As on that day I drove him back
Into Port Royal with his dead!
Our cannon made the snowdrifts black,
But there, I deem, the waves were red.)

"Yea, keep me, Christ, until La Tour
(Oh, the old days in old Rochelle!)
Cometh to end this coward's war
And send his soul straightway to hell."

. . . That night, one looking at the west might say
That just beyond the heights the maples flared
Like scarlet banners, — as they do in autumn, —

[1] From 1641 to 1645 the history of Acadia is largely the history of the strife between the Sieur de La Tour and the Seigneur d'Aulnay Charnisay: the one lieutenant for the king, with headquarters at the mouth of the St. John; the other in command of the forts at Penobscot and Port Royal. In 1643 Charnisay attacked Fort La Tour, but was repulsed. He then blockaded the harbor, but La Tour, with his wife, Frances Marie Jacqueline, slipped through and escaped to Boston. Returning with five ships he drove the surprised Charnisay back to Port Royal. Early in 1645, Charnisay, hearing that La Tour was again in Boston, once more assailed the fort. Driven back with great loss by Lady La Tour he maintained a strict blockade, and in April returned to the attack, this time from the landward side. For three days the heroic woman held the enemy at bay; and even when a Swiss sentry, bribed by Charnisay, early on the morning of Easter Sunday threw open the gates, opposed the assault with such vigor that Charnisay called for a truce and offered honorable terms, which, to save the lives of her men, Lady La Tour accepted. Once in possession, he hanged the garrison, man by man, — their mistress standing by with a rope around her neck. Her death, three weeks later, released her from captivity.

The sun went down with such imperial splendor.
Near by, the air hung thick with wreathèd smoke,
And not quite yet had silence touched the hills
That had played all day with thunder of sullen cannon.
But now the veering wind had found the south
And led the following tide up no moon path,
Calling the mists — white as the circling gulls —
In from the outer rocks. Heavy with rain
The fog came in, and all her world grew dark, —
Dark as the empty west.

Though one should stand
(Praying the while that God might bless her eyes)
Upon the seaward cliff the long night through
On such a night as this (O moaning wind!),
I think that dawn — if dawn should ever break —
Would only come to show how void a thing
Is Earth, that might have been no less than Heaven.
Yea, as it was in France so long ago
Where the least path their feet might follow seemed
The path Love's feet had trodden but yester hour. . . .

EASTER EVEN.

"A little while and I shall see
His ships returned to fight for me.
He may not dream what bitter woes
I have to bear; but still he knows
April and I wait patiently.

"(I pray you, sirs, that you will keep
Good watch to-night, lest they should creep
Close to the landward wall again;
You might not hear them in this rain.
And I, because I cannot sleep,

"Shall guard this other side, till morn
Show me his sails all gray and torn,
But swift to bring to Charnisay
Tidings that it is Easter Day
On earth, and Jesu Christ is born!)

"Shall he not come? Can he withstand
The beckoning of April's hand,
The voices of the little streams
That break to-night across his dreams
Of me, alone in a north land?

"Though yesterday in Boston town
Fair women wandered up and down

for this fine as we can. We will pay it, every centime, rather than have the little frock go to jail.' "

"And they paid it?"

"Thank God, the government had mercy. They said I had done it for never a soldo of gain, as a pious work, and this once I should be pardoned, if I promised never to do it again. Now a man with a diploma has settled in Oristano. I am glad they have some one; but they all say that though he may have science, assuredly he has no manners."

While the rain pelted incessant she told of life in Oristano, where one never went a week without a chill and fever, and nursing never lacked. She was no less interested in me than I in her, and her mind had an alertness and a breadth which must have been quickened by her unselfish ministrations; for her spirit was a complete contrast to that of another ex-nun, whose boast is that, having left her convent at twenty-five with "a waist like a needle and shoulders like a hogshead," she has traveled the length and breadth of Italy *without ever lifting her eyes or seeing a single thing.*

My little sister of the poor took a humble view of her own vocation as an active nurse, and spoke with reverence of the sisters who lead the religious life of meditation and prayer. Her father had opposed her becoming a nun; but she had persevered with girlish enthusiasm, thinking she was only joining a wider family. One day after entering the convent, when home letters came to her, and the abbess burnt them unread before her eyes, the narrowness of her renunciation burst upon her. She was swept with a storm of regret: she had thought to enter a wider sphere, and she was first called upon to shut out those she loved best. So she suffered the disappointment in her ideal. But when the years of novitiate were over, and she might have given up the monastic life, she was too busy and too much bound to the convent to avail herself of the possibility.

We still talked, and the train crept on through inky darkness and prevailing waters, when the captain returned, bringing a whole gust of youthful vitality, and at once the little sister slipped back from the human being into the suppressed ecclesiastic But her presence was no longer a reproof. I knew that under the dark penthouse of her veil glowed two soft eyes full of feminine sympathy. To the sombrely clad we were a fairy-tale prince and princess; her heart was afire with altruistic romance.

I was dreading an impending transfer where the line had been swept away by the inundations, and the captain soon drew from me my anxiety for my delicate father. A whole wealth of reliability sounded in his gentle assurance: "Be quite tranquil. I will think for your father."

The train stopped in a black waste of waters, and a few lanterns only emphasized the weird, shimmering darkness. The lurid light made the swarthy, ragged Sardinians in charge of the transfer look like demons, and above them towered, serene and strong, the stalwart figure in the long gray military cloak. He helped the nun and me down as if we had been his sisters, turned the luggage over to the least disreputable porters, possessed himself of a lantern, and requested my father to do him the honor to take his arm. Exquisite deference robbed his strength of any flaunting quality; the invalid's sensitive pride took no umbrage, and he was safely guided over slippery places.

The porters raged like harpies over our luggage, but made no demands for carrying the birds, canaries, and sacks of the Daughter of St. Anne; and when she proffered some coppers, one replied indignantly, "Do you think, sister, we have the hearts of beasts, to take your pence?"

At the Gulf of Oranges, where we went

aboard the steamer for the mainland, only the little nun traveled second class, so we parted; but when, next morning, we landed at Civita Vecchia, it was as old friends our quartette met again. Only the officer wore his uniform point-device and bore himself with wonted bloom. My Angelical was more than ever like white ostrich plumes, and the pale, wilted nun, saying beads of thankfulness unostentatiously in one corner, looked as if she had been recklessly sat upon. With difficulty I extracted from her that she had not only been sick herself all night, but had taken care of two children for a poor woman on board, who had four others.

We had the comical air of a family party, as we all four breakfasted at one table in the forlorn buffet of the Civita Vecchia station. When the Daughter of St. Anne drew forth her shabby purse, the Angelical Doctor waved her gently aside. "It is nothing, sister; we all help one another, for we are children of one Father." And she replied, "May the Lord render you his grace for your kindness."

It would have horrified the pious Catholic to know she had broken bread with an Evangelical minister, but their spirits were singularly in unison.

Our fellow travelers had to wait for the north-bound express, and as our direct train for Rome steamed up, I only had time for a close hug of the little Daughter of St. Anne ere I was bundled into my place, and my calm Angelical embraced the captain in no less demonstrative Latin fashion, while the latter thrust a card into my hand, saying: "This is the list of Italian books I suggested. Farewell, signorina. Be sure the sister shall be my care until she is safe in Genoa."

My last view of them was waving and bowing together on the platform: the captain all delicate gray and gilt glistering in the sunlight; the shabby Daughter of St. Anne with a blue-check handkerchief to her eyes, chickens, canary cage, and bundles about her feet. On the card, under the officer's name and the book titles, was penciled in lilliputian characters: —

"Adieu Suzon, ma rose blonde,

. . . . . .

Les plus courts plaisirs de ce monde
Souvent font les meilleurs amours."

Mary Argyle Taylor.

THREE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ROMANCES.

No single work of an American novelist is likely to present an adequate treatment of so large a theme as the war of the Revolution; we have not yet produced a Victor Hugo or a Thackeray. Some phases, however, of our national experience in that essentially romantic period have been utilized to evident advantage for background and incident in recent fiction, and it is likely that this field will be industriously cultivated.

The story of Janice Meredith,[1] by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, opens quietly, like some staid novel of manners, disclosing the domestic life of a Tory household near Brunswick in the province of New Jersey, in the year of grace 1774. But the Sons of Liberty are soon in evidence; and the protest against the tea-drinking habits of the Merediths, the midnight drilling of raw militia, particularly the rude introduction of Squire Meredith to the village stocks, — these lead naturally to the vigorous action of deep historic interest which follows.

Janice, the heroine, is a vivacious maid

[1] *Janice Meredith.* By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

of fifteen at the time the story opens. Naturally unsophisticated, she is by no means artless. "What a nice time we could have," she confides to her discreet little Quaker intimate, Tibbie Drinker, "if women were only as easy to manage as men!" Their interest in the grand passion, stimulated by a clandestine acquaintance with the Tragic History of Sir Watkins Stokes and Lady Betty Artless, along with a partial perusal of the Adventures of Alonzo and Amaryllis, is at first purely scientific, — and properly so, at fifteen.

"'T is a pity thee hast to go before Friend Penrhyn hath spoken,' said Tibbie regretfully.

"'Is n't it?' sighed Janice. 'I did so want to see how he 'd say it.'

"'You may — perhaps Charles' — brokenly but suggestively remarked Tibbie.

"'Perhaps,' responded Janice, 'but 't will be very different. I know he 'll — well, he 'll be abrupt and — and excited, and will — his sentences will not be well thought out beforehand. Now Penrhyn would have spoken at length and feelingly. 'T would have been monstrously enjoyable.'"

And when, later, this suggested possibility is fast ripening into fact, the incoherent disclosures of the hero are indeed "monstrously" enjoyed by his listener. "'T is as good as a romance," she mentally declares; "how I wish Tibbie was here!"

Who can resist becoming interested in such a portraiture of frank and genuine girlhood as this? Even the beguiling of this romantically inclined maiden by the despicable Lord Clowes, the spy, with its consummation in the elopement, is not inconsistent with the conditions; although the incident is a most unhappy escapade, it is well handled, and proves the wise and certain way of escape from the snare.

But Janice Meredith blossoms into womanhood, and here we feel that Mr. Ford deals in some sense unfairly by his heroine. The shock of actual conflict should have been the rough awakening from the conceits and vanities of youth. Amid the exigencies of her environment, we expect to find her irrepressibly vivacious; we admire her absolute fearlessness and the filial devotion which never wavers; we are even prepared to view with interest all the sudden twists and turns, the advances and retreats, which are the undoubted prerogative of a heroine in love. But her exploits are too promiscuous. Mistress Janice passes through the period of storm and stress, meeting the distinguished ones among the combatants of both the armies, achieving a tale of conquests that would have made the fame of any single regiment, colonial or British. Indeed, to the astonished reader it seems as if Mr. Ford's sprightly heroine must have been the veritable storm centre, around which beat the heaviest gusts of the Revolutionary struggle. Is it not Janice who subdues British hearts at Philadelphia during that memorable winter of occupation, is it not she who is the life of the captives in Virginia, and does she not conquer both foe and friend in the very trenches of Yorktown? Janice Meredith is indeed the centre and heart of this romantic narrative; and if the later portraiture is less convincing and less attractive than the earlier, we must admit that the story of her varying fortunes is capitally told, and that the reader's interest is thoroughly enlisted in seeing Janice through to the end of her troubles. Had she been wrought from that sterner stuff out of which the patriotic heroines of our early history were made, we might have sympathized more deeply in her conquests; and yet we are by no means indifferent to the lady as she is.

Mr. Ford has proved himself a clever delineator of character in other types. The testy but brave and honest Tory squire, Lambert Meredith, is exceedingly

well drawn; so, too, in lesser degree, is his rival and foil, the time-serving, self-seeking, traitorous Squire Hennion. There is a deal of humor in the encounters of these two. John Brereton, the quondam "redemptioner" of Squire Meredith's household, later officer in the Continental army and aid upon the staff of Washington, fills acceptably the rôle of romantic hero in the story. He performs deeds of incredible valor, appearing and disappearing with the puzzling facility common to his kind, acting more than a man's part in both love and war. Out of his personal history the author develops the principal plot of his romance, and through the mystery of his birth and early connections ingeniously secures some degree of unity for his narrative that might otherwise be difficult to attain. We can but feel that the incident of the altered letter is a blemish in the characterization. Brereton is essentially a romantic hero, and if this be intended as a touch of realism, the act itself is inconsistent and unpardonable.

The background to Mr. Ford's romance is admirable. There seems to be no dissenting voice in the general commendation of the novelist's use of history. His acquaintance with the facts and the spirit of Revolutionary days is so well known that it hardly calls for reassertion here. Those who enjoy the appearance of historical characters in fiction will find pleasure in the sketches of Washington, Howe, Cornwallis, André, and the rest, although no close study of character has been attempted in any case. The introduction of Washington is fairly justified in the serious treatment of the great leader, although there may be, perhaps, a protest against the apparent oversoftening of traditional austerity in intercourse with Janice. A fine dramatic entrance is provided in the tavern scene, — one of the most happily constructed scenes in the novel, and well adapted to stage use.

The special merit of the author's work lies in the extremely probable reproduction of the troubled spirit of those trying days. In such books as Janice Meredith, rather than in the ordinary texts of history, will young readers, and older ones as well, realize the uncertainties and discouragements which were enough to appall even the bravest in that day. "These are times that test loyalty to the full, and there has been many a waverer in the land," are the words which the novelist puts into the mouth of Washington. No small commendation is deserved by an author who reproduces in narrative, interesting, impartial, wholesome, the spirit and atmosphere of that historic time, and lends to sober details the vivid impressiveness and nearer realities of human motives and passions.

The quality of Mr. Ford's novel is distinctly feminine; a decided masculinity pervades the work of Mr. Winston Churchill. As its name implies, it is the story of a hero, not that of a heroine; and Richard Carvel,[1] as to the manner born, takes his place at once among the distinguished gentlemen of romance. All that Mr. Ford has done for the more northern colony Mr. Churchill has not attempted to do for the scene of his narrative, but he has given us a very illuminating although a partial glimpse of society in the Maryland province at the time when trouble was brewing in the fifties and sixties, just before the war of the Revolution.

The story opens somewhat heavily: perhaps the effort is more conspicuous in the early movement than later; perhaps the author dwells overmuch upon the sentiment suggested in the motive of his work. However that may be, the quiet, painstaking preparation of the first twelve or thirteen chapters is amply justified in the perfect consistency and brilliant action of the subsequent events. The device of autobiographical narrative

[1] *Richard Carvel.* By Winston Churchill. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

in fiction is not without its disadvantages. The obvious difficulty of sustaining in vocabulary and general diction a natural and unstrained style, while attempting to reproduce the vernacular of the contemporary time, is intelligently met by Mr. Churchill; his style has just sufficient flavor of the old to suggest the age agreeably, without dropping into the fantastic phrasing and distorted archaisms which not infrequently pass current as the proper speech of a generation gone. But there is another difficulty in this method of narration, — the difficulty of presenting one's hero, who is compelled by the necessities of this device to herald his own achievements and make record of his own fine qualities of mind and heart, as endowed with the very desirable grace of modesty, a quality insisted upon in modern conceptions of the hero as a type. Now this is not always easy to accomplish. Of course, in the relation of some adventure or in recounting some deed of physical force or daring, the problem is comparatively simple; but when the matter takes a subtler turn, and we have to deal with the higher emotions and experiences of the soul, the task is far more delicate. Even Henry Esmond becomes priggish on occasion, and in spite of frequent protestation Richard Carvel is often forced into the same rôle. "Modesty, my dears, does not permit me to picture the enthusiasm of these good gentlemen." Never mind, Richard, we do not see how we could have known had you not hinted it.

Mr. Churchill's familiarity with the early history of Maryland is sufficient to give historical value to his scenes; the pictures of life at Carvel Hall and of colonial society in Annapolis are bright and interesting. Lionel Carvel, the hero's grandfather, is an especially attractive figure, — a free-hearted, open-handed gentleman of the old aristocracy, with his calm and dignified demeanor, and the spirit of *noblesse oblige* strong in him. "An oath is an oath, sir, and we have yet to be false to ours. And the King, say I, should, next to God, be loved and loyally served by his subjects!" It is a well-finished portraiture, rounded out by touches that go with the highest art. There is the wit that dares an epigram in the presence of the great Dean Swift. "'Tell me,' remarked the Dean contemptuously, 'is genius honored among you?' 'Faith, it is honored, your Reverence,' said my grandfather, 'but never encouraged.'" The whimsical sentiment that never forgave Addison the death of Sir Roger is delightful. The loving tenderness of the old man for his favorite son's son, and the pathos of his humiliation in the end, — here is a character indeed, one whom it is a privilege to know and a pleasure to recall.

The characterization of Richard Carvel, frankly romantic as it is, is unmistakably one of the very best of its type in the fiction of recent years. The incident of the abduction, with the consequent experience on the slaveship ending in the rescue of the hero by Captain John Paul, seems to strain the unities in some degree; but it introduces us to what, in our mind, is not only the most interesting part of the narrative, but the part of greatest value in the book: we refer to the descriptions of London at the period, as presented in chapters xxii. to xlii. One would hardly have looked in an American novel for so complete and picturesque a panorama: the sponging-house, with its pathetic mingling of comedy and tears; the wild extravagance of wit and folly at Brooks's; the formal splendors of the drum major at Lady Tankerville's; the hideous shadows of vice and shame in the purlieus of Drury Lane by night; the social call on Garrick in the green-room of his theatre; an all-night session of the lower house under the spell of Burke and Fox; Hyde Park; Vauxhall, with the duel in the darkness. These vivid scenes lend themselves easily to the current of the story, and are something

more than background in the reader's thought. Amid these surroundings Carvel bears himself to admiration. In some of the polite vices of the age he shares as a gentleman would, and practices some virtues which many of his contemporaries eschew. He is somewhat lacking in the sense of humor, but he possesses a very pretty wit, and his repartees are notable. He is inclined to rely overmuch upon the impressiveness of his person, but his rank is obvious, and he is peer among the best.

The characters of this story are too numerous to be commented upon in detail. The heroine, Dorothy Manners, is a coquette. (Is it inevitable that the heroine of historical romance should be a lady of this type?) She has an excellent foil in the person of Patty Swain, and there is no finer scene in the book than that in which Richard offers her his hand, and Patty reads his heart. Grafton Carvel, the far from reverend Bennett Allen, and the infamous Duke of Chartersea form a disagreeable trio, any one of whom might be relied upon to supply adequately the meed of villainy essential to a romance. Hearty, reckless, amiable young Lord Comyn is a pleasant relief, and Captain Clapsaddle, although too strictly subordinated to be impressive, is so attractive that we wish his part were more conspicuous than it is. The glimpses of Lord Baltimore, of David Garrick and Horace Walpole, are brief, but effective. Two others, evidently, besides Richard Carvel, hold high place in the author's imagination, — Charles James Fox and Captain John Paul Jones. The latter plays the more prominent rôle in the romance, but we think that the portraiture of Fox is the more convincing of the two.

The great climax of the narrative, the victory of the Bon Homme Richard over the Serapis, is splendidly described; and the superb achievement of Mr. Churchill's gallant hero is most impressively reported in this account.

Miss Mary Johnston's latest work, To Have and to Hold,[1] finds its setting in a period of American history more remote than that of the Revolution. Its scene is the Jamestown settlement, and the hero, Ralph Percy, who is now in the prime of life, has been a comrade of the redoubtable Captain John Smith, and a close friend of John Rolfe, who also appears, although only a lay figure, in the narrative.

This work is no mere "study:" it is a *story*, with all the delightful possibilities which that word suggests. Its predecessor, Prisoners of Hope, while weakened by some natural defects of a first essay, was so clearly characterized by sympathetic insight and unusual imaginative power, combined with a notable grasp of historical detail, that readers of that story were even more impressed with its promise than with its performance. That earlier promise is now abundantly realized.

To Have and to Hold is interesting throughout. Miss Johnston already commands a style so full of dignity and grace, so picturesque in descriptive power, that it is worth more than passing comment. Note the opening paragraph of chapter i.:

"The work of the day being over, I sat down upon my doorstep, pipe in hand, to rest awhile in the cool of the evening. Death is not more still than is this Virginian land in the hour when the sun has sunk away, and it is black beneath the trees, and the stars brighten slowly and softly, one by one. The birds that sing all day have hushed, and the horned owls, the monster frogs, and that strange and ominous fowl (if fowl it be, and not, as some assert, a spirit damned) which we English call the whip-poorwill, are yet silent. Later the wolf will howl, and the panther scream, but now there is no sound. The winds are laid, and the restless leaves droop and

[1] *To Have and to Hold.* By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

are quiet. The low lap of the water among the reeds is like the breathing of one who sleeps in his watch beside the dead."

This is no sentimental "fine writing," no straining for effect; it is the casual — not careless — expression of a poet who interprets nature in impressive terms, and is an element to be welcomed in the work of American novelists, where it has been but feebly in evidence of late. From beginning to end this vigorous tone is evenly maintained. Compare the last paragraph in the book with the first, just quoted. Have we said too much?

The arrival of a shipload of honest English maids, by the good offices of Sir Edwin Sandys beguiled into taking the western voyage in confident expectancy of good homes and endurable husbands in the new country, is a golden opportunity to a prospector in the region of romance. It is an odd freak of fancy that leads the sturdy, hard-sensed soldier of fortune, now landowner and strong arm of the settlement, to cast his future on the throw of the dice, but in perfect harmony with the spirit of romance that rules his life. It is in keeping, too, with this that there should be a great lady, of much renown and very fair, among these ninety errant maids, and that these twain should encounter, and within the hour be made one.

In the construction of her plot the author is happier than in the earlier novel. She pays more reasonable regard to the probabilities; her exuberant invention is under steadier discipline. Like Stevenson, the lady is fertile in incident and in the excitement of sustained suspense. There is an abundance of action, and that dramatic; but the story is stronger for the absence of those impossible achievements of endurance and those exhausting draughts on the reader's sympathy as well as his credulity, which lessened measurably the effect in Prisoners of Hope. To be sure, the privateering cruise to the Indies — naming it by the gentlest possible term — is an audacious episode, and the least convincing portion of the book. We are not assured that in this way only lay relief and rescue for the shipwrecked wayfarers. It is distinctly incongruous to find Captain Percy in such a situation, and it looks as though a sneaking inclination to go a-pirating were alone responsible for the exploit.

Captain Percy himself is a hero of flesh and blood, endowed with all the qualities that endear a hero to the reader's heart. He is witty, chivalrous, wise, and brave. He is so human that there are evident limitations to his abilities; there are times when he is actually faint from the stress of exertion; there are occasions upon which he is baffled, and once he is outrageously tricked by a device so transparent that it could hardly have deceived — a reader. But these streakings of the common clay do not detract one whit from his attractiveness as a romantic creation: it is a fine portraiture that Miss Johnston has given us in her hero, — an adventurous, resourceful, finely tempered gentleman, courteous, gallant, and genuine to the core.

The Lady Jocelyn Leigh, later Mistress Percy, is by far the most interesting of these idealized heroines of the past. The manner of her advent is pathetic rather than grotesque; her deportment and her spirit are unexceptionable. She is no Katharine to be tamed, nor a Lynette to be shamed into reasonableness. Her acceptance of the situation is heroic, and she displays not one of the foibles which might easily have made the scene ridiculous. She is an imperial beauty, insistent on her rights; her high mettle and pure mind are never cowed by force nor soiled by vice; yet her proud spirit bends graciously and not too quickly to respect and love. The author's handling of her heroine is beyond praise. Janice Meredith is never other than a frivolous girl by the side of

Jocelyn; Dorothy Manners is a vain coquette.

The villainous Lord Carnal, the minion of the king and type of the viciousness of the court, is well drawn, and there is a poetic justice in his fate which is more satisfactory than personal vengeance could possibly have been. His disposal of himself is a striking touch. Jeremy Sparrow is a most happy achievement. Sometime play actor, companion of Burbage and Shakespeare, adventurer turned parson, lamenting his powerful frame which incases a spirit too humble to be served thereby, the heart within his giant body as tender and as loyal as a woman's, Master Jeremy works his good-natured way straight to the reader's affections.

The historical motive in her plot Miss Johnston takes from the Indian uprising under Opechancanough, and her portrayal of Indian character is interesting. It is the idealization of romance, and it is well-nigh an impossible task to make such portraiture impressive in the fiction of to-day. Nantauquas belongs to that shadowy type born from the romance of the forest which Cooper gave us long ago. The author's rare descriptive power does not fail her here: the picture of the wily Opechancanough, his body sleek with oil, glistening all over in the sunshine with powdered antimony, speaking fair words with a smiling face, while the inner devil looks through his cold snake eyes, — this is very fine.

The unity of motive, which operates in the development of a unity of interest on the reader's part, is more evident in Miss Johnston's work than in Mr. Ford's; she has done wisely as a story-teller to limit her territory by the natural bounds. Her sense of humor has asserted itself. He who separates the comedy of history from its tragedy greatly errs. Not only do we need the relief of humor amid the sombreness of the tragic strain, but without it we miss the true completeness of that romance of history which is after all but the romance of life. The lack of this saving sense of humor is as fatal as lack of imagination itself; indeed, the imagination that ignores its existence conceives images which are almost sure to be grotesque. In the creation of romantic characters this instinctive perception of the appropriate relations of things is, if anything, more indispensable than in the field of realism. Miss Johnston's work shows a notable improvement in this particular. Her further contributions to this or other departments of literature will be awaited with lively interest.

William E. Simonds.

HORACE BUSHNELL.[1]

A NEW biography of Horace Bushnell has been wanted for two reasons. The appreciative and affectionate memoir given to the public, not long after his death, by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Bushnell Cheney, with the coöperation of her sister, Miss Frances Louisa Bushnell, and loving friends of Dr. Bushnell, is out of print. Its publication, we are told, is discontinued. Moreover, the time has come for a biography which attempts, as that did not, a compendious presentation of the man in his office of preacher and theologian. Of such an estimate perspective is an essential condition, — emphatically essential in the case of one who died while the disturbing

[1] *Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian.* By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

controversy he provoked, although less turbulent than formerly, was still seething over unquenched fagots of misunderstanding, pride, and bitterness. The interval has favored cooling, precipitation, analysis, and measurements.

The withdrawal of the earlier book is regrettable. After reading Dr. Munger's volume we turned to the Life and Letters for more, perusing it without sense of surfeit. The two volumes are, in a way, complementary. Together they afford a nearly complete and satisfying view of the man and his work. Still there is something wanting. Neither sets forth adequately the robust patriotism and large civic usefulness of Dr. Bushnell. He filled his office of religious teacher and shepherd with copious, overflowing energy, keeping steady outlook upon the world's social and political life, — the neighbor life as well as the national and universal life, — and not infrequently he sent forth messages that commanded serious attention. A biography that shall portray his amplitude of power, his variety of service, in juster proportion and completeness may never be written. Yet this career had a quality of distinction, a unique productiveness, an exemplary virtue and loveliness, that may conspire to give it life beyond life in the affection of humanity. Such immortality is not unknown, although it cannot be foretold. Each generation culls for itself from the world's past the heroes and saints of whom it has need.

Dr. Munger has undertaken to combine a critical analysis of Bushnell's theological work with a biography that shall take the place of the Life and Letters. The difficulty is obvious; and the organic difficulty is intensified by attempting to accomplish the double purpose within the compass of a duodecimo volume of four hundred pages. Presumably, this limitation was prescribed for reasons that were controlling. Consciousness of inadequacy in one part is suggested by the modest, almost apologetic phrase of the preface, — "a biographical sketch." Dr. Munger is a literary artist with a nice sense of proportion. The hard task undertaken is as well performed, probably, as it could have been done by anybody. It is, indeed, admirably done. Conceding that the thing most needed was an exhibition of the preacher and theologian, his book affords large satisfaction. Necessarily, the motive dominates the treatment and flavors the tone of composition. The result is that it seems to be a book written especially for the profession. It should not be inconceivable that persons may have great admiration for Horace Bushnell who do not care supremely for his theological speculations and debates. His character had a guiding, nourishing, energizing force, potential for uplifting the community of souls.

It happened that he was called to vindicate God's revelations of himself from prevalent misconceptions, to liberate human hearts from thralldom to a hard and oppressive dogmatic theology, and he delivered his message from, or as from, the pulpit. No blame to the theologians for claiming him and exalting him. He was enrolled in their order; his vocation was in their vineyard; their cults engaged his chief attention, whether protesting or proposing: but they need not appropriate him too exclusively. He was so broad, so human, so spiritual, so practical, it is not meet that he should be laid away finally on the shelf of a divinity school library. That he was great in his vocation will hardly be gainsaid; but he was great in his avocations, also, and above all he was great in the sum of qualities and accomplishments, the character. Hence, for example and inspiration, the life is more important than any phase of his achievement. This man would have been a discoverer of new truth and a liberator in whatever station he was set. By instinct he was a pioneer, adventurous,

fearless, requiring no leader, content to stand alone and to advance alone if deserted by followers.

It is not proposed to pursue specifically the development of Bushnell's theological opinions. That they were not common opinions when promulgated, nor set forth in feebleness, is proved by the prodigious ferment caused by their proclamation, and the long, intense, uncharitable antagonism he endured. What is pertinent here is to show the essentials of Dr. Bushnell's achievement in the domain of theology as Dr. Munger estimates it. Whether his estimate be correct and final in all respects is a matter that we shall not presume to discuss. As the judgment of one peculiarly qualified to form a just opinion, it must command general respect, if not complete assent.

Early in the book, — chapter iii., — within the space of a dozen pages, is given a panoramic presentation of the points of controversy in the orthodox church of New England from the day of the elder Edwards to that of Professor Taylor, of the Yale Seminary, who was Bushnell's instructor, although Bushnell was not his disciple. It is a swift summary of disputations that gave to the first Jonathan Edwards and his son, to Bellamy, Hopkins, Emmons, Dwight, and Taylor, their distinction as definers of doctrine. Dr. Munger, however he may respect their religious character, is pungently critical of their opinions and methods. What he says of the method of Edwards discloses, by inference, his own radically different motive, which was Bushnell's habit as well: "The general criticism to be made upon Edwards' work as a whole is that his avowed purpose was the overthrow of an alleged heresy. He thus incurred the inevitable weakness of the negative method. He assumed that if Arminianism were overthrown Calvinism would hold the ground. The mistake was a fatal one, because it substituted controversy for investigation. The search was not for the truth, but for the error of the enemy, who, in almost any theological controversy, holds enough truth to embarrass the other side." Bushnell's search was for higher truth, larger truth, the whole truth. He tested propositions by their inclusive rather than their exclusive force. He cultivated what in a fine phrase he called "a vein of comprehensiveness." He aspired to rise above the incidents of antagonism, and to embrace the saving good of conflicting partial statements in some superlative expansive suggestion that would uplift the understanding, and deliver souls from confinement to low prospects bounded by artificial hills.

Taylor's assertion of the self-determining power of the will startled the orthodox camp like a midnight alarm, and was the provocation of "as intense a theological war as the nineteenth century is capable of." This war was young when Bushnell began his theological studies (1831), and was in full fury when he was settled over the North Church in Hartford. The church contained partisans of the old doctrine and the new, who held together only by dint of Christian love and shrewd tactfulness during the critical period of installing their shepherd. The later conflict followed hard upon a revolt from Calvinism and the Edwardsian modification of it that rived the New England church in twain, and established the Unitarians as a distinct sect. Of this defection Dr. Munger says: "On theological grounds it was more than half justifiable; on ecclesiastical grounds it was schismatic, and had the weakness of schism." Dr. Bushnell's work was for these as well as for the unseparated disputants of his own communion. "With no antecedents or environment to account for him, he stood out between the two parties under the impulse of his own thought, but having a common message for both. . . . It is not yet easy to realize the importance

of the position maintained by Bushnell. Less and less will his theological opinions be quoted, though they will not soon be forgotten; but his stand and method will more and more take on the form of a deliverance for orthodoxy." A deliverance, that is, from stifling and oppressive dogmas so at war with human nature, awakened to truer conceptions of itself by the potency of new knowledge, that earnest men and women, especially the young, were abandoning the ecclesiastical house of their fathers, in search of vital air and freedom to live hopefully.

"Relief was needed at four points: first, from a revivalism that ignored the law of Christian growth; second, from a conception of the Trinity bordering on tritheism; third, from a view of miracles that implied a suspension of natural law; and fourth, from a theory of the Atonement that had grown almost shadowy under 'improvements,' yet still failed to declare the law of human life. The time had also come when a rational, scientific, cause-and-effect habit of thought was imperatively required, not only on these four points, but in the whole realm of theology. But the doctrines, even as they were held, were not to be cast out and trodden underfoot. They sprang out of great and nourishing truths, the germs of which still lay within them. Bushnell undertook to reinterpret these doctrines, and to restate them in the terms of life itself; to find their ground in nature and revelation, and in the processes of the human spirit."

As a substitute for — or better, a correction of — the too great dependence of the churches, for their replenishment, upon so-called "revivals of religion," Bushnell asserted the possibility and duty of so educating the souls of children that they will develop characters in harmony with the divine character, cheerfully obedient to the Christian law of life, and gravitating to acceptance of the responsibility of church membership in due season, without awful paroxysms of conscience or cataclysmal drenchings by the Holy Spirit. He denied that the change of heart, theologically termed conversion, must be "the product of separate and absolutely independent choice." The scope of his thought on this theme was concentrated in a volume entitled Christian Nurture, which received its final form in 1861.

Earlier utterances, beginning with a newspaper article in 1836, aroused an *odium theologicum* which pursued him to the end of life, finding new motives in his several publications of unfamiliar doctrine. The opposition never daunted his will to speak the truth as he apprehended it, nor induced him to indulge in covert or surreptitious expression. When the rage and the growling were fiercest over any last utterance, he was apt to distract his critics by flinging down a new theme of contention. Only once or twice did he condescend to take any defensive part in the controversies aroused.

Those who would know the full significance of this teacher's opinions, and why they were so disturbing, must go to Dr. Munger's book, or to the books in which Bushnell has set them forth. Concerning the Trinity, the Atonement, the Incarnation, the books to be read are God in Christ, Christ in Theology, and The Vicarious Atonement, which in its final form comprises Forgiveness and Law, first published separately. Regarding the miracles and all cognate themes, Nature and the Supernatural is the profound and splendid exposition of his philosophical reconciliation of God's various ways of revelation. In his own words, his purpose was "to find a legitimate place for the supernatural in the system of God, and show it as a necessary part of the divine system itself." Dr. Munger calls this "Bushnell's most thorough and complete treatise." His explanatory and critical treatment of it, both in chapter xiii., which is devoted

to it, and in the concluding chapter, while appreciative, is discriminating. Since this is Bushnell's most original and ambitious contribution to theology, it is fitting to indicate its character by quoting from Dr. Munger somewhat generously, premising that his full thought and felicity are necessarily mutilated by excisions: —

"The doctrine of miracles has been held in two leading forms: first, that they are to be accepted on the strength of the evidences as stated in Scripture; second, that the character and teaching of Christ are internal proofs of the reality of his miraculous works, — Christ carries the miracles, and not the reverse. . . . It was getting to be felt that the laws of nature could not be regarded as set aside, as in the first view, or ignored, as under the second view. Bushnell saw the difficulty with each, though recognizing a certain force in them. . . . He saw that nature and the supernatural could not be put in essential antithesis, but must form 'one system.' His method, however, was, not to bring the supernatural down into what is called the natural, but to lift the natural into the supernatural. The point of contact was anthropological: man is supernatural by virtue of his will; his consciousness of free agency delivers him from the grasp of endless causation, and makes him one with God in freedom and creative energy. . . . This view of man as a supernatural being, and of 'one system,' seems to have come to stay, at least in its main features. . . . It is true that there still prevail conceptions of miracle as the violation of natural law, and also a crass rejection of the supernatural as a superstition, but the best thought of the day links them together and leaves them by the wayside. This thought, of which Bushnell saw the early gleam, and was the first among us clearly to herald, stands before nature, the revelations of science, and the unfolding nature of man, in wonder and silence, confessing that God is behind and in all, and that his laws, like himself, are one."

Turning now from the supreme phase of Bushnell's life work, we may attempt a more general survey of his personality and achievements. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 14, 1802, of ancestry that had long habitation in the state. When he was three years old the family removed to Preston, not far away, where there was a factory for making woolen cloth, in which the father found occupation at the trade that his own father had followed before him. In this factory the youth Horace was early employed. In addition the family cultivated a farm. By such double industry they enjoyed an humble prosperity, not far removed from poverty, never releasing the members from the necessity of toil. Service was the duty of each. Idleness was esteemed not only unprofitable, but sinful. Father and mother were persons of strong character, and of exacting fidelity in every relation. None the less was it a home of cheerfulness, of robust affection, of gentle influences, and of noble aspirations. The religious conditions were adapted to inculcation of toleration and charity. The father had imbibed from his mother Arminian predilections; the mother was reared in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Nevertheless, both joined and supported the one institution of religion in the town, a Congregational church, where hard doctrines were stoutly preached. The home was a nursery of sincere piety, free from bigotry and arrogance. Mental independence was respected. Individualism had a fair chance. Here was germinated the seed which later blossomed in Christian Nurture, and that noble address The Age of Homespun. He was always proud of the fact that for five years before reaching manhood's age he had done a man's full daily work. Nor had the intellectual part been stunted. He was a lover of books and men, of all life, and of grand

action. He found in the beautiful nature of the region inspirations of joy and thoughtfulness. Between his healthy soul and the spirits of the hills, the fields, the woods, and the streams there was rare facility of communication. The deep sources of his power were already acquired and stored before he determined to go to college.

The privilege of a liberal education was open to him early, but was rejected then because his mind, which had a native bent to mechanics and structural work, was well satisfied with the opportunities afforded in the mill. And modesty had something to do with the decision; "for how," he later explained, "could an awkward country boy think of going in among the great folk of a college?" Nevertheless, he continued school work as he had opportunity, and when sixteen years old began studying Latin. When he was eighteen he united with the village church. From that time a desire for education grew in him. Five years after he had refused it he asked for it. But the homespun manufactured in the mill was going out of use, and the family fortunes were on an ebbing tide. His mother, however, would not relinquish her yearning. She called, as he has gratefully narrated, a family council, "where we drew the calculation close and made up our bill: I to wear homespun to the end, use only second-hand books, and pay the bills of my last year myself; the family to institute a closer economy for my sake."

He was in his twenty-second year when he began his course at Yale, with scant preparation in scholarship, but in physical hardiness, in mental discipline and judgment, a man among boys. He soon came to the front in the class-room, and was leader also in the athletic sports of the time. All reports represent him to have been an industrious, independent worker, cheerful and influential, and respected in the college life, though debarred, of course, from the festive sociality that requires money for its indulgence, and a stranger to the domestic society of the town. He had some proficiency in music, and founded, for the benefit of the chapel choir, the Beethoven Society, which has maintained a useful existence ever since. His religious life was shadowed by a partial eclipse of faith. The questionings of Christian facts and doctrine then rife made an appeal to his reason that was not overcome for many years, although he engaged in no offensive revolt, and kept the path of righteousness of life.

Making it his first duty as a graduate to pay his debts, he began teaching in Norwich. He was not unsuccessful, but he disliked the work, and soon left it to go to New York as assistant editor of the Journal of Commerce. There he labored zealously for ten months, being practically in charge of the newspaper most of the time, owing to the illness of his chief. He wrote much, and with so great ability that, in a reorganization of the property, he was offered a proprietary interest to remain as editor in chief. The flattering offer did not win him. He said it was "a terrible life," and having paid his debts, and saved somewhat besides, he returned to New Haven to begin the study of law. In the following summer he decided to go West, work into a law practice, and ultimately into politics. While making his preparations at home he was offered a tutorship in the college. He promptly declined it; but later, yielding to his mother's suggestion, he reconsidered, and accepted. But for this, another biographer — for presumably he would have had one — might have entitled his volume Horace Bushnell, Jurist and Statesman. Whether there has been gain or loss, what mortal can demonstrate? His own maturer judgment was, "No other calling but the ministry of Christ, I am obliged to feel, could have anywise filled my inspirations."

While tutoring he completed the course

for admission to the bar. He was still in spiritual darkness. Dr. Munger says his state might be described as "sound in ethics, but skeptical in religion. . . . His doubts grew into positive unbelief, which was held in check by his conscience." In the winter of 1831 the college was solemnized by a revival. The life of the place was aglow with the fervor of consecration. Bushnell gave no sign of sympathy; nor any sign of opposition, except silence and aloofness. He was no mocker of the faith precious to others. His own pupils copied his attitude. The band of tutors held religious meetings daily, but without him. All feared to interfere with the strong man's self-striving. He knew their hearts, and finally said to one of them: "I must get out of this woe. Here am I what I am, and these young men hanging to me in their indifference amidst this universal earnestness." He invited his pupils to meet him, laid bare to them his position and their own, his determination and the one they should make. He joined his fellow tutors in the meeting, confessing the power of the doubts he had nourished, adding: "But I am glad I have a heart as well as a head. My heart wants the Father; my heart wants the Son; my heart wants the Holy Ghost; — and one just as much as the other. My heart says the Bible has a Trinity for me, and I mean to hold by my heart. . . . But that is all I can do yet." Long afterward, referring to the period of his aberration, he said: "My very difficulty was that I was too thoughtful, substituting thought for everything else, and expecting so intently to dig out a religion by my head that I was pushing it all the while practically away."

He entered the theological seminary, completing his course there, not by any means accepting all that was taught as very truth. Nevertheless, he was licensed, and in May, 1833, he became pastor of the North Church in Hartford. He was married in the same year to Miss Mary Apthorp, of New Haven, a descendant of John Davenport, the colony's first minister, — a happy and helpful union that fitly nourished the strength and tenderness of his character. When ordained he was thirty-one years old, a broadly, sanely, maturely developed man, with an exceptionally various and liberal training, versed in labor, self-denial, and suffering, all his wisdom of knowledge and experience resting on basic talents that in happy combination constituted a power akin to genius, if not genius itself. His definition of genius was, "The power of mental application." This he surely had.

Was he a great preacher? Not by every standard. He preached great sermons. The contents of his published volumes, even those not specifically called sermons, are in large part the thoughts that he had first broached to his Hartford congregation, and in much the same language; but he did not attract the multitude in throngs to hear him. Persons of more emotion than reason were not spellbound by his utterance. They might be conscious that high thoughts, sentences of weighty import, surcharged with conviction, grandly phrased, were sounding in their ears; but it must have required an eager and sympathetic intelligence to apprehend the height and the depth of the deliverance, to compass its broad significance and mark the flight of his swift suggestions. Dr. Munger cites a remark, *in colloquio*, of Professor George Adam Smith, that "Bushnell is the preacher's preacher, as Spenser is the poet's poet. His sermons are on the shelves of every manse in Scotland." The Scotch ministers are no mean judges of the intellectual quality of sermons. He was not altogether and only this kind of a preacher. He fed his flock, holding his church and congregation in loving confidence and support through twenty-six years, much of the time amidst such storms of outer hostility and distrust as few churches

have fared through without disruption or exhaustion. No man could have made this record in a denomination where the organization and prosperity of the individual church depend so much upon the pulpit service, unless he was a great preacher to his own.

Of his early pulpit manner Mrs. Cheney says: "His preaching had in those days a fiery quality, an urgency and willful force, which in his later style is still felt in the more subdued glow of poetic imagery. There was a nervous insistence about his person, and a peculiar emphasizing swing of his right arm from the shoulder, which no one who has ever heard him is likely to forget. It seemed as if, with this gesture, he swung himself into his subject, and would fain carry others along with him. His sermons were always written out in full; never extemporized, never memorized."

Donald G. Mitchell, in American Lands and Letters, characterizes him as "a vital preacher." Describing the impression made by him in later life, preaching in the Yale chapel, he says: "A spare man, — as I remember him, — of fair height, thin-faced, with no shadow of grossness in him, — almost the hollow cheeks of an anchorite, and with a voice that bore one into celestial altitudes. We upon the oaken benches were not great lovers of sermons in those days, or of preachers; but here was a man whose voice and manner held us. . . . In his sermon there was pith; he stuck to the core of things. He was outside and remote from conventionalities, — so remote that you would hardly expect him to say a 'good-morning' as other men did, but to put casual greeting into such fashion as would strike deeper and last longer; a seer looking into the depths that hem us in, with uttered warnings, expostulations, tender encouragements, all wrapped in words that tingled with new meanings, or beguiled one with their resonant euphuisms."

Dr. Munger's testimony is: "He can be fully appreciated only by those who heard him preach. Sermon and delivery fitted each other like die and image. The sincerity of the word was matched by the quiet confidence of his bearing, and the poetry of his diction was sustained by the music of his voice, which always fell into a rhythmic cadence. The flights of his imagination were not rhetorical strivings, but the simple rehearsals of what he saw. His effectiveness was peculiar. If he gained any hearing at all, he won the consent of the whole man, — not agreement always, but intellectual and moral sympathy. He was the most democratic and most human of preachers, and at the same time one of the loftiest and most spiritual. He spoke to men as on equal terms and in a direct way, taking them into his confidence and putting himself in their place, feeling their needs, sharing their doubts, and reasoning the questions out as one of them. He never berates, and if he exhorts, it is in the same spirit of comradeship over the matter in hand. Still he is dominated by the subject and its demands, following where it goes; and if any of his hearers falter, he does not stop with them, but leads the rest on to the final solution, or up to the last look into the mystery."

His published sermons live. Wanting the interpretation of his voice and glance and gesture, they are still vital, inspiring, grand, testifying to his primacy among contemporaries and his enduring sway. However familiar his speculative opinions, once novel, may become, or whether they become obsolete, the message of his best sermons will not grow dull nor trite. It addresses the verities of being, temporal and eternal. And literature will be apt to treasure some of these sermons, with many of his essays and addresses, as choice trophies of achievement in the art of English expression.

During the whole term of his pastorate, and until the end of his life, he was the public-spirited citizen, actively pro-

moting the prosperity of his city and state, and giving to the affairs of the nation earnest attention. He kept abreast of the current social and political movements of a history-making epoch, and when occasion served gave valorous help to the righteous side. His first published sermon (1835) was entitled The Crisis of the Church. In it he arraigned slavery as an impending peril. "It has its seat in the will rather than the conscience; and all its moral affinities from the first have accordingly been adverse, and have operated to depress that noble virtue that gave birth to our institutions. . . . The whole material of slavery, all the moral elements which it supplies to our institutions, are inflammable and violent. At almost any hour it may explode the foundations of the republic."

From that time onward to the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion, and through the agony of the war to the final overthrow of the "dire evil," — final in respect of its concrete organism, — he kept his influence steadily useful to the party of freedom, crowning this devotion by the majestic solemn oration on Our Obligations to the Dead, at the commemoration by Yale College of her sons who had fallen in the war for the preservation of the Union.

In this oration, delivered (1865) before reconstruction measures were enacted, he proposed an amendment to the Constitution, providing that "the basis of representation in Congress shall be the number, in all the states alike, of the free male voters therein." He divined that, under such an amendment, political interest, without other enforcement, would establish impartial suffrage securely. Something like this has been proposed lately as a remedy for the evasions that have been accomplished in defeat of the purpose of the amendment that our lawyer statesmen produced with so much travail.

In 1840, sixty years ago, he uttered a denunciation of the immoral spoils system of party government that has not been bettered in the long interval since: "Let me take you to the scene where your Lord is crucified; and after the work is done, I will point you then to four men, not the most worthy, sitting down to parcel out the garments of the crucified Saviour, and casting their lots for the seamless robe he wore. These too were receivers of the spoils." If the doctrine of the spoils is to be the universal doctrine of politics, "then we shall have a scene in this land never before exhibited on earth; one which would destroy the integrity and sink the morality of a nation of angels. It will be as if so many offices, worth so much, together with the seamless robe of our glorious Constitution, were held up to be the price of victory. . . . Only conceive such a lure held out to this great people, and all the little offices of the government thus set up for the price of victory, without regard to merit or anything but party services, and you have a spectacle of baseness and rapacity such as was never seen before. No preaching of the gospel in our land, no parental discipline, no schools, not all the machinery of virtue together, can long be a match for the corrupting power of our political strifes actuated by such a law as this. It would make us a nation of apostates at the foot of Sinai."

He was an earnest ally of public education in its lower and its higher realms. At a time when the Hartford schools were in a low state he was active in stimulating public opinion to lift them up, and his effort produced great and permanent effects. No one has more clearly perceived the high public uses of common schools for all classes of the people. During a year spent in California, sick man that he was, he devoted himself with ardor to forwarding the project of a university, giving impulse to a nascent public sentiment which has blossomed gloriously. This is only one of the ways in which he exerted a beneficent influ-

ence in moulding the young commonwealth, whose promise he measured with a statesman's prescience.

Rev. J. H. Twichell, of Hartford, has said, "Bushnell lies back of all that is best in the city." Another says, "Hartford is largely what he has made it." In a time of stagnation and discouragement, he roused the citizenship to confidence and fresh endeavor by a notable sermon entitled Prosperity a Duty. When the community had been induced to substantial agreement to build the new State House on an unfit site, he went into a public meeting and made an address which changed the aspect of the matter so decisively that the scheme was no longer tolerable. By a labor begun almost alone, and continued through years as tactfully as persistently, he prevailed in reclaiming an unsightly and nauseous region in the heart of the city and transforming it into a park, which, while he lay dying, was by vote of the city government named Bushnell Park. All these things, and many more that cannot be enumerated, were accomplished by sheer ability to impress his better judgment on the conviction of men of affairs. What has been said herein of his active concern in civic affairs and in the moral aspect of political issues, which is the aspect sound statesmanship must perforce consider, hardly suggests the resources for fuller treatment available to an unhampered biographer. But it must suffice.

No just notion of the peculiar power and beauty of his writing at its best can be formed from description, nor from such meagre examples as have been quoted in illustration rather of the substance of his opinions than of his genius for expression. The style was the product of all his experience, more a natural than an artificial instrument, and susceptible of his various moods, — sincere, playful, earnest, struggling, aspiring, exalted. It had a racy Litchfield County strength and sweetness for the soil of it, upon which the culture of the scholar and the imagination of the poet, spontaneously springing and flowering, wrought some noble developments of grace and splendor. He was a trained logician, but he made little use of dialectic, being persuaded that religious truth is not so demonstrated to the soul.

Late in life, to one who inquired whether certain traits of his style were the results of any peculiar method of training, he wrote that, after a "strong lift in religious experience," he found he had no language to serve him in his higher thoughts. "In this mood or exigency, I discovered how language, built on physical images, is itself two stories high, and is, in fact, an outfit for a double range of uses. In one it is literal, naming so many roots or facts of form; in the other it is figure, figure on figure, clean beyond the dictionaries for whatever it can properly signify. . . . Writing became in this manner to a considerable extent the making of language, and not a going to the dictionaries. I have dared sometimes to put myself out on my liberty. Finding the air full of wings about me, buoyant all and free, I have let them come under and lift. The second, third, and thirtieth senses of words — all but the physical first sense — belong to the empyrean, and are given, as we see in the prophets, to be inspired by. Of course they must be genuinely used, — *in* their nature, and not contrary to it. We learn to embark on them as we do when we go to sea; and when the breeze of inspiration comes, we *glide*. Commonly there will be a certain rhythm in the motion, as there is in waves, and as we hear in Æolian chords."

He added these practical precepts: "Never take a model to be copied. When that is being done, no great work begins; the fire is punky and only smokes. Never try to create a fine style or say things beautifully. Go to the tailors for all the appearings. But if we can have great thoughts, let these burst the shells of words, if they must, to get expression.

And if they are less rhythmic when expressed than is quite satisfactory, mere thought, mere headwork, will, of course, have its triangulations, and ought to have. Add now great inspirations, great movings of sentiment, and these, just so long as the gale lasts, will set everything gliding and flowing, whether to order or not. But let no one think to be gliding always. A good prose motion has some thumping in it."

In the first of these quotations is a brief presentation of his favorite theory of the symbolism of language. It is elaborated in an essay prefixed to the argument of the book God in Christ; and he frequently reverts to it, as the right method of inculcating theology, and the key to the interpretation of the Scriptures. He speaks of this symbolism as his own discovery, and so undoubtedly it was; but it had been discovered also by others. Emerson definitely formulated it in the fourth part of Nature. It is a corollary of Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences, and in Emerson's essay on Swedenborg the root idea is tracked back to Plato. Bushnell affirms that "the whole universe of nature is the perfect analogon of the whole world of thought or spirit." This differs only in form from Emerson's statement, "Nature is the symbol of the spirit."

Of Dr. Bushnell's personal traits there is little space to speak. That he was a man of uncommon affection and tenderness appears in the tributes of those who knew him intimately, and in the charming family letters, of which many are given in the earlier memoir. He began his ministry and the establishment of a home on a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, with a resolution, which he kept, never to incur a debt which he did not know how he was to pay. His domestic life, of which one of his daughters gives report, was of the sweetest type, simple, familiar, cheerful, and considerate. He was punctual in business and in duties. His conversation with friends was cordial, meaty, entertaining, often brilliant. Neither health nor inclination, to say nothing of his constant serious occupation, permitted much participation in social festivity. He had innate dignity and courtesy, although sometimes abrupt to the point of brusqueness, and when the provocation was great he could be sternly severe. He bore affliction with resignation, and crosses with patience. His favorite recreations were gardening and fishing. One may surmise that his scholarship was excursive and liberal rather than exact or profound. Dr. Munger says it was a peculiarity and a weakness of Bushnell, if regarded as a professional theologian, that he "not only wrote, but published first, and read later, with the result of a real or apparent modification of his opinions."

While he was glad of approbation, he was not dependent upon it, nor was he deflected by it. He consulted with himself. He leaned on conscience. Feeling God at his back, he encountered human favor and blame with an equal mind. Except in some of his theological works, he seldom felt a need of reinforcing his opinions or illustrating them, much less of adorning them, by quotation. If he sometimes made his argument overstrenuous, it was through urgency of zeal rather than in pride of power, and never in malice of temper. He cherished no animosities, and courted peace rather than strife, but not at the price of suppressing the message he was charged to deliver. His familiar and trusted friends were neighbors, or not far away, and his correspondence was not voluminous. A very dear friend was Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, with whom he had extended, intimate correspondence of a delightful quality, perfect in mutual confidence. The distrust and non-intercourse which were the penalties of his heresies had no effect to sour his disposition, however keenly they were felt. For thirty years he was in broken health that interrupted

his loved labor, and kept him for long periods from home. This, too, was patiently borne, in a way that wrought mellowness and spirituality of character. It is pleasant to know that he lived down in large degree the personal hostility provoked by his bold divergence from accepted standards. In later life he was invited to pulpits that had long been shut against him, and his last days were comforted by evidences of generous appreciation and affection. In part, the changed conditions were due to the growth of liberal opinions; still more to a life which exemplified the Master's instruction.

His theology was a lift forward, a contribution to progress, not a finality. One who said, "As nature becomes truly a universe only through science revealing its universal laws, the true universe of thought and spirit cannot sooner be conceived," could not have hoped to speak the final word. Already his work in this department, important as it was in his day, is being overwhelmed by an influx of new knowledge and light. Its fame must be intrusted to the historians of religion. A longer life in common remembrance will be the fate of his strong, spiritual, rejoicing sermons; and the contents of such books as Work and Play, Moral Uses of Dark Things, and Building Eras have perennial worth and ministration. All in all, he must be accounted a man of noble stature, whose work promoted that conception of God as love which

"Would change the hue of intermediate things
And make one thing of all theology."

Walter Allen.

A GROUP OF LYRICS.

THE COMING OF THE DREAMS.

WOULD you look on Paradise,
It must be with closèd eyes.
On beyond the meadow flowers,
On beyond the forest bowers,
On beyond, beyond, it lies.
Close, oh, close your eyes!
One by one, the dreams come on,
Glimmer, glisten, and are gone.
See them while you may;
None will come another day.

Would you hear the singing spheres,
Lie and list with closèd ears.
'Neath the wind-harps in the bowers,
'Neath the feet of happy hours,
Sweet as thought on other years, —
Shut, oh, shut your ears!
One by one, the dreams come on;
A breath, a whisper, — they are gone.
Hear them while you may;
None will come another day.

WIZARDRY.

THE little cloud curled on the hill,
Night's filmy dream-shape, lingering still;
Some glint from out the shining day
Which would not follow him away,
But wanders yet by wood and stream,
Betwixt a shadow and a gleam;
The subtile breath of thicket bowers,
Sweet as with spirits of the flowers;
The airy hammers of the rain,
Tapping, then instant still again;
The timid, whispered minstrelsy
Of winds beginning in the tree, —
Could I repeat what 't is these say to me,
Then would I be high priest of wizardry.

IN THE NOONTIDE QUIET.

So fickle are the little winds
One may not say they blow;
The balanced leaves, they tremble, wait,
Not sure which way to go.

So fare my fancies. Fluttering soft,
As out of sleep they start;
The while they think to drift away
They die upon my heart.

DUSK AND DREAM.

THE glories falter on the mountain crown,
The smooth blue heavens let their quiet down;
And up the wood path, wandering in and in,
Now dusk and dream their ministry begin.

Blithe shapes peer after them, but well they know
They never may that slumbrous journey go;
The little wondering lights no longer leap,
And leaf on leaf the cool trees droop in sleep.

Silence, all silence, save the far-off sound
Haunting for aye the darkened forest-ground;
Memory of sweetest wind and bird that sing
Lives on, lives on, mixed in the murmuring.

Warm pathways under green-leaved trees,
Was he not sick with memories
Of April's hair and starry gown?

"Does he not hear spring's trumpet blow
Beyond the limits of the snow?
Hark how its silver echo fills
The hollow places of the hills,
Proclaiming winter's overthrow!

"How glad he was in the old days
To tread those newly opened ways!
Together we would go — as we
Shall go to-morrow, joyously —
And find ten thousand things to praise,

"Things now so sad to think upon.
And yet he must return ere dawn;
Because he hears at the sea's rim,
Calling across the night to him,
The sundering icebergs of St. John."

. . . Now, when dawn broke at last, sullen and gray,
And on the sea there gleamed no distant sail,
She quietly said, "It is not Easter Day,
And in my vision I have dreamed strange dreams."
Still drave the rain in from the east, and still
The ice churned by the bases of the cliffs,
And little noises woke among the firs.
"And yet," she said, "beyond the outer seas,
Far off, in France, among the white, white lilies,
To-day they think that Eastertide has come;
And maidens deck their bodies amorously,
And go to sing glad hymns to Christ arisen,
Within the little chapel on the hill.
Now shall I fancy it is Easter here,
And think the wasting snow great banks of lilies
And this gray cliff my chapel; and I shall go
And gather seaweed, twining it in my hair,
And know God will regard me graciously
Who fashion such sweet carols in his praise.
I must do this alone, because La Tour
Is dallying still in Boston town, where girls
Make beautiful their hair with southern blooms, —
Wood violets and odorous mayflower blossoms,
Such as come late into our northern fields.
Was it last Easter — was it years ago —
That he and I went joyously together —
(Having prayed Christ to bless us with his grace) —
Between the wasting trunks of the tall pines

Wherein one crow called to the hidden rain?
(For here, although it rain at Easter even,
The dawn breaks golden; and a million hours
Seem flown since yesterday.) O golden France,
Long lost and nigh forgotten! do they know
Who walk to-day between your palaces
The gladness that we know when April comes
Into the solitude of this our north,
And the snows vanish as her flying feet
Are heard upon the hills? Their organs, now,
Do they sound unto heaven a prouder strain
Than these great pines? Hark how the wind booms through
Their topmost branches, come from the deep sea!
And how old Fundy sends its roaring tides
High up against the rocks! Yea, even in France,
I think God sees not more to make him glad
To-day, — only the sunshine and the lilies" —
She paused, hearing the chapel matin bell
Clang wearily; and, like to one that finds
No welcome in some long-imagined land
Now near at last, back from the hopeless sea,
With aged face, she turned to help them pray
Whose hearts had lost their heritage of hope. . .

EASTER MORNING.

"O bloom of lilies oversea!
O throng'd and banner'd citadels!
O clanging of continual bells
Upon the air triumphantly!
Let Christ remember not that we
Await him by these bitter wells.

"Make France so very glad and fair
That Christ, arisen, may know to-day
That he (O green land, leagues away!)
Hath come into his kingdom there;
Let him not dream that otherwhere
Sad men have little heart to pray.

"For we would have him glad; although,
For us, joy may not be again.
Yea, though all day we watch the rain
Striving to waste the pitiless snow,
We would not have him see or know
The limits of our grievous pain.

"And even if he should stoop, perchance,
(Touching you gently on the stem
As you brush by his garment's hem,)

Saying, with lighted countenance,
'Across the sea, in my New France,
O lilies, how is it with them?' —

"Lean you up nearer to his face
(Tenderly sad, supremely wise)
And answer, 'Under fair, blue skies,
Lord Jesu, in a fruitful place,
Their souls — the stronger for thy grace —
Draw nigh unto the sacrifice.'"

. . . So, striving to arouse their heavy faith,
Unto their distant Christ they sang and prayed
Until the gray clouds thinned, and the dull east
Grew half prophetic of the laboring sun.
"See! He hath heard! and all is well!" she cried.
But as her voice rang hopefully and clear
Down the dim chapel aisle, ere any man
Had caught delight from her fair bravery,
There came upon them sudden gathering sounds
Of strife, of men clamoring, and despair,
Rumor of clashing steel and crumbling walls.
Yet not in vain their prayers! O risen Christ,
Was not that fight a glorious thing to see?
Between thine altar and the front o' the foe
Was not thy hand the hand that lent the strength
Wherewith she drave them backward through the breach,
Far from their wounded, calling all the while?
I think that thou wert very glad, O Christ,
Watching these things; and yet, was it not thou
Who hadst made her heart the heart of very woman —
Strong for the battle, and then, when all was over,
Weak, and too prone to trust (even as a child
That wonders not at all, having belief)
In any chance-flung flag, white to the wind? . . .

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Hearken! Afar on the hills, at last is it surely spring?
Have the sudden mayflowers awakened to see what the wind can bring?
There, in the bare high branches, does a robin try to sing?

"O Life, why — now thou art fair and full of the promise of peace —
Oh, why dost thou shudder away, away from me, begging release,
As the dead leaves falter and flutter and fall when the warm winds cease?

"As the dead leaves fall from the trees. O Life, must thou hurry away?
Behold, it is spring upon earth, and to-morrow the month will be May;
And the southmost boughs shall grow green that were barren but yesterday.

"And I, even I, shall grow young once more; and my face shall be fair, —
Yea, fair as still waters at even, under the starlight there;
And all of the glory of dawn shall be seen once again in my hair.

"And yet, and yet, who will see? Were it true that all things should be so,
What joy could we have of it ever? Time bringeth new visions; and lo,
One may not remember in April how autumn was kind, long ago!

. . . . . .

"O desolate years! are you over at last with your devious ways?
Nay, I should say, 'Let me go from you gladly, giving you praise
For the least of the things I remember of you and the least of your days.'

"Giving thanks for the noises of Earth — little noises — when April is born;
For the smell of the roses in June, for the gleam of the yellowing corn;
For the sight of the sea at even, the sight of the sea at morn.

"And most — most of all — for the old fighting days! (O La Tour, are they past?)
For the sound of beleaguering cannon, the sight of the foe fleeing fast.
Yea, and though at the end we have fallen, even now I am glad at the last!

. . . . . .

"How good it is here in the sun! O strong, sweet sound of the sea,
Do you sorrow that now I must go? Have you pity to waste upon me
Who may tarry no longer beside you, whom Time is about to set free?

"Nay, sorrow nor pity at all. See, I am more glad than a queen
For the joy I have had of you living! Had the things that we know never been,
You and I then had reason for sorrow, O Sea — had our eyes never seen!

"Come close to me now, — past the weed-covered rocks, up the gray of the sand;
Here is a path I have made for you, hollowed it out with my hand;
Come, I would whisper a word to you, Sea, he may never withstand:

"'Where our garden goes down to the sea's edge (remember? — O France, thou art fair!)
Renewing those old royal days, of all else careless now, unaware,
Among the remembering lilies her soul abides patiently there.'"

Francis Sherman.

MAUD-EVELYN.

On some allusion to a lady who, though unknown to myself, was known to two or three of the company, it was asked by one of these if we had heard the odd circumstance of what she had just "come in for" — the piece of luck suddenly overtaking, in the gray afternoon of her career, so obscure and lonely a personage. We were at first, in our ignorance, mainly reduced to crude envy; but old Lady Emma, who for a while had said nothing, scarcely even appearing to listen, and letting the chatter, which was indeed plainly beside the mark, subside of itself, came back from a mental absence to observe that if what had happened to Lavinia was wonderful, certainly, what had, for years, gone before it, led up to it, had likewise not been without some singular features. From this we perceived that Lady Emma had a story — a story, moreover, out of the ken even of those of her listeners acquainted with the quiet person who was the subject of it. Almost the oddest thing — as came out afterwards — was that such a situation should, for the world, have remained so in the background of this person's life. By "afterwards" I mean simply before we separated; for what came out came on the spot, under encouragement and pressure, our common, eager solicitation. Lady Emma, who always reminded me of a fine old instrument that has first to be tuned, agreed, after a few of our scrapings and fingerings, that, having said so much, she could n't, without wantonly tormenting us, forbear to say all. She had known Lavinia, whom she mentioned throughout only by that name, from far away, and she had also known — But what she had known I must give as nearly as possible as she herself gave it. She talked to us from her corner of the sofa, and the flicker of the firelight in her face was like the glow of memory, the play of fancy, from within.

I.

"Then why on earth don't you take him?" I asked. I think that was the way that, one day when she was about twenty — before some of you perhaps were born — the affair, for me, must have begun. I put the question because I knew she had had a chance, though I did n't know how great a mistake her failure to embrace it was to prove. I took an interest because I liked them both — you see how I like young people still — and because, as they had originally met at my house, I had, in a manner, to answer to each for the other. I 'm afraid I 'm thrown baldly back on the fact that if the girl was the daughter of my earliest, almost my only governess, to whom I had remained much attached and who, after leaving me, had married — for a governess — "well," Marmaduke (it is n't *his* real name!) was the son of one of the clever men who had — I was charming then, I assure you I was — wanted, years before, and this one as a widower, to marry me. I had n't cared, somehow, for widowers, but even after I had taken somebody else I was conscious of a pleasant link with the boy whose stepmother it had been open to me to become and to whom it was perhaps a little a matter of vanity with me to show that I should have been for him one of the kindest. This was what the woman his father eventually did marry was not, and that threw him upon me the more.

Lavinia was one of nine, and her brothers and sisters, who have never done anything for her, help, actually, in different countries and on something, I

believe, of that same scale, to people the globe. There were mixed in her then, in a puzzling way, two qualities that mostly exclude each other — an extreme timidity, and, as the smallest fault that could qualify a harmless creature for a world of wickedness, a self-complacency hard in tiny, unexpected spots, for which I used sometimes to take her up, but which, I subsequently saw, would have done something for the flatness of her life had they not evaporated with everything else. She was at any rate one of those persons as to whom you don't know whether they might have been attractive if they had been happy, or might have been happy if they had been attractive. If I was a trifle vexed at her not jumping at Marmaduke, it was probably rather less because I expected wonders of him than because I thought she took her own prospect too much for granted. She had made a mistake, and, before long, admitted it; yet I remember that when she expressed to me a conviction that he would ask her again, I also thought this highly probable, for in the meantime I had spoken to him. "She does care for you," I declared; and I can see at this moment, long ago though it be, his handsome empty young face look, at the words, as if, in spite of itself, for a little, it really thought. I did n't press the matter, for he had, after all, no great things to offer; yet my conscience was easier, later on, for having not said less. He had three hundred and fifty a year from his mother, and one of his uncles had promised him something — I don't mean an allowance, but a place, if I recollect, in a business. He assured me that he loved as a man loves — a man of twenty-two! — but once. He said it, at all events, as a man says it but once.

"Well, then," I replied, "your course is clear."

"To speak to her again, you mean?"

"Yes — try it."

He seemed to try it a moment in imagination; then, a little to my surprise, he asked, "Would it be very awful if she should speak to *me?*"

I stared. "Do you mean pursue you — overtake you? Ah, if you 're running away" —

"I 'm not running away!" — he was positive as to that. "But when a fellow has gone so far" —

"He can't go any further? Perhaps," I replied dryly. "But in that case he should n't talk of 'caring.'"

"Oh, but I do, I do."

I shook my head. "Not if you 're too proud!" On which I turned away, looking round at him again, however, after he had surprised me by a silence that seemed to accept my judgment. Then I saw he had not accepted it; I perceived it indeed to be essentially absurd. He expressed more, on this, than I had yet seen him do — had the queerest, frankest, and, for a young man of his conditions, saddest smile.

"I 'm *not* proud. It is n't *in* me. If you 're not, you 're not, you know. I don't think I 'm proud enough."

It came over me that this was, after all, probable; yet somehow I did n't at the moment like him the less for it, though I spoke with some sharpness. "Then what 's the matter with you?"

He took a turn or two about the room, as if what he had just said had made him a little happier. "Well, how can a man say more?" Then, just as I was on the point of assuring him that I did n't know what he had said, he went on: "I swore to her that I would never marry. Ought n't that to be enough?"

"To make her come after you?"

"No — I suppose scarcely that; but to make her feel sure of me — to make her wait."

"Wait for what?"

"Well, till I come back."

"Back from where?"

"From Switzerland — have n't I told you? I go there next month with my aunt and my cousin."

He was quite right about not being proud — this was an alternative distinctly humble.

II.

And yet see what it brought forth — the beginning of which was something that, early in the autumn, I learned from poor Lavinia. He had written to her, they were still such friends; and thus it was that she knew his aunt and his cousin to have come back without him. He had stayed on — stayed much longer and traveled much farther: he had been to the Italian lakes and to Venice; he was now in Paris. At this I vaguely wondered, knowing that he was always short of funds, and that he must, by his uncle's beneficence, have started on the journey on a basis of expenses paid. "Then whom has he picked up?" I asked; but feeling sorry, as soon as I had spoken, to have made Lavinia blush. It was almost as if he had picked up some improper lady, though in this case he would n't have told her and it would n't have saved him money.

"Oh, he makes acquaintance so quickly, knows people in two minutes," the girl said. "And every one always wants to be nice to him."

This was perfectly true, and I saw what she saw in it. "Ah, my dear, he will have an immense circle ready for you!"

"Well," she replied, "if they do run after us, I'm not likely to suppose it will ever be for me. It will be for *him*, and they may do to me what they like. My pleasure will be — but you 'll see." I already saw, — saw at least what she supposed she herself saw: her drawing-room crowded with female fashion and her attitude angelic. "Do you know what he said to me again before he went?" she continued.

I wondered; he *had* then spoken to her. "That he will never, never marry" —

"Any one but *me!*" She ingenuously took me up. "Then you knew?"

I hesitated. "I guessed."

"And don't you believe it?"

Again I hesitated. "Yes." Yet all this did n't tell me why she had changed color. "Is it a secret — whom he 's with?" I asked.

"Oh no, they seem so nice. I was only struck with the way you know him — your seeing immediately that it must be a new friendship that has kept him over. It 's the devotion of the Dedricks," Lavinia said. "He 's traveling with them."

Once more I wondered. "Do you mean they 're taking him about?"

"Yes — they 've invited him."

No, indeed, I reflected — he was n't proud. But what I said was, "Who in the world are the Dedricks?"

"Kind, good people whom, last month, he accidentally met. He was walking some Swiss pass — a long, rather stupid one, I believe, without his aunt and his cousin, who had gone round some other way and were to meet him somewhere. It came on to rain in torrents, and while he was huddling under a shelter he was overtaken by some people in a carriage, who kindly made him get in. They drove him, I gather, for several hours; it began an intimacy, and they 've continued to be charming to him."

I thought a moment. "Are they ladies?"

Her own imagination, meanwhile, had also strayed a little. "I think about forty."

"Forty ladies?"

She quickly came back. "Oh no; I mean Mrs. Dedrick is."

"About forty? Then Miss Dedrick" —

"There is n't any Miss Dedrick."

"No daughter?"

"Not with them, at any rate. No one but the husband."

I thought again. "And how old is *he?*"

Lavinia followed my example. "Well, about forty, too."

"About forty-two?" We laughed, but "That 's all right!" I said; and so, for the time, it seemed.

He continued absent, none the less, and I saw Lavinia repeatedly, and we always talked of him, though this represented a greater concern with his affairs than I had really supposed myself committed to. I had never sought the acquaintance of his father's people, nor seen either his aunt or his cousin, so that the account given by these relatives of the circumstances of their separation reached me at last only through the girl, to whom, also — for she knew them as little — it had circuitously come. They considered, it appeared, the poor ladies he had started with, that he had treated them ill and thrown them over, sacrificing them selfishly to company picked up on the road — a reproach deeply resented by Lavinia, though about the company, too, I could see she was not much more at her ease. "How can he help it if he 's so taking?" she asked; and to be properly indignant in one quarter, she had to pretend to be delighted in the other. Marmaduke *was* "taking;" yet it also came out between us, at last, that the Dedricks must certainly be extraordinary. We had scant added evidence, for his letters stopped, and that naturally was one of our signs. I had meanwhile leisure to reflect — it was a sort of study of the human scene I always liked — on what to be taking consisted of. The upshot of my meditations, which experience has only confirmed, was that it consisted simply of itself. It was a quality implying no others. Marmaduke *had* no others. What indeed was his need of any?

III.

He at last, however, turned up; but then it happened that if, on his coming to see me, his immediate picture of his charming new friends quickened even more than I had expected my sense of the variety of the human species, my curiosity about them failed to make me respond when he suggested I should go to see them. It 's a difficult thing to explain, and I don't pretend to put it successfully, but does n't it often happen that one may think well enough of a person without being inflamed with the desire to meet — on the ground of any such sentiment — other persons who think still better? Somehow — little harm as there was in Marmaduke — it was but half a recommendation of the Dedricks that they were crazy about him. I did n't say this — I was careful to say little; which did n't prevent his presently asking if he might n't then bring them to *me*. "If not, why not?" he laughed. He laughed about everything.

"Why not? Because it strikes me that your surrender does n't require any backing. Since you 've done it, you must take care of yourself."

"Oh, but they 're as safe," he returned, "as the Bank of England. They 're wonderful — for respectability and goodness."

"Those are precisely qualities to which my poor intercourse can contribute nothing." He had n't, I observed, gone so far as to tell me they would be "fun," and he *had*, on the other hand, promptly mentioned that they lived in Westbourne Terrace. They were not forty — they were forty-five; but Mr. Dedrick had already, on considerable gains, retired from some primitive profession. They were the simplest, kindest, yet most original and unusual people, and nothing could exceed, frankly, the fancy they had taken to him. Marmaduke spoke of it with a placidity of resignation that was almost irritating. I suppose I should have despised him if, after benefits accepted, he had said they bored him; yet their not boring him vexed me even more than it puzzled. "Whom do they know?"

"No one but me. There are people in London like that."

"Who know no one but you?"

"No — I mean no one at all. There are extraordinary people in London, and awfully nice. You have n't an idea. You people don't know every one. They lead their lives — they go their way. One finds — what do you call it? — refinement, books, cleverness, don't you know, and music, and pictures, and religion, and an excellent table — all sorts of pleasant things. You only come across them by chance; but it 's all perpetually going on."

I assented to this: the world was very wonderful, and one must certainly see what one could. In my own quarter, too, I found wonders enough. "But are you," I asked, "as fond of them" —

"As they are of *me?*" He took me up promptly, and his eyes were quite unclouded. "I 'm quite sure I shall become so."

"Then are you taking Lavinia" —

"Not to see them — no." I saw, myself, the next minute, of course, that I had made a mistake. "On what footing *can* I?"

I bethought myself. "I keep forgetting you 're not engaged."

"Well," he said after a moment, "I shall never marry another."

It somehow, repeated again, gave on my nerves. "Ah, but what good will that do her, or me either, if you don't marry her?"

He made no answer to this — only turned away to look at something in the room; after which, when he next faced me, he had a heightened color. "She ought to have taken me that day," he said gravely and gently; fixing me also as if he wished to say more.

I remember that his very mildness irritated me; some show of resentment would have been a promise that the case might still be righted. But I dropped it, the silly case, without letting him say more, and, coming back to Mr. and Mrs. Dedrick, asked him how in the world, without either occupation or society, they passed so much of their time. My question appeared for a moment to leave him at a loss, but he presently found light; which, at the same time, I saw on my side, really suited him better than further talk about Lavinia. "Oh, they live for Maud-Evelyn."

"And who 's Maud-Evelyn?"

"Why, their daughter."

"Their daughter?" I had supposed them childless.

He partly explained. "Unfortunately, they 've lost her."

"Lost her?" I required more.

He hesitated again. "I mean that a great many people would take it that way. But *they* don't — they won't."

I speculated. "Do you mean other people would have given her up?"

"Yes — perhaps even tried to forget her. But the Dedricks can't."

I wondered what she had done: had it been anything very bad? However, it was none of my business, and I only said, "They communicate with her?"

"Oh, all the while."

"Then why is n't she with them?"

Marmaduke thought. "She *is* — now."

"'Now'? Since when?"

"Well, this last year."

"Then why do you say they 've lost her?"

"Ah," he said, smiling sadly, "*I* should call it that. I, at any rate," he went on, "don't see her."

Still more I wondered. "They keep her apart?"

He thought again. "No, it 's not that. As I say, they live for her."

"But they don't want *you* to — is that it?"

At this he looked at me for the first time, as I thought, a little strangely. "How *can* I?"

He put it to me as if it were bad of him, somehow, that he should n't; but I made, to the best of my ability, a quick

end of that. "You can't. Why in the world *should* you? Live for *my* girl. Live for Lavinia."

IV.

I had run, unfortunately, the risk of boring him again with that idea, and, though he had not repudiated it at the time, I saw in my having returned to it the reason why, for weeks, he never reappeared. I saw "my girl," as I had called her, in the interval, but we avoided with much intensity the subject of Marmaduke. It was just this that gave me my perspective for seeing her still to be full of him. It determined me, in all the circumstances, not to rectify her mistake about the childlessness of the Dedricks. But whatever I left unsaid, her naming the young man was only a question of time, for at the end of a month she told me he had been twice to her mother's and that she had seen him on each of these occasions.

"Well, then?"

"Well, then, he 's very happy."

"And still taken up" —

"As much as ever with those people. He did n't tell me so, but I could see it."

I could too, and her own view of it. "What, in that case, did he tell you?"

"Nothing — but I think there 's something he wants to. Only not what *you* think," she added.

I wondered then if it were what I had had from him the last time. "Well, what prevents him?" I asked.

"From bringing it out? I don't know."

It was in the tone of this that she struck, to my ear, the first note of an acceptance so deep and a patience so strange that they gave me, at the end, even more food for wonderment than the rest of the business. "If he can't speak, why does he come?"

She almost smiled. "Well, I think I *shall* know."

I looked at her; I remember that I kissed her. "You 're admirable; but it 's very ugly."

"Ah," she replied, "he only wants to be kind!"

"To *them?* Then he should let others alone. But what I call ugly is his being content to be so 'beholden'" —

"To Mr. and Mrs. Dedrick?" She considered, as if there might be many sides to it. "But may n't he do them some good?"

The idea failed to appeal to me. "What good can Marmaduke do? There 's one thing," I went on, "in case he should want you to know them. Will you promise me to refuse?"

She only looked helpless and blank. "Making their acquaintance?"

"Seeing them, going near them, — ever, ever."

Again she brooded. "Do you mean *you* won't?"

"Never, never."

"Well, then, I don't think I want to."

"Ah, but that 's not a promise." I kept her up to it. "I want your word."

She demurred a little. "But why?"

"So that at least he shan't make use of you," I said with energy.

My energy overbore her, though I saw how she would really have given herself. "I promise, but it 's only because it 's something I know he will never ask."

I differed from her at the time, believing the proposal in question to have been exactly the subject she had supposed him to be wishing to broach; but on our very next meeting I heard from her of quite another matter, upon which, as soon as she came in, I saw her to be much excited.

"You know, then, about the daughter without having told me? He called again yesterday," she explained, as she met my stare at her unconnected plunge, "and now I know that he *has* wanted to speak to me. He at last brought it out."

I continued to stare. "Brought what?"

"Why, everything." She looked surprised at my face. "Did n't he tell you about Maud-Evelyn?"

I perfectly recollected, but I momentarily wondered. "He spoke of there being a daughter, but only to say that there 's something the matter with her. What is it?"

The girl echoed my words. "What 'is' it? — you dear, strange thing! The matter with her is simply that she 's dead."

"Dead?" I was naturally mystified. "When, then, did she die?"

"Why, years and years ago — fifteen, I believe. As a little girl. Did n't you understand it so?"

"How *should* I? — when he spoke of her as 'with' them and said that they lived for her!"

"Well," my young friend explained, "that 's just what he meant — they live for her memory. She *is* with them, in the sense that they think of nothing else."

I found matter for surprise in this correction, but also, at first, matter for relief. At the same time it left, as I turned it over, a fresh ambiguity. "If they think of nothing else, how can they think so much of Marmaduke?"

The difficulty struck her, though she gave me even then a dim impression of being already, as it were, rather on Marmaduke's side, or, at any rate — almost as against herself — in sympathy with the Dedricks. But her answer was prompt: "Why, that 's just their reason, — that they can talk to him so much about her."

"I see." Yet still I wondered. "But what 's *his* interest" —

"In being drawn into it?" Again Lavinia met her difficulty. "Well, that she was so interesting! It appears she was lovely."

I doubtless fairly gaped. "A little girl in a pinafore?"

"She was out of pinafores; she was, I believe, when she died, about fourteen. Unless it was sixteen! She was, at all events, wonderful for beauty."

"That 's the rule. But what good does it do him if he has never seen her?"

She thought a moment, but this time she had no answer. "Well, you must ask him!"

I determined without delay to do so; but I had before me, meanwhile, other contradictions. "Had n't I better ask him, on the same occasion, what he means by their 'communicating'?"

Oh, this was simple. "They go in for 'mediums,' don't you know, and raps, and sittings. They began a year or two ago."

"Ah, the idiots!" I remember, at this, narrow-mindedly exclaiming. "Do they want to drag *him* in —?"

"Not in the least; they don't desire it, and he has nothing to do with it."

"Then where does his fun come in?"

Lavinia turned away; again she seemed at a loss. At last she brought out, "Make him show you her little photograph."

But I remained unenlightened. "Is her little photograph his fun?"

Once more she colored for him. "Well, it represents a young loveliness!"

"That he goes about showing?"

She hesitated. "I think he has only shown it to *me*."

"Ah, you 're just the last one!" I permitted myself to observe.

"Why so, if I 'm also struck?"

There was something about her that began to escape me, and I must have looked at her hard. "It 's very good of you to be struck!"

"I don't only mean by the beauty of the face," she went on; "I mean by the whole thing — by that, also, of the attitude of the parents, their extraordinary fidelity, and the way that, as he says, they have made of her memory a real religion. That was what, above all, he came to tell me about."

I turned away from her now, and she soon afterwards left me; but I could n't help its dropping from me, before we parted, that I had never supposed him to be *that* sort of fool.

V.

If I were really the perfect cynic you probably think me, I should frankly say that the main interest of the rest of this matter lay, for me, in fixing the sort of fool I *did* suppose him. But I 'm afraid, after all, that my anecdote amounts mainly to a presentation of my own folly. I should n't be so in possession of the whole spectacle had I not ended by accepting it, and I should n't have accepted it had it not, for my imagination, been saved, somehow, from grotesqueness. Let me say at once, however, that grotesqueness, and even indeed something worse, did at first appear to me strongly to pervade it. After that talk with Lavinia, I immediately addressed to our friend a request that he would come to see me; when I took the liberty of challenging him outright on everything she had told me. There was one point in particular that I desired to clear up, and that seemed to me much more important even than the color of Maud-Evelyn's hair or the length of her pinafores: the question, I mean, of course, of my young man's good faith. Was he altogether silly, or was he only altogether mercenary? I felt my choice restricted, for the moment, to these alternatives.

After he had said to me, "It 's as ridiculous as you please, but they 've simply adopted me," I had it out with him, on the spot, on the issue of common honesty, the question of what he was conscious, so that his self-respect should be saved, of being able to give such benefactors in return for such bounty. I 'm obliged to say that to a person so inclined at the start to quarrel with him, his amiability could yet prove persuasive. His contention was that the equivalent he represented was something for his friends alone to measure. He did n't for a moment pretend to sound deeper than the fancy they had taken to him. He had not, from the first, made up to them in any way: it was all their own doing, their own insistence, their own eccentricity, no doubt, and even, if I liked, their own insanity. Was n't it enough that he was ready to declare to me, looking me straight in the eye, that he was "really and truly" fond of them and that they did n't bore him a mite? I had evidently — did n't I see? — an ideal for him that he was n't at all, if I did n't mind, the fellow to live up to. It was he himself who put it so, and it drew from me the pronouncement that there *was* something irresistible in the refinement of his impudence. "I don't go near Mrs. Jex," he said — Mrs. Jex was their favorite medium: "I do find *her* ugly and vulgar and tiresome, and I hate that part of the business. Besides," he added in words that I afterwards remembered, "I don't require it: I do beautifully without it. But my friends themselves," he pursued, "though they 're of a type you 've never come within miles of, are not ugly, are not vulgar, are not, in any degree whatever, any sort of a 'dose.' They are, on the contrary, in their own unconventional way, the very best company. They 're endlessly amusing. They 're delightfully queer and quaint and kind — they 're like people in some old story or of some old time. It 's at any rate our own affair — mine and theirs — and I beg you to believe that I should make short work of a remonstrance on the subject from any one but you."

I remember saying to him three months later, "You 've never yet told me what they really want of you;" but I 'm afraid this was a form of criticism that occurred to me precisely because I had already begun to guess. By that time, indeed, I had had great initiations,

and poor Lavinia had had them as well, — hers, in fact, throughout, went further than mine — and we had shared them together, and I had settled down to a tolerably exact sense of what I was to see. It was what Lavinia added to it that really made the picture. The portrait of the little dead girl had suggested something charming, though one had not lived so long in the world without hearing of plenty of little dead girls; and the day came when I felt as if I had actually sat with Marmaduke in each of the rooms converted by her parents — with the aid not only of the few small, cherished relics, but that of the fondest figments and fictions, ingenious imaginary mementos and tokens, the unexposed make-believes of the sorrow that broods and the passion that clings — into a temple of grief and worship. The child, incontestably beautiful, had evidently been passionately loved, and in the absence from their lives — I suppose originally a mere accident — of such other elements, either new pleasures or new pains, as abound for most people, their feeling had drawn to itself their whole consciousness: it had become mildly maniacal. The idea was fixed, and it kept others out. The world, for the most part, allows no leisure for such a ritual, but the world had consistently neglected this plain, shy couple, who were sensitive to the wrong things, and whose sincerity and fidelity, as well as their Philistinism, were of a rigid, antique pattern.

I must not represent that either of these young persons, or my attention to their affairs, took up the whole of my life; for I had many claims to meet and many belongings to deal with, a hundred preoccupations and much deeper anxieties. My young woman, on her side, had other contacts and complications — other troubles too, poor girl; and there were stretches of time in which I neither saw Marmaduke nor heard a word of the Dedricks. Once, only once, abroad, in Germany, at a railway station, I met him in their company. They were colorless, commonplace elderly Britons, of the kind you identify by the livery of their footman or the labels of their luggage, and the mere sight of them justified me, to my conscience, in having avoided, from the first, the stiff problem of conversation with them. Marmaduke saw me, on the spot, and came over to me. There was no doubt whatever of *his* vivid bloom. He had grown fat — or almost, but not with grossness — and might perfectly have passed for the handsome, happy, full-blown son of doting parents who could n't let him out of view, and to whom he was a model of respect and solicitude. They followed him with placid, pleased eyes when he joined me, but asking nothing at all for themselves, and quite fitting into his own manner of saying nothing about them. It had its charm, I confess, the way he could be natural and easy, and yet intensely conscious, too, on such a basis. What he was conscious of was that there were things I by this time knew; just as, while we stood there and good-humoredly sounded each other's faces — for, having accepted everything at last, I was only a little curious — I knew that he measured my insight. When he returned again to his doting parents I had to admit that, doting as they were, I felt him not to have been spoiled. It was unexpected, in such a career, but he was rather more of a man. There came back to me with a shade of regret, after I had got, on this occasion, into my train, which was not theirs, a memory of some words that, a couple of years before, I had uttered to poor Lavinia. She had said to me, speaking in reference to what was then our frequent topic, and on some fresh evidence that I have forgotten, "He feels now, you know, about Maud-Evelyn, quite as the old people themselves do."

"Well," I had replied, "it 's only a pity he 's paid for it!"

"Paid?" She had looked very blank.

"By all the luxuries and conveniences," I had explained, "that he comes in for through living with them. For that's what he practically does."

At present I saw how wrong I had been. He was paid, but paid differently, and the mastered wonder of that was really what had been between us in the waiting-room of the station. Step by step, after this, I followed.

VI.

I can see Lavinia as she came to me in her new mourning the first time after her mother's death. There had been long anxieties connected with this event: and she was already faded — already almost old. But Marmaduke, on her bereavement, had been to her.

"Do you know what he thinks now?" she asked me. "He thinks he knew her."

"Knew the child?" It came to me as if I had half expected it.

"He speaks of her now as if she had n't been a child." My visitor gave me the strangest fixed smile. "It appears that she was n't so young — it appears she had grown up."

I stared. "How can it 'appear'? They *know*, at least! There were the facts."

"Yes," said Lavinia, "but they seem to have come to take a different view of them. He talked to me a long time, and all about *her*. He told me things."

"What kind of things? Not trumpery stuff, I hope, about 'communicating,' — about his seeing or hearing her?"

"Oh no, he does n't go in for that; he leaves it to the old couple, who, I believe, cling to their mediums, keep up their sittings and their rappings, and find in it all a comfort, an amusement, that he does n't grudge them and that he regards as harmless. I mean anecdotes — memories of his own. I mean things she said to him and that they did together — places they went to. His mind is full of them."

I turned it over. "Do you think he 's decidedly mad?"

She shook her head with her bleached confidence. "Oh no, it 's too beautiful."

"Then are *you* taking it up? I mean the preposterous theory" —

"It *is* a theory," she broke in, "but it is n't necessarily preposterous. Any theory has to suppose something," she sagely pursued, "and it depends, at any rate, on what it 's a theory *of*. It 's wonderful to see this one work."

"Wonderful, always, to see the growth of a legend!" I laughed. "This is a rare chance to watch one in formation. They 're all three, in good faith, building it up. Is n't that what you made out from him?"

Her tired face fairly lighted. "Yes — you understand it; and you put it better than I. It 's the gradual effect of spreading out the past; it grows and grows. They make it and make it. They 've persuaded each other — the parents — of so many things that they 've at last also persuaded *him*. It has been contagious."

"It 's you who put it well," I returned. "It 's the oddest thing I ever heard of, but it is, in its way, a reality. Only we must n't speak of it to others."

She quite accepted that precaution. "No — to nobody. *He* does n't. He keeps it only for me."

"Conferring on you thus," I again laughed, "such a precious privilege!"

She was silent a moment, looking away from me. "Well, he has kept his vow."

"You mean of not marrying? Are you very sure?" I asked. "Did n't he perhaps" — But I faltered at the boldness of my joke.

The next moment I saw I need n't. "He *was* in love with her," Lavinia brought out.

I broke now into a peal which, however provoked, struck even my own ear at the moment as rude almost to profanity.

"He literally tells you outright that he 's making believe?"

She met me effectively enough. "I don't think he *knows* he is. He 's just completely in the current."

"The current of the old people's twaddle?"

Again my companion hesitated; but she knew what she thought. "Well, whatever we call it, I like it. It is n't so common, as the world goes, for any one — let alone for two or three — to feel and to care for the dead as much as that. It 's self-deception, no doubt, but it comes from something that — well," she faltered again, "is beautiful when one does hear of it. They make her out older, so as to imagine they had her longer; and they make out that certain things really happened to her, so that she shall have had more life. They 've invented a whole experience for her, and Marmaduke has become a part of it. There 's one thing, above all, they want her to have had." My young friend's face, as she analyzed the mystery, fairly grew bright with her vision. It came to me with a faint dawn of awe that the attitude of the Dedricks *was* contagious. "And she did have it!" Lavinia declared.

I positively admired her, and if I could yet perfectly be rational without being ridiculous, it was really, more than anything else, to draw from her the whole image. "She had the bliss of knowing Marmaduke? Let us agree to it, then, since she 's not here to contradict us. But what I don't get over is the scant material for *him!*" It may easily be conceived how little, for the moment, I could get over it. It was the last time my impatience was to be too much for me, but I remember how it broke out. "A man who might have had *you!*"

For an instant I feared I had upset her, — thought I saw in her face the tremor of a wild wail. But poor Lavinia was magnificent. "It was n't that he might have had 'me,' — that 's nothing: it was, at the most, that I might have had *him.* Well, is n't that just what has happened? He 's mine from the moment no one else has him. I give up the past, but don't you see what it does for the rest of life? I 'm surer than ever that he won't marry."

"Of course, he won't — to quarrel, with those people!"

For a minute she answered nothing; then, "Well, for whatever reason!" she simply said. Now, however, I had drawn from her a couple of still tears, and I pushed away the whole obscure comedy.

VII.

I might push it away, but I could n't really get rid of it; nor, on the whole, doubtless, did I want to, for to have in one's life, year after year, a particular question or two that one could n't comfortably and impressively make up one's mind about was just the sort of thing to keep one from turning stupid. There had been little need of my imposing reserve upon Lavinia: she obeyed, in respect to impenetrable silence save with myself, an instinct, an interest of her own. We never, therefore, gave poor Marmaduke, as you call it, "away;" we were much too tender, let alone that she was also too proud; and, for himself, evidently, there was not, to the end, in London, another person in his confidence. No echo of the queer part he played ever came back to us; and I can't tell you how this fact, just by itself, brought home to me little by little a sense of the charm he was under. I met him "out" at long intervals — met him usually at dinner. He had grown like a person with a position and a history. Rosy and rich-looking — fat, moreover, distinctly fat at last; there was almost in him something of the bland — yet not too bland — young head of an hereditary business. If the Dedricks had been bankers, he

might have been their hope. There was, none the less, a long middle stretch during which, though we were all so much in London, he dropped out of my talks with Lavinia. We were conscious, she and I, of his absence from them; but we clearly felt, in each quarter, that there are things, after all, unspeakable, and the fact, at all events, had nothing to do with her seeing or not seeing our friend. I was sure, as it happened, that she did see him. But there were moments that, for myself, still stand out.

One of these was a certain Sunday afternoon, when it was so dismally wet that, taking for granted I should have no visitors, I had drawn up to the fire with a book — a successful novel of the day — that I promised myself comfortably to finish. Suddenly, in my absorption, I heard a firm rat-tat-tat; on which I remember giving a groan of inhospitality. But my visitor proved, in due course, Marmaduke, and Marmaduke proved — in a manner even less, at the point we had reached, to have been counted on — still more attaching than my novel. I think it was only an accident that he became so; it would have been the turn of a hair either way. He had n't come to speak — he had only come to talk, to show once more that we could continue good old friends without his speaking. But, somehow, there were the circumstances: the insidious fireside, the things in the room, with their reminders of his younger time; perhaps even too the open face of my book, looking at him from where I had laid it down for him, and giving him a chance to feel that he could supersede Wilkie Collins. There was at all events a promise of intimacy, of opportunity for him, in the cold lash of the windows by the storm. We should be alone; it was cosy; it was safe.

The action of these impressions was the more marked that what was touched by them, I afterwards saw, was not at all a desire for an effect — was just simply a spirit of happiness that needed to overflow. It had finally become too much for him. His past, rolling up year after year, had grown too interesting. But he was, all the same, directly stupefying. I forget what turn of our preliminary gossip brought it out, but it came, in explanation of something or other, as it had not yet come: "When a man has had for a few months what *I* had, you know!" The moral appeared to be that nothing in the way of human experience of the exquisite could again particularly matter. He saw, however, that I failed immediately to fit his reflection to a definite case, and he went on with the frankest smile: "You look as bewildered as if you suspected me of alluding to some sort of thing that is n't usually spoken of; but I assure you I mean nothing more reprehensible than our blessed engagement itself."

"Your blessed engagement?" I could n't help the tone in which I took him up; but the way he disposed of that was something of which I feel to this hour the influence. It was only a look, but it put an end to my tone forever. It made me, on my side, after an instant, look at the fire — look hard, and even turn a little red. During this moment I saw my alternatives, and I chose; so that when I met his eyes again I was fairly ready. "You still feel," I asked with sympathy, "how much it did for you?"

I had no sooner spoken than I saw that that would be, from that moment, the right way. It instantly made all the difference. The only question would be whether I could keep it up. I remember that only a few minutes later, for instance, this question gave a flare. His reply had been abundant and imperturbable — had included some glance at the way death brings into relief even the faintest things that have preceded it; on which I felt myself suddenly as restless as if I had grown afraid of him. I got up to ring for tea; he went on talking

— talking about Maud-Evelyn and what she had been for him; and when the servant had come up I prolonged, nervously, on purpose, the order I had wished to give. It made time, and I could speak to the footman sufficiently without thinking: what I thought of really was the risk of turning right round with a little outbreak. The temptation was strong; the same influences that had worked for my companion just worked, in their way, during that minute or two, for me. *Should* I, taking him unaware, flash at him a frank "I say, just settle it for me once for all. *Are* you the boldest and basest of fortune-hunters, or have you only, more innocently and perhaps more pleasantly, suffered your brain slightly to soften"? But I missed the chance — which I did n't, in fact, afterwards, regret. My servant went out, and I faced again to my visitor, who continued to converse. I met his eyes once more, and their effect was repeated. If anything had happened to his brain, this effect was perhaps the domination of the madman's stare. Well, he was the easiest and gentlest of madmen. By the time the footman came back with tea I was in for it; I was in for everything. By "everything" I mean my whole subsequent treatment of the case. It *was* — the case was — really beautiful. So, like all the rest, the hour comes back to me: the sound of the wind and the rain; the look of the empty, ugly, cabless square and of the stormy spring light; the way that, uninterrupted and absorbed, we had tea together by my fire. So it was that he found me receptive, and that I found myself able to look merely grave and kind when he said, for example, "Her father and mother, you know, really, that first day — the day they picked me up on the Splügen — recognized me as the proper one."

"The proper one?"

"To make their son-in-law. They wanted her so," he went on, "to have had, don't you know, just everything."

"Well, if she did have it," — I tried to be cheerful — "is n't the whole thing, then, all right?"

"Oh, it 's all right *now*," he replied — "now that we 've got it all there before us. You see, they could n't like me so much" — he wished me thoroughly to understand — "without wanting me to have been the man."

"I see — that was natural."

"Well," said Marmaduke, "it prevented the possibility of any one else."

"Ah, that would never have done!" I laughed.

His own pleasure at it was impenetrable, splendid. "You see, they could n't do much, the old people — and they can do still less now — with the future; so they had to do what they could with the past."

"And they seem to have done," I concurred, "remarkably much."

"Everything, simply. Everything," he repeated. Then he had an idea, though without insistence or importunity — I saw it just flicker in his face. "If you *were* to come to Westbourne Terrace" —

"Oh, don't speak of that!" I broke in. "It would n't be decent now. I should have come, if at all, ten years ago."

But he saw, with his good humor, further than this. "I see what you mean. But there 's much more in the place now than then."

"I dare say. People get new things. All the same" — I was at bottom but resisting my curiosity.

Marmaduke did n't press me, but he wanted me to know. "There are our rooms — the whole set; and I don't believe you ever saw anything more charming, for *her* taste was extraordinary. I 'm afraid, too, that I myself have had much to say to them." Then as he saw that I was again a little at sea, "I 'm talking," he went on, "of the suite prepared for her marriage." He "talked" like a crown-prince. "They were ready, to the last touch — there was nothing

more to be done. And they 're just as they were — not an object moved, not an arrangement altered, not a person but ourselves coming in: they 're only exquisitely kept. All our presents are there — I should have liked you to see them."

It had become a torment by this time — I saw that I had made a mistake. But I carried it off. "Oh, I could n't have borne it!"

"They 're not sad," he smiled — "they 're too lovely for that. They 're happy. And the things" — He seemed, in the excitement of our talk, to have them before him.

"They 're so very wonderful?"

"Oh, selected with a patience that makes them almost priceless. It 's really a museum. There was nothing they thought too good for her."

I had lost the museum, but I reflected that it could contain no object so rare as my visitor. "Well, you 've helped them — you could do *that.*"

He quite eagerly assented. "I could do that, thank God, — I could do that! I felt it from the first, and it 's what I *have* done." Then as if the connection were direct, "All *my* things are there."

I thought a moment. "Your presents?"

"Those I made her. She loved each one, and I remember, about each, the particular thing she said. Though I do say it," he continued, "none of the others, as a matter of fact, come near mine. I look at them every day, and I assure you I 'm not ashamed." Evidently, in short, he had spared nothing, and he talked on and on. He really quite swaggered.

VIII.

In relation to times and intervals I can only recall that if this visit of his to me had been in the early spring, it was one day in the late autumn — a day, which could n't have been in the same year, with the difference of hazy, drowsy sunshine and brown and yellow leaves — that, taking a short cut across Kensington Gardens, I came, among the untrodden ways, upon a couple occupying chairs under a tree, who immediately rose at the sight of me. I had been behind them at recognition, the fact that Marmaduke was in deep mourning having perhaps, so far as I had observed it, misled me. In my desire both not to look flustered at meeting them and to spare their own confusion, I bade them again be seated, and asked leave, as a third chair was at hand, to share a little their rest. Thus it befell that after a minute Lavinia and I had sat down, while our friend, who had looked at his watch, stood before us among the fallen foliage and remarked that he was sorry to have to leave us. Lavinia said nothing, but I expressed regret; I could n't, however, as it struck me, without a false or a vulgar note, speak as if I had interrupted a tender passage or separated a pair of lovers. But I could look him up and down and note his deep mourning. He had not made, for going off, any other pretext than that his time was up and that he was due at home. "Home," with him now had but one meaning: I knew him to be completely quartered in Westbourne Terrace. "I hope nothing has happened," I said — "that you 've lost no one whom *I* know."

Marmaduke looked at my companion, and she looked at Marmaduke. "He has lost his wife," she then observed.

Oh, this time, I fear, I had a small quaver of brutality; but it was at him I directed it. "Your wife? I did n't know you had *had* a wife!"

"Well," he replied, positively gay in his black suit, his black gloves, his high hatband, "the more we live in the past, the more things we find in it. That 's a literal fact. You would see the truth of it if your life had taken such a turn."

"*I* live in the past," Lavinia put in gently and as if to help us both.

"But with the result, my dear," I returned, "of not making, I hope, discoveries!" It seemed absurd to be afraid to be light.

"May none of her discoveries be more fatal than mine!" Marmaduke was n't uproarious, but his treatment of the matter had the good taste of brightness. "They 've wanted it so for her," he continued to me wonderfully, "that we 've at last seen our way to it — I mean to what Lavinia has mentioned." He hesitated but three seconds — he brought it brightly out. "Maud-Evelyn had *all* her young happiness."

I stared, but Lavinia was, in her peculiar manner, as brilliant. "The marriage *did* take place," she quietly, stupendously explained to me.

Well, I was determined not to be left. "So you 're a widower," I gravely asked, "and these are the signs?"

"Yes; I shall wear them always now."

"But is n't it late to have begun?"

My question had been stupid, I felt the next instant; but it did n't matter — he was quite equal to the occasion. "Oh, I had to wait, you know, till all the facts about my marriage had given me the right." And he looked at his watch again. "Excuse me — I *am* due. Good-by, good-by." He shook hands with each of us, and as we sat there together watching him walk away I was struck with his admirable manner of looking the character. I felt, indeed, as our eyes followed him, that we were at one on this, and I said nothing till he was out of sight. Then, by the same impulse, we turned to each other.

"I thought he was never to marry!" I exclaimed to my friend.

Her fine wasted face met me gravely. "He is n't — ever. He 'll be still more faithful."

"Faithful, this time, to whom?"

"Why, to Maud-Evelyn." I said nothing — I only checked an ejaculation; but I put out a hand and took one of hers, and for a minute we kept silence. "Of course it 's only an idea," she began again at last, "but it seems to me a beautiful one." Then she continued resignedly and remarkably: "And now *they* can die."

"Mr. and Mrs. Dedrick?" I pricked up my ears. "Are they dying?"

"Not quite, but the old lady, it appears, is failing, steadily weakening; less, as I understand it, from any definite ailment than because she just feels her work done and her little sum of passion, as Marmaduke calls it, spent. Fancy, with her convictions, all her reasons for wanting to die! And if she goes, he says, Mr. Dedrick won't long linger. It will be quite 'John Anderson my jo.'"

"Keeping her company down the hill, to lie beside her at the foot?"

"Yes, having settled all things."

I turned these things over as we walked away, and how they had settled them — for Maud-Evelyn's dignity and Marmaduke's high advantage; and before we parted that afternoon — we had taken a cab in the Bayswater Road and she had come home with me — I remember saying to her, "Well, then, when they die won't he be free?"

She seemed scarce to understand. "Free?"

"To do what he likes."

She wondered. "But he does what he likes now."

"Well, then, what *you* like!"

"Oh, you know what *I* like" —

Ah, I closed her mouth! "You like to tell horrid fibs — yes, I know it!"

What she had then put before me, however, came in time to pass: I heard in the course of the next year of Mrs. Dedrick's extinction, and some months later, without, during the interval, having seen a sign of Marmaduke, wholly taken up with his bereaved patron, learned that her husband had touchingly followed her. I was out of England at the time; we had had to put into practice great economies and let our little place; so that, spending three win-

ters successively in Italy, I devoted the periods between, at home, altogether to visits among people, mainly relatives, to whom these friends of mine were not known. Lavinia of course wrote to me — wrote, among many things, that Marmaduke was ill, and had not seemed at all himself since the loss of his "family," and this in spite of the circumstance, which she had already promptly communicated, that they had left him, by will, "almost everything." I knew before I came back to remain that she now saw him often, and, to the extent of the change that had overtaken his strength and his spirits, greatly ministered to him. As soon as we at last met I asked for news of him; to which she replied, "He 's gradually going." Then, on my surprise, "He has had his life."

"You mean that, as he said of Mrs. Dedrick, his sum of passion is spent?"

At this she turned away. "You 've never understood."

I *had*, I conceived; and when I went subsequently to see him, I was moreover sure. But I only said to Lavinia, on this first occasion, that I would immediately go; which was precisely what brought out the climax, as I feel it to be, of my story. "He 's not now, you know," she turned round to admonish me, "in Westbourne Terrace. He has taken a little old house in Kensington."

"Then he has n't kept the things?"

"He has kept everything." She looked at me still more as if I had never understood.

"You mean he has moved them?"

She was patient with me. "He has moved nothing. Everything is as it was, and kept with the same perfection."

I wondered. "But if he does n't live there?"

"It 's just what he *does*."

"Then how can he be in Kensington?"

She hesitated, but she had still more than her old grasp of it. "He 's in Kensington — without living."

"You mean that at the other place"—

"He spends most of his time. He 's driven over there every day, — he remains there for hours. He keeps it for that."

"I see — it 's still the museum."

"It 's still the temple!" Lavinia replied with positive austerity.

"Then why did he move?"

"Because, you see, there" — she faltered again — "I could come to him. And he wants me," she said with admirable simplicity.

Little by little I took it in. "After the death of the parents even, you never went?"

"Never."

"So you have n't seen anything?"

"Anything of hers? Nothing."

I understood, I understood, but I won't deny that I was disappointed: I had hoped for an account of his wonders, and I immediately felt that it would n't be for me to take a step that she had declined. When, a short time later, I saw them together in Kensington Square — there were certain hours of the day that she regularly spent with him — I observed that everything about him was new, handsome and simple. They were, in their strange, final union — if union it could be called, — very natural and very touching; but he was visibly stricken — he had his malady in his eyes. She moved about him like a sister of charity — at all events like a sister. He was neither robust nor rosy now, nor was his attention visibly very present, and I wondered, privately and fancifully, where it wandered and waited. But poor Marmaduke was a gentleman to the end — he wasted away with an excellent manner. He died twelve days ago; the will was opened; and last week, having meanwhile heard from her of its contents, I saw Lavinia. He leaves her everything that he himself had inherited. But she spoke of it all in a way that made me say in surprise, "You have n't yet been to the house?"

"Not yet. I've only seen the solicitors, who tell me there will be no complications."

There was something in her manner that made me go on. "Then you're not curious to see what's there?"

She looked at me with a troubled — almost a pleading — sense, which I understood; and presently she said, "Will you go with me?"

"Some day, with pleasure — but not the first time. You must go alone then. The 'relics' that you'll find there," I added — for I had read her look — "you must think of now not as *hers*" —

"But as *his*?"

"Is n't that what his death — with his so close relation to them — has made them for you?"

Her face lighted — I saw it was a view she could thank me for putting into words. "I see — I see. They *are* his. I'll go."

She went, and three days ago she came to me. They're really marvels, it appears, treasures extraordinary, and she has them all. Next week I go with her — I shall see them at last. Tell *you* about them, you say? My dear man, everything.

Henry James.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.

As our mechanical industries have developed in importance, new interest has been aroused in commercial representation. The diplomatic service — in spite of a certain inherent mystery — has always been very well known. The instinct of politics, so highly developed, and the practice of sending to foreign capitals a few public men of high character and attainments have contributed to this. The great number of consuls, the systems of appointment and direction, the ignorance of foreign commerce, and the consequent dominance of domestic interests have made the service confusing. At the same time, newspaper editors, politicians, diplomatists, subordinates in the Department of State, business men, and members of commercial bodies have written or spoken about this service with little warrant in knowledge for what they said, and without bringing conspicuous enlightenment to those who attempted to follow them.

A consul may not write about the service while in it, — in spite of a presumption that experience ought to give him some insight. When he retires he is apt to keep his own counsel, although he might contribute something of value or interest. In making myself an exception, I may perhaps say without vanity that early in an active journalistic and public career I was brought into relation with the service as an observer, which aroused interest was maintained until I was assigned, without personal effort, to a post not without importance, — the consulate in Birmingham. Five years' service rendered with such energy and ability as I had, added to study and observation, during this time, of our own and other systems, may not entirely disqualify me from having and expressing an opinion on some of its phases. Having passed this time without clash with the department, I have neither favors to repay nor grudges to feed, so that my criticism will be wholly public, in motive as well as in purpose. After two years of private life, one may perhaps escape the reproach of speaking evil of dignities, even if every word he says is not couched in the language of compliment.

I. WHAT THE SERVICE IS: THE CONSUL AT HIS POST.

Our consular service is more completely commercial, with fewer diplomatic functions, than that of any other important country. It deals with gain, property, and public revenue, and has only a slight relation to the rights or the protection of persons. It concerns both buying and selling, and the consul who does not recognize that one cannot go on without the other does not know the alphabet of the business intrusted to his care. In promoting the interchange of products, he will find that he must advise a merchant or manufacturer at his post as freely and frankly as one from his own country. An industrious mechanic or farmer seeking to emigrate may be just as important to his country as a home workman who goes out to set up American machinery. A working woman may need consular advice when she enters the port of New York to take up domestic service quite as much as a woman from home who is in search of a truant husband.

The claim is commonly made that a consul should be examined to find out how much he knows of foreign countries. This is of the slightest importance. He needs rather to know the institutions, laws, history, people, geography, politics, and public men of his own country. That given, he will soon absorb the necessary information about the country to which he is accredited, even if the treaty of Westphalia is strange to him, or he does not know how many soldiers fell in some Napoleonic battle. This comprehensive knowledge, it may be admitted, is not always found in petty ward politicians, professional labor agitators, or rural newspaper editors, who are nothing more; or in reporters, whose lives have been devoted to accounts of fires and murders; or in petty business men, who do not understand their own callings; or in those prosperous foreigners, sometimes found, whose loftiest ambition is to air their new-made importance in their birthplaces.

According to the register of the Department of State, the consular service of the United States is made up as follows: consuls general and salaried consuls, 234; commercial agents, salaried, 10; minor salaried consuls, 10; consuls, paid by fees, 48; commercial agents, paid by fees, 20: total 322. The last three classes may engage in business, as their fees and allowances amount to less than $1000 a year. Vice consuls, consular agents, and clerks are not included. Although an occasional vice consul is sent from home, as a rule they are residents of the foreign district.

The remuneration of the higher grades in salaries and unofficial fees — as nearly as they may be estimated owing to defects in the returns — is as follows: consuls receiving over $5000 per annum, 16; over $4000, 14; over $3000, 54; over $2500, 18. This gives a total of 102 among whom there is no great difference in rank, work, responsibility, or qualities demanded, and whose average pay is something like $3500 a year.

As comparison is constantly made with the British service, I have compiled from the Foreign Office list, and insert here, somewhat out of its order, the following: consuls receiving over $10,000 per annum, 10; over $5000, 28; over $4000, 56; over $3500, 13; over $3000, 35; over $2000, 25: total, 167. The $10,000 class are mainly diplomatic agencies; so I exclude these from comparison. This done, the average of the classes fairly correspondent with our own works out at about $3750. It is impossible to attain absolute accuracy, because retired army officers retain certain allowances, the pay being thereby reduced. According to this comparison, the United States government is not so niggardly as is sometimes charged, so far as its principal places are concerned.

Once at his post, the consul soon learns

its merely routine duties: how to examine and sign invoices; to verify legal documents; to read, even though he may not understand, department circulars, — as well as what he must do for himself, and what he may trust to subordinates. He very soon discovers that most of his duties lie beyond the cognizance of a department. He will be wise to recognize that he represents all the commercial interests of his country; that his politics were shed at Sandy Hook; and that he is not a specialist in metals, chemicals, or textiles. If wise, he will not turn detective at the bidding of the departments or any manufacturing interest.

In social matters his position depends entirely upon himself. He can enter the circle for which he is fitted. He can come into close personal relations with the best public, professional, business, educational, and religious elements in his district. In order to do this, he needs only the same tact, intelligence, and dignity of character demanded or used at home. He must keep clear of sects, whether in politics or religion. If he can make a prudent speech, it will be still easier and pleasanter for him; if he has literary or musical tastes, his path will be made smoother. If he is inclined to sports or games, from cock-fighting to golf, from shooting at a mark to a battue; if he likes a game of poker, or racing, or has fast tastes of any kind; if he revels in sectarianism, whatever its form, he can always find congenial company and win a place in it. I have known an important consulate where, for several successive administrations, the incumbent was never seen in good houses or in association with good causes. I have known of another where, during a ten years' residence, the incumbent preached for a fee of two or three guineas when he could get an engagement, on Sunday or any other day. In the one case as in the other, the office was as much vacant as if no man had been sent to it. I have known other consulates where, for three or four successive administrations, the incumbents made it their business to screw out as much money as they could, to accept no attentions requiring a return of courtesies, — a miserliness characteristic of those who never had a chance before, and expect never to have another. As a rule, the consul who saves money — outside such prize places as London, Liverpool, Paris, Hamburg, and Bremen — is viewed with suspicion by his colleagues. On an average, about two out of the twenty-five consuls whom each administration sends to England take back money with them, by such parsimony as I have described. Consuls general in London, and consuls in other large cities, have lived during all their term in very shabby lodgings, but they are the exceptions; plain, sensible living, without display, being the rule. Out of a hundred and fifty consuls I have known, during or after their service in fifteen or twenty countries, there have probably been ten or fifteen of the miserly type. Of rogues and adventurers, who have gone home leaving debts to tradesmen and acquaintances, or overdrafts at banks, I have perhaps heard of fifteen during more than twenty years' acquaintance with the service. However, I have not set out to write a history of black sheep.

Now and then a consul resents his office, really quarreling with his bread and butter. Such an one is opposed to any other country than America, and is usually of foreign birth. He has merely sought the office to show the people of his native country how to do things. Such a man looks upon every invoice he signs as the robbery of somebody at home, and goes through his term lecturing the foreign manufacturer upon his effrontery in sending across the water articles that could be made by American labor.

Much useful information is furnished to home manufacturers, and I regret to say that it is not always appreciated; in many cases, not even acknowledged.

No one would think of making a charge for it; but many persons at home have yet to learn that there is such a thing as good manners in business. The secretaries of public bodies and debating clubs, the managers of college publication societies, newspaper editors, college professors, and students of comparative politics, are continually and properly asking for information. It would be impossible to exaggerate their courtesy or their generous appreciation of the small favors thus rendered. Chiefs of police and other officials of cities and towns are most considerate, when the consul, desirous of helping some poor person who is in search of a lost relative, or an inheritance, or a runaway husband, must, in his turn, seek assistance. So, while, as a business representative, he finds bad manners and want of appreciation, his extra-official duties reveal other and better qualities.

The official work is comparatively simple, exacting enough to fill the ordinary office hours, while the indefinite unofficial duties require industry. The man who does all these cheerfully and lives with modesty and dignity, who is neither neglectful nor self-seeking, will become a sort of ambassador to his district, and may even be favorably known outside of it, in literary, religious, or social life.

II. THE PRESIDENT'S RELATION TO THE SERVICE.

When a President is elected he finds more than three hundred consuls already in office. If his party comes newly to power, all, with the exception of perhaps twenty, are opposed to him in politics. If he succeeds a President of his own opinions, they represent, in a large measure, his predecessor's plans, schemes, and political debts. There are no rules to hamper him, and for each place there are probably a hundred candidates. Owing to the exaggerated idea about its pay and dignity and the cheapness of living abroad, foreign service has a peculiar fascination for the average American and his wife, to which must be added social and business aspirations, mainly delusive.

The manager who succeeded to the control of a concern with branches all over the world, would probably have little more personal knowledge of the men under him than a President has of consuls. His first work, however, this being the business of his life, would be to obtain the most complete information about the length of service and the fitness of each man on his staff; but no President, however willing or anxious he might be, could do this. The appointment of consuls is only an infinitely small part of his duties; besides, there is an unbroken tradition that their places are political or personal, and he cannot change this in a single branch of the public service, even if time and inclination both permitted. So he follows the fashion, and treats the consulates as party spoils. The efficiency or inefficiency of one or a hundred incumbents is nothing to him. In some cases, the most important places are promised, provisionally, before his election, and more — probably the majority of those worth having — weeks before his inauguration, before even his Secretary of State has been selected.

A certain proportion of the best places are filled from his own knowledge or upon the advice of his personal or political associates, though never without reference to party services, rendered or expected. When he enters the Executive Mansion removals go on mechanically, and successors are appointed as rapidly as possible. He must carry the work through with little help from any department, because, like the making of broth, there is a certain unity required in the process. However, willing helpers are on hand in plenty. Senators, Representatives, chairmen and members of a succession of party committees, influential and ambitious public men, are there, ready to send a rival into exile

or reward a useful friend. Cases have even been known of men who were willing to promote their own ambitions!

The President must see candidates and their patrons, fit in one claim with another, reconcile the demands of political geography, and do the best he can according to his lights. In fact, he does everything, except pretend that he likes the job. He has little time to think. With all his other duties, public and party, he is expected to fill about two hundred consular places within the first four months of his term. As there are no charges against incumbents, and few apply for retention, removals do not concern him. His duty is to consider applications for appointment. The incumbent has no warning or notice. Why should he have, when he may read in a newspaper, perhaps days afterward, that such and such a man has been appointed? The details are nominally in the hands of a sort of whipping-boy in the department, — generally the assistant secretary, — who issues the commissions, sees that bonds are filed and instructions given, notifies the incumbents, in due time, and requests foreign governments to grant exequaturs. As a reward for this, the public and the disappointed assume that everything has been done by him, and he gets whatever odium there is. He generally stands this for about a year, and then retires in disgust, to shake off as he can the reputation of political executioner. It is a case of having the name without the game.

Sometimes consuls are retained in office; generally, only those in small places where the pressure is not severe. This sometimes conciliates, rather cheaply, the chairman or members of the foreign committees. In a few cases — enough during three or four administrations to employ the fingers of one hand in counting them — incumbents are retained in important places, for a long period; but the instance has yet to be found in which this was due wholly to recognized fitness. The useful men thus retained have had supporters, conspicuous in politics, generally in both parties, who have made it part of their business to muster influence for their favorites. Although these cases are often cited as examples of civil service reform, — oases of merit in a desert of spoils, — they are in reality the most flagrant triumphs of the spoilsman's art. In still more instances, such methods have kept in office men who, not merely useless, were a disgrace to the country and to any President. Those who enter the service are naturally in sympathy with the system of appointments and removals, each man recognizing that as some one was displaced to give him a chance, he must not expect any other treatment when the fortune of war turns. As a result, the hold-over is regarded with distrust by his new colleagues, and with contempt by his old ones, because of the methods necessary to assure retention.

The following example will serve as illustration. Early in the present administration, the Republican members of Congress from a Western state of importance met and preferred claims to a consul for each district; all to be appointed upon the formal recommendation of the United States Senator. They did not pick out individual posts, with a man of special fitness for each; both Congressman and candidates knew their business too well to make it other than a wholesale job. The candidates were chosen at random, according to personal influence, or party importance, or the relative value of the places. At last every district save one had its representative abroad. In this one, every plan short of advertising had been tried, for more than a year, to get a man for a small place in France. Finally, a lawyer in a remote village agreed to accept it. He was nominated, confirmed, and sailed for his post, without any notice whatever to his predecessor, from the President or the department, of the

appointment. His arrival, with commission and order for possession, was the first notice to an incumbent whose retention had been promised. The new official had probably not thought of France since he recited his geography lesson thirty years before in some district school, while his manner gave the impression that he had first heard the name of the town to which he had come, when appointed as its consul.

The result is best when the President sends men known to himself and his inner circle — personal appointments so-called. This means that some one has a knowledge of the character and attainments of the candidate as well as some regard for his own reputation. Most of the really useful and able men who get into the foreign service, either in the diplomatic or the consular branch, are so chosen. The recommendations of party Senators, Representatives, or managers have no direct reference to fitness; perhaps not more than one in seven turns out fairly well, so that nobody concerned can be credited with even the most ordinary business prudence. This kind of appointment is a lottery, with a half dozen blanks to each prize.

It is easy to assume that a service thus filled must be wholly corrupt and inefficient. Perhaps it ought to be so. But, taken as a whole, considering the incongruous elements in the services of other countries, our service, so filled, reaches a good average of efficiency, higher than that of most countries. The adaptability of the American to new, strange work is a quality upon which too much emphasis is sometimes laid; still, it must be taken into account. It is well to remember that the method of selection herein described runs through every branch of public life; that practically we know no other method. Besides, ninety-five out of every hundred of the responsible places in business or professions are filled upon somebody's recommendation. There is a proneness to forget that while such methods are as universal as they are natural, they are also human and illustrative of unselfishness and kindliness, and that it is the abuse of them which brings reprobation.

With all these drawbacks, two thirds of the consulates of dignity and fair pay, and say one tenth of the remainder, — about a hundred all told, — are filled by lawyers, physicians, editors, professors, bankers, and business men of ability and unquestioned standing. Far from home or effective supervision, these pass through their term with dignity and with credit to themselves and the country, without assertiveness or loss of character, and spend a larger proportion of their pay, whatever this may be, for the public benefit than officials at home or their colleagues from other countries. Occasionally, one seeks to attract attention in society, or has himself and his wife presented at court; but fools are not confined to this service, nor do they all live in or come from the United States.

Nevertheless, these methods of appointment and removal are so essentially vicious as to be beyond defense. They send abroad during every four-year period more bad, useless, and inefficient men than ought to find admission into the whole foreign service in half a century of wise, prudent, and centralized selection. That the result is not so bad as it might be is a striking illustration of the American luck which has so long been proverbial.

No description of these methods should leave the impression, even by implication, that any recent President has used the foreign service for personal ends. Such an implication would be unjust and without warrant. In filling consular places there is thrown upon the Executive a responsibility which does not belong to home offices, where the public hold Senators and Representatives to account. In message after message, beginning in 1885, and continuing until

the end of his last term, Mr. Cleveland implored Congress to reform the system, and reduce the number of appointments; and with fewer opportunities, Mr. Harrison did the same. It is only fair to assert the belief that both introduced very considerable improvements. When public sentiment has become strong enough to force through Congress an effective revision of the laws, it will be time to hold the President responsible for bad conditions.

III. HOW CONGRESS HAS DEALT WITH THE SERVICE.

Few branches of the public service have been less understood or more neglected by Congress than this. The system has been only slightly modified since 1856, when there was a sort of recasting or codification of the laws relating to it, only minor amendments having since been made from time to time. During the civil war it proved an additional diplomatic resource, while its value as spoils was also demonstrated. It furnished a few lucrative posts which could be bestowed upon the men next below cabinet or diplomatic rank. In the earlier days, its places were conceded to the President, his advisers and friends; but when it became larger, Senators and Representatives found that they could command a share. Public men thus lost sight of its usefulness as a branch of the service, — as something having defects to be remedied, — and acquired another and a purely private interest in it, as individuals. Its abuses were thus emphasized rather than corrected, so that no reorganization upon large lines has been attempted.

The committees of foreign affairs of the two houses have not been so constituted, during recent years, that anything effective could be hoped from them. Probably no member of them — whether in the majority or in the minority — who has been long enough in Congress to command it — has not a protégé in the foreign service, either diplomatic or consular, or in the Department of State. The abolition of an office however useless, the correction of an abuse however flagrant, is thus made next to impossible.

During the past six years bills providing for some changes in the laws have been introduced by Senators Lodge and Morgan. They have been reported favorably to the Senate and thrown out upon a point of order, — something their authors might have foreseen. They betrayed only a slight comprehension of the real needs of the service. While their authors were zealous reformers when an opposition President was in office, their zeal had slept when this President's predecessor used the consular service despitefully, and disappeared when another came into office and employed the power of removal more ruthlessly than it had ever been employed before.

The ideas in these bills have now been embodied in a new one introduced by Representative Adams, who for a short time was in the diplomatic service, a place which, like everything in his public career, was creditably filled. In all of them provision is made for different classes, ranging from consuls general to consular agents; but an anomalous feature is the inclusion of secretaries and attachés of embassies and legations in a bill dealing with the commercial service. They provide for appointment to classes, not to individual posts, and the President is given power to promote from lower to higher grades. The fees known as notarial are to be paid to the government. Consuls general, of two classes, at salaries of $6000 and $5000 respectively; consuls, of two classes, at salaries of $4000 and $2500 respectively; and vice consuls, of three classes, at salaries of $1800, $1500, and $1200 respectively, are provided for, as are consular agents, to be paid by fees. No attempt is made to schedule the places or to define the principle upon which the classification shall be made, while

the usual vicious plan of leaving all details to the department is adopted. The bills do not reduce the number of consulates, nor recognize the central control in the department. Provision is made for admission by examinations so simple that not even the merest spoilsman could be kept out. The President is thus left free to appoint and promote his own partisans out of those who pass, — just as he does under the sham system now in operation for certain grades of consuls under the order of September 30, 1895. He is free to remove incumbents, no period of tenure being fixed. The minimum age for admission is twenty-one years, — which, under our laws, seems to be a somewhat useless definition.

These bills have been introduced without special knowledge or intelligent department assistance, nor are there any indications that public sentiment was or is behind them, and they have produced no alternative suggestions of value. More attention has been given to imitations of other countries than to a careful and comprehensive study of the needs of our own. The method of appointment, being the obvious abuse, one that anybody can see, is the only feature that has proved equally attractive to all these legislators. Something more than this perfunctory work will be necessary before a law can be passed which would change a bad system into a good one.

IV. TREATMENT IN THE DEPARTMENT.

In theory, the Secretary of State appoints consuls and supervises their work; in practice, he does neither. Even when the head of the department was chosen wholly for ability and political experience the office was usually a consolation prize, given to the candidate for President who had failed. He had little occasion to know anything about the consular work, assigned to his department. He was seldom an expert in commercial matters, a politician of such qualifications finding his way to the head of the Treasury Department. Of late, many of the traditions about the Department of State have been broken down. Its head, like his Cabinet associates, has become a sort of chief clerk to the President, assigned to the control of a department. A public man of the old, high type sometimes gets into the office, though he seldom stays long. In the last two administrations and the present one, the country has seen there some strange figures, whose description in detail would be superfluous, and might be thought rude. It is not unfair to say that they had no knowledge of a branch of the public service which sends, every four years, more than three hundred officials into all parts of the world.

As the direction of the consular service does not rest with the head of the Department of State, it may be well to try to locate it. For the first twelve or fifteen months of each administration the assistant secretary devotes most of his time to the sharpening of the official guillotine for the President's use. He has little leisure for learning his business, and even if he had, the consular branch belongs to him only in form.

For many years the second-assistant secretaryship has been in the hands of two thoroughly efficient and useful men, who have coached successive presidents, secretaries, and assistants. Custodians of manners, past masters in that remarkable system of etiquette inseparable from diplomatic functions, they have been permanent officials in all but name. If they were so inclined, and if it were their business to give attention to the consular service, other duties would not permit.

This brings us to the third-assistant secretaryship — a mysterious office, of which it is never possible to know, week by week, who is the incumbent. Three Secretaries of State and as many assistants are generally required to carry an average administration through its term; about four third assistants are disposed

of. These are of three types. Now and then a man of real ability and fitness comes in, only to escape as soon as possible from the unfamiliar atmosphere of red tape. Two such men are now filling, with acceptability, professorial chairs in our oldest universities. Then there is the rich young man who needs this place to give him social position at home. He soon retires, having attained his object, and, except the old-fashioned people who believe in real work, nobody is disappointed. The third type is the glorified department clerk who, by a harmless euphuism, is said to have worked his way up. Having made himself useful to many raw secretaries, he at last finds one who is grateful enough to put him into authority over three hundred officials, many of whom occupy more dignified and better paid places than his, in spite of its high-sounding title.

Here, then, we reach a supervising though not yet the directing authority for the consular service. To find the latter we must seek the chief of the Consular Bureau, who has a $2100 place, and is usually a clerk trained in the department. His period of power often runs parallel with that of a third-assistant secretary of the same type. In such a case they are sure to have queer ideas of the work intrusted to them. They have long had pet schemes for aggrandizing the Consular Bureau and asserting its authority: so they have only to pull from their dusty pigeonholes plans which successive presidents and secretaries, in their desire for peace, have consigned there. When a pliant secretary falls into the hands of such men, the cutting off of allowances without notice; the modification of policies, or even of laws, by circular; the introduction one month of absurd regulations to be abandoned the next; the making of demands insulting to every honest consul, perhaps because some scapegrace, holding a petty place in China or the West Indies, has been culpable, come thick and fast. As these men deal with officials remote from one another, without understanding or organization, and forbidden to communicate with the press, or even with the department, except in a way purely official, the result is obvious.

As relations with the State Department are unsatisfactory, it follows that there is no well-defined system of dealing with other departments. Although nearly everything that a consul does concerns the Treasury Department, all communications must pass through the Consular Bureau. It is often weeks after the enactment of a tariff law before the consuls receive any schedule of rates, although the law goes at once into effect, and it is impossible to get prompt information from collectors or their coördinate bureaus when invoices have been held up or prices advanced. The Agricultural Department is a very Oliver Twist in asking for "more" in the way of trumpery reports which its own statisticians, if competent for their work, could compile without cost or delay. The Pension Bureau and the Patent Office, for both of which a consul does much work, are uniformly prompt, polite, and appreciative.

It follows that there is no well-defined purpose in the management of the consular service, no man of recognized position and ability to spur or to curb it. It is chaos itself. Its organization produces dependence in secretaries and assistants, and generates in bureau officials a deference little short of toadyism. Among men bearing such relations there must be an absence of that confidence and respect which are necessities if a dignified and well-balanced system is to be maintained.

V. THE MAKING AND PUBLISHING OF REPORTS.

This inefficiency of direction is well illustrated in the report system, — something which threatens to become an intolerable nuisance in every branch of

official life. Since 1878, a monthly number of Consular Reports, ranging from 160 to 280 pages, has been issued. It has been supplemented, from time to time, by a special issue, sometimes in one large volume, occasionally running to two or three volumes, and there are now daily advance sheets, to supply printers with what is known as "dummy copy."

Besides the Consular Reports, there is Commercial Relations, two massive volumes from 750 to 1000 pages each, made up by consuls and consular agents eked out by solemn ambassadors or their secretaries. The department is always nervous lest even the most distant or obscure consul may be tardy or delinquent, and the second or third circulars calling for them would furnish models of "urgent" literature. The consul gathers the material for these annual summaries from the local or trade newspapers, the gossip of local manufacturers, and the garrulity of representatives of American firms. The district may be remote or unimportant, — a fly on the wagon wheel of commerce. It may have no port, no distinct personality, nothing to give it importance except its modest contribution to the totals in the Monthly Summary of Finance and Commerce. Nevertheless, it must yield up its nothingness.

In theory, reports are made under the direction of the department. Circulars are sent out peppered lavishly with interrogation points. Most of them relate to subjects upon which there is no lack of information. Many of them could be worked out by an ordinary statistician, or even by a department clerk, with the aid of a late encyclopædia and a few handbooks. However or by whomever done, the result would interest only a small number of persons engaged in some special trade, and would be useless even to these unless prepared by an expert. Still, the questions give the consul ample opportunity to write and to see his name in print.

It would be unfair to suppose that these marvelous queries are evolved by the bureau officials met together in their high-ceilinged, solemn offices in Washington. Far from it. The following example will illustrate the process: A young lumberman in the state of Washington, amid the stillness of his pines, wants to know the price of logs and boards in the grand duchy of Finland and the interior of Persia. He takes down his office handbooks, only to find that neither Finland nor Persia is mentioned. For the moment his thirst for knowledge is slaked; but the question comes back to him as one of great human interest. Logs and lumber take hold upon his imagination by day, and haunt his dreams by night. He congratulates himself that he learned in his school days of the existence of Finland and Persia. As he assumes that they have people, he also wonders whether they have trees. At the club his inquiries are not answered to his satisfaction, when, finally, a friend, perhaps weary of persistent interruption, suggests that, if such places really do exist, the United States may have consuls in them.

The local exchange takes the matter up. In its name the eager questioner writes to the department, inquiring timidly about those mysterious officials called consuls, and asks furtively about logs and lumber in Finland and Persia. Thus far, little has been done to satisfy a curiosity commendable in a young man remote from reference libraries; but the Foreign Department of a great government is ready, and his idea finds itself housed in a government palace. The letter is answered, and a request made that interrogatories shall be prepared for submission to the consular representatives of the United States at Helsingfors and Teheran. The talent of many logging camps toils over the task, not without result. No one would have imagined that the Yankee gift for asking questions had been transferred, without impairment, to the shores of the

Pacific. Nothing relating to varieties, sizes, and qualities of trees; to the dimensions and shapes of logs; to the breadth, thickness, or polishing qualities of boards; to the kinds of sawmills and the power used; to makes of axes and saws, and their care; to the wages, nativity, and hours of work of woodmen; to the marketing of products and their prices; or to the architecture of houses, the furniture in and the fences about them, is missed from the list. When the reports are received at the Consular Bureau, the most exact writer is assigned to correct any slips they may contain in grammar, while an antiquarian is probably called in to frame questions as to the folk lore of trees, logs, and lumber.

Completed, made into fair copies, distributed over the bureau for general inspection, carried to the third-assistant secretary for approval, the report is another striking illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. On its rounds, some clerk suggests that it seems a pity to limit the information to Finland and Persia. Why not lay the whole world under tribute for all that it can reveal about logs and lumber? Another wiseacre thinks it next to criminal to limit all this information to a Pacific coast logging camp. Why not publish it, so that even the humblest American woodman may know what a great, benevolent, and intelligent government tries to do for him? When all this has been done the special report On Logs and Lumber in all the Countries of the World: how they are Made, Sold, Paid for, and Used, in an unwieldy volume, will be pointed out with pride by generations of officials.

This formula shows how the department collects five or six thousand pages, for the most part the essence of nothingness. It may as well be borne in mind that the interest or trade which asks for this information, for its own exclusive benefit, is not required to pay a deposit to cover the actual cost; that the consul has no allowance for expenses, not even to buy a handbook or a newspaper; and that there are in his district no boards of trade or other bodies which make it their business to compile local information. But this is not all. The consul has but newly come to his post, and may find himself lonesome. He has been impressed at the department with the importance of reports. Nearly everything in his new Old-World surroundings seems strange to him; so, as he writes or dictates with ease, he sets out on his own account, and devises new torments for those who have learned to read.

During the twenty-two years that this process has been going on, it would be difficult to recall one report of really undoubted economic value. Beyond this, it is doubtful whether there has been a notable one of the second or informing order each year; that is, twenty-two really influential in directing the course of trade. The reason for this is clear. There is no room for this flood of commonplace writing on commercial questions, nor for the fortieth part of it. Even if the consular service had half a hundred President Hadleys, Edward Atkinsons, and Richard Mayo Smiths, this would be equally true.

For the past ten years many consuls, in every part of the world, have been writing about American machinery and tools. In spite of this, not even one report furnished real and new information on the outlook, — a result due less to lack of knowledge than to the narrowness and shortness of view incident to the man who writes from the observation and experience of a district with perhaps a single industry. On the other hand, the editor of the American Machinist made a business tour of Europe, and wrote for his paper a series of articles on the use and prospects of American machinery abroad. They were written with a perfect knowledge

of the business itself as well as of what needed to be told. As he went from one manufacturing centre to another, he was able to contrast and compare; to show why one place was strong in mechanical development or demand, and why another was weak. He could see how effective the workmen were in one place, and how inefficient in another. When his tour was finished he had told the best that was known, said the last word, so far as he had gone, and given more real information within a few weeks than all the consular corps of the United States could possibly have gathered together in years.

It is one of the curiosities of literature that, although our consuls have not produced reports of either economic or informing value, many of them have done conspicuous literary work, before and during service, and after retirement. W. D. Howells wrote some delightful books on Italy. Besides his Life of Peter the Great, Eugene Schuyler wrote an acceptable short history of American diplomacy, and translated some of Tourgeniev's novels. Hawthorne, Elihu Burritt, Underwood, Bret Harte, Penfield, Richman, — to mention only a few, — have done notable work in literature, but not an official report of value. In the one case there was something to say, united with freedom of view and opinion; in the other there was nothing to say, and red tape was too strong for them. The fault is in the system, not in the men.

George F. Parker.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

IV. EUROPEAN ADVENTURE AND LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

At this juncture the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, on his mission for the redemption of Hungary, set all America in a flame of shallow enthusiasm, and I went to hear his appeals. What he asked for was money to arm his country to renew the struggle with the house of Hapsburg. His eloquence carried away all deliberation in the Northern states, and even shook the government at Washington, but in the end the only practical result was his gain of the dollars which the hearers paid to hear him speak, and which no one regretted who heard him; for such oratory no one in the country had ever heard, even from men to whom the English language was native. Before making his discourse in any town he took the pains to find out something of the local history, which he skillfully used to touch the patriotism of his audience in the parish bounds, while he recalled the past glories of America in terms of a new and strange flattery. Before he left New York I had volunteered to fight or conspire, or take any part in the struggle which might fall to me. I kept my counsel from my family, and when Kossuth went on his westward tour it was settled that on or after his return to Europe I was to follow.[1]

While waiting for the result of the proposed insurrectionary movement in Italy, in the spring of 1853, I went to Paris and entered the atelier of Yvon.

[1] Mr. Stillman has already told, in the Century Magazine, vol. xlviii., the story of his adventures in the service of Kossuth, who sent him to Hungary upon the singular mission of rescuing the Hungarian crown jewels, hidden at some point on the Danube. This portion of the Autobiography is therefore omitted here. — Editorial Note.

The popular atelier at that time, for the English and American students, was that of Couture, and my only English-speaking companion in Yvon's atelier was a younger brother of Edward Armitage, the Royal Academician. Yvon had about thirty pupils, to whom his attentions were given, gratuitously and conscientiously, three times a week, with rare omissions of the Saturday visit, which was regarded by the pupils as the least important. Of the thirty, there were not more than half a dozen who showed any degree of special aptitude for their work, and only two who were regarded by their colleagues as likely to be an honor to the atelier in the future; and of these, unless they have changed their names, no renown has come in later times. There was a marquis whose income was one hundred francs a month, and a count whose father gave him five sous and a piece of bread for his breakfast when he left home; but the rest were plebeians, with neither past nor future, whose enthusiasm in the face of their weekly failures, and patience in following an arid path, were most interesting as a social phenomenon. I have always found more to wonder at in the failures than in the great successes in artist life, seeing the content and even happiness which some of the hopelessly enthusiastic find in their futile and endless labor. We used to go to work at six in the morning, draw two hours, and then — those who had the means — go to a little *laiterie*, for our bowl of *café au lait* and a small loaf of bread, returning thence to draw till noon, when we went home for the second breakfast. Armitage and I used to breakfast at the Palais Royal, or some other place where the bill of fare was considered luxurious by the other men, so that we were dubbed the "aristocrats" of the atelier; my breakfast, however, cost but one franc and a half, and my dinner two francs. I had fixed my expenses, as in London, at the limit of one pound a week, which had to pay all the expenses of atelier, food, and lodging; and it was surprising how much comfort could be got for that sum.

I had found a tiny room in a *maison meublée* in the Cité d'Antin, where Mrs. Coxe lived, and Mr. Coxe, in returning to America, had given me charge of his wife and daughter, so that I had a social resource and a relief from tedium which gave me no expense. On Sunday the daughter came home from school, and we all went out to dine at one or another of the Palais Royal restaurants, or made, in fine weather, an excursion into the environs. Now and then Mrs. Coxe invited me to take them to the theatre, and thus I saw some of the famous actors, Rachel and Frédéric Lemaître being still vividly impressed on my memory. The afternoons of the week days were given to the galleries and to visiting the studios of the painters whose work attracted me and who admitted visitors. I thus made the acquaintance of Delacroix, Gérôme, Théodore Rousseau, and by a chance met Delaroche and Ingres.

Delacroix most interested me, and I made an application to him to be received as a pupil, which he in a most amiable manner refused; but he seemed interested in putting me on the right way, and gave me such advice as was in the range of casual conversation. I asked him what, in his mind, was the principal defect of modern art as compared with ancient, and he replied, "The execution." He had endeavored to remedy this, in his own case, by extensive copying of the old masters. In fact, if we consider the differences in the system of education in painting and that in music or any other art or occupation in which the highest executive ability is required, we shall see that there is comparatively little pains taken to secure for the hand similar subtle skill to that of the successful violinist or pianist, a skill due to the early and incessant practice in the manual operations of his art. The fact is re-

cognized that the education of a violinist must begin in the early years, when the will and hand are flexible; and not merely the training, but the occupation, is almost exclusive, for the specialist is made only by a special and relatively exclusive devotion to the particular faculties to be trained. It is useless to attempt to develop the finest qualities of the draughtsman without similar attention to the training to that which we insist on in the musician. The theory may come later, the intellectual element may develop under many influences and healthily later in life, but the hand is too fine and subtly constituted an implement to be brought into its best condition and efficiency unless trained from the beginning to the definite use imposed on it. Admitting, therefore, as I do, that the criticism of Delacroix was just, it is evident that until we give to the modern student of painting similar training to that which students in former times had, we cannot expect to rival the executive powers of the artists of the Italian Renaissance. Nor can we be sure that we appreciate the subtlety of their work, any more than the member of a village choir can understand the finesse of the highest order of musical execution, or its first violinist appreciate the touch of a Joachim or a Sarasate; for it is just in the last refinement of touch of a Raphael drawing or the rapid and expressive outline of a Mantegna that we find the analogy between the two arts, a refinement of touch which is lost on the public, and appreciated only by the practiced student either of music or of painting. This final attainment of the hand is possible only to a man who has been trained as a boy to his work. We find it in a water-color drawing of Turner as in a pencil drawing of Raphael, and in the outlines of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, but in modern figure painting never, even in France, where the youth generally takes up the training at fourteen to sixteen. I believe that the reason why supreme excellence of art is so completely lacking even in French art that, so far as I know, only Meissonier has attained a measure of it, is that the seriousness of life and purpose necessary for any consummate achievement is so rarely found there in conjunction with this early and sound training.

Of the acquaintances made in these days, the one which has always remained a delight to me was that of Théodore Rousseau, to my mind the greatest of the French landscape painters. Though living and working mostly at Barbison, he had a studio in Paris, and there I used to see him, always received in the friendly and helpful way which was characteristic of most of the French artists of the higher order; and later I went to Barbison, where, besides Rousseau, I knew J. F. Millet, and a minor but in his way a very remarkable painter, Charles Jacque. Rousseau was a most instructive talker on art, beyond the sphere of which he hardly seemed to care to go in his thinking. He had never been out of France, had never seen the Alps, and seemed to take little interest in mountain scenery, but concentrated all his feeling and labor on what he used to call *sujets intimes*, the picturesque nooks of landscape which one can always find in a highly cultivated country, where nature is tamed to an intimacy with the domestic spirit, or where she vainly struggles against the invasion of culture, as on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau. In such material nature leaves a wider margin for art, and the relation of the two becomes more subtle and playful.

It has always seemed to me that, with all the differences inherent in the respective characters of the two men, the essential feature of the art of Rousseau and Turner was the same: pure impressionism based on the most intimate and largest knowledge of the facts of nature, and without direct copying of them. Working from memoranda or memories, neither ever painted directly from nature;

while both possessed the same conception of the subject as a whole, dealing with its rhythmic and harmonic unity as opposed to the fragmentary manner of treatment of most of their contemporaries; the same lyric passion in line and tint; the same waywardness in the treatment of the subject in itself, the same revolt from all precedent, and the same delight in subtle gradation and infinite space, air, and light. These are the fundamental agreements of the art of the two great masters, and in these no other man of their countries and epoch has equaled them, but outside of these the contrasts are of the most pronounced. Turner neglected trees; Rousseau worshiped them. Turner loved the mountains; Rousseau never cared to see them, and to my knowledge never painted one. Turner, a colorist, reveled in color like a bacchanal; Rousseau, a tonalist, felt it like a vestal; but both had the sense of color in the subtlest measure.

Rousseau used to say that if you had not your picture in the first five lines, you would never have it, and he laid down as a rule that whenever you worked on it you should go over the whole and keep it together, proceeding in all parts *pari passu*. Wishing to give me a lesson in values, one day as he was painting, he turned his palette over and painted a complete little scheme of a picture on the back of it, suggested by the subject before us as we looked out of the studio window. He showed me his studies from nature, — mere notes of form and of local color in pastel. It was to me always a puzzle that even in the educated art circles of Paris Corot should have found so great a popularity as compared to that of Rousseau. Without in the least disparaging the greatness of Corot's best work, — such for instance as the St. Sebastian and some other pictures the names of which I cannot recall, — the range of conception and treatment, in comparison with that of Rousseau, is so limited as to constitute a distinct inferiority, in the absence of a marked superiority in special high qualities, — superiority which does not exist, for the picked work of Rousseau possesses technical excellences all its own, as consummate as anything in the world's landscape art.

Of Millet I saw much less, but enough to know the man and his art, simple and human, the one as the other. His love for manhood in its most primitive attainable type, that is the peasant, was the outcome of his conception of art, and of the honest, open nature of the man himself, averse from all sophistication of society, and intolerant of affectations of any kind. He conceived and executed his pictures in the pure Greek spirit, working out his ideal as his imagination presented it to him, not as the model served him. The form is of his own day, the spirit of his art that of all time and of all good art, the elaboration of a type, and not merely the reproduction of a picturesque model. It is the custom now to class all peasant subjects emulating the forms of Millet as belonging to his art. Nothing is more absurd, for the art of Millet was subjective, not realistic; it was in the feeling of the art of Phidias and the Italian Renaissance, not in the modern *pose plastique*. Millet was himself a peasant, he used to say, and his moral purpose, if he had any, was the glorification, so far as art can effect it, of his class, — the class which above all others, in his eyes, dignified humanity. This feeling was with him no affectation, but the deliberate, final conclusion of his life. He reverenced the sabot and the blouse, the implements of tillage and work, as the Greek did his gods and the implements of war and glory; but he lacked the perception of the types of pure beauty of the Greek.

The personal relations between Rousseau and Millet were in the best sense of the word fraternal, and from neither did I ever hear a word to the disparagement of a brother artist, while Rousseau used

to talk in the subtlest vein of critical appreciation of his rival landscape painters, the Duprés, Ziem, Troyon, and others; so that I regret that in those days I thought only of my own instruction, and not of putting on record the opinions of a man whose ideas of art were amongst the most exalted I have known.

A charming nature was that of Troyon, a simple, robust worker, and, like all the larger characters in the French art world with whom I became acquainted, full of sympathy and guidance for those who wanted light and leading. But the lives of these three great painters, like that of Corot (whom I never knew personally), show how completely the French public, so proud of its intelligence of art, ignored the best qualities of it till outsiders pointed to them. Troyon told me that for the first ten years of his career he never sold a picture, but lived by painting for Sèvres; the prosperity of Millet came from the patronage of American collectors, led by the appreciation of a Boston painter, William Hunt. I well remember his famous Sower on the highest line in the Salon, so completely skied that only one who looked for a Millet was likely to see it; while Rousseau, at the time I speak of, was glad to accept the smallest commission, and sold mostly to American collectors. Nor is it otherwise with the Rousseaus, Millets, and Troyons of to-day; the public taste, and the banal criticism of a journalism at best the late echo of the opinions of the rare wise man, discover genius only when it has ceased to have the quality of the new and unforeseen.

Yvon, in whose atelier I worked, was essentially a teacher, and his more recent appointment to the directorship of the Ecole des Beaux Arts put him in his true place, that of a master of style in drawing and the elements of art instruction. He was engaged, when I knew him, on the battle pieces of the Crimean war, the chief of which were already at Versailles. His was an earnest, indefatigable nature, and he was as kindly and zealous a teacher as if he were receiving, like his English confrères, a guinea a lesson. Nothing so strongly marked the difference between the French and the English feeling for art as this characteristic feature of the disinterestedness of the French artist in giving instruction without compensation, while the English artist of distinction gave instruction only at a price impracticable for a poor artist, if indeed he would give it at any price. And even thus, the English drawing master did not teach art, but facile tricks of the brush. Is any other reason needed for the curious fact that, with the marked display of the highest attainment which English art occasionally shows, there is nothing which can be properly called an English school, while France has become the school of Europe, than that in England the master will teach only on terms which are prohibitive of the formation of a school, while in France the most eminent painters, with few exceptions, regard it as a duty to open their ateliers to pupils, often gratuitously, but in any case freely, and on terms which are practicable to the most modest means? In how different a position in relation to the art of the world would English art now be, had Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Turner, and two or three others liberally thrown open their studios to pupils, and thus enabled the young enthusiasts of sterling talents, who have never been wanting in England, to profit by the experience and art of their elders, instead of groping their way alone to efficiency, generally arriving too late to arrive successfully!

Waiting the word from Kossuth which should call me to join the ever impending and ever postponed insurrection, I thus passed the winter, profiting as I could by all opportunities for the study of art and making acquaintance with

the artists. My money was running to an end, but this was a matter in which my faith in Providence did not allow me to borrow trouble, and I made it a rule not to run in debt. That I never borrowed I cannot say, but I never did so except in cases where I was in such personal relations with the lender that if I died without paying the debt, it would matter little to him.

One Saturday, when I had paid for my dinner at the Palais Royal restaurant, I found myself with fifty centimes in my pocket, and went on a long walk in the streets of Paris to meditate on my immediate future. Mrs. Coxe, one of the kindest of friends, would, I knew, gladly lend me what I needed; but I did not allow her to know that I needed, and how to pay for my next day's dinner I did not see, yet, confident that something would turn up, I walked toward my lodgings through the Rue Royale and its arcades feeling the ten-sous piece in my pocket, when I saw a young girl dart out from one of the recesses of the arcade, dragging after her a boy of two or three years, and then, as if her courage failed, turn and hide herself and him again in the doorway from which she had come. I saw her case at once, want and shame at begging, gave her the ten-sous piece, and went to bed feeling better. The next day being Sunday, and no atelier, I slept late, and was awaked by a knock at my door, followed by the entrance of no other than my friend Dr. Ruggles, between whom and myself there were various communities of feeling which made us like brothers. He sat down by my bedside, and, salutations passed, broke out, "Do you want any money?" His grandfather, just dead, had left him a legacy, and he had come to Paris, artist-like, to spend it. I took from him, as I would have given him the half of my last dollar, a hundred francs, and on this I lived my normal life until, some weeks later, a friend of my brother, arriving from New York with instructions to find me out and provide for my wants, if I had any, supplied me for any probable emergency, including an order for a free passage home on a steamer of which my brother was part owner. I waited till the spring homesickness made it too irksome to live quietly in Paris, and finding that the revolution so long waited for was not to occur, I went home and to my painting.

In American landscape the element of the picturesque is seriously deficient. What is old is the rude and savage, the backwood and the wild mountain, with no trace of human presence or association to give it sentiment; what is new is still in the crude and angular state in which the utilities are served and the comfort of the man and his belongings chiefly aimed at. Nothing is less paintable than a New England village; nothing is more monotonous than the woodland mountain of either of the ranges of eastern North America. The valley of the Mohawk is one of the earliest settled and least unpicturesque sections of the Eastern states, with its old Dutch farmhouses and the winding of the beautiful river, but I had explored it on foot and in every direction for miles around my birthplace, and found nothing that seemed to "make up" except trees and water. I spent one summer after my return among these familiar scenes, but found the few subjects which repaid study too remote from any habitable centre to repay the labor needed to get at them. I made long foot excursions through the valleys of the Connecticut and Housatonic, but after my experience in rural England it was very discouraging to ransack that still unhumanized landscape for pictures. Everything was too fresh and trim, and I remember that one day, when I was on my search for a "bit," I found a dilapidated barn which tempted me to sit down before it, when the farmwife,

guessing my intentions, ran out to beg me not to take the barn yet; they were going to do it up the next week as good as new, and would n't I wait?

An accident drove me to pass one summer in as complete seclusion from society as I could find and where I should be able to do nothing but paint. I had been struck in the face, during one of the snowballing saturnalia the roughs of New York indulged in after every fall of snow by a huge block of frozen snow-crust, which flattened my nose on my face and broke the upper maxillary inclosing all the front teeth. I modeled the nose up on the spot, for it was as plastic as clay; but the broken bone became carious, and after enduring for two years the fear of having my head eaten off, I decided, after I had resigned the chance of having it shot off in the revolution, to let my brother operate. The bone inclosing the front teeth was taken out with the teeth, and I went into retirement for three months at least while the jaw was getting ready for the work of the dentist.

I had seen, when last in England, the picture by Millais, The Proscribed Royalist, which gave me a suggestion of the treatment of a landscape that should be mainly foreground, such as I particularly delighted in, and, hoping to find a woodland subject of the desired character, I went to pass the summer on the farm of the old uncle where I had caught my first trout, knowing it to be largely wooded. Of course, when one goes out to look for a particular thing he seldom finds it, nor did I then find the tree subject I wanted, but I found a little spring under a branching beech and surrounded by mossy boulders, and taking a canvas of my usual size, twenty-five by thirty inches, I gave three months to the work, and carried it home still unfinished. It was an attractive subject, though not what I had wanted, and the picture was hung in one of the best places in the Academy exhibition, making its mark and mine. It was absolutely unconventional, and the old stagers did not know what to say of a picture which was all foreground. There was much discussion, and among the younger painters much subsequent emulation, but it did not find a purchaser at my price, two hundred and fifty dollars. Anything so thoroughly realistic that, as President Durand said, "the stones seemed to be, not painting, but the real thing," puzzled the ordinary picture buyer. As the negative photographic process had just then been introduced in America, I had the picture photographed, and a friend took a print of it to the head of the old school without any explanation. My antagonist looked at it carefully, and exclaimed, "What is the use of Stillman making his Pre-Raphaelite studies when we can get such photographs from nature as this?" As I had my brother's generosity to fall back on I was not obliged to sell, and the picture remained in my studio for two or three years. Later Agassiz saw it, and was so delighted with its botany that I decided to give it to him; but when a fellow painter offered, as I was leaving again for Europe, to "raffle it off," I allowed him to do so, and he appropriated the proceeds. I had made a rule of giving the pictures which were not sold in the exhibition to the person who had shown the finest appreciation of them, a habit which did not contribute to pecuniary success, but which helped my *amour propre*, and I have always regretted not having sent that picture to Agassiz, who in later years became one of my best friends.

Under the stimulus in part of the desire for something out of the ordinary line of subjects for pictures, and in part with the hope that going into the "desert" might quicken the spiritual faculties so tantalized by a long and profitless experience of the circles of the spiritualists, I decided to pass a summer in the great primeval forest in the northern

part of New York State, known as the Adirondack wilderness. It was then little known or visited; a few sportsmen and anglers had penetrated it, but for the most part it was known only to lumberers. Here and there, at intervals of ten to twenty miles, there were log houses, some of which gave hospitality in the summer to the sportsmen, and in the winter to the "loggers" and "river-drivers" who worked for the great lumber companies. It was a tract of two hundred miles, more or less, across, mainly of unbroken forest, without roads and to a large extent without paths, but intersected by rapid rivers, impossible of navigation other than by canoes and light skiffs which could be carried on the backs of the woodsmen from river to river and from lake to lake. I hoped here to find new subjects for art, spiritual freedom, and a closer contact with the spiritual world.

I was ignorant of the fact that art does not depend on a subject, or spiritual life on isolation from the rest of humanity, and I found, what a correct philosophy would have led me to expect, nature with no suggestion of art, and the dullest form of intellectual or spiritual existence. One of my artist friends, S. R. Gifford, landscape painter, like myself on the search for new subjects, who had been the year before to the Saranac Lakes, gave me the clue to the labyrinth, and I found on Upper Saranac Lake a log cabin, inhabited by a farmer and his family, consisting of his wife, son, and daughter, and from him I hired the spare bedroom and hospitality at two dollars a week for board and lodging. There I passed the whole summer, finding a subject near the cabin, at which I painted assiduously for nearly three months. I spent the whole day in the open air, wore no hat, and only cloth shoes, hoping that thus the spiritual influences would have easier access to me! I carried no gun, and held the lives of beast and bird sacred; but I had no principle against fishing, and my rod and fly book provided much of the food of the household. For trout swarmed: in precisely an hour's fishing I caught, that summer, where a trout is now never seen, as large a string as I could well carry a mile. All the time that I was not painting I was in the boat on the lake or wandering in the forest.

My quest was an illusion. The humanity of the backwoods was on a lower level than that of a New England village, — more material if less worldly; the men got intoxicated, and some of the women — nothing less like an Apostle could I have found in the streets of New York. I saw one day a hunter who had come into the woods with a motive in some degree like mine, — impatience of the restraints and burthens of civilization, and pure love of solitude. He had become, not bestialized, like most of the men I saw, but animalized: he had drifted back into the condition of his dog, and with his higher intellect inert. He had built himself a cabin in the depth of the woods, and there he lived in the most complete isolation he could attain. He interested me greatly, and as he often spent the night at the cabin where I was living, we had much talk together. He cared nothing for books, but enjoyed nature, and only hunted in order to live, respecting the lives of his fellow creatures within that limit. He went to the "settlements" only when he needed supplies, abstained from alcoholic drinks, the great enemy of the backwoodsman, and was happy in his solitude.

As he was the first man I had ever met who had tried to solve the problem which so interested me, the effect of solitude on the healthy intellect, I encouraged him to talk, which he was inclined to do when he found that there was a real sympathy between us on this question. He seemed to have no desire for companionship, but there was nothing morose or misanthropic in his love of seclusion. Though he had no care

for intellectual growth and no longing for books, he thought a good deal in his own way, and mingled with his limited thinking and tranquil emotion before nature was a large element of spiritual activity, and this had kept him mentally alive. He had heard of spiritism, and his own experience led him to acceptance of its reality. In his solitary life, in the unbroken silence which reigned around him, he heard mysterious voices, and only the year before he had heard one say that he was wanted at home. He paid no attention to it, thinking it only an illusion, but after an interval the message was repeated so distinctly that he packed his knapsack, took his dog, and went out with the intention of going home. On the way he met a messenger sent after him, who told him that his brother had met with an accident which disabled him from work, and begged him to come to his assistance. The voice had spoken to him at the time of the accident. As a rule, however, the voices seemed vagarious, and he attached no importance to them, except as phenomena in which he took slight interest. There was nothing flighty about him, no indication of monomania. He reasoned well, but from the point of view of a man who has had only an elementary education; he had no religious crotchets, and apparently thought little or not at all of religious matters, — was, in fine, a natural and healthy man, satisfied with the moment he lived in, and giving no consideration to that which would come after. He had a great contempt for his fellow woodsmen, and avoided contact with them.

The backwoods life, as a rule, I found led to hard drinking, and even the old settler with whom I had taken quarters, though an excellent and affectionate head of his family, and in his ordinary life temperate and hard-working, used at long intervals to break bounds, and, taking his savings down to the settlement, drink till he could neither pay for more nor "get it on trust," and then come home, penitent and humiliated. About two weeks after I entered the family, the old man took me aside and informed me, mysteriously, that he was going to the settlement for a few days, and asked me to take one of the boats and come down for him on a fixed day, when he would row the boat back. I rowed down, accordingly, sixteen miles, and found Johnson at the landing in a state of fading intoxication, money and credit exhausted, as usual, and begging for a half pint of rum "to ease up on." He was "all on fire inside of him," and begged so piteously that I got him a half pint; and we started out, he at the oars and I steering. A copious draught of rum, neat, brought his saturated brain to overflow, and before we had gone a mile he was so drunk that I had to guide the oars from behind to insure their taking the water. Then he broke out into singing, beating time on the gunwale with such violence that it menaced to capsize the boat, and to all my remonstrances he replied by jeering and more uproarious jollity. It was no joke, for he was too drunk even to hold on to the boat, while I was a poor swimmer, and in the deep and cold lake water should never have reached the shore; so I found myself obliged to threaten violence. I raised the steering paddle over his head, and told him, with a savageness that reached even his drunken brain, that I would knock him on the head and pitch him overboard if he did not keep perfectly quiet. There was imminent danger, for the slight boat of that region requires to be treated with the care of a bark canoe. The menace cowed him so that he quieted down, and watched me like a whipped dog. I tried to get the bottle away from him, but his drunken cunning anticipated me, and he put it far behind him, now and then taking a mouthful of rum to keep down the burning; and, he pulling and I guiding the oars, we ran through the lower lake, seven miles, to a "carry" where the

boat had to be lifted out and carried over into the river above, around a waterfall. Here fortunately I caught the bottle and sent it down the lake, and we labored on through another lake, three miles, and up a crooked river to another carry into the third lake, on the edge of which we lived. He was still too drunk to be trusted, and, leaving the boat at the landing with him beside it, I carried the load we had brought from the settlement over to the lake and waited for him to get sober. After an interval, I started to go back for him, but before long to my amazement he met me, apparently in his right mind, and we reached home without further incident. But that night, about midnight, poor Mrs. Johnson awoke me, begging that I would help her and her daughter to search for her husband who had disappeared from the house. Then she told me that he had the habit of falling into desperate melancholy after his drunken fits, that he had even attempted suicide, and they had once cut the rope by which he had hanged himself, barely in time, and she always expected to find him dead somewhere. We ransacked the house, the barn, the stable, every shed and nook about the premises, and were returning hopeless to wait for daylight to look for him in the lake, when, as I passed the woodyard (where the firewood was stored and chopped), I heard a groan, and, guided by it, found him lying on the chips in the torpor of drunken sleep. The poor wife, with my assistance, dragged him home and put him to bed; and when I saw him the next morning he was full of vows and resolutions, of repentance and pledges never to touch liquor again.

I passed a very happy summer, enjoying my work, and wandering in the forest or exploring the brooks which flowed into the lake for subjects. The pure air, the tranquillity of the life as well as its simplicity, and a certain amount of boating exercise which I took every day in going to my subject brought me to the highest point of physical health I had ever known. The great danger to the uninitiated in forest life is of getting lost in this wild maze of trees, with no landmark to serve as a clue. Not a few rash wanderers have become bewildered, lost all conception of their whereabouts, and perished of starvation within a short walk of a place of refuge. The houses are invariably built by the waterways, and the lines of communication are by water, so that there is no necessity for roads. One finds the "runways," or paths made by the deer traversing the woods in every direction, a perfect labyrinth of byways, often bringing the incautious wanderer who follows them back to his starting place, with the result that he becomes bewildered beyond recovery. Of this danger I was well informed; and beside, I was more or less a child of the woodlands and had no apprehension of it, having, moreover, an implicit faith in what I considered a kind of spiritual guidance in all I did, — a delusion which at least served to keep me in absolute self-control under all circumstances. It was probably this which kept me, during my wanderings, from falling into the panic, which constitutes the real danger, by depriving the victim temporarily of the use of his reasoning powers. I had, however, an interesting experience which gave me a clearer comprehension of the phenomenon, which is a very curious one.

One of the woodsmen had told me of a waterfall on a trout stream of considerable size which emptied into a lake near by us, and, in the hope of finding a subject on it, I took the boat one afternoon, and began to follow the stream up from the mouth. After a half mile of clear and navigable water it became so clogged with fallen trees that more lifting than paddling was required, and as its course was extremely tortuous I occasionally got out to examine if perchance there might be better navigation beyond. On one of these digressions I suddenly

came on the stream running contrary, as it seemed, to its previous direction and parallel to it. Instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire landscape appeared to have changed its bearings; the sun, which was clear in the sky, it being about three o'clock, looked to me out of the north, and it was impossible to convince myself that my senses deceived me, or accept the fact that the sun must be in the southwest. Then began to come over me, like an evil spell, the bewilderment, and the panic which accompanied it. I was aware that if I gave way to it I was a lost man beyond any finding by the woodsmen, even if they attempted to track me. Fresh wolf-tracks were plenty all along the bank of the stream, panthers and bears abounded in that section, and the wilderness beyond me was unexplored and hardly penetrable, so dense was the undergrowth of dwarf firs and swamp cedars. I had one terrible moment of consciousness that if I went astray at that juncture no human being would ever know where I was, and the absolute necessity of recovering my sense of the points of the compass was clear to me. By a strong effort of the will, I repressed the growing panic, sat down on a log and covered my face with my hands, and waited, — I had no idea how long, but until I felt quite calm; and when I looked out on the landscape again, I found the sun in his proper place and the landscape as I had known it. I walked back to my boat without difficulty and went home, and I never lost my head again while I frequented the wilderness. I grew in time to know the points of the compass even when the sky was covered, and often came home from my excursions after sunset without confusion, but I know that I then owed my escape from a terrible death entirely to my presence of mind, which was probably largely due then, and always, to my supreme confidence in the protection of a superior power, of which I have already spoken.

My studies in spiritism had developed in me another feeling which was kin to this, — a belief in a spiritual insight, the possession of which would always tell one at the moment what should be done, — an intuition which would guide him, but only on the condition that it was trusted absolutely. And at that period of my life I followed it with unfaltering confidence. A curious illustration of this state of mind and its effect had already occurred to me in the spring, and as it relates to this topic and involves a very curious psychological phenomenon, I describe it in connection with the so similar experience of the backwoods. I had made an engagement with Mr. Brown, the sculptor, to meet him on a trout brook that ran through my uncle's farm, in Rensselaer County, New York, a hundred and fifty miles from New York city; but I lost the last train by which I should have met him at the appointed time, daybreak of the following day. Determined to keep the engagement, I took another railway, which ran through western Massachusetts and a section of country which was entirely strange to me. From the station at Pittsfield, where I left the railway, there was a distance of several miles to the place of rendezvous, which was in the town of Hancock, close to the boundary line between New York and Massachusetts.

At the station I inquired the way to Hancock, and was told that as the crow flies — that is, across an intervening mountain — it was twelve miles, without even a footpath, but by the road through a pass in the hills twenty, and that unless I knew the mountain I could not possibly find my way over it. It was just sunset as I left Pittsfield, and I decided to risk the mountain. Following what seemed to be a wood road, I climbed the steep declivity, and proceeding in what I took to be a nearly direct course, after an hour's walk I recognized a gap in the hill crest and a distant view with two little lakes reflecting the sky, which

I had already seen nearly an hour before. I had been following a charcoal-burner's road in a circle; daylight had gone, and the mists were coming on, heavy as rain, making it impossible to see many yards before me. There was no recourse, if I was to keep the rendezvous, but to go in the direction which the inner sense dictated to me. I determined to obey the monitor, and plunged on in unhesitating obedience. I did not guess nor did I try to make any kind of calculation, — I felt that I must go in a certain direction; and as the darkness increased I had to grope my way, walking with my hands out before me, not to run against the trees; for the way lay for the most part through dense woods, amidst which were scattered boulders and fallen tree trunks. The fog was so thick and the trees were so wet that every leaf and twig dripped on me, till I was soon drenched as completely as if I had been plunged into a lake. I passed the ridge and began to descend. I felt with my foot before me, and when the foot could find nothing to rest on I drew it back and moved sidewise till I found a step down, hanging on all the time to the branches of the trees. I descended in this way a long distance, then came to a marsh, which I recognized only by the croaking of the frogs in it, and skirting the sound made my way past it, always keeping the general direction through the divergences made necessary by the nature of the land.

At last the fog lifted and I came to an open field, beyond which I saw the outlines of trees against the clouded sky, and keeping on came to a road. A few yards farther on a light was visible in a roadside cottage, and other houses were near, but all dark, as it was late. I knocked at the door of the house where the light was, and asked the way to Hancock. "Why, you are in Hancock," the man replied; and to my inquiry as to an inn, he answered that a hundred yards farther on there was an inn, to which I went. I asked for a fire by which to dry my clothes, and for food, both of which were soon ready; and then the landlord inquired where I came from, and by what road. When I told him that I came from Pittsfield, by the mountain, he exclaimed in amazement, "Why, there is no path by which a white man could come over in broad daylight!" — an exaggeration, as I could testify, but it proved that the passage was held to be dangerous to the ordinary foot traveler.

The incident in itself has no importance, but the singular feeling under which I crossed a trackless mountain, in complete darkness for the most difficult part of the way, with perfect confidence in a mysterious guidance which justified that confidence, was a mental phenomenon worthy of note. While I was on the wood road, in the earlier portion of the walk, I followed the visible path and made no question of guidance; but when thrown on the occult influence in which I confided, I walked unerringly to my destination with the precision of an animal which nature had never deserted. In subsequent years, in the wilderness, the fascination of which became absorbing, this occult faculty strengthened, so that I was never at a loss, when in the trackless forest, for my path homeward. I then thought it a newly acquired faculty; I now regard it as simply a recovered one, inherent in all healthy minds, but lost, as many others have been, in civilization.

The tendency of the imagination, even healthy, acting in solitude, is to create illusions, or, if there be a certain occult mental activity, such as that I have just told of in my Pittsfield experience, to intensify its action to such a degree that it finally usurps the function of the senses. In the loneliness of the great wilderness, where I have passed months at a time, generally alone, or with only my dog to keep me company, airy nothings became sensible; and in the silence of those nights in the forest, the

whisperings of the night wind through the trees forced meanings on the expecting ear. I came to hear voices in the air, words so clearly spoken that even an incredulous mind could not ignore them. I sat in my boat one evening out on the lake, watching the effects of the sky between the gaunt pines which, under the prevalence of the west winds, grew up with an easterly inclination of their tops, like that of a man walking, and thus seemed to be marching eastward into the gathering darkness. They gave a sudden impression of a procession, and I heard, as distinctly as I ever heard human speech, a voice in the air which said, "The procession of the Anakim." Over and over again, as I sat alone by my camp fire at night, dreaming awake, I heard a voice from across the lake calling me to come and fetch somebody, and once I rowed my boat in the darkness more than a mile, to find no one. Watching for deer from a treetop one day, in broad sunlight, and looking over a mountain range, along the crest of which were pointed firs and long level ridges of rock in irregular alternation, the eery feeling suddenly came over me, the mountain top seemed a city with spires and walls, I heard bands of music, and then hunting horns, coming down on the wind, and there was a perfect illusion of the sound of a hunting party hurrying below into the valley, which gave me a positive panic, as if I were being pursued, and must run. I remember also, on another occasion, a transformation of the entire landscape in colors — a glorification of nature such as I had never conceived, and cannot now comprehend. The fascination of indulgence in this illusory life became such that I lingered every summer longer, and finally until November, when in that high and northern locality the snow had fallen and the lake began to freeze. I was living only under a bark roof, open to the air, and to the snow, which fell on my bed during the night. I can easily imagine the life leading to insanity. Probably my interest in nature and my painting kept me measurably free from this danger, but not from illusions sometimes more real than physical facts. One evening, when I was lying awake in a troubled state of mind, I had a vision of a woman's face, utterly unlike anybody I had ever seen, and so beautiful that, with the sheer delight of its beauty, I remained for several days in a state of ecstasy as if it were constantly before me; I remember it still, after more than forty years, as more beautiful than any face I ever saw in the flesh; it was as real while it lasted as any material object could have been, though it was a head without a body, like one of the vignetted portraits which used to be fashionable in my early days.

In all these years, whether in the wilderness or in the city, I lived a life more or less visionary and absorbed in mental problems, in the solution of which I passed days of intense thought; and when no solution appeared to my unaided reason, I used to fast until the solution appeared clear, which was often not until after days of entire abstinence from food of any kind. On more than one occasion the fast lasted for three days, when the diminishing mental energy brought with it a diminution of the perplexity, and I came out of the morbid state in which I had been, to find that there was probably no significance in the question. I do not remember the particular character of these problems, save that they were generally questions of right and wrong in motive or conduct, but from the fact that they did not leave a permanent impression, I suppose they were of the trash which seems at times to worry the theological world, the stuff that dreams are made of. Up to this time all the doctrines of my early creed held me in bondage, — the observance of the Seventh-Day Sabbath and the perplexing demands of the letter of the law,

which entirely hid the worth of its spirit, were imperative on me, and out of the complication I derived little happiness and much distress. This kind of Christianity seems to me now of the nature of those burthens which the Pharisees of old laid on the consciences of their day; and it was only years later than the time I am here writing of, when I finally moved to Cambridge and came under the influence of the broadest form of Christianity, that these perplexities were removed. I owe it to one of the truest friends of my early manhood, Charles Eliot Norton, the friend as well of Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow, that the real nature of these questions of formal morality was finally made clear to me, and life made a relatively simple matter.

This is an anticipation of the sequence of my development, and given here not to leave occasion to recur to the subject again. On my return from the first summer in the wilderness I took a studio again in New York, and entered more formally into the fellowship of the painters of landscape. Being under no necessity of making the occupation pay, I probably profited less than I ought by the régime, and followed my mission of art reformer as much by a literary propaganda as by example. This, as all know who have ventured it, was more or less an effectual preventive of practical attainment in art.

William James Stillman.

THE CHERRIES OF UENO.

THE May sun is warm on the city of low gray roofs and groves of cryptomeria; here and there the green is broken by a flush of pink, and branches of pale blossoms appear in the bronze jars that stand in the tokonoma. The streets are more crowded than usual, and sombre gray and black are giving place to the gay gowns that come with the flowers in springtime. There is festival in the air; one breathes it in with the breath. Winter moods are gone, and in their places come gayety, abandon, recklessness. The spring calls, and in Japan the calls of the seasons are ill gainsaid.

You may find cherries in Shiba and Sanno, on Kudan hill and along the river bank at Mukojima, where pleasure boats lag under low-hung branches; you may find cherries in every street, but to see them in the triumph of their apotheosis you must traverse the whole breadth of the wide city, cross the curved bridges of the Five Moats, and so come to the gates of Ueno.

Through the desert spaces of the old Castle, barren and sandy or blasted by importunate government buildings of hideous design, we plunge into the huddled quarter of Megare-bashi, where the kuruma thread their way through twisting alleys, crowded to the walls, and so into the wide, yellow street, clanging with tram cars and noisy with multitudinous traffic, that leads straight to the stone steps of the park.

The road curves outward toward the left, rising slightly, and shadowed by leaning cryptomeria. The crowd is dense, insistent, pressing on toward the unseen goal. Again to the left the wall of trees is broken, and down mossy steps you may see how the copper floor of Lake Shinobazu gleams ruddy in the sunlight, scored with the leafless stalks of dead lotus.

The shafts of our kuruma are lowered beside the great granite torii, through which we can see the avenue of stone lanterns stretching on toward a red and

gold shrine under enormous cedars with mossy gray trunks and thick foliage like wrought bronze. Stepping down we leave the sturdy little kurumaya wrapping themselves in the carriage rugs, and joining the multi-colored, chattering crowd we stroll on toward the common goal where the scattered cherry trees, that here lean across the wide road, concentrate into a low cloud of sunshot morning mist poised close above the ground in the midst of the sullen cryptomeria.

The sun is drooping toward the west, and the light is level and mellow, not golden yet with sunset, but pale amber, turning the thin mist to vaporous opal.

The crowd is merry with the spring exultation of cherry-time: brown-skinned, bare-headed little men in long kimono of gray silk, with black hakima over their shoulders drawn together in front by heavy knotted silk cords; ivory-like girls resplendent in blazing gowns of silk and chintz and thin clinging crêpe with huge sashes of bright brocade, their black lustrous hair, gleaming with almond oil, piled above their nodding heads in wonderful designs, like crowns of carved ebony; nice old ladies in black and blue and gray, toddling along on toppling clogs that clack and clatter, scoring the damp earth with innumerable cross-lines; fat brown babies, with shaven heads and round little dangling legs, slung in shawls on many backs, and others tumbling along in rainbow-colored kimono, one hand clinging to a guiding hand, the other clutching strange toys that whir and tug, — toys of light rice paper and gaudy feathers; and everywhere coolies with bare, brown, stalwart legs, their dull blue coats stamped on the back with enormous Chinese ideographs, the badge of some workmen's guild.

And the men laugh and riot in innocent practical jokes, the girls giggle and twitter, and dart here and there like giddy birds; only the babies are silent and solemn, staring with round black eyes and rolling their shaven heads.

Over all is the indefinable murmur of Asia: the purr of low-pitched voices struck through by lines of crisp laughter, the rustle of thin fabrics, the clack-clack of gaeta, the cluck of straw zori.

Here the cherry trees are huge and immemorial, gnarled and rugged, but clutching sunrise clouds caught by the covetous hands of black branches, and held dancing and fluttering against the misty blue of the sky. Here and there a weeping cherry holds down its prize of pink vapor, until it almost brushes the heads of those who pass; here and there the background of bronze cryptomeria is flecked with puffs of pink, as though now and then the captive clouds had burst from the holding of crabbed branches only to be caught in their escape toward the upper air and prisoned by the tenacious fingers of the cedar.

At the end of the road the path blurs in odorous mist, and in a moment we are enveloped in the rosy clouds. As far as the eye can reach stretches the low-hung canopy of thin petals; the trunks of the trees are small and gray, and one forgets them, or never thinks to associate them with the mist of pale vapor overhead, hung in the soft air, impalpable, evanescent, a gauzy cloud, lifted at dawn and poised breathless close over the earth.

A little wind ripples above, and the air trembles with a snow of pink petals swerving and sliding down to the carpet of thin fallen blossoms, while darting children in scarlet and saffron and lavender crow and chatter, catching at the rosy flakes with brown fingers.

The light here is pale and pearly as it filters through the sky of opal blossoms, and it transmutes the small dusky people into the semblance of butterflies and birds, now gathering into glimmering swarms of flickering color, now darting off with shrieks of delight over the carpet of fallen petals. Here a slim girl with ivory skin has thrown off her outer kimono, and, clothed only in a

clinging gown of vermilion crêpe opening low on her bosom, barefooted, a great dancing butterfly of purple rice paper clinging to her black hair, is swaying rhythmically in an ecstatic dance, pausing now and then to flutter away like a red bird up the shadowy slope, until her flaming gown gleams among stone lanterns half lost in the gloom of great trees. Here a ring of shrieking children, wrinkled old women, and half-naked coolies are circling hand in hand in some absurd little game, and here, there, and everywhere whole families are clustered on red blankets, eating endless rice and drinking illimitable sake, while the tinkle of the samisen is in the air, and strange cool voices sing wistful songs in a haunting minor key. It is a kaleidoscope of flickering color, a transformation scene of pearl and amber, opal and vermilion.

In the distance a bugle flaunts a martial note through the merriment; an artillery company in black and red halts clanging in a sunken road; a word of command and the ranks break, and up the banks swarm the trim little soldiers, jolly and grinning. Then the color composition takes on a new note, for in a flash the games are full of spotless uniforms: hand in hand the boy-warriors stroll under the trees, romp with the squeaking children, or fling jokes at the butterfly girls as they chase them along the lanes of cherry stems. Do you see those dapper little fellows hand in hand, gazing with delight at the cherry clouds? They were in the massacre of Port Arthur, and those hands reeked with the blood of righteous revenge, and now the avengers will carry babies pickaback, and play round games with the little ladies that flutter like birds and, with shrieks of laughter, try to catch the floating cherry petals in their red mouths.

Another bugle call, and the black and red company rushes in leaping units to the sunken road, the clang and mutter die away in the distance, the games begin afresh, and the gentle riot deepens as the rays of the sun sink lower, rosier, through the flowery cloud.

Here, a little to one side, there are fewer people, and the trees are more scattered. Yet one tree is very beautiful, standing as it does quite alone with a background of ancient cedars, between whose lofty trunks the sunlight streams in thin golden lines. We are not the first that have noted the singular beauty of the isolated tree, for two or three slips of rice paper flutter from its lower branches; and if we could read the delicate characters, we should find some quatrain or couplet composed in honor of the perfect tree and hung on its branches as a tribute, yet not so high but that others may read and admire. Even on the moment a grave youth with round spectacles comes slowly along, his eyes fixed on the wonderful composition of branches and flowers. He pauses, reads one or two of the verses with studious deliberation, nods approvingly, and drawing a bit of inscribed paper from his sleeve twists it around a twig, and passes thoughtfully on his way.

A withered crone with blackened teeth is beckoning to us yonder, where the wide benches promise sweetmeats and sake, so we sit down while the fun grows faster and more reckless. Tea and hot sake and bean paste are brought by a solemn child in a blazing kimono, a child with big eyes that wonderingly survey the "ejin san" who look so out of place here in this epitome of Japan. But all social laws are abrogated in Ueno when the cherries bloom, and in a moment we are surrounded by polite but incorrigibly curious little people, who giggle and venture timorous remarks, and shriek with ecstasy when we reply in our best Japanese. A very, very old lady, with a gourd of sake slung round her neck, comes tottering up and reaches a cup to us with uncertain fingers, smiling the while with a friendliness that goes far toward making one forget the horror

of her blackened teeth. Without a murmur we accept her courtesy with the proper etiquette, and reciprocate in kind, whereat the audience collapses in delight, and, recovering, draws closer and becomes confidential. And then a minute policeman, with big spectacles and a fierce little sword, drives the friendly mob, squeaking, away, and apologizes to us in remarkable English. Compliments are exchanged, and, smileless, the majesty of the law trots gravely off.

But this is not all of Ueno, here where the people are drinking and dancing and playing games under a canopy of tremulous blossoms. Out beyond the fearful buildings of the picture exhibition there are dark and narrow paths that lead to forests of stone lanterns, innumerable, bewildering, crowded together like enormous mushrooms, blotched with lichen, green with moss, and flecked with dancing lights and shadows. Again the trees gather, and open, and in the damp gloom is the red splendor of old lacquer, the glory of warm gold. These are the tombs of long dead shoguns and their attendant temples. Carven and gilded and resplendent with burnished lacquer, with great roofs lifting in curves as keen and supple as a bent rapier, they glow in the dusk like the embers of dying fires, — as indeed they are. Dying, or dead? Who can say? If the old Japan, the Japan of the Fujiwara and Ashikaga and Tokugawa shoguns, is only a tradition, if the tram car and electric light, "progress" and "civilization," have submerged a thousand years of glory in the tide of change, there is yet a dominant principle, the kernel of immutable nationality, that may not be destroyed. One by one the shining temples disappear, as the ancient and august religion yields to the powers of the state worship that calls itself Shinto. Every day the trees lean closer, guardingly, around the curving roofs and fretted walls. Only now and then one catches a glimpse from the highway of cinnabar lacquer and beaten gold. Yet within, untroubled of the outer turmoil, sleep the shoguns, and with them sleeps the soul of the real, the enduring Japan. Tram car and cyclorama, switchback railway and graveled race course, these things pass, and are not; but that wonderful thing that the shoguns builded, the chivalrous and gentle and mighty soul of a nation, this endures, even if at times it lies at rest in gilded tombs in the black shadows of immemorial trees.

Once more we come back to the cherry grove, but the multitude is dissolving, for it is growing late. We can sit for a last pot of tea, a last cup of hot sake, here where our old friend of the earlier afternoon welcomes us with bows and cheerful grins. This time it is cherry tea, and the cups are full of floating blossoms of the double cherry.

The shadow is deepening into misty violet, and from the west an orange light is pouring through breaks in the wall of cryptomeria, flushing the cherries with golden rose. The laughing crowd is dissolving like magic, and we are almost alone. With bows and smiles and compliments we leave the grateful old lady with the blackened teeth and the bowing little lady with the round eyes, and wander slowly down toward the granite torii, where Cho and Kame, back from their surreptitious visit to a convenient tea house, are sitting patiently between the shafts of their kuruma, smoking their bamboo pipes. As we roll homeward, Shinobadzu pond lies below us, dark and silent, and an enormous bell sends its thunder of sound beating out across the streaming crowd under the black trees.

Ralph Adams Cram.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

THE old Concord stage stood before the door of the country tavern, surrounded by more than the usual crowd of village idlers. A new driver was to take the box that morning, and there was no little interest in the man and in the occasion. Several stockholders in the line and one or two of the directors were present. The road south to the next "change" was by nature a heavy road, and it was doubly so now because of long neglect. The six horses were hooked up — a motley team. One had served its full time for one of the directors, and had been turned in on the company's assets because the director did not quite like to turn it out upon the public, but had no thought himself of making provision for the poor animal's latter days. One had been on this road and with this coach so long that it was nearly blind and decidedly weak in the knees. Another was a freakish thoroughbred, which had come into the possession of the company quite by chance, and had remained there because no man had made an offer for it. By its side was a heavy, slow, honest gelding, which by rights ought to have been before the plough and in the furrow. The leaders were as mismated as the others: one being in harness for the first time — absolutely had never felt a strap before — a raw colt full of impatience, and lawless through ignorance and inexperience; the other a horse which had fought its way to the lead by so terrorizing the rest of the outfit — directors and drivers included — that it was readily given any position in which it would do any work at all. This was the team that the new driver was supposed so to direct and control and encourage and stimulate as to secure intelligent industry, conscientious coöperation, faithful service, and constantly accelerating speed.

The load was almost as motley as the team. There was a large amount of dead weight about the coach itself, the pattern of which was sufficiently antique. What repairs and changes had been made showed either carelessness in workmanship or else a sad lack of resources sufficient for the work in hand — possibly both, for a half dozen tinkers had worked on it at a half dozen different times. It was now a queer combination of a past generation and of the present day, — the former predominating. The passengers were mostly young fellows, good-natured, light-hearted, not inclined to take either themselves or their opportunity for travel any too seriously, noisy, prankish, often falling out with one another, but always a unit — against the driver, the team, the coach, the road, the directors, the stockholders. They understood perfectly well that the coach was run for them: they often asserted that it ought to be run by them; and when any claims which they might formulate quickly and shout up to the driver were not at once completely admitted, they generally proceeded to institute what they technically called an "outbreak," — during which the seats, lining, and curtains of the coach suffered severely.

Meanwhile, all was confusion at the ticket office, or booking office. Instead of a single agent or ticket seller, several representatives of the line were present. Each seemed to be familiar with a portion of the route only, and to be especially favorable to his particular portion. So it often happened that a would-be passenger asking for a ticket to Jonesville was urged to go to Jamesburg; and one wishing passage for Podunk Corners was informed that really no one worth mentioning ever went to the Corners, and that the Corners was not much of a

place when you got there — better go to Windy Hill. To add to the perplexity of the passenger, every now and then some "prominent citizen" would throw in just a word of advice: "Go afoot! Go afoot! You don't need the coach at all. *I* have always gone afoot. Feel of the muscles of that leg!" And sure enough, the legs seemed the most highly and especially developed part of that citizen's anatomy.

The morning run was to be something of an experiment. The news of rapid transit in other portions of the state had penetrated the dense conservatism of this community, and there had come a demand for a betterment of the old stage service. The people were not ready for the electric car, nor even for steam: they had neither the means nor the temper for such a complete revolution as that. But there was an unintelligent and inefficient restlessness, which was demanding something new, while providing for little or nothing new, and while objecting to the changes which alone could make anything new possible. Two men had worked into the board of directors — men who had caught a glimpse of the larger and later and better world outside; and though an overwhelmed minority, these could at least make life uncomfortable for the rest of the directorate. Some concessions had been secured already: the coach had a new canvas top fastened with some brass-headed nails which glittered in the sunlight, the body and running gear had been repainted a bright red, and several other minor changes had been made — always with a view to catching the public eye with the least possible expenditure of money. Though the running gear remained the same, and the directors had refused to broaden or improve the road or grant a choice of route, it was proposed to shorten the time to the next change; to see if this and the paint and the brass-headed nails would not increase the patronage. One of the directors favored offering extra inducements to children; asserting that two children could be wedged into the seat of one adult, and that the annual report to the stockholders could thus be made to show a large increase of the total number of passengers carried, — ages not being mentioned in the reports; but this plan had not yet been adopted.

The new driver came out of the tavern into the midst of all the outside confusion, and mounted the box. The raw horse in the lead at once prepared to go over the traces at the first word of command, "on general principles;" the ill-tempered leader laid back his ears and showed the whites of his ugly eyes, the faithful plough-horse straightened his traces with a sigh, the thoroughbred snorted impatiently, while the two wheel horses did their level best to stand up straight and at least be counted. The passengers eyed the driver suspiciously, and one of the older directors began discoursing in a loud tone about how *he* used to drive, so many years ago — taking care not to intimate the fact that his experience had been entirely limited to a milk wagon on a short route.

The new driver looked anxious and troubled, as well he might; but he gathered up the reins, felt of his team through the bits, and as the town clock struck nine he gave the word.

The past quarter of a century has been a period of ferment in education as in all things else; and the marvelous changes which have taken place in the world of commerce, production, and transportation are scarcely greater than those which have been known in the field of instruction and of investigation and research. The leaven of Johns Hopkins and of Harvard has been steadily working through the entire mass of American colleges, precisely as that of Harris and Hall and a score of others has been changing all theories and practice in the public schools of the country.

The establishment of the land-grant colleges in all the Western states gave a new importance to applied science; and the wonderful advances made by investigation, quickened by the necessities of production and commerce, have created many new professions, and have given new dignity to the old. It is scarcely too much to say that engineering and architecture, for example, to-day stand shoulder to shoulder with law and medicine; that the principals of free high schools and the superintendents of state or civic systems of free education are well abreast of the college professor on the one side, and of the successful business man on the other; and that the president of a modern university, while possessing the scholarly thought and habit of the old-time college executive, must also be distinguished by most of the qualities and characteristics of a modern captain of industry.

Those who have been so fortunate as to occupy executive educational positions during the stress and strain of this period — and it should always be counted a good fortune for a brave soul to be born in a storm — have had unusual opportunities, it is true, but with all the responsibilities and cares and anxieties naturally and necessarily following such opportunities. It is some of these perplexities and limitations, generally unknown to the public, which are to furnish the theme for the present writing; with the constant hope that what is written may possibly bring those who are properly called the patrons of modern education into a better understanding of some of the conditions and problems continually confronting those who are not improperly termed, by the statutes of one of our Western commonwealths, "the chief educators of the state."

Let us suppose a gentleman to be elected president of almost any college or university, outside the possibly half dozen that come immediately to mind as already reasonably well organized, well equipped, modern, up-to-date: presumably a gentleman fully prepared for his work, experienced in educational affairs, energetic, reasonably and properly ambitious, businesslike in his methods, and with enough of a masterful spirit to make him a natural leader of men if given reasonably free right of way. It is easy to see that these very characteristics make him a rare man, and it may be well to confess at the start that rare men are necessarily a little out of touch with their fellows. On his own side, such a man often lacks sympathy and appreciation for men who are not cast in the same mould as himself; and these others almost invariably and inevitably fail to understand this would-be leader, and regard with natural conservatism and suspicion one who has only too often been unwisely heralded by over-confident friends as about to bring in an entirely new era. As he delivers his inaugural address, therefore — if this function is not foolishly delayed until a year after he takes up his work, after the peculiar fashion obtaining in some of our educational institutions — he is surrounded by those who will at least wait with folded hands until he shall have been tried and proven, even if they do not actually and very potentially block his way. Once in a while — rarely twice in a while — this preliminary or prefatory condition does not exist, as occasionally happens when a well-known and an honored graduate is called to direct the course of his own Alma Mater. Generally, however, it is true that the new man begins his work under suspended judgment, at least.

When the directors of a great commercial corporation or of some transportation company find it necessary to call a new man to the presidency or to the position of general manager, he is at once given almost absolute authority as to all executive details. The Board of Control determines the general policy of the company, always after counseling

with the new president or manager, and then leaves the executive to carry out this policy — his success or failure determining the wisdom of their choice of the man. He gathers about him a corps of competent, loyal, ambitious assistants, wisely retaining those whose efficiency is beyond question — an efficiency in which their long service and wide acquaintance with the affairs of the company, or their especial expertness in their respective departments, are the determining factors. The successful manager will not, cannot, content himself with men whose recommendations are almost purely negative, of whom it can only be said that no special complaint is made, who are reasonably satisfactory. He must have men about him whose characteristics are positive and aggressive; not men who are inclined to rest back upon reputations already established, but who have reputations to make or reputations to enlarge; men who are even determined to outgrow the corporation, if possible, and strike for something better. It is the hot pace set by such men, bound by a common interest in a common undertaking under wise guidance, which makes directly for the surest and most immediate success; and in this day and age almost nothing short of this can possibly succeed.

The educational executive or manager, however, has no such freedom of choice as to his associates, has no such right of way, but is fast-bound at the very start by a precedent which, while possibly growing weaker, is still very generally all too powerful. In the days when the schoolmaster was one of the few even decently educated men in the community, to be appointed as a college professor was to be set at once high upon a pinnacle, above effective criticism and quite beyond the reach of complaint. The tenure to such position was practically for life: it took an act of the trustees to put a man there, but it took an act of God to put him out. Changes from one institution to another were rare, and opportunity for advancement of those who were of lower rank was still more rare; for a full professor rarely died, and never resigned. The removal of the head of a department for inefficiency was almost unknown; in fact, it may be said to have been entirely unknown, for those whose incompetency became unbearable were not so often removed as they were retired upon half pay. It must be clearly understood that there is no thought of placing this stigma upon all the honored names on the long line of emeritus professors in American colleges; but it is nevertheless true that many a president and many a controlling board have found this a most ready means of escape from an embarrassing situation.

The new president of whom we are writing, therefore, finds that he is simply left to make the best of the present situation: to do what he may and can with such men as are already in place; to make his peace with malcontents, to be patient under opposition, to do the work of three men because the other two are at least not ready to coöperate with him, to explain misunderstandings, quietly to contradict misstatements when he is so fortunate as to have the opportunity to do this, to supplement the inefficiency of others, and to furnish enthusiasm enough not only to carry himself over all obstacles and through all difficulties, but to warm blood in the veins of others whose temperature never yet rose above thirty-four degrees Fahrenheit. To compel him to undertake his work in this way is not only cruel to him personally, but is as unnecessary as it is unwise. The same rule ought to apply here as elsewhere: one who cannot commend himself to a wisely chosen and properly restrained executive, one who cannot cordially and enthusiastically coöperate with such an executive along lines of policy determined by the authorities of the university, ought to go elsewhere — and ought not to stand upon the order of his going, either. All

that can be said on the other side of this simple business proposition can be said on the other side of the present management of every great commercial undertaking, in the matter of the personnel of its staff. No one denies for a moment that it is a frightful responsibility to thus make or mar the fortunes and reputations of men; but it is a responsibility which is granted and accepted by the most large-minded, the most generous, and the only truly successful business men of this age. It surely is a dangerous grant of power to a single man; but when the interests of all are considered, it is less dangerous to grant this power than to withhold it and to divide authority. One certainly takes great chances when one puts his career, his whole future, perhaps, and the fortunes of all whom he holds dear, into the hands of one man; but the strong and the brave and the earnest men of every American community are doing this very thing every hour of every day of every year on our calendar, and are glad of the opportunity to do it. There is no good reason why the rule which works so well and is so universally accepted in every other form of organization ought not to be as readily accepted and will not give equal satisfaction in the educational world. At least, let it be fairly tried. Let it be remembered that the administrator has a reputation at stake, with very little opportunity at present to protect it against the indifference, the inefficiency, the secret hostility or vagaries of the members of his staff. Above all, let it be remembered that the welfare of the student and the reputation of the institution are of far more importance than the welfare and reputation of any officer or employee, of whatever rank, or grade, or length of service.

The new president finds also that nearly every detail of administration must be submitted to his faculty for its approval. If the manager of a railroad desires to increase the speed of his trains or to make other changes in the time schedule, or change a curve or establish new grades, or improve the rolling stock, or set new requirements for entering the service of the company or for continuing in the same, or improve the system of accounting, he very properly consults those who are most directly interested in the particular matter in hand; but he is not bound by the advice given, much less is he compelled to call a mass meeting of all employees and abide by a majority vote. Not only is his own individual determination final in all matters of general policy, but he may even step inside a special department, make suggestions as to the details of its work, and insist that these be faithfully carried out. Not so in the educational world of today, by many, many miles of departure! If the average member of the average faculty is by any chance reading these lines, the chill in his veins and the horror in his heart at the bare thought of such assumption of authority or grant of power are easily imagined. It goes without contradiction that in our colleges and universities there is practically no educational supervision whatever. It is doubtful if the bravest college president in the country would quite dare to go into a department and make an issue on the methods of instruction obtaining therein; and it is still more doubtful if he would be sustained by his board, if he did this. The average board would probably suggest to him that he "would better get at it in some other way," — wisely neglecting to state in what other way. Illustrations of the absolute futility of attempts at advice or criticism abound in the experience of every truly wise and wisely ambitious executive. This assumption of absolute independence on the part of heads of departments has been carried to such an extreme in some cases as to furnish the absolute *reductio ad absurdum;* but the case must go to the board, even after that! and thus far the board has generally overlooked the reductio,

and sustained the department. "For the president even to inquire as to the methods of my department," said a professor of more than usual reputation as an investigator, but of somewhat doubtful reputation as an instructor and as a department manager, — "for the president even to inquire as to the methods of my department is to express dissatisfaction. If he were entirely satisfied, he would not inquire. To inquire, therefore, is simply to offer me an insult." The board so decided, by its inaction, at least, and further inquiries ceased. Surely this overzealous president was in a hard position. He could be neither satisfied nor dissatisfied except upon information. The most direct and natural and satisfactory method of securing this information was by inquiry of the head of the department; but to inquire was to offer insult! The prevalence of this spirit, and the indifference of trustees toward its existence, explains why one of the most renowned of educational executives recently said: "I long ago gave up even the attempt to really *know* much, if anything, about the work of the departments. I now take everything second-hand, and try to determine as well as I may in a very general and rather vague way from reports, from the attitude of students, from the standing of the heads of departments in their special worlds, and from other extraneous and generally rather unreliable sources." This explains why one president, whose own reputation as a teacher and as an investigator in a certain field is almost as broad as the Union, has been obliged for years to see the work in which he is peculiarly interested and peculiarly expert carried inefficiently, to the detriment of all its students and contrary to the best interests of the institution which he represents, and which he is earnestly endeavoring to advance in the educational world. This accounts for the fact that the trustees of one university persistently neglected the advice of its president, or directly refused to accept it, concerning the work of a certain department; only to lose him at last because, his patience utterly exhausted, he accepted the call of a vastly more important and renowned institution to the direction and control of the very department in which his previous advice had been given no weight. Surely, folly and unwisdom in general management can go no further, but both go to this limit far too often to-day.

Not only does this departmental obstruction to successful administration only too often exist, but more general executive work is too dependent upon faculty action. If we are to accomplish even a fair part of all that is easily possible, educationally, in the next century, we must separate quite sharply the work of instruction and the work of administration. The prime duty of the occupant of every college chair, and of those who are his assistants, is to give themselves unreservedly to research, to investigation, and to instruction. Their own success depends upon their being able to engage in this work without let or hindrance, to carry it without interruption, to give it their undivided attention without the slightest distraction. Hence, the general policy of the institution, its relations to the outside world, its connection with secondary or preparatory schools, its possible recognition of these schools, the requirements for admission, the requirements for degrees, the discipline of students — all properly fall within the executive department, to be determined by the president and by the trustees; and a wise faculty will be glad to have these burdens taken from their shoulders. As a matter of course, a successful administrator will counsel with individual members of his faculty in all such matters, and may even call occasional meetings of the entire faculty in order that he may secure the advantage of general discussion and general expression; but the initiative and the final responsibility ought to lie with the executive. It is absolutely impossible

for a man to keep himself in the temper and enthusiasm of an investigator and instructor in one given line or subject, and at the same time keep such full and complete touch with the outside world as to know exactly what administrative course is the wisest and safest to be pursued. A skilled accountant cannot possibly do more than suggest to an expert salesman at the counter; the salesman at the counter cannot possibly hope to do more than give a few pointers to the head of his department; and all three are but the general advisers of the firm. If the manager of a cotton factory should undertake to determine by the vote of all employees where to buy raw material, when to buy, in what quantities to buy, what prices to pay, with what pattern or in what form or in what quantities to manufacture, when and where and on what terms to sell, he would bankrupt his corporation in a single year, unless the directors were shrewd enough to dismiss him within ninety days after such a policy had been announced. Yet this is no greatly exaggerated illustration of the system — or, better, of the chaos — existing in far too many educational institutions. That the public knows so little of this, and possibly will be slow to check this great waste of time and money, and, above all, of opportunity, is due to the very simple fact that the public is after all rather indifferent to the conditions of educational management and to the results. If the business men of this country felt as keen an interest in the blowholes in education as affecting or failing to affect their particular business life as the government feels in the blowholes in armor plate or of ship steel, there would be an immediate change.

Of course there are points where the parallel between the business world and the educational world is not complete. In the latter there is, naturally and necessarily and wisely, more conservatism. Results are not so tangible, methods cannot be so quickly tested, the personal element is far more important, mathematical rules cannot be as easily established, there must be more continuity of plan and of movement: and because of this, change must come more slowly and must be met more cautiously. But the due consideration of all these factors is precisely that characteristic which marks a wise administrator. If he have not this wisdom, he must surely fail; and the trustees must be just as ready and just as wise and just as firm in their treatment of him, as in their relations to either faculty or minor employees. It is certain, however, that until something of this freedom of movement and this largeness of opportunity accompanies the corresponding expansion of responsibility, there will be even more college presidencies going begging than there are at present. "Why did you not accept that call?" was recently asked one of the brightest and most promising of the younger presidents, concerning a unanimous and pressing call to the headship of one of the most notable institutions in this country. "Because even casual inquiry showed that two old and decadent men controlled the board; two old and decadent men, and three men weak in education but strong in scheming and wire-working, controlled the faculty; and all the old grannies in the community and in the denomination, who thought the institution their private property, controlled both the board and the faculty — and the president was supposed to cut between these three, satisfy all, and shift for himself."

Rare indeed is that wisdom of administration which was shown recently in a great and growing university. The president reported to the trustees that two members of the faculty, men who he admitted were of rare ability and signally successful as instructors, were publicly criticising the policy of the administration and obstructing the work of the executive, in the face of both friendly

suggestion and official reprimand ; and the board promptly called for their resignations. No wonder that others in that faculty are quietly making common cause against both the board and the executive on the self-confessing ground that " no weak man in this faculty is safe as long as that man remains president."

One of the difficulties encountered by this new president of ours is the fact that, be he never so strenuous or so careful, there must always be some weak men in his faculty, — some men to whom the quick-witted Indian would give the title " old-man-afraid-of-his-job." First-class men in the strictest sense are still rather lonesome in this world : there are very few to the century. A wise executive will be content if he can make up a list of first - class second - class men. The writer of this recalls that he once wrote to an educational friend somewhat as follows : " I am looking for a first-class man for our work in history. It is not his technical preparation that I am so anxious about — that will probably be complete enough ; he would scarcely dare apply without this. But I wish to get a man who is large-minded, generous in nature, built on a large pattern, wide between the eyes, a born winner of men ; who can grapple young men as with hooks of steel, and make them love and revere him ; who can go out to some of our smaller cities or towns for an evening's address, and come back with a whole beltful of scalps ; who can immediately secure the confidence of those in charge of secondary schools, and turn them and their pupils toward us ; who will be a power in the university, and in the community, and in the state. If you know of such a man, put me in touch with him." And the friend seized a blue pencil, and quickly wrote on the margin of the letter : " I know your man. Will just suit you. Only man in the country that will. Don't know whether you can get him or not. Do no harm to try. Name is Brooks, — Phillips. Lives in Boston." There was a wonderful amount of sagacity and wisdom in that answer, and the lesson was not lost.

One of the most successful presidents of a most renowned Eastern institution once declared that he had been examining the ground carefully, and was fully assured in his own mind that if it were possible to dismiss immediately every member of every faculty east of the Alleghanies, not more than one half would be reinstated, and he doubted if more than one third would be. Yes, there will always be weak men in every faculty. Some came by inheritance, — they were endowed with the chair, in those early days when the grantor thought he knew far better than the grantee what ought to be done with the grant. Some have simply outlived their usefulness, and as there are no means for pensioning, they are maintained through a pity for themselves which very unwisely overshadows the pity which ought to go out to those in their classes. Some are so influential in their church, or in some one of the great fraternal organizations, or in politics, or are so beloved by alumni who graduated many years ago and who do not understand either the nature or the demands of the new education, that to disturb them would in all probability cause the institution more loss than to permit them to remain. Some are there because the financial resources of the college will not permit the employment of better men. Some are there for denominational reasons, in the privately endowed or " church " institutions ; or for political reasons, in " state " schools — though thirty years' administrative experience and observation prove that both these influences are exceedingly exaggerated in the popular mind. But far more hold over simply because there are not yet enough strong men to go around ! With a hundred applications for a given chair, the choice will narrow down very quickly to a half dozen, then to half that number, and in all probability will finally

fall on some one who is not an applicant at all, but is quietly yet successfully at work in some minor position, biding his time and awaiting recognition. Positive teaching power is still a rare gift. Some one has scornfully said that teachers are plentiful — "They are like the cattle upon a thousand hills;" which may be true, but that is not the kind of cattle for which a wise executive is searching. The trouble lies, however, not in the fact that necessarily there are weak men in every faculty, but in the fact which ought not to be necessary at all, that the executive is so rarely permitted to substitute a better man when a better man can be found.

Much the same difficulty is encountered in attempting to secure a wise and philosophical arrangement of the curriculum, a readjustment of departments, better methods of instruction, — a difficulty readily removed by a wise choice of an executive, and by an equally wise expansion of his powers along the line of educational supervision. "We are doing to-day," recently remarked a renowned college president, "what I begged to have done twenty years ago. Could I have had the authority to do it then, and to have called about me men who would have executed my plans, not only would nearly an entire generation have had the benefit of this work, but all whom these touched would have felt this new thought and this new life." Think what a battle-royal the great president of Harvard has waged for a full quarter of a century, and of what might have been the results had he been given a comparatively free rein from the start. The simple fact is, that in any given faculty not more than two or three men know much, if anything, about the science of education. There are several reasons for this, all at least fairly acceptable. The science of education is one of our newer sciences. The American university puts unusually heavy burdens upon its instructional force, and there is very little time left for a careful consideration of a new science. There are equally heavy demands made upon the pocketbook, and with present salaries there is no margin for two or three educational periodicals, in addition to all that one must expend to maintain his own immediate library. The new science has not yet touched very directly the work of higher education. And, lastly, under the title of Pedagogy a frightful amount of sheer stuff has been palmed off on an unsuspecting and all too credulous educational public. But reasons aside, weighty or not, sufficient or not, the fact remains that most curricula are either thrown together hastily and unintelligently, or follow antiquated and entirely unscientific precedents, or move out along the lines of the personal strength or personal ambition of a very few members of the faculty. Men who know little or nothing of the possibilities of secondary education, or even of its actual condition in the territory from which their institution is drawing its students; men who have never even read the reports of the great national committees on the various phases of education, much less have given these reports careful thought; men who regard any attempt at coördination or correlation as fadding; men who cannot give an intelligent reason for the location of a single study in the entire curriculum, except that of necessary continuity in mathematics and in languages — these men our new president will find to be determining what may be rightly, and efficiently, and wisely, and successfully built upon this substructure. It is easily evident that the president is the one man who has time and opportunity and incentive to take up this work — this vastly important work — of course-building, in the proper temper, with a wide outlook, in an impartial spirit; and who can and will make a comparative study of existing curricula as well as philosophical investigation of fundamental principles. But the organization

of our colleges and universities to-day is such that the president is easily overridden in all these matters by any faculty committee into whose hands work that is properly executive is generally committed. The result of all this is the present only too general attempt to build a comfortable house on a six-by-nine foundation, to secure satisfactory technical training with narrow and insufficient preparation, to attempt to establish university methods with students whose preparation to work under such methods has been little more than academic, and really not quite that. "Out of all this," says a university president, in a recent report, "has come a certain resulting irritation on the part of many instructors which is certainly deplorable — even though possibly natural. Men who are specialists, or who more than anything else desire to become specialists, and who find their greatest delight and interest in research and investigation, will necessarily turn back to the work of definite and more elementary instruction with great reluctance, with a certain inaptness born of the very conditions under which their work is carried, and with a very definite impatience (though this is not often recognized by themselves). Naturally, with such men, and under such conditions, it is easier to 'weed out' men, to 'condition' or 'flunk' men, to 'turn down' men, than it is to patiently and successfully instruct and educate men. The avoidance of this alternate of instruction is easily, though perhaps unconsciously, disguised under the statement that it is necessary to have and to maintain high standards of excellence, — a statement made far more often by unsuccessful instructors than by those who are really competent to teach. Many conferences with graduates and with ex-students, and a careful study of the records of the different departments in this university and of the relations existing between teachers and taught, assure me that a gross injustice has been done to literally hundreds of bright students under the methods to which reference has just been made."

Our new president must face all this with his hands practically tied. He sees clearly what ought to be done; he knows that his thought is entirely coincident with that of all who are really well-informed and who speak with easily recognized authority in these matters; and he realizes also, with a heavy heart, that the young people coming and going at his university have but this one chance to secure wise and efficient and inspiring instruction: yet he must wait, and wait, and wait, simply because the educational world is not yet willing to place its affairs upon a business basis, and accept methods of organization and administration which commend themselves to all sane business men in all undertakings. "He is attempting to run the university precisely as he would run a woolen factory," wailed a member of a faculty, somewhat recently, to one of the trustees; and it was actually scored against the new president in the board that his methods were too commercial! "There ought to be one spot left in the world where there would be something of the dignity of repose!" exclaimed another very learned professor and altogether idle and indifferent teacher, in an institution whose president was working eighteen hours a day in his effort to force the college up to a higher plane; and at the next meeting of the board there was a semi-official intimation that the president ought to be able to get on better and with less friction with his faculty. Said an honored alumnus of one of our most renowned institutions, "The students' notebooks in physics for the year 1890 bring just as high a price as those for 1898"! Yet the president of that institution found it impossible to dislodge this calcined and fossiliferous instructor even from his position on the committee on Course of Study, much less from the university; and what hope

for advancement could possibly exist under such a counselor!

A distinguished member of the United States Senate once declared, "I love my Alma Mater for all that she has enabled me to be and to do in spite of her!" — a seeming paradox that will be readily understood by every thoughtful graduate who has at last found his true place in the world's economy. The spirit of this age accepts the desirability and the necessity of sound and sane training of a very high order, if we are to be saved from the friction and irritation and irretrievable loss that always follow in the train of ignorance and its consequent weakness. Public and private treasure is poured out most freely to secure this more satisfactory preparation for a larger life. But the wear and tear and waste and delay must continue almost unbearable, unless the business of education is regarded in a business light, is cared for by business methods, and is made subject to that simple but all-efficient law of a proper division of labor and of intelligent and efficient organization, — a division of labor which brings the men who are students of the classics, of the sciences, of the literatures, of philosophy, of history, under the wise direction and immediate control of the man who is necessarily and most desirably a student of humanity; with a responsibility which is coincident with the work in hand, and with an authority entirely commensurate with this responsibility. Whatever of executive difficulties and perplexities will then remain, they will not be the peculiar difficulties and perplexities of to-day.

One of the Guild.

THE FORESTS OF THE YOSEMITE PARK.

THE coniferous forests of the Yosemite Park, and of the Sierra in general, surpass all others of their kind in America, or indeed in the world, not only in the size and beauty of the trees, but in the number of species assembled together, and the grandeur of the mountains they are growing on. Leaving the workaday lowlands, and wandering into the heart of the mountains, we find a new world, and stand beside the majestic pines and firs and sequoias silent and awestricken, as if in the presence of superior beings new arrived from some other star, so calm and bright and godlike they are.

Going to the woods is going home; for I suppose we came from the woods originally. But in some of nature's forests the adventurous traveler seems a feeble, unwelcome creature; wild beasts and the weather trying to kill him, the rank tangled vegetation armed with spears and stinging needles barring his way and making life a hard struggle. Here everything is hospitable and kind, as if planned for your pleasure, ministering to every want of body and soul. Even the storms are friendly and seem to regard you as a brother, their beauty and tremendous fateful earnestness charming alike. But the weather is mostly sunshine, both winter and summer, and the clear sunny brightness of the park is one of its most striking characteristics. Even the heaviest portions of the main forest belt, where the trees are tallest and stand closest, are not in the least gloomy. The sunshine falls in glory through the colossal spires and crowns, each a symbol of health and strength, the noble shafts faithfully upright like the pillars of temples, upholding a roof of infinite leafy interlacing arches and fretted skylights. The more open

portions are like spacious parks, carpeted with small shrubs, or only with the fallen needles sprinkled here and there with flowers. In some places, where the ground is level or slopes gently, the trees are assembled in groves, and the flowers and underbrush in trim beds and thickets as in landscape gardens or the lovingly planted grounds of homes; or they are drawn up in orderly rows around meadows and lakes and along the brows of cañons. But in general the forests are distributed in wide belts, in accordance with climate and the comparative strength of each kind in gaining and holding possession of the ground, while anything like monotonous uniformity is prevented by the grandly varied topography, and by the arrangement of the best soil beds in intricate patterns like embroidery; for they are the moraines of ancient glaciers more or less modified by weathering and stream action. These moraines the trees trace over the hills and plateaus and wide furrowed ridges, and far up the sides of the mountains, rising with even growth on levels, and towering above one another on the long rich slopes prepared for them by the vanished glaciers.

Had the Sierra forests been cheaply accessible, the most valuable of them commercially would ere this have fallen a prey to the lumberman. Thus far the redwood of the Coast Mountains and the Douglas spruce of Oregon and Washington have been more available for lumber than the pine of the Sierra. It cost less to go a thousand miles up the coast for timber, where the trees came down to the shores of navigable rivers and bays, than fifty miles up the mountains. Nevertheless, the superior value of the sugar pine for many purposes has tempted capitalists to expend large sums on flumes and railroads to reach the best forests, though perhaps none of these enterprises has paid. Fortunately, the lately established system of parks and reservations has put a stop to any great extension of the business hereabouts, in its most destructive forms. And as the Yosemite Park region has escaped the millmen, and the all-devouring hordes of hoofed locusts have been banished, it is still in the main a pure wilderness, unbroken by axe clearings except on the lower margin, where a few settlers have opened spots beside hay meadows for their cabins and gardens. But these are mere dots of cultivation, in no appreciable degree disturbing the grand solitude. Twenty or thirty years ago a good many trees were felled for their seeds; traces of this destructive method of seed-collecting are still visible along the trails; but these as well as the shingle-makers' ruins are being rapidly overgrown, the gardens and beds of underbrush once devastated by sheep are blooming again in all their wild glory, and the park is a paradise that makes even the loss of Eden seem insignificant.

On the way to Yosemite Valley, you get some grand views over the forests of the Merced and Tuolumne basins and glimpses of some of the finest trees by the roadside without leaving your seat in the stage. But to learn how they live and behave in pure wildness, to see them in their varying aspects through the seasons and weather, rejoicing in the great storms, in the spiritual mountain light, putting forth their new leaves and flowers when all the streams are in flood and the birds are singing, and sending away their seeds in the thoughtful Indian summer when all the landscape is glowing in deep calm enthusiasm, like the face of a god, — for this you must love them and live with them, as free from schemes and cares and time as the trees themselves.

And surely nobody will find anything hard in this. Even the blind must enjoy these woods, drinking their fragrance, listening to the music of the winds in their groves, fingering their flowers and plumes and cones and richly furrowed boles. The kind of study required is as easy and natural as breathing. Without any great knowledge of botany or wood-

craft, in a single season you may learn the name and something more of nearly every kind of tree in the park.

With few exceptions all the Sierra trees are growing in the park, — nine species of pine, two of silver fir, and one each of Douglas spruce, libocedrus, hemlock, juniper, and sequoia, — sixteen conifers in all, and about the same number of round-headed trees, oaks, maples, poplars, laurel, alder, dogwood, tumion, etc.

The first of the conifers you meet in going up the range from the west is the digger nut pine (*Pinus sabiniana*), a remarkably open airy wide-branched tree forty to sixty feet high, with long sparse grayish green foliage and large cones. At a height of fifteen to thirty feet from the ground the trunk divides into several main branches, which, after bearing away from one another, shoot straight up and form separate heads as if the axis of the tree had been broken, while the secondary branches divide again and again into rather slender sprays loosely tasseled with leaves eight to twelve inches long. The yellow and purple flowers are about an inch long, the staminate in showy clusters. The big rough burly cones, five to eight or ten inches in length and five or six in diameter, are rich brown in color when ripe, and full of hard-shelled nuts that are greatly prized by Indians and squirrels. This strange-looking pine, enjoying hot sunshine like a palm, is sparsely distributed along the driest part of the Sierra among small oaks and chaparral, and with its gray mist of foliage, strong trunk and branches, and big cones, seen in relief on the glowing sky, forms the most striking feature of the foothill vegetation.

Pinus attenuata is a small slender arrowy tree, with pale green leaves in threes, clustered flowers half an inch long, brownish yellow and crimson, and cones whorled in conspicuous clusters around the branches and also around the trunk. The cones never fall off or open until the tree dies. They are about four inches long, exceedingly strong and solid, and varnished with hard resin forming a waterproof and almost worm and squirrel proof package, in which the seeds are kept fresh and safe during the lifetime of the tree. Sometimes one of the trunk cones is overgrown and imbedded in the heart wood like a knot, but nearly all are pushed out and kept on the surface by the pressure of the successive layers of wood against the base.

This admirable little tree grows on brushy sunbeaten slopes, which from their position and the inflammable character of the vegetation are most frequently fire-swept. These grounds it is able to hold against all comers, however big and strong, by saving its seeds until death, when all it has produced are scattered over the bare cleared ground, and a new generation quickly springs out of the ashes. Thus the curious fact that all the trees of extensive groves and belts are of the same age is accounted for, and their slender habit; for the lavish abundance of seed sown at the same time makes a crowded growth, and the seedlings with an even start rush up in a hurried race for light and life.

Only a few of the attenuata and sabiniana are within the boundaries of the park; the former on the side of the Merced Cañon, the latter on the walls of Hetch-Hetchy Valley and in the cañon below it.

The nut pine (*Pinus monophylla*) is a small, hardy, contented-looking tree, about fifteen or twenty feet high and a foot in diameter. In its youth the close radiating and aspiring branches form a handsome broad-based pyramid, but when fully grown it becomes round-topped, knotty, and irregular, throwing out crooked divergent limbs like an apple tree. The leaves are pale grayish green, about an inch and a half long, and instead of being divided into clusters they are single, round, sharp-pointed, and rigid like spikes, amid which in the spring the red flowers glow brightly.

The cones are only about two inches in length and breadth, but nearly half of their bulk is made up of sweet nuts.

This fruitful little pine grows on the dry east side of the park, along the margin of the Mono sage plain, and is the commonest tree of the short mountain ranges of the Great Basin. Tens of thousands of acres are covered with it, forming bountiful orchards for the red man. Being so low and accessible the cones are easily beaten off with poles, and the nuts procured by roasting until the scales open. To the tribes of the desert and sage plains these seeds are the staff of life. They are eaten either raw or parched, or in the form of mush or cakes after being pounded into meal. The time of nut harvest in the autumn is the Indian's merriest time of all the year. An industrious squirrelish family can gather fifty or sixty bushels in a single month before the snow comes, and then their bread for the winter is sure.

The white pine (*Pinus flexilis*) is widely distributed through the Rocky Mountains and the ranges of the Great Basin, where in many places it grows to a good size, and is an important timber tree where none better is to be found. In the park it is sparsely scattered along the eastern flank of the range from Mono Pass southward, above the nut pine, at an elevation of from eight to ten thousand feet, dwarfing to a tangled bush near the timber-line, but under favorable conditions attaining a height of forty or fifty feet, with a diameter of three to five. The long branches show a tendency to sweep out in bold curves, like those of the mountain and sugar pines, to which it is closely related. The needles are in clusters of five, closely packed on the ends of the branchlets. The cones are about five inches long, — the smaller ones nearly oval, the larger cylindrical. But the most interesting feature of the tree is its bloom, the vivid red pistillate flowers glowing among the leaves like coals of fire.

The dwarf pine or white-barked pine (*Pinus albicaulis*) is sure to interest every observer on account of its curious low matted habit, and the great height on the snowy mountains at which it bravely grows. It forms the extreme edge of the timber-line on both flanks of the summit mountains — if so lowly a tree can be called timber — at an elevation of ten to twelve thousand feet above the sea. Where it is first met on the lower limit of its range it may be twenty or thirty feet high, but farther up the rocky wind-swept slopes, where the snow lies deep and heavy for six months of the year, it makes shaggy clumps and beds, crinkled and pressed flat, over which you can easily walk. Nevertheless in this crushed, down-pressed, felted condition it clings hardily to life, puts forth fresh leaves every spring on the ends of its tasseled branchlets, blooms bravely in the lashing blasts with abundance of gay red and purple flowers, matures its seeds in the short summers, and often outlives the favored giants of the sunlands far below. One of the trees that I examined was only about three feet high, with a stem six inches in diameter at the ground, and branches that spread out horizontally as if they had grown up against a ceiling; yet it was four hundred and twenty-six years old, and one of its supple branchlets, about an eighth of an inch in diameter inside the bark, was seventy-five years old, and so tough that I tied it into knots. At the age of this dwarf many of the sugar and yellow pines and sequoias are seven feet in diameter and over two hundred feet high.

In detached clumps never touched by fire the fallen needles of centuries of growth make fine elastic mattresses for the weary mountaineer, while the tasseled branchlets spread a roof over him, and the dead roots, half resin, usually found in abundance, make capital camp fires, unquenchable in the thickest storms of rain or snow. Seen from a distance the belts and patches darkening the

mountain sides look like mosses on a roof, and bring to mind Dr. Johnson's remarks on the trees of Scotland. His guide, anxious for the honor of Mull, was still talking of its woods and pointing them out. "Sir," said Johnson, "I saw at Tobermory what they called a wood, which I unluckily took for heath. If you show me what I shall take for furze, it will be something."

The mountain pine (*Pinus monticola*) is far the largest of the Sierra tree mountaineers. Climbing nearly as high as the dwarf albicaulis, it is still a giant in size, bold and strong, standing erect on the storm-beaten peaks and ridges, tossing its cone-laden branches in the rough winds, living a thousand years, and reaching its greatest size — ninety to a hundred feet in height, six to eight in diameter — just where other trees, its companions, are dwarfed. But it is not able to endure burial in snow so long as the albicaulis and flexilis. Therefore, on the upper limit of its range it is found on slopes which, from their steepness or exposure, are least snowy. Its soft graceful beauty in youth, and its leaves, cones, and outsweeping feathery branches, constantly remind you of the sugar pine, to which it is closely allied. An admirable tree, growing nobler in form and size the colder and balder the mountains about it.

The giants of the main forest in the favored middle region are the sequoia, sugar pine, yellow pine, libocedrus, Douglas spruce, and the two silver firs. The park sequoias are restricted to two small groves, a few miles apart, on the Tuolumne and Merced divide, about seventeen miles from Yosemite Valley. The Big Oak Flat road to the valley runs through the Tuolumne Grove, the Coulterville through the Merced. The more famous and better known Mariposa Grove, belonging to the state, lies near the southwest corner of the park, a few miles above Wawona.

The sugar pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) is first met in the park in open, sunny, flowery woods, at an elevation of about thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, attains full development at a height between five and six thousand feet, and vanishes at the level of eight thousand feet. In many places, especially on the northern slopes of the main ridges between the rivers, it forms the bulk of the forest, but mostly it is intimately associated with its noble companions, above which it towers in glorious majesty on every hill, ridge, and plateau from one extremity of the range to the other, a distance of five hundred miles, — the largest, noblest, and most beautiful of all the seventy or eighty species of pine trees in the world, and of all the coniferous race second only to King Sequoia.

A good many are from two hundred to two hundred and twenty feet in height, with a diameter at four feet from the ground of six to eight feet, and occasionally a grand patriarch, seven or eight hundred years old, is found that is ten or even twelve feet in diameter and two hundred and forty feet high, with a magnificent crown seventy feet wide. David Douglas, who discovered "this most beautiful and immensely grand tree" in the fall of 1826 in southern Oregon, says that the largest of several that had been blown down, "at three feet from the ground was fifty-seven feet nine inches in circumference" (or fully eighteen feet in diameter); "at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet five inches; extreme length, two hundred and forty-five feet." Probably for *fifty-seven* we should read *thirty-seven* for the base measurement, which would make it correspond with the other dimensions; for none of this species with anything like so great a girth has since been seen. A girth of even thirty feet is uncommon. A fallen specimen that I measured was nine feet three inches in diameter inside the bark at four feet from the ground, and six feet in diameter at a hundred feet from the ground. A comparatively

young tree, three hundred and thirty years old, that had been cut down, measured seven feet across the stump, was three feet three inches in diameter at a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and two hundred and ten feet in length.

The trunk is a round, delicately tapered shaft, with finely furrowed purplish-brown bark, usually free of limbs for a hundred feet or more. The top is furnished with long and comparatively slender branches, which sweep gracefully downward and outward, feathered with short tasseled branchlets, and divided only at the ends, forming a palmlike crown fifty to seventy-five feet wide, but without the monotonous uniformity of palm crowns or of the spires of most conifers. The old trees are as tellingly varied and picturesque as oaks. No two are alike, and we are tempted to stop and admire every one we come to, whether as it stands silent in the calm balsam-scented sunshine, or waving in accord with enthusiastic storms. The leaves are about three or four inches long, in clusters of five, finely tempered, bright lively green, and radiant. The flowers are but little larger than those of the dwarf pine, and far less showy. The immense cylindrical cones, fifteen to twenty or even twenty-four inches long and three in diameter, hang singly or in clusters, like ornamental tassels, at the ends of the long branches, green, flushed with purple on the sunward side. Like those of almost all the pines they ripen in the autumn of the second season from the flower, and the seeds of all that have escaped the Indians, bears, and squirrels take wing and fly to their places. Then the cones become still more effective as ornaments, for by the spreading of the scales the diameter is nearly doubled, and the color changes to a rich brown. They remain on the tree the following winter and summer; therefore few fertile trees are ever found without them. Nor even after they fall is the beauty work of these grand cones done, for they make a fine show on the flowery, needle-strewn ground. The wood is pale yellow, fine in texture, and deliciously fragrant. The sugar, which gives name to the tree, exudes from the heart wood on wounds made by fire or the axe, and forms irregular crisp white candy-like masses. To the taste of most people it is as good as maple sugar, though it cannot be eaten in large quantities.

No traveler, whether a tree lover or not, will ever forget his first walk in a sugar-pine forest. The majestic crowns approaching one another make a glorious canopy, through the feathery arches of which the sunbeams pour, silvering the needles and gilding the stately columns and the ground into a scene of enchantment.

The yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*) is surpassed in size and nobleness of port only by its kingly companion. Full-grown trees in the main forest, where it is associated with the sugar pine, are about one hundred and seventy-five feet high, with a diameter of five to six feet, though much larger specimens may easily be found. The largest I ever measured was a little over eight feet in diameter four feet above the ground, and two hundred and twenty feet high. Where there is plenty of sunshine and other conditions are favorable, it is a massive symmetrical spire, formed of a strong straight shaft clad with innumerable branches, which are divided again and again into stout branchlets laden with bright shining needles and green or purple cones. Where the growth is at all close half or more of the trunk is branchless. The species attains its greatest size and most majestic form in open groves on the deep well-drained soil of lake basins at an elevation of about four thousand feet. There nearly all the old trees are over two hundred feet high, and the heavy, leafy, much-divided branches sumptuously clothe the trunk almost to the ground. Such trees are easily climbed, and in going up the wind-

ing stairs of knotty limbs to the top you will gain a most telling and memorable idea of the height, the richness and intricacy of the branches, and the marvelous abundance and beauty of the long shining elastic foliage. In tranquil weather, you will see the firm outstanding needles in calm content, shimmering and throwing off keen minute rays of light like lances of ice; but when heavy winds are blowing, the strong towers bend and wave in the blast with eager wide-awake enthusiasm, and every tree in the grove glows and flashes in one mass of white sunfire.

Both the yellow and sugar pines grow rapidly on good soil where they are not crowded. At the age of a hundred years they are about two feet in diameter and a hundred feet or more high. They are then very handsome, though very unlike: the sugar pine, lithe, feathery, closely clad with ascending branches; the yellow, open, showing its axis from the ground to the top, its whorled branches but little divided as yet, spreading and turning up at the ends with magnificent tassels of long stout bright needles, the terminal shoot with its leaves being often three or four feet long and a foot and a half wide, the most hopeful-looking and the handsomest treetop in the woods. But instead of increasing, like its companion, in wildness and individuality of form with age, it becomes more evenly and compactly spiry. The bark is usually very thick, four to six inches at the ground, and arranged in large plates, some of them on the lower part of the trunk four or five feet long and twelve to eighteen inches wide, forming a strong defense against fire. The leaves are in threes, and from three inches to a foot long. The flowers appear in May: the staminate pink or brown, in conspicuous clusters two or three inches wide; the pistillate crimson, a fourth of an inch wide, and mostly hidden among the leaves on the tips of the branchlets. The cones vary from about three to ten inches in length, two to five in width, and grow in sessile outstanding clusters near the ends of the upturned branchlets.

Being able to endure fire and hunger and many climates this grand tree is widely distributed: eastward from the coast across the broad Rocky Mountain ranges to the Black Hills of Dakota, a distance of more than a thousand miles, and southward from British Columbia near latitude 51° to Mexico, about fifteen hundred miles. South of the Columbia River it meets the sugar pine, and accompanies it all the way down along the Coast and Cascade mountains and the Sierra and southern ranges to the mountains of the peninsula of Lower California, where mountain and tree find their southmost homes together. Pinus ponderosa is extremely variable, and much bother it gives botanists who try to catch and confine the unmanageable proteus in two or a dozen species, — *Jeffreyi*, *deflexa*, *Apacheca latifolia*, etc. But in all its wanderings, in every form it manifests noble strength. Clad in thick bark like a warrior in mail, it extends its bright ranks over all the high ranges of the wild side of the continent: flourishes in the drenching fog and rain of the northern coast at the level of the sea; in the snow-laden blasts of the mountains, and the white glaring sunshine of the interior plateaus and plains; on the borders of mirage-haunted deserts, volcanoes, and lava beds, waving its bright plumes in the hot winds undaunted, blooming every year for centuries, and tossing big ripe cones among the cinders and ashes of nature's hearths.

The Douglas spruce grows with the great pines, especially on the cool north sides of ridges and cañons, and is here nearly as large as the yellow pine, but less abundant. The wood is strong and tough, the bark thick and deeply furrowed, and on vigorous quick-growing trees the stout spreading branches are covered with innumerable slender swaying sprays handsomely clothed with short

leaves. The flowers are about three fourths of an inch in length, red or greenish, not so showy as the pendulous bracted cones. But in June and July, when the young bright yellow leaves appear, the entire tree seems to be covered with bloom.

It is this grand tree that forms the famous forests of western Oregon, Washington, and the adjacent coast regions of British Columbia, where it attains its greatest size and is most abundant, making almost pure forests over thousands of square miles, dark and close and almost inaccessible, many of the trees towering with straight imperceptibly tapered shafts to a height of three hundred feet, their heads together shutting out the light, — one of the largest, most widely distributed, and most important of all the Western giants.

The incense cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*), when full-grown, is a magnificent tree, one hundred and twenty to nearly two hundred feet high, five to eight and occasionally twelve feet in diameter, with cinnamon-colored bark and warm yellow-green foliage, and in general appearance like an arbor vitæ. It is distributed through the main forest from an elevation of three to six thousand feet, and in sheltered portions of cañons on the warm sides to seven thousand five hundred. In midwinter, when most trees are asleep, it puts forth its flowers. The pistillate are pale green and inconspicuous; but the staminate are yellow, about one fourth of an inch long, and are produced in myriads, tingeing all the branches with gold, and making the tree as it stands in the snow look like a gigantic goldenrod. Though scattered rather sparsely amongst its companions in the open woods, it is seldom out of sight, and its bright brown shafts and warm masses of plumy foliage make a striking feature of the landscape. While young and growing fast in an open situation no other tree of its size in the park forms so exactly tapered a pyramid. The branches, outspread in flat plumes and beautifully fronded, sweep gracefully downward and outward, except those near the top, which aspire; the lowest droop to the ground, overlapping one another, shedding off rain and snow, and making fine tents for storm-bound mountaineers and birds. In old age it becomes irregular and picturesque, mostly from accidents: running fires, heavy wet snow breaking the branches, lightning shattering the top, compelling it to try to make new summits out of side branches, etc. Still it frequently lives more than a thousand years, invincibly beautiful, and worthy its place beside the Douglas spruce and the great pines.

This unrivaled forest is still further enriched by two majestic silver firs, *Abies magnifica* and *Abies concolor*, bands of which come down from the main fir belt by cool shady ridges and glens. Abies magnifica is the noblest of its race, growing on moraines, at an elevation of seven thousand to eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea, to a height of two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet, and five to seven in diameter; and with these noble dimensions there is a richness and symmetry and perfection of finish not to be found in any other tree in the Sierra. The branches are whorled, in fives mostly, and stand out from the straight red purple bole in level or, on old trees, in drooping collars, every branch regularly pinnated like fern fronds, and clad with silvery needles, making broad plumes singularly rich and sumptuous.

The flowers are in their prime about the middle of June: the staminate red, growing on the under side of the branchlets in crowded profusion, giving a rich color to nearly all the tree; the pistillate greenish yellow tinged with pink, standing erect on the upper side of the topmost branches; while the tufts of young leaves, about as brightly colored as those of the Douglas spruce, push out of their fragrant brown buds a few weeks later, making another grand show.

The cones mature in a single season from the flowers. When full-grown they are about six to eight inches long, three or four in diameter, blunt, massive, cylindrical, greenish gray in color, covered with a fine silvery down, and beaded with transparent balsam, very rich and precious-looking, standing erect like casks on the topmost branches. If possible, the inside of the cone is still more beautiful. The scales and bracts are tinged with red, and the seed wings are purple with bright iridescence.

Abies concolor, the white silver fir, grows best about two thousand feet lower than the magnifica. It is nearly as large, but the branches are less regularly pinnated and whorled, the leaves are longer, and instead of standing out around the branchlets or turning up and clasping them they are mostly arranged in two horizontal or ascending rows, and the cones are less than half as large. The bark of the magnifica is reddish purple and closely furrowed, that of the concolor is gray and widely furrowed, — a noble pair, rivaled only by the *Abies grandis*, *amabilis*, and *nobilis*, of the forests of Oregon, Washington, and the Northern California Coast Range. But none of these northern species form pure forests that in extent and beauty approach those of the Sierra.

The seeds of the conifers are curiously formed and colored, white, brown, purple, plain or spotted like birds' eggs, and excepting the juniper they are all handsomely and ingeniously winged with reference to their distribution. They are a sort of cunningly devised flying machines, — one-winged birds, birds with but one feather, — and they take but one flight, all save those which, after flying from the cone nest in calm weather, chance to alight on branches where they have to wait for a wind. And though these seed wings are intended for only a moment's use, they are as thoughtfully colored and fashioned as the wings of birds, and require from one to two seasons to grow. Those of the pine, fir, hemlock, and spruce are curved in such manner that, in being dragged through the air by the seeds, they are made to revolve, whirling the seeds in a close spiral, and sustaining them long enough to allow the winds to carry them to considerable distances, — a style of flying full of quick merry motion, strikingly contrasted to the sober dignified sailing of seeds on tufts of feathery pappus. Surely no merrier adventurers ever set out to seek their fortunes. Only in the fir woods are large flocks seen; for, unlike the cones of the pine, spruce, hemlock, etc., which let the seeds escape slowly, one or two at a time, by spreading the scales, the fir cones when ripe fall to pieces, and let nearly all go at once in favorable weather. All along Sierra for hundreds of miles, on dry breezy autumn days, the sunny spaces in the woods among the colossal spires are in a whirl with these shining purple-winged wanderers, notwithstanding the harvesting squirrels have been working at the top of their speed for weeks trying to cut off every cone before the seeds were ready to swarm and fly. Sequoia seeds have flat wings, and glint and glance in their flight like a boy's kite. The dispersal of juniper seeds is effected by the plum and cherry plan of hiring birds at the cost of their board, and thus obtaining the use of a pair of extra good wings.

Above the great fir belt, and below the ragged beds and fringes of the dwarf pine, stretch the broad dark forests of *Pinus contorta*, var. *Murrayana*, usually called tamarack pine. On broad fields of moraine material it forms nearly pure forests at an elevation of about eight or nine thousand feet above the sea, where it is a small well-proportioned tree, fifty or sixty feet high and one or two in diameter, with thin gray bark, crooked much-divided straggling branches, short needles in clusters of two, bright yellow and crimson flowers, and small prickly

cones. The very largest I ever measured was ninety feet in height, and a little over six feet in diameter four feet above the ground. On moist well-drained soil in sheltered hollows along streamsides it grows tall and slender with ascending branches, making graceful arrowy spires fifty to seventy-five feet high, with stems only five or six inches thick.

The most extensive forest of this pine in the park lies to the north of the Big Tuolumne Meadows, — a famous deer pasture and hunting ground of the Mono Indians. For miles over wide moraine beds there is an even, nearly pure growth, broken only by glacier meadows, around which the trees stand in trim array, their sharp spires showing to fine advantage both in green flowery summer and white winter. On account of the closeness of its growth in many places, and the thinness and gumminess of its bark, it is easily killed by running fires, which work widespread destruction in its ranks; but a new generation rises quickly from the ashes, for all or a part of its seeds are held in reserve for a year or two or many years, and when the tree is killed the cones open and the seeds are scattered over the burned ground like those of the attenuata.

Next to the mountain hemlock and the dwarf pine this species best endures burial in heavy snow, while in braving hunger and cold on rocky ridgetops it is not surpassed by any. It is distributed from Alaska to Southern California, and inland across the Rocky Mountains, taking many forms in accordance with demands of climate, soil, rivals, and enemies; growing patiently in bogs and on sand dunes beside the sea where it is pelted with salt scud, on high snowy mountains and down in the throats of extinct volcanoes; springing up with invincible vigor after every devastating fire and extending its conquests farther.

The sturdy storm-enduring red cedar (*Juniperus occidentalis*) delights to dwell on the tops of granite domes and ridges and glacier pavements of the upper pine belt, at an elevation of seven to ten thousand feet, where it can get plenty of sunshine and snow and elbow-room without encountering quick-growing overshadowing rivals. They never make anything like a forest, seldom come together even in groves, but stand out separate and independent in the wind, clinging by slight joints to the rock, living chiefly on snow and thin air, and maintaining tough health on this diet for two thousand years or more, every feature and gesture expressing steadfast dogged endurance. The largest are usually about six or eight feet in diameter and fifteen or twenty in height. A very few are ten feet in diameter, and on isolated moraine heaps forty to sixty feet in height. Many are mere stumps, as broad as high, broken by avalanches and lightning, picturesquely tufted with dense gray scalelike foliage, and giving no hint of dying. The staminate flowers are like those of the libocedrus, but smaller; the pistillate are inconspicuous. The wood is red, fine-grained, and fragrant; the bark bright cinnamon and red, and in thrifty trees is strikingly braided and reticulated, flaking off in thin lustrous ribbons, which the Indians used to weave into matting and coarse cloth. These brown unshakable pillars, standing solitary on polished pavements with bossy masses of foliage in their arms, are exceedingly picturesque, and never fail to catch the eye of the artist. They seem sole survivors of some ancient race, wholly unacquainted with their neighbors.

I have spent a good deal of time trying to determine their age, but on account of dry rot, which honeycombs most of the old ones, I never got a complete count of the largest. Some are undoubtedly more than two thousand years old; for though on good moraine soil they grow about as fast as oaks, on bare pavements and smoothly glaciated overswept granite ridges in the dome

region they grow extremely slowly. One on the Starr King ridge, only two feet eleven inches in diameter, was eleven hundred and forty years old. Another on the same ridge, only one foot seven and a half inches in diameter, had reached the age of eight hundred and thirty-four years. The first fifteen inches from the bark of a medium-sized tree — six feet in diameter — on the north Tenaya pavement had eight hundred and fifty-nine layers of wood, or fifty-seven to the inch. Beyond this the count was stopped by dry rot and scars of old wounds. The largest I examined was thirty-three feet in girth, or nearly ten in diameter; and though I failed to get anything like a complete count, I learned enough from this and many other specimens to convince me that most of the trees eight to ten feet thick standing on polished glacier pavements are more than twenty centuries of age rather than less. Barring accidents, for all I can see, they would live forever. When killed, they waste out of existence about as slowly as granite. Even when overthrown by avalanches, after standing so long, they refuse to lie at rest, leaning stubbornly on their big elbows as if anxious to rise, and while a single root holds to the rock putting forth fresh leaves with a grim never-say-die and never-lie-down expression.

As the juniper is the most stubborn and unshakable of trees, the mountain hemlock (*Tsuga Mertensiana*) is the most graceful and pliant and sensitive, responding to the slightest touches of the wind. Until it reaches a height of fifty or sixty feet it is sumptuously clothed down to the ground with drooping branches, which are divided into countless delicate waving sprays, grouped and arranged in most indescribably beautiful ways, and profusely sprinkled with handsome brown cones. The flowers also are peculiarly beautiful and effective: the pistillate very dark rich purple; the staminate blue of so fine and pure a tone that the best azure of the high sky seems to be condensed in them.

Though apparently the most delicate and feminine of all the mountain trees, it grows best where the snow lies deepest, at an elevation of from nine thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet, in hollows on the northern slopes of mountains and ridges. But under all circumstances and conditions of weather and soil, sheltered from the main currents of the winds or in blank exposure to them, well fed or starved, it is always singularly graceful in habit. Even at its highest limit in the park, ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea on exposed ridgetops, where it crouches and huddles close together in dwarf thickets like those of the dwarf pine, it still contrives to put forth its sprays and branches in forms of irrepressible beauty, while on moist well-drained moraines it displays a perfectly tropical luxuriance of foliage and flowers and fruits.

In the first winter storms the snow is oftentimes soft, and lodges in the dense leafy branches, pressing them down against the trunk, and the slender drooping axis bends lower and lower as the load increases, until the top touches the ground and an ornamental arch is made. Then, as storm succeeds storm and snow is heaped on snow, the whole tree is at last buried, not again to see the light or move leaf or limb until set free by the spring thaws in June or July. Not the young saplings only are thus carefully covered and put to sleep in the whitest of white beds for five or six months of the year, but trees thirty and forty feet high. From April to May, when the snow is compacted, you may ride over the prostrate groves without seeing a single branch or leaf of them. In the autumn they are full of merry life, when Clark crows, squirrels, and chipmucks are gathering the abundant crop of seeds and cones, and the deer come to rest beneath the thick concealing branches. The finest grove

in the park is near Mount Conness, and the trail from the Tuolumne soda springs to the mountain runs through it. Many of the trees in this grove are three to four or five feet in diameter and about a hundred feet high.

The mountain hemlock is widely distributed from near the south extremity of the high Sierra northward along the Cascade Mountains of Oregon and Washington and the coast ranges of British Columbia to Alaska, where it was first discovered in 1827. Its northmost limit, so far as I have observed, is in the icy fiords of Prince William's Sound in latitude 61°, where it forms pure forests at the level of the sea, growing tall and majestic on the banks of the great glaciers, waving in accord with the mountain winds and the thunder of the falling icebergs. Here as in the Sierra it is ineffably beautiful, the very loveliest evergreen in America.

Of the round-headed dicotyledonous trees in the park the most influential are the black and goldcup oaks. They occur in some parts of the main forest belt, scattered among the big pines like a heavier chaparral, but form extensive groves and reach perfect development only in the Yosemite valleys and flats of the main cañons. The California black oak (*Quercus Californica*) is one of the largest and most beautiful of the Western oaks, attaining under favorable conditions a height of sixty to a hundred feet, with a trunk three to seven feet in diameter, wide-spreading picturesque branches, and smooth lively green foliage handsomely scalloped, purple in the spring, yellow and red in autumn. It grows best in sunny open groves, on ground covered with ferns, chokecherry, brier rose, rubus, mints, goldenrods, etc. Few, if any, of the famous oak groves of Europe, however extensive, surpass these in the size and strength and bright airy beauty of the trees, the color and fragrance of the vegetation beneath them, the quality of the light that fills their leafy arches, and in the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The finest grove in the park is in one of the little Yosemite valleys of the Tuolumne Cañon, a few miles above Hetch-Hetchy.

The mountain live oak, or goldcup oak (*Quercus chrysolepis*), forms extensive groves on earthquake and avalanche taluses and terraces in cañons and Yosemite valleys, from about three to five thousand feet above the sea. In tough, sturdy, unwedgeable strength this is the oak of oaks. In general appearance it resembles the great live oak of the Southern states. It has pale gray bark, a short, uneven, heavily buttressed trunk which divides a few feet above the ground into strong wide-reaching limbs, forming noble arches, and ending in an intricate maze of small branches and sprays, the outer ones frequently drooping in long tresses to the ground like those of the weeping willow, covered with small simple polished leaves, making a canopy broad and bossy, on which the sunshine falls in glorious brightness. The acorn cups are shallow, thick-walled, and covered with yellow fuzzy dust. The flowers appear in May and June with a profusion of pollened tresses, followed by the bronze-colored young leaves.

No tree in the park is a better measure of altitude. In cañons, at an elevation of four thousand feet, you may easily find a tree six or eight feet in diameter; and at the head of a side cañon, three thousand feet higher, up which you can climb in less than two hours, you find the knotty giant dwarfed to a slender shrub, with leaves like those of huckleberry bushes, still bearing acorns, and seemingly contented, forming dense patches of chaparral, on the top of which you may make your bed and sleep softly like a Highlander in heather. About a thousand feet higher it is still smaller, making fringes about a foot high around boulders and along seams in pavements and the brows of cañons, giving hand-

holds here and there on cliffs hard to climb. The largest I have measured were from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet in girth, fifty to sixty feet high, and the spread of the limbs was about double the height. Of all the fifty species of American oaks north of Mexico, as far as I know, only two — the white oak of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and the live oak of Florida — surpass the mountain live oak in size, while in beauty and calm strength it is not surpassed by any.

The principal riverside trees are poplar, alder, willow, broad-leaved maple, and Nuttall's flowering dogwood. The poplar (*Populus trichocarpa*), often called balm of Gilead from the gum on its buds, is a tall stately tree, towering above its companions as they rise about its strong gray bole, gracefully embowering the banks of the main streams at an elevation of about four thousand feet. Its abundant foliage turns bright yellow in the fall, and the Indian-summer sunshine sifts through it in delightful tones over the slow-gliding waters when they are at their lowest ebb.

The flowering dogwood is brighter still in these calm brooding days, for every branch of its broad head is then a brilliant crimson flame. In the spring, when the streams are in flood, it is the whitest of trees, white as a snowbank with its magnificent flowers four to eight inches in width, making a wonderful show, and drawing swarms of moths and butterflies.

The broad-leaved maple is usually found in the coolest boulder-choked cañons, where the streams are gray and white with foam, over which it spreads its branches in beautiful arches from bank to bank, forming leafy tunnels full of soft green light and spray, — favorite homes of the water ousel. Around the glacier lakes, two or three thousand feet higher, the common aspen grows in fringing lines and groves which are brilliantly colored in autumn, reminding you of the color glory of the Eastern woods.

Scattered here and there or in groves the botanist will find a few other trees, mostly small, — the mountain mahogany, cherry, chestnut, oak, laurel, and nutmeg. The California nutmeg (*Tumion Californicum*) is a handsome evergreen, belonging to the yew family, with pale bark, prickly leaves, fruit like a green-gage plum, and seed like a nutmeg. One of the best groves of it in the park is at the Cascades below Yosemite.

But the noble oaks and all these rock-shading, stream-embowering trees are as nothing amid the vast abounding billowy forests of conifers. During my first years in the Sierra I was ever calling on everybody within reach to admire them, but I found no one half warm enough until Emerson came. I had read his essays, and felt sure that of all men he would best interpret the sayings of these noble mountains and trees. Nor was my faith weakened when I met him in Yosemite. He seemed as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean; and forgetting his age, plans, duties, ties of every sort, I proposed an immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the mountains. He seemed anxious to go, but considerately mentioned his party. I said: "Never mind. The mountains are calling; run away, and let plans and parties and dragging lowland duties all 'gang tapsal-teerie.' We 'll go up a cañon singing your own song, 'Good-by, proud world! I 'm going home,' in divine earnest. Up there lies a new heaven and a new earth; let us go to the show." But alas, it was too late, — too near the sundown of his life. The shadows were growing long, and he leaned on his friends. His party, full of indoor philosophy, failed to see the natural beauty and fullness of promise of my wild plan, and laughed at it in good-natured ignorance, as if it were necessarily amusing to imagine that Boston people might be led to accept Sierra manifestations of God at the price of rough camping. Anyhow, they would

have none of it, and held Mr. Emerson to the hotels and trails.

After spending only five tourist days in Yosemite he was led away, but I saw him two days more; for I was kindly invited to go with the party as far as the Mariposa big trees. I told Mr. Emerson that I would gladly go to the sequoias with him, if he would camp in the grove. He consented heartily, and I felt sure that we would have at least one good wild memorable night round a sequoia camp fire. Next day we rode through the magnificent forests of the Merced basin, and I kept calling his attention to the sugar pines, quoting his wood-notes, "Come listen what the pine tree saith," etc., pointing out the noblest as kings and high priests, the most eloquent and commanding preachers of all the mountain forests, stretching forth their century-old arms in benediction over the worshiping congregations crowded about them. He gazed in devout admiration, saying but little, while his fine smile faded away.

Early in the afternoon, when we reached Clark's Station, I was surprised to see the party dismount. And when I asked if we were not going up into the grove to camp they said: "No; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." In vain I urged that only in homes and hotels were colds caught, that nobody ever was known to take cold camping in these woods, that there was not a single cough or sneeze in all the Sierra. Then I pictured the big climate-changing, inspiring fire I would make, praised the beauty and fragrance of sequoia flame, told how the great trees would stand about us transfigured in the purple light, while the stars looked down between the great domes; ending by urging them to come on and make an immortal Emerson night of it. But the house habit was not to be overcome, nor the strange dread of pure night air, though it is only cooled day air with a little pure dew in it. So the carpet dust and unknowable reeks were preferred. And to think of this being a Boston choice! Sad commentary on culture and the glorious transcendentalism.

Accustomed to reach whatever place I started for, I was going up the mountain alone to camp, and wait the coming of the party next day. But since Emerson was so soon to vanish, I concluded to stop with him. He hardly spoke a word all the evening, yet it was a great pleasure simply to be near him, warming in the light of his face as at a fire. In the morning we rode up the trail through a noble forest of pine and fir into the famous Mariposa Grove, and stayed an hour or two, mostly in ordinary tourist fashion, — looking at the biggest giants, measuring them with a tape line, riding through prostrate fire-bored trunks, etc., though Mr. Emerson was alone occasionally, sauntering about as if under a spell. As we walked through a fine group, he quoted, "There were giants in those days," recognizing the antiquity of the race. To commemorate his visit, Mr. Galen Clark, the guardian of the grove, selected the finest of the unnamed trees and requested him to give it a name. He named it Samoset, after the New England sachem, as the best that occurred to him.

The poor bit of measured time was soon spent, and while the saddles were being adjusted I again urged Emerson to stay. "You are yourself a sequoia," I said. "Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren." But he was past his prime, and was now as a child in the hands of his affectionate but sadly civilized friends, who seemed as full of old-fashioned conformity as of bold intellectual independence. It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset. The party mounted and rode away in wondrous contentment, apparently; tracing

the trail through ceanothus and dogwood bushes, around the bases of the big trees, up the slope of the sequoia basin, and over the divide. I followed to the edge of the grove. Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat, and waved me a last good-by. I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson of all men would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing awhile on the spot where he vanished, I sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of a stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, etc., that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again, — the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh. He sent books and wrote, cheering me on; advised me not to stay too long in solitude. Soon he hoped my guardian angel would intimate that my probation was at a close. Then I was to roll up my herbariums, sketches, and poems (though I never knew I had any poems), and come to his house; and when I tired of him and his humble surroundings, he would show me to better people.

But there remained many a forest to wander through, many a mountain and glacier to cross, before I was to see his Wachusett and Monadnock, Boston and Concord. It was seventeen years after our parting on the Wawona ridge that I stood beside his grave under a pine tree on the hill above Sleepy Hollow. He had gone to higher Sierras, and, as I fancied, was again waving his hand in friendly recognition.

John Muir.

ENGLAND.

Who would trust England, let him lift his eyes
  To Nelson, columned o'er Trafalgar Square,
  Her hieroglyph of Duty, written where
The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;
Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies
  On Gordon's statued sleep, how praise and prayer
  Flush through the frank young faces clustering there
To con that kindred rune of Sacrifice.

O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,
  But rough oak, plunging on o'er perilous jars
Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you
  The more for tempest roar that strains your spars
And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,
  Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

Jay Lincoln.

A COMIC CHESTERFIELD.

To one who loves the bypaths and blind alleys of character there are some periods which have a fascination above others. A biographer's judgment of an epoch is not that of the serious historian. Certain centuries are museums of instructive tendencies and movements, where every hero is a type to be analyzed and docketed; others, again, are a poor harvest field for the earnest inquirer, but an excellent hunting ground for the connoisseur. These last are indeed times of stagnation, when the life of a nation turns, as it were, upon itself, and gives rise to a crop of eccentricities. But the division is not absolute; for in an industrious epoch, when new things are in the air and men are busy reforming the world, one may come suddenly upon a tare in the wheat in the shape of an idle and farcical gentleman who is cast only for comedy.

Few periods in the history of England give such honest pleasure to all schools of historians as the eighteenth century. There are tendencies and movements enough to please the most philosophic. There are sounding wars over the whole globe for the tactician, and there are essays in reform for the constitutionalist; and above all, there is the social life, where elegance reached its perfection, from Sir Pertinax and Lady Prue under Queen Anne to the Whig salons, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and the court of Carleton House. At last the century dies out in the smoke of revolution. The old universal elegance is discredited, and there is an unrest abroad which gives birth to romanticism, fanaticism, and a new philosophy. The comic is out of season in the period of strenuous earnestness, and when a belated exponent arises, he takes the color of his times, and is as earnest in his absurdities as his fellows are in their wisdom.

Such a comedian out of season we find in that Earl of Buchan whose vagaries for long delighted the polite Scots world. He had the misfortune to be overshadowed by two famous brothers, and his considerable talents were rated below their proper value. "A curious, irascible, pompous ass," Mr. Henley has called him; and even Sir Walter, who had an unfailing tenderness toward his fellows, can speak of him only as "a trumpery body." Trumpery, indeed, he was, but he was a fool of parts and distinction. He toiled at his trifling business more than most great men at their work, and he had that finest perquisite of folly, an unfailing self-deception. He aspired to play all parts. He must be the *grand seigneur* of the house of Buchan, the literary dictator of his time, the patron of the arts, the friend of princes, and the complete gentleman. It is this belated activity, this itch after greatness, which redeems him from insignificance, and gives the story of his life the quaintness of a moral fable.

He was born in 1742, the son of the tenth Earl of Buchan and Agnes, daughter of Sir James Steuart of Coltness. The poverty of his family must have been great, though Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Chancellors, seems to have exaggerated it. As a child, judging from his later character, he must have been an intolerable prig. He picked up his education at random, partly under a private tutor, partly at the universities of Glasgow and Leyden. At Glasgow he was the pupil of Foulis, the printer, where he added etching and designing to his already numerous hobbies. But we know little of those early years. The family seem to have kept to themselves in their poverty, and the most we hear of the young Cardross is in a charming letter from his younger brother, Thomas Er-

skine, at St. Andrews, who writes with a simplicity and vigor which the head of the house would have done well to imitate.

At Leyden he had met Lord Chatham, and struck up a friendship with him. Meantime, he failed to gain a commission in the Guards, and served for a few years in the 32d Cornwall regiment of foot. In 1766 Chatham offered to make him secretary to the embassy at Lisbon (a post which two years later was given to the future Lord Malmesbury), but he is said to have declined it on the ground of his rank. It would ill become him, he said, to serve under Sir James Gray, who was only a baronet. Dr. Johnson once applauded this folly: "Sir, had he gone secretary while his inferior was ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and his family." But it may very well be that he was traduced, for at the time his thoughts were far above mundane rank. The family had removed to Bath, and the old earl had become a Methodist. The young Cardross followed his father's example, and for a time was the darling of devout ladies. The Erskine stock had before this bred a religious enthusiast. His great-great-grandfather had suffered in the Covenanting cause, and Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, those pioneers of nonconformity, were far-away cousins. In Edinburgh his mother had given him a strict Presbyterian upbringing, and now at Bath a bevy of pious women of the Lady Huntingdon school hailed him as a youthful Timothy. After his father's death, in 1767, he had "the courage to make public profession of his opinions, which drew upon him the laugh and lash of all the witlings of the Rooms." Three ministers were nominated as his chaplains, and one wonders if the poor gentlemen were paid. But the *dévot* was not the part which he aspired long to play, and with his return to Scotland we find that the secular speedily triumphed over the religious.

For the rest of his long life Buchan was content to remain a Scots magnate, and confine his energies to his own corner of the land. At first he lived in Edinburgh, at a house in St. Andrew Square, but in 1786 he bought the estate of Dryburgh, and retired to Tweedside. His ambition was to be a Scots Mæcenas, and for this he must have his country villa. Here he filled the part of the great man in retreat, cultivating his hobbies, maintaining a huge correspondence, and issuing now and then to patronize Edinburgh society. To begin with he was wretchedly poor; but, by a parsimony which seems scarcely indigenous to his nature, he paid off his father's debts, and in half a century raised his own income from two hundred to two thousand pounds. The habit of economy in time became a disease, and this "*Mœcenas à bon marché*," as Scott called him, won a reputation for meanness. Yet the quality hardly deserves the name, for it was far indeed from ordinary avarice. He had in the highest degree the instinct of spending; he loved to figure as a philanthropist; but he must do everything with a stint, and get the best value for his money. He was the opposite of Aristotle's magnificent man, for he spoiled his parade of magnanimity by a comic littleness in its details. He would encourage the humanities, so he presented a silver pen for competition among the students in Aberdeen. The unhappy boys were to be examined all night, and the happy winner was not to receive the pen, but merely have his name inscribed on a small medallion to be hung on the prize.

His home was Scotland, and he affected a patriotism; but he was too great for a province, and must needs be a citizen of the world. If we are to believe his letters, his countrymen were as little to his liking as the inhabitants of Tomi to Ovid's. "I have been ungenerously requited by my countrymen," he wrote, "for endeavoring to make them happier

and more respectable. This is the common lot of men who have a spirit above that of the age and country in which they act, and I appeal to posterity for my vindication. I could have passed my time much more agreeably among Englishmen, whose character I preferred to that of my own countrymen, — in a charming country, too, where my alliance with the noblest and best families in it, and my political sentiments, would have added much to my domestic as well as civil enjoyments; but I chose rather to forego my own happiness for the improvement of my native country, and expect hereafter that the children of those who have not known me, or received me as they ought to have done, will express their concern and blush on account of the conduct of their parents." And he concludes in proud Latin: "Præclara conscientia igitur sustentor, cum cogito me de republica aut meruisse quum potuerim, aut certe nunquam nisi divine cogitasse."

The Buchan family was Whig, and in this poor nobleman there was a strain of genuine radical independence, which in his greater brothers made the Lord Chancellor Erskine the friend of the Revolution and the foe of prerogative, and Harry Erskine the "advocate of the people." He did his best to reform the method of electing Scots peers, and in 1780 published a "Speech intended to be spoken at the Meeting of the Peers for Scotland for the General Election of Her Representatives, in which a plan is proposed for the better Representation of the Peerage of Scotland." His thoughts on the matter seem, indeed, to have wavered. Sometimes he pleases to talk of himself as a "discarded courtier with a little estate." He apologizes for not making more of his "insatiable thirst of knowledge, and genius prone to the splendid sciences and the fine arts," by calling himself "a nobleman, — a piece of ornamental china, as it were." But he claimed kinship with Washington, whom he called "the American Buchan," and sent him a snuffbox made from the oak which sheltered Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. In return Washington sent him his portrait, and "accepted the significant present of the box with sensibility and satisfaction." An intense pride in his own order and his long descent was joined with a contempt for others of the same persuasion. "I dined two days ago tête-à-tête with Lord Buchan," writes Scott. "Heard a history of all his ancestors whom he has hung round his chimney-piece. From counting of pedigrees, good Lord, deliver us." But he had also not a little of the proud humility of his brother the chancellor, who, when a young man, used to declare, "Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord!"

The first and most earnest of the earl's hobbies was the cultivation of his own domains. He published in the Bee some curious essays on the art of idleness, in which the hero is invariably a gentleman of good family, who, after racketing in town, repents of his ways, and returns to respectability and agriculture. From the world of Brooks' and Almack's our hero flies to the planting of timber and the culture of fruit trees, till "he becomes so much master of the principles, practice, and duties of husbandry that he is soon able to originate and direct in all the operations, as the paterfamilias of Columella, and becomes quite independent of his land steward, bailiffs, and old experienced servants." He has essays on country life with a far-away hint of Gilbert White, essays in an absurd rococo style, but now and then full of real observation and genuine feeling. One piece, To the Daughters of Sophia on the Dawning of Spring, begins: "Alathea, Isabella, Sophia, my dear girls, the daughters of my dearest friends! the delightful season of verdure is come. Rise up, my fair ones, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,

the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Then comes a vivid little piece of genre painting, though to be sure the style is execrable, and the essay concludes with a kind of farmer's diary, exactly in the Selborne manner. His Letters in Imitation of the Ancients have the same honest country note amid their sham classicalism. Dryburgh and Melrose and the Eildons are strangely unrecognizable, but the good Tweedside birds and flowers and skies are there, though he calls a planting a "vernal thicket," and the Cheviots "undulatory forms of mountain."

After agriculture, antiquities were his special province. In 1780 he founded the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, at a meeting held in his house in St. Andrew Square. The first idea was a sort of *académie Ecossaise*, to be called the Caledonian Temple of Fame, which, through a complex system of balloting, was to canonize the names of famous Scots, living or dead. The university authorities and the Advocates' Library saw their occupation gone, and opposed the petition for a royal charter of incorporation; but the charter was granted through Buchan's influence at court. The earl's own antiquarian studies are numerous, — a memoir of Sir James Steuart Denham, an Account of the Parish of Uphall, an Account of the Abbey of Dryburgh in Grose's Antiquities, and sketches of George Heriot, Lord Mar the son of the Regent, and Drummond of Hawthornden. He kept up a lengthy correspondence on antiquarian matters with Nichols, and sent him Some Remarks on the Progress of the Roman Arms in Scotland during the Sixth Campaign of Africanus, which were published in vol. xxxv. of the Topographia Britannica. Sometimes the poor man was sadly duped. John Clerk of Eldin had a great passion for curiosities, and his unprincipled son, who was afterward the famous judge, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated heads, which he buried in the ground. Then, some time or other, they would be *accidentally* discovered, and added to the ancestral museum. In an evil hour Lord Buchan came along, saw one of the heads, and, filled with admiration, carried it off and presented it to his new society. It is said that it remained for long in the collection of that excellent body.

But while he valued his agricultural and antiquarian achievements at their proper worth, it was as a patron of letters that my lord hoped to appeal to the admiration of posterity. His was the task to bring forth retiring merit, and to seal the fame of the great with his approbation. He appointed himself the special trumpeter of the poet Thomson, and he would fain have done the same for Burns and Scott. He erected at Dryburgh an Ionic temple, with a statue of Apollo inside and a bust of Thomson on the dome; and in 1791 he instituted an annual festival in commemoration of the poet, at which he solemnly crowned his bust with a wreath of bays. He asked Burns to attend; but the poet was harvesting, and sent a frigid Address to the Shade of Thomson, in imitation of Collins. Buchan distinguished himself by a silly pompous speech which seems to have irritated Burns, for two years later we find him sending a poem on Some Commemorations of Thomson to the Edinburgh Gazette: —

"Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae
Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claucht th' unfading garland there,
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

"And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubled: —
Would thou have Nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it.

"'To whom hae much, more shall be given'
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath."

Which is perhaps scarcely fair, for in all Buchan's folly there was little of this

vulgarity. The Erskines had learned the lessons of adversity too well in their own lives to be mere patrons of success. Later Burns seems to have forgotten his bitterness, for he sent a copy of "Scots wha hae," and a respectful and somewhat dithyrambic letter on the beauties of liberty, — which must indeed have charmed our gentleman's heart, for such fine sentiments were meat and drink to the dilettante radical. When the poet died, the earl added his bust (in Parian marble!) to his Ionic temple.

His essays in statuary were not all equally fortunate. The worst performance was the erection of a colossal statue of Wallace on a bank above the Tweed, on the day of the anniversary of Stirling Bridge, — a monstrosity which Scott prayed for lightning to annihilate. On its base was an inscription in Buchan's best style: —

"In the name of my brave and worthy country, I dedicate this monument as sacred to the memory of Wallace, —

> 'The peerless Knight of Ellerslie,
> Who woo'd on Ayr's romantic shore
> The beaming torch of liberty;
> And roaming round from sea to sea,
> From glade obscure or gloomy rock,
> His bold compatriots called to free
> The realm from Edward's iron yoke.'"

The unveiling was disastrous. The earl appeared before the statue with the speech in his hand and destiny on his brow, and at the discharge of a cannon the curtain was dropped. But to the horror of the honest enthusiast and the delight of the audience, the peerless Knight of Ellerslie was revealed smoking a huge German pipe, which some humorist had stuck in his mouth.

Buchan's relations with Sir Walter extended over many years, and were, on the whole, the most pleasing we have to record. Once when he examined a high-school class he praised young Scott's recitation, which the poet remembered to the end as the first commendation he ever received. In 1819, when Scott lay seriously ill, Buchan hurried to the house in Castle Street, found the knocker tied up, and concluded that the great man was on the point of death. He succeeded in elbowing his way upstairs to the sick-chamber, and was only dissuaded from entering by a shove downstairs from Peter Mathieson, the coachman. Scott heard the noise, and, fearing for the person of the feeble old man, sent James Ballantyne to follow him home and inquire his purpose. He found the earl strutting about his library in a towering passion. "I wished," he cried, "to embrace Walter Scott before he died, and inform him that I had long considered it as a satisfactory circumstance that he and I were destined to rest together in the same place of sepulture. The principal thing, however, was to relieve his mind as to the arrangements of his funeral; to show him a plan which I had prepared for the procession; and, in a word, to assure him that I took upon myself the whole conduct of the ceremony at Dryburgh." The good man's hopes were disappointed. He died before Sir Walter, and his great eulogium, in the style of the French Academicians, remained unspoken.

The earl's own works — such, at least, as he wished to preserve for posterity — are contained in a little volume called Anonymous and Fugitive Essays, published at Edinburgh in 1816. The preface is magnificently impersonal: "The Earl of Buchan, considering his advanced age, has thought proper to publish this volume, and to meditate the publication of others, containing his anonymous writings; that no person may hereafter ascribe to him any other than are by him, in this manner, avowed, described, or enumerated." The book begins with a series on the Art of Idleness, which contains some exalted thoughts on female education. A saying of his, "Women must be flattered grossly or not spoken to at all," is recorded by Burns, and was the subject of an indignant epigram; but here his lord-

ship is an enthusiast for sterling qualities, and sets common sense and housewifely virtues far above prettiness. His manner is sensibility run mad, as witness this sketch of the young Alathea: —

"Mamma, said Alathea one day, what is the reason that my pretty crested hen has forgotten her chickens that she was so fond of long ago, and is going along, like a fool, with the ducklings? My dear, I will tell you how this happens: the hen-wife cheated her, and put the duck's eggs into her nest, and she thought the eggs were her own and hatched them; by and by the ducks will take the water, and the hen will forsake them. A hen would not do this if she were at home, and had learnt to shift for herself in the fields by gathering seeds and corn; but we have brought hens about the house, and by having everything done for them by the servants, they have become silly and helpless. O mamma, what a terrible thing is this! Will you teach me to do everything for myself? Yes, my dear, I will with all my heart. . . . Thus I initiated my Alathea in the history of nations and in general politics, beginning with her at five years old. . . . I found one day Alathea in tears for the loss of one of her garters; I condoled with her, but told her that one of my own garters was worn through, so that I wanted one as well as herself, but that I was busy making another in its stead. I took out of my pocket a worsted garter half-wrought upon quills, and began to knit, saying it should not be long before I cured my misfortune. O mamma, will you teach me to make garters?"

And so on in the style of the Young Ladies' Companion. So much for the earl as an instructor of youth.

His classical imitations, which take up a great part of the book, have a very doubtful value. As became a liberal nobleman, he must profess an admiration for the republican bores of the early empire, especially Helvidius Priscus, whose statue, he says, stands in his hall. We may conjecture that his lordship's scholarship was not exact. He imitates Petronius Arbiter very clumsily, and he has many long letters purporting to be from Roman republicans, criticising the new régime, which are chiefly remarkable for their ineptness. Quintus Cicero writes an amusing letter to his brother Marcus in Britain, and Seneca has a fragment on the conduct of life. But such exercises are not without their humors, and now and then by a quaint phrase the author is betrayed. Petronius talks of "poor but elegant provincials," and the phrase in the earl's mouth is self-descriptive. "The Greeks," he says, "when they transgressed, *sinned* (as I may say) *in a superior style*," — which is exactly his lordship's code of ethics. He has some curious remarks on English prose style. Gibbon, Burke, and Junius have a "quaint, flippant, pointed manner;" Swift, Atterbury, and Hume, on the other hand, "remain in our age possessed of the chaste propriety and dignity of those who have set up the Greek historians for their models." "How glorious," he exclaims, "would it be for a band of such men to associate in Britain for chastising the meretricious innovators, who are encouraged by the tasteless people of the age to enervate our language and our manners!" But when we come to the Bacon imitations we find a really tolerable level of excellence. They are introduced by a circumstantial account of their finding which is in itself a pretty piece of romance. "Goodly senectude" is quite in the Baconian manner, and he has the trick of an apt display of learning. Sometimes we catch the note of a very modern sensibility which is out of place: "Wherefore my father, with a smile of amiable complacency and strict intelligence of my thought, did thus with great condescension apply himself to the train of my reflections." Among the Literary Olla he has a curious discussion of the char-

acter of a gentleman, in which he limits the application of the title to landed proprietors. He seems to have hated the young man about town with all the bitterness of a poor Scots magnate.

"They, then, go abroad, to take what is called the tour of Europe, with a selfish, slavish, pedantic *compagnon de voyage*, commonly called a leader of bears; and after having played monkey tricks at all the fashionable courts in Europe, and been plucked and fleeced by sharpers and opera girls, they come home when of age to join in recognizances with their worthy fathers; and, as a reward, are introduced into all the fashionable clubs as promising young men, *tout à fait aimables et polis*. Then you see them almost every night drunk in the boxes of the playhouse and opera house, flirting with the beauties of the day, who declare them to be 'Charming young men; but, good la! Charlotte, how naughty and roguish! I declare they flurry me exceedingly.'"

Finally, there are certain essays on taste, the inevitable subject of his age, where he shows a sanity and an acuteness little to be expected from the sentimentalist of the earlier letters.

His other excursions in literature are to be found mainly in his indefatigable correspondence. He established what he called his Commercium Epistolicum Literarium, a portion of which is now in the University library of Edinburgh. He worried Horace Walpole past endurance with his letters, till he "tried everything but being rude to break off the intercourse." Of his poetry we know only four lines, which he wrote with his own hand on the wall of St. Bernard's Well: —

"O drink of me only; O drink of this well,
And fly from vile whiskey, that lighter of hell.
If you drink of me only — or drink of good ale —
Long life will attend you — good spirits prevail.
Quoth the Earl of Buchan."

It is a small output for so busy a man, but literature was his hobby for a long lifetime. While Harry Erskine was winning the reputation of the greatest advocate at the Scots bar, and Thomas was drawing nearer to the woolsack, my lord remained peacefully in his shadowed garden, cultivating the insipid Muse.

His life was happy, if to feel confidence in one's worth and greatness be happiness. In the curious bundle of extravagancies which made up his character, not the least was this overweening pride. A subtle quality it was, compounded of glory of race and a consciousness of private preëminence. He felt himself a standard bearer in the van of European progress, the intellectual heir of the ages, and the equal of any great man of the past. He had no family, so he consoled himself with a reflection. "According to Bacon," he used to say, "'great men have no continuance,' and in the present generation there are three examples of it, — Frederick of Prussia, George Washington, and myself." He had no jealousy of his distinguished brothers. They were but broken lights of himself, faint reflections to show the full glory of the head of the house. Now and then he had a taste of plain speaking, but his armor of self-love was proof against it. Once he told the Duchess of Gordon, "We inherit all our cleverness from our mother;" to which the witty lady retorted, "Then I fear that, as is usually the case with the mother's fortune, it has all been settled on the younger children." It was a concession for him to admit that merit did not descend in unbroken line from the Erskine stock, but it only illustrates more fully his curious pride. He was greater than his race. He was no mere scion of a great house, but something beyond it, combining the virtues of a long ancestry with an alien virtue from the mother's side. His brothers had won distinction by following a trade, — a bitter thought ever to this Whig

lord; but he comforted himself and took a modest pleasure in their success. Was he not the *fons et origo* of their prosperity? Once he told a guest, "My brothers Harry and Tom are certainly extraordinary men, but they owe everything to me." His friend looked his surprise. "Yes, it is true; they owe everything to me. On my father's death they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing. And they have both thriven ever since, — *owing everything to me.*"

If he was a fool, he was at least above any vulgar folly. The connection which gave him pride was with the great of past times, and it was only in the second place that he claimed kin with contemporary notables. Apparently, he was remotely related to Sir Thomas Browne, and he was never tired of calling him his "grandfather." Washington he used to call his "illustrious and excellent cousin." He believed that he contained all his ancestry in himself, and that the house of Buchan, as Lord Campbell has put it, "was a corporation never visited by death." "Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi vix ea nostra voco" was a maxim which he could never acknowledge. He spoke of his ancestors' doings as his own, and used to amaze strangers at dinner by some such remark as "I remember I remonstrated strongly before it took place against the execution of Charles I." He patronized the King as he had never been patronized before, on the ground of "consanguinity to your Majesty," but always with a hint that the royal house was little better than a cadet branch of his own. George, with a humor rare in that pedestrian nature, took it in good part, and apparently was sincerely flattered by the emphasis laid on his Stuart descent. Buchan showered letters of advice upon him, and when by any chance the royal action met with his approval he was graciously pleased to signify his satisfaction.

In all this we are repeatedly reminded of Sir Thomas Urquhart. A little more genius, a little less providence, would have made Buchan a second Knight of Cromarty. The same insane pride of family which produced the Pantochronoxanon finds its parallel in the Erskine pedigrees. But Buchan was less mythologically and scripturally inclined. His ambitions did not reach to King Arthur, Hercules, Hypermnestra, and Noah; sufficient for him a decent Scots descent. Both had their imagination hag-ridden by historic figures: Urquhart by the Admirable Crichton, Buchan by half a score of heroes. He always thinks of himself in a historic setting, cutting a fine figure after some accepted pattern: sometimes it is Helvidius Priscus, or Brutus, or Pliny, or Lord Bacon; in his younger days it was Sir Philip Sidney. In an absurd preface to an edition of Callimachus he talks of "having endeavored from my earliest youth (though secluded from the honors of the state and the brilliant situation incident to my rank) to imitate the example of that rare and famous English character, in whom every compatriot of extraordinary merit found a friend without hire and a common rendezvous of worth." This, indeed, was the honest gentleman's ideal, and who shall scorn it? He wished to be a kind of dashing Mæcenas, a scholarly man of the world, a polite enthusiast, — and all on a scanty income and an inheritance of debt.

The result, had he been a man of sensitive nature, would have disappointed him; for he became a prince of bores, the walking terror of his generation. Even Scott, who hated unkindness, is betrayed into irritation. We find an entry in the Journal under September 13, 1826: "Dined at Major Scott, my

cousin's, where was old Lord Buchan. He too is a prince of bores; but age has tamed him a little, and, like the giant Pope in the Pilgrim's Progress, he can only sit and grin at pilgrims as they go past, and is not able to cast a faule over them, as formerly. A few quiet puns seem his most formidable infliction nowadays." And again under December 26: "Returned to Abbotsford this morning. I heard it reported that Lord B. is very ill. If that be true, it affords ground for hope that Sir John —— is not immortal. Both great bores. But the earl has something of a wild cleverness, far exceeding the ponderous stupidity of the Cavaliero Jackasso." A bore is frequently a wit out of season, and when "wild cleverness" is joined with an egotism beyond Sir Willoughby Patterne's, and the whole with utter tactlessness and the persistence of the horse-leech, the result is tragic for a man's friends.

Vanity will always provide for the perpetuation of its features. Buchan's busts and portraits are scattered broadcast throughout Scotland. Like Mr. Austin Dobson's gentleman of the old school,

> "Reynolds has painted him, — a face
> Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace;"

and the picture, in Vandyke dress, still hangs in the hall of the Society of Antiquaries. Once he had himself done in crayons, and presented the portrait, with a eulogistic description written by himself, to the Faculty of Advocates; and in Kay's Edinburgh Portraits there is an excellent caricature in Highland costume. Lockhart has described his appearance in Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk: "I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head, and think it no wonder that so many portraits have been painted of him. The features are all perfect, but the greatest beauty is in the clear blue eyes, which are chased in his head in a way that might teach something to the best sculptors in the world. Neither is there any want of expression in those fine features, although indeed they are very far from conveying the same ideas of power and penetration which fall from the overhanging shaggy eyebrows of his brother."

Two years after the last entry quoted from Scott, the earl was gathered to the fathers who had been the glory of his life. He was buried at Dryburgh, and Sir Walter had the satisfaction of attending the funeral of one who had hoped to outlive him. "His lordship's funeral," he writes in his diary under April 25, "took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin Maxpopple was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death." And then in a kinder vein: "I felt something at parting with this old man, though but a trumpery body." Elsewhere Sir Walter has sketched the character of the dead. He had a Tory dislike of the Erskine politics, and in particular he could never abide the lord chancellor, so it is possible that his judgment of the Mæcenas who was so unlike the others is more tolerant than critical. "Lord Buchan is dead," he wrote, "a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talent. His imagination was so fertile that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary things he delighted in telling. . . . The two great lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was; but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew, — thoroughly a gentleman, — and with but one fault: he could not say 'No,' and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-bull story of having seen the ghost of his

father's servant, John Barnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor: the latter at one time possessed two hundred thousand pounds; the other had a considerable fortune. The earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The earl's was crack-brained, and sometimes caustic; Henry's was of the very kindest, best-humored, and gayest sort that ever cheered society; that of Lord Erskine moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days."

So wrote Sir Walter in his sick and weary latter years, and it is in the main the truth. We cannot sum up our comic Chesterfield save in a bundle of paradoxes. He had the mad Erskine blood and a more than Scots thriftiness. He was magnificent, but with a prudent aim; a lover of letters, with little real aptitude and an uncertain taste; a radical, with the soundest Tory instincts; a Scot, but itching always to be esteemed cosmopolitan; a parochial magnate, yet with an eye on the two hemispheres. A laughingstock to his contemporaries and a bore to his friends, his egotism shielded him from pain, and he lived happily among his books and prints and stuccoed gardens.

John Buchan.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

NORTH on the wind with pipes that faintly ring
The silver snowbirds blow; fox sparrows gay
Set down their load of music for a day
Only, and follow on the tawny wing;
The piercing sweetness that the whitethroats sing
Is hushed ere leaves are large; they die away,
The rosebreast's flutes; and passing, even in May,
The silent hermit holds his heart from spring.
Rich is my singing June, and lordlier song
The meadows and the river woods prolong.
Yet song is sweetest when the song has died;
For I am fashioned of so fragile clay
As most to love the things that pass away,
Though well I love the truer that abide.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

PENNY WISE.

I.

It was a puzzling situation for Penny, one that she had not yet made clear in her own mind, and despite her husband's urging she was not ready for a decision.

"You g' 'long, an' don' you pester me no mo'; you des gwine make me spile dis soap," and Penny plunged her sassafras stick savagely into the bubbling pot.

"Penny, ole 'oman, lis'en ter reason," pleaded a whining voice. "Fur er man ter be selled, an' his wife done free, wid er pocket full er money" —

"I done mek hit all wid dese ole han's, ef I is."

"*Me*, er 'spounder er de gorspil, ter be selled by de crier, an' you won' buy me," continued the voice.

"You mought er thought 'bout dat when you gittin' so lazy Marse Jeems won' keep you," retorted the woman.

"Oh, my sister, lis'en ter de Good Word whar hit say dat de mish'nary moughten tote no bags ner scrips, — hit do say dat, Penny."

"Hit don' say he moughten tote er corn er er cotton sack 'dout huttin' uv he 'ligion, — I say dat," and the sassafras stick was raised high over her head by way of emphasis. "Nuffin' kin lay up an' lib on nuffin', but grasshoppers; an' grasshoppers, dey dies. Go 'way fum here, Jo Wilkerson, fur you 'min's me uv er grasshopper, 'deed you does, wid you' long lazy laigs an' you' 'backer-spittin' mouf, — you des bardaciously 'min's me uv 'im."

"You wa'n't borned free; you knows what 't is ter b'long ter somebody. Penny, oh, Penny," and the voice prolonged its whine, "how much money you got?"

"'Nough ter buy you, ef I wants ter, Jo, 'case Marse Jeems 'ud git shet uv you mighty cheap. Preachers don' fetch much when dey sells 'em, white er black, — ain' good fur much in dis country, 'cep'n' talkin' an' eatin' chickens."

"Penny, oh, Penny, buy me free! Ef you buy me free, I tu'n ober er new leaf. Buy me free, fur de lub er Gord, Penny!"

"Um! wha 's dat I smells? You Jo Wilkerson, cl'ar out fum here, — you done make me spile dis soap! Cl'ar out, I say!"

Argument with scorched soap and an angry woman was useless, and the lazy body shambled listlessly down the road.

Old Jo Wilkerson had belonged to Abe Wilkerson, a solid, amiable, but illiterate planter, and had been a family inheritance, there having been an Old Jo for five succeeding generations, who had descended along with bad debts and a clubfoot to the eldest son of the Wilkersons; but the latest heir, Jeems, was an offshoot from the old stock, cross, dyspeptic, and even-footed.

Abe had been gathered to his fathers a few months before, and now that a period of mourning was over, the dawning of the new day was marked. Such a clearing and cleaning and hammering of carpenters, such a sorting of negroes and tightening of the reins of government, held loosely for so long!

"Young marse hain't no Marse Abe, ner Miss Polly nuther," Jo ruefully acknowledged to the circle of dusky faces in the quarters.

Jo was incorrigible and inconsolable; coaxing availed little and lashing profited less, and at last Marse Jeems, aided and abetted by Miss Polly, had sworn a great black oath to sell Jo by the public crier at high noon on a Friday.

"Black Friday, — hangin' day, de day er quare happenin's an' onlucky tu'nin's," moaned Jo to his unsympathetic spouse.

The day dawned, bringing with it a

heavy Scotch mist, which ere noon had developed into a steady downpour of rain. About the court square lingered a motley group of idlers, all with their hands in their pockets, waiting for the sale.

"Yes, he 's the onluckiest, or'nerest nigger it ever has been my misfortun' to see," and a spurt of tobacco juice upset the equipoise of a wet bluebottle that was vainly trying to dry its feet on the damp, sticky doorsill. "It was a p'int o' the law whether he owned pap or pap owned him, but I 'm a-goin' ter settle of it to-day, shore."

"Jeems, don't be a-runnin' down of your own nigger. You spile the sale, an' he won't fetch nuthin'."

"I 'll take what he 'll fetch," said Jeems, shooting again at the bluebottle. "If I wait much longer, I won't be able to give him away."

The town clock struck twelve, and the crier shook himself and stamped his muddy boots, when slowly and dejectedly from some hidden corner drifted the luckless Jo.

"Give his p'ints, Jeems, give his p'ints!" came from the throng of idlers.

Jeems muttered something which was greeted with shouts of laughter, and Jo backed humbly against the wall. His hands were folded, his head was bowed, and something like a raindrop or a tear trembled on his cheek.

"Oh, my Lord, let de new marse's years be deef, an' de oberseer's eyes be blin'!" groaned Jo in the innermost depths of his anguished soul.

"Give his p'ints, Jeems, give his p'ints! Don't be back'ard 'bout braggin' on yer own!" called a voice from the crowd.

Jeems thrust his hands deeper into his capacious pockets, and grinned.

But bidders there were none. Again and again the crier raised his voice: the group was neither augmented nor diminished, — the group, prosperous with few wants, and wealthy with abundant health. Again and again their sallies provoked a ring of merriment, to die upon the moment of expectation.

"I 'm swamped if the nigger shan't git *one* bid," exclaimed Jeems, suddenly waking to a sense of his ancestral dignity, "if it 's just for the sake uv ole pap! I 'll go a picayune!"

A burst of applause greeted the announcement.

"I wanter own er nigger! I 'll go a bit!" yelled a ragged, dirty urchin, turning a double pirouette on his bare, muddy heel.

"Two bits!" "Fo' bits!" "Six bits!" "Dollar-naf!" came from various quarters.

There was a disturbance; a huge basket of clothes made its appearance above the heads of the bystanders, and Penny stood in the midst. A moment, — the basket was at her feet, her arms were akimbo, and an unspoken something commanded a respectful hearing.

"Gemmen," said Penny, "dar 's er law wha' passes things by de will, an' things widout de will, fum er man ter his son. Jo am one er dem things. Er man natcherly think mo' uv er thing 'case hit 's his'n. But I has heared, gemmen, how dat Eshaw selled his birfright ter dat sly coon Jake fur er mess er potash; an' er mighty big mess hit were, I 'll be boun'! Eshaw, he were er Jew. Marse Jeems, he ain' no Jew, but he start *he* birfright, which were Jo, wid er po'ly picayune. I 'se 'shame', gemmen, plumb 'shame'! In *my* Ole Miss's fambly, dey han's dey niggers down, lack dey han's de silber, wid dey cres'; ain' gwine ter sell dey teapot 'case hit 's ole an' built up cu'is, dey dat proud er de cres'. But dar 's folks *an'* folks. I 'se po' an' I 'se brack, but I 'se free an' I 'se proud, — Ole Miss, she l'arned me dat, — an' dey hain't no man er mine gwine be bid fur by de bit, by po' buckra ner quality nuther!"

The idling group were silent; for once their ready wit had played them false. Gravely, Penny drew from her capa-

cious, indignant bosom a gray stocking foot, and crossing the court she stood before the astonished Jeems. "Misser Wilkerson," she said, "I 'se come ter buy dat nigger, an' I wants de cote-'ouse papers ter 'im; he 's wuf er hundud dollars, an' here 's de hundud fur 'im!"

One by one she laid the bills in the open palm, and silently Jeems put them in his pocket. Then from the region of the departing basket came the solemn malediction: "*You has sole ter-day yer birfright ter a nigger;* you has foul' ter-day de nes' yer farder lef' you; an' w'en you comes ter die, de sperrit ain' fergit it!"

II.

Penny did not believe that she had made a good bargain. The purchase money was the price of pride, — of pride stung to the quick. That Penny's husband, however worthless, should be made the scoff and butt of a public sale, should be bidden for a joke, was galling beyond expression to the honest soul. But if Jo had been incorrigible to his white master, he was exasperating to his black owner. Each Sunday morning invariably found the parson in the midst of his admiring flock, folding his clerical robe about him and rearing high his proud black head. But the week days told another story. Rising early to work, Penny would jog her lord, reminding him of certain things to be accomplished in her absence, — washing the dishes when he had breakfasted, feeding the chickens, mending the fire; but again and again had she returned to find the dishes guiltless of water, the chickens clamorous, the fire dead. Again and again had her wrath risen, even to threatening him with the "sperrit" of the dead Marse Abe; but again and again had the turbulent waters been stilled by the logical soundness of Parson Jo. Jo the free was to Penny a more impressive personage than Jo the bond, and now and then she paused with a growing feeling somewhat akin to awe as she listened to the unanswerable arguments.

"You see, Penny," and the voice had lost its slavish whine, "I cain't work, 'case dis body hain't able; de weakness er de flesh has b'ar me down sence I were a baby. I 'se ole 'fore my time, an' withered in my youf; I 'se call' ter talk, I is. 'Cordin' ter er figger er de Scriptur', I 'se er lily er de valley, I is; you is King Sol'mun, an' yer work is yer glory. You gotter work, Penny; but wid all yer glory, Sol'mun, you hain't built like I is!"

Penny began to feel confused. Jo, somehow, was growing beyond her reach.

"You see, Penny," continued the confident voice, "'cordin' ter de Book, what 's mine 's mine, and what 's yourn 's mine."

"You hain't got nuffin' but freedom, Jo," ventured Penny.

"I 'se got you, Penny," said Jo rebukingly. "In de eyes er de worl' you buyed me, and I b'longs ter you lack er dorg. By de witness er de Book I kin prube ter you dat you b'longs ter me lack er dorg." Wider and wider Penny's eyes opened. "Well! De Book, hit say let de 'omans keep dey mouf shet in de chu'ches. Den who gwine talk? De mens. Den who gwine boss? De mens. De Book, hit say de 'omans gotter keep dey heads kivered wid handkerchers. Den who gwine take dey hats off an' r'ar 'roun'? De mens. De Book, hit say dat er man stan' in de house er de Lord an' stribe ter please him; but de 'oman, Lord, she l'arn hit from ole Eve, but she do hit, she try ter please 'er ole man. Den ter who come de 'titlemints er de 'veriance er de saints? Ter de mens. An' las'ly, Sis' Penny, de Book, hit say, let de wives be 'sarvient ter dey husban's. I is yer husban', you is my wife. 'Sarvient' mean sarvant er someun, er min'in' er someun; de sarvant, he b'long ter de marster, an' de marster, he de boss: an' dar, by de wit-

ness er de Book, *you*, Penny Wilkerson, am de slabe an' de sarvant er *me*, Josephus Wilkerson, de marster, praise de Lord!"

Penny bowed her head in silence; she was too stanch a follower of her faith to cavil at such unquestioned authority, and it was a waste of words to buffet against such logic. So she labored early and late, and Jo slept through the sunny noons, untrammeled, unmolested. Penny was conscientious to a degree worthy of a whiter skin, and, save an occasional burst of anger, the whistling of a safety valve, as it were, peace brooded over the thrifty cabin.

Lately Jo had seemed to improve; not only was the butter gathered and the teakettle steaming, but once the savory odor of a chicken, done just to a turn, greeted Penny's nostrils upon her arrival.

"Sumpin gwine happin," she muttered; "hit too good ter las';" but only a grunt of satisfaction met Jo's ear as she busied herself with the teacups.

"I'se gwine make de house comferble fur you, Penny, long 's I libs," murmured Jo, peering with half-closed eyes through a wreath of tobacco smoke.

"Hump!" responded Penny.

"What 's yours 's mine; what 's mine 's ourn, hain't it, Penny?"

"Hump!" and Penny cautiously moved to another part of the room, to evade the questioning.

The hush had preceded the storm, and the storm strengthened with its long threatening. Penny had kept her counsel, her woes were pent up in her own breast; she trusted her Bible, and she believed that she would live with Jo "twel def claim one er ter'r, no matter what he do," as she put it; but a great outburst came, which swept away her convictions, resolutions, and even her religious scruples, for the time, like mounds of sand.

In Jo's congregation there was one Sister Chaney, a sister who looked with admiring eyes upon the dusky shepherd, who in turn looked with paternal solicitude upon the comely sister. Sister Chaney was Penny's pet abhorrence.

"Yas," she said to Jo one notable Sunday, "she mighty innercent an' 'umble, mighty innercent; but w'en ever'body look'n' at dey hime, she cuttin' uv her eye 'roun' ter see what she kin cotch; w'en ever'body on dey knees er prayin', she peartin' up uv her Sunday fixin's."

"What was *you* doin', Penny?" queried Jo.

"I was er cotchin' de Fair-I-See an' de hypocrick in de markit places, I was!" snapped Penny. "Yas," she continued, warming to her subject, "*she* think you hain't got nuffin' eat fur Sunday, so *she* hafter hike 'roun' an' bake er ole po' cake fur Brer Jo. Sont hit by her own han's and wid her own love, did she? Think you hain't got de bestes' cook in de country right in dis kitchen here, now, do she? *She* gotter scrope her ole bar'l an' dreen her ole jug fur *you*, is she? I lay if I ebber cotch de wroppin's uv her leetles' finger in *my* house ergin, Jo Wilkerson, I break ever' bone in her body, — dar, now!" and over her head Penny raised the cake of discord, to hurl it with a crash of crockery into the midst of the squealing pigs.

Softly on tiptoe, with a sanctimonious wave of the hand, Jo retired. It was an unseemly scene for Sunday; besides, the domestic waters were just now too rough for logical sailing.

It was Monday night, and Penny had worked late into the dusk, but had stopped to buy a gorgeous handkerchief for Jo. She had been "des er leetle rough," and he was her "ole man twel def do come, arter all." Though painfully red and yellow, it was a flag of truce, an offering of peace.

Cheerily gleamed the lamp in the window of the cabin, and from the tiny chimney curled the hospitable smoke, reminding her pleasantly of the heat and light within. "Hit mought be worser, —

hit mought be heap worser," and Penny smiled softly to herself. There were voices within, — pleasant, confidential voices. "Mus' be comp'ny. I des peep fru de chink an' see."

Leaning back luxuriously, with his feet on the table and his pipe in his mouth, sat Parson Jo, the remnants of a dainty supper before him.

"Yas," said a voice, whose possessor seemed to be busied about the room, "dey *do* say dat hit scan'lous how she treat you." Penny could never mistake that voice.

"Yas," drawled Jo, in placid contentment.

"Makin' *you*, er 'zorter an' er 'spounder, wash de dishes, peel de 'taters, lack er whinin' nigger's nigger," continued the voice.

"Dat de truf," assented Jo.

"Dey *do* say dat she dat bardacious stingy dat she lock up all de vittles w'en she go out in de mornin', — lock 'em, hide 'em fum her husban'!"

"Dat so, sister," said Jo.

"Po', po' brudder!" moaned the voice. "Dat she lock up all de jam an' her ole blackberry cord'al; dat she mighty givey ter comp'ny, but she save hit des fur show."

"De Gord's truf, Sis' Chaney."

"Dey *do* say as how she buyed you ter own er nigger, des ter lady in de s'ci'ty plumb ober we all hones' Christuns."

"Des so, Sis' Chaney."

Penny's breath came fast and faster as she laid her ear closer to the chink.

"*I* don' know, Brer Wilkerson, *I* don' know nuffin', an' min' me, *I* hain't sayin' nuffin', but dey do say dat she bargains" — here Sis' Chaney came and laid her hand upon Jo's shoulder — "dat she bargains wid de debbil, dat she bargains in de grabeyard, dat she 's selled her soul an' body, dat she hoodoos in de nighttime!"

"De Gord's truf, Sis' Chaney. Hab mercy on her, *'case I cotch her!*"

"My po', po' brudder!"

Penny waited to hear no more; hot, breathless, eager, too furious for words, too angry for expostulation, on through the darkness she sped, until she sank exhausted upon the doorstep of Colonel Jones's dwelling.

"I wants ter see Marse Bev'ly, quick!" she gasped to the astonished servant.

Brokenly, incoherently, the story was poured into the ear of Ole Miss's only son. Now that it was told, Penny broke down.

"Nebber, nebber, Marse Bev'ly, has I had sech er tu'n sence Ole Miss died an' sot me free, — nebber, nebber, nebber! Er 'busin' er me in my own house, wha' Ole Miss lef' me; er eatin' er my own salt! Ain' no dorg gwine do dat; *he* lick de han' while hit feed 'im. Er 'zorter an' er 'spounder des er clinchin' er dem ole viper tales, des er waggin' uv he ole head aigewise lack er worfless ole blackbird! Er 'cusin' *me* er hoodoo an' er snortin' in de grabeyard! I lay I l'arn 'im how ter preach 'sarvience!" Penny paused for breath. "Now, Marse Bev'ly, I 'se po', an' I 'se brack, an' I 'se ignunt, but I 'se free, an' free I 'se gwine stay. Marse Bev'ly, what I gwine do?"

"Well, Penny," said the colonel after a moment's silence, "I am sorry that, after buying Jo, you and he cannot agree. Suppose you make one more earnest effort; heap coals of fire on his head, as it were."

"I cain't, Marse Bev'ly; hit 's mo'n I kin b'ar."

"It is a serious thing, Penny, this human intervention between those whom God has joined together. You believe that in marriage he shows the work of his hand, — do you, Penny?"

"Yas," hesitated Penny, "fur white folks, sometimes; but de niggers, dey hustles mos'ly fur deyse'fs, — *dey* ain' ast 'im."

"How about you and Jo, Penny?"

"De debbil, he crope in, sho', an' tie dat knot, Marse Bev'ly."

"Then you are fixed in your determination?"

"I cain't b'ar no mo', Marse Bev'ly. I gwine git shet er Jo. Now what I gwine do?"

"When I have an unruly slave, you know that I will not have him abused. Do you know what I do with him, Penny?"

"You sells him," whispered Penny, afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"You bought and paid for Jo, as I buy and pay for my slaves; and as Jo is unruly and worthless to you, I would sell him."

Gradually the enormity of the thing dawned upon her. Sell Jo, really and truly, — no threat, but a stern reality! Then her own injured feelings and slandered personality urged for vengeance.

"Marse Bev'ly," she said solemnly, raising herself with the weight of readjusted dignity, "I stribed ter sabe er lam', but I fin's dat I has nussed er sarpint. I gwine ter sell Jo fur de sabin' er my soul."

"Very well, Penny," said Colonel Jones. "I think that is the most sensible view to take of it; a woman of your worth and character can ill afford to waste her life upon the vagaries of a vagabond. There will be a trader from New Orleans in my office in the morning, at half past nine. Meet me promptly there with Jo. Good-night, Penny."

"Thankee, Marse Bev'ly. Good-night."

As the door closed she paused to recollect her swimming senses, then seated herself upon the steps of her former mistress's home. She would not ask a lodging in the house, for Marse Bev'ly would think her foolish. She would not seek the dwelling of a friend, for the kindly but thoughtless head would wag unmercifully. She could not go home to Jo and act a lie, — no, no! She could not lay her head beside his, draw the old lone-star quilt about them, and listen to the breathing of the traitor in the dark. One, then, would be as wicked as the other. No: she would stay where she was; she would sit on the step and wait until daylight.

She heard the familiar voices of the night. She counted the blinking stars, and wondered how near Ole Miss lived to them now; it was a long way off. She wondered if Ole Miss knew how she suffered to-night, — Ole Miss, who left her freedom and the cabin when she died. Ole Miss loved her, if she *was* black; she wondered if any one else would ever love her; — and the first tears since Penny's trouble dropped upon her hands. She wondered if freedom was a good thing, after all; all her trouble came with freedom, all her worry. Freedom was sweet, but trouble was bitter. Maybe Marse Bev'ly would buy her and her trouble back again; would buy her, and leave the trouble; would buy the trouble, and leave her; and, wearied out, she leaned her head upon her hands and slept.

The dawning found her at her own door; softly she lifted the latch. Sunken deep in the feathers snored the faithless Jo. Penny folded back the covers from the woolly head, and looked long and earnestly into his face. "Twel def do us part," she whispered. "He don' look lack he 'd do dat, he don', po' ole nigger! Look des lack leetle dead Jo, while he sleepin', de onlies' baby boy dat were ourn." There was a strange dimness in Penny's eyes. "But I seed her wid my own eyes, an' I heared him wid my own years, an' may de good Gord furgib me if I 'se gwine do er sin! I would n' done hit ef he had n' lied ter *her*, — lied 'bout *me!* I 'd er wuked fur 'im, I 'd er slabed fur 'im, but I cain't stan' dat. But maybe hit 'll wuk right bimeby; maybe de Lord 'll fix hit, somewhar, somehow, 'fore we dies, an' dey 'll bury Penny an' Jo sider one nur'r, unner de ole willer, bimeby, maybe. Good-by, Jo, good-by." Gently she turned, looking back as she paused in the doorway. "She tuk mighty good keer ter wash ever'thing an' put hit in hits place," said Penny, looking over the immacu-

late kitchen with hardening face; "but, Lord! she could n' fool me. I 'd er knowed somebody done been here 'dout seein' uv 'em."

Silently the fire was laid, and breakfast prepared without the accustomed song, — a breakfast as dainty as Penny's finances could afford. In the old familiar way she went to waken Jo. After much calling and shaking, a guttural sound issued from beneath the quilt. "Jo, Marse Bev'ly want you at de office at half pas' nine. Get up and eat yer breffus."

"Dat you, Penny?" and Jo pulled himself together, with a prodigious yawn.

"Dat me," said Penny grimly.

"Whar you stay las' night, Penny? Why n't you come home?" Penny's lip trembled, but her face grew harder. "Whar you stay las' night?" repeated Jo, now thoroughly awake and half sitting up in the bed. "I l'arn you how ter go skylarkin' 'roun', er stayin' 'roun' er nights an' er comin' home pouty!" No answer. "Here me er waitin' an' er waitin' an' er waitin', ain' got no supper, ner tea, ner nuffin'; mighty fine way ter 'sarve de teachin's er de 'postles!"

Penny's eyes flashed and her whole being quivered. "Jo, you lie, you knows you lie! If you *will* cote Scriptur', dar 's been ministerin' angils er debbils er varmints erbout dis house, an' dey lef' er cuss in hit. Git ready ter go ter Marse Bev'ly's!"

Jo cowered, slipped humbly into his clothes, and made his meal in silence.

"Yes," Colonel Jones was saying, "my mother set his wife free, and when Wilkerson put him up the wife bought him. He has proved too much for her; but he is a likely negro, and properly managed will be found available. I think that you can buy him for five hundred dollars, and he 's worth it."

"I 've seen him; I 'm willing," said a rough-looking individual, running his hand through his hair. "But it 's a new 'sper'ence to me. I ain' never bought a nigger from a nigger before."

"That 's all right. I 'll see to that."

"Penny," called the colonel, as the woman entered followed by the crestfallen Jo, "this is Mr. Blake from New Orleans, and he is willing to pay five hundred dollars for Jo."

"Yas, sar," said Penny, pulling at the corner of her apron, "but dat hain't right, Marse Bev'ly. I did n' gib but er hundud fur 'im."

"Why is n't it right?"

"I don' wanter make nuffin' off'n him, Marse Bev'ly."

"Business is business. Mr. Blake will give you five hundred; will you take it?"

"Yas, sar," whispered Penny.

Silently, stolidly, Jo watched the bills as they were counted one by one into Penny's shaking hand. He had been tried, condemned, and from his sentence there was no appeal. She had really and truly done it at last, — *she!*

Folding away her bills, Penny still lingered.

"Good-by, Jo," she ventured.

Jo vouchsafed no answer.

"Good-by, Jo."

Motionless he stood, like a piece of ill-wrought bronze. Harder and harder grew the look on Penny's face.

"I 'se got you in my pocket, Jo, and may you do me mo' good dar dan you ebber has out'n hit!" Turning, she neither paused nor wavered until she reached her little cabin. There, waiting at the gate, were numerous gossipers. Stumbling blindly past them, she shut the door behind her, and the unused key grated harshly in its socket.

III.

The sun bleached the clothes upon Penny's lines with impartial fervor; the sadirons turned upon their racks the polished faces of usefulness. But

the mellow rhythmic song that was wont to rise from the little cabin was silent. The sassafras stick ploughed deep and often into the pot of boiling soap, which was never spoiled now by interruption; but Penny was not happy. She sought no counselors or confidants, and, always unpopular with her color, she became an object of special avoidance.

Late into the night burned the candle in the cabin, and now and again were visits to Marse Bev'ly, followed by anonymous gifts from Penny in charitable directions. A new pulpit, gaudy in fresh paint, glared upon the worshipers in Ebenezer Chapel; then appeared upon it a gorgeous Bible bound in red, the cover emblazoned with patriarchal scenes in painful blues and greens. Upon its first appearance there was a flutter of approbation; then bended heads and whispered explanations: "Penny done dat!" "Hain't gwine let 'er right han' know what 'er lef' han' do!" "She buyin' uv peace," said Ben-é, a black, withered little negress, rocking to and fro, as her hand instinctively sought the buckeye and rabbit foot in her pocket.

Poor Penny! She sat musing on her doorstep, watching the last rays of the setting sun. The week was done; tomorrow would be Sunday again. "Hain't no use!" she sighed. "I 'se buyed an' I 'se prayed, an' I 'se prayed an' I 'se buyed, but hit hain't fotch me no res'." Wearily she leaned her head upon her hand.

Afar down the lane a black speck broke the still sunlight, like a pebble cast into placid waters; a full, fresh voice met the silence with song: —

"Oh! who am dat er comin'?
Don' you grieve arter me.
Oh! who am dat er comin'?
Don' you grieve arter me.
Oh! who am dat er comin'?
Don' you grieve arter me, —
I don' want you ter grieve arter me."

Nearer and nearer came the song and the figure.

"'T is de old ship o' Zion,
Don' you grieve arter me.
'T is de ole ship o' Zion,
Don' you grieve arter me.
'T is de ole ship o' Zion,
Don' you grieve arter me, —
I don't want you ter grieve arter me."

At the corner of the fence the song was hushed.

"Um! ole Penny Wilkerson!" grunted Sis' Chaney. "She selled de ole man, an' now she taken wid de debbil. Fool man, fool 'oman — um!" With a contemptuous swish of her skirts the blot upon Penny's sunlight had vanished.

"De ve'y spit an' image uv my miz'ry," whispered Penny. "Yas, Lord, dar 's er 'oman at de bottom uv ever'thin' sneakin' an' mean; dar 's er 'oman at de bottom uv de bottomless pit, wha' de Scriptur' tell erbout, sho' dar be, Lord! Judas, he were er man, an' he taken he Lord an' sells 'im fur de pieces er silber; den he fling down de money an' go hang hese'f. Jo, he know de Scriptur', an' he say de husban' am lord er de wife; an' I taken my lord, which were Jo, an' I buys 'im, den I sells 'im fur fo' hundud mo'n I guv fur 'im! I 'se worser 'an Judas, I 'se badder 'n Peter wha' 'nied free times. Judas, he hang hese'f. Peter, he cry. Oh! my Lord, what *I* gwine do?" The anguished form rocked to and fro. "I 'se buyed an' selled what de Lord done sont me. Oh! my Lord, what I gwine do? I 'se cried twel de water won' drap no mo'. De hants, dey pester in de dead er de nighttime, an' de sperrits, dey cry in de wringin' er my in'ards. Oh! my Lord, what I gwine do?" Gradually the emotional storm became calmer, and the rhythmic rocking more gentle.

"I gwine wan'er on de face er de yeth,
Oh! my Lord, twel I fin' him!
I gwine come unter my own ergain,
Oh! my Lord, w'en I fin' him!
Gwine ter s'arch high an' low in de furrin lan',
Oh! my Lord, twel I fin' him!
Gwine take my lord by his po' brack han',
Oh! my Lord, w'en I fin' him!"

Softer and softer, the plaint became a whisper: —

"Gwine ter fling de Judas money in de potter-er's fiel',
Gwine ter pray in de place wha' 'nyin' Peter kneel,
Gwine ter make my peace wha' de hants cain't steal,
Oh! my Lord, w'en I fin' him!"

The darkness fell, and Penny arose with a sense of lifted sorrow.

That night Marse Bev'ly received a final visit.

"Good-by, Marse Bev'ly. I gwine s'arch twel I fin' him. Ef I don't, ef I fails, ole Hardeman hain't gwine know me no mo'; de hants won' let me. Ef I don't, teck de home, Marse Bev'ly, de cabin dat Ole Miss guv me; let er betterer 'oman warm hit dan I has been. Ef I ain' come back in er year come Chris'mus, I hain't ebber come. I hain't leavin' nuffin' behin' 'cep'in' you an' yourn. Good-by, Marse Bev'ly."

The Sabbath morning beamed upon the just and the unjust in Ebenezer Chapel; the aggressive pulpit still glared upon the expectant congregation; Brer Jonah took his text from the great red book, upside down, in the old familiar way; but there was no Penny.

The little window lights were full of darkness; through the night the unlatched doors moaned and creaked in the wanton wind. No more the homely chimney sent up its line of blue. The tiny gate, slipping its moorings, dropped away; the garden gloried in a thistle growth, kissed here and there by morning-glories, vagrants, that laughed upon the sun and wound their idle arms around the prickly leaves. Old Brownie bravely laid her snowy eggs upon the unused hearth; then tucked a yellow brood beneath her wing. Old Tabby nursed with rare maternal pride a brand-new litter in the softest feather bed. The weeks slipped into months, the months became years. Marse Bev'ly swore the house was Penny's still, but Penny never came.

IV.

The summer sun of 1878 beat upon the busy mart of Memphis. Peace was within her borders, and the wheels of commerce, turned by the masses of hurrying, perspiring humanity, whirled hopefully. An atom of the seething mass, but part and parcel of the growing city, whither she had drifted at the closing of the war, Penny labored in the little cabin in Fort Pickering, and pondered many things. The trip to New Orleans had been futile; she did not find Jo. When freedom came her hope beat high, — surely she should find him now; and rumor after rumor she had chased from city to city, until, weary in heart and broken in health, she at last gave up the search. "De Lord know bes'," she whispered to herself; "someway er somehow, he gwine fix hit." She did not write to Marse Bev'ly; she had never learned to write, and she had a wholesome contempt for the "Linkum free niggers," so she would not trust her affairs to a more fortunate friend. Now and again the longing of homesickness almost overcame her. "I cain't, oh, I cain't!" she moaned; then faster and faster flew the brown hands at their work, and louder and louder rose the doleful song to drown her sorrow. Aloof she walked amongst her fellows; evening found her sitting with her gorgeous flowers, uncomforted, unsought.

"Yas, Sis' Wilkerson," said Brer Snowberry, the exhorter, "'cordin' ter de Scriptur', you gotter herd wid de flock; ef de sheeps don' herd, how de shepherd gwine know dey blate? Here you gwine on, year in an' year out, an' nebber has you darkined de door er de sanctumerry. Sis' Wilkerson," and Brer Snowberry lowered his voice solemnly, "dar 's sumpen on yer min', an' hit ain' let you res'; dar 's er sin dat er gnawin' at yer witles, lack de fox dat de fool boy done toted. Hit er gnawin' in de

daytime an' er cryin' in de darkness. Sis' Wilkerson, er 'fession 'fore de chu'ch am de onlies' way ter peace; hit 'll parge de sinlies' soul an' hit 'll puerfy de body. Make yer peace, Sis' Wilkerson!"

"Parson Snowberry," said Penny, her eyes gleaming with a dangerous light, "I makes my peace wid Gord, an' I don' wan' nobody pryin' inter hit, nuther. I has heared ernough ter keep my years opin, an' I bids you good-day. You kin lead er hoss ter water, but you cain't make 'im drink, an' I 'se gwine ter make hit hot fur somebody, ef dey comes pesterin' er me ergin. I 'beys de laws er man 'cordin' ter dose laws, an' de laws er Gord 'cordin' ter my own cornshuns, an' 't ain' nobody's business ef I 'se er sheep er er goat."

Reluctantly the parson took his departure. "Dar 's er hoodoo wukin' somewhar," he muttered, "an' dis am er peck er meal dat gwine be powerful hard ter sif';" and down the fennel common shambled the clerical ambassador.

Penny's tall sunflowers stifled in the heat. On the Arkansas side the spent sun trembled like a red unstable thing, then dropped like a ball into the muddy waters that lay beyond. Tears fell upon Penny's withered cheeks. "Youf all gone, an' de sin er de youf des er frettin' en de ole age!" She had made a resolve: she would go home to die, — go home to-morrow.

What was so beautiful as that August dawn! Is nature's heart so dead to human needs — the human, fashioned in the form of God — that she can laugh before impending holocausts, and give no sign or warning of the coming doom? To-day Penny would go home! Without were excited voices, — what were they to her? The negroes of that locality were always excited. To-day she would go home. How sweet to tread the earth of Hardeman again, to teach their way of life to tangled morning-glory vines, to hear the creaking of the old well rope in the worn wheel, to drain the last drop from the crumple-handled gourd! To-day she would go home, — go home to die. What was it they were saying? Penny unbarred her door and listened. There were rolling eyes and lolling tongues, the joy of an appalling theme.

"Dar 's five cases er yaller fever on Front Street, — Hightallions; genuwine yaller fever!" "Who sesso?" "Doctors sesso! Bode er Helf gwine 'clar' hit. White folks, skeered plumb ter fits, gwine light out fum here, — ain' wait fur nuffin'!" "Wha' you gwine do?" "Gwine light out too!" "Wha' you gwine do?" "Yahw! yahw! gwine stay yere an' draw rations lack seb'nty — free — white folks fire, nigger shoecake, yahw! Yaller fever hain't gwine cotch er nigger brack es I is!" "Gwine cotch yaller nigger sho'!"

Yellow fever! Sadly Penny carried home the baskets of rough-dry clothes, lending here and there a helping hand to the hurried preparations; she would not go home to-day, — she would wait.

All day long the restless tide swept out from the fated city. Just one day, and at midnight the depots were lined with ashen-faced, frightened humanity. Millionaire and pauper, butcher and banker, men of differing complexions and nationalities, on a common level, united for once, with one mainspring of action. Boats, trains, drays, wagons, oxcarts, — everything affording locomotion was pressed into the fleeing caravan. The epidemic was declared, and again the human stream poured out, every fresh bulletin producing another exodus. Penny stood in her tiny doorway and watched the loaded trains go by. Over the unhappy city the arm of pestilence was stretched; no quarter was now exempt; all the world would soon be quarantined against her. Should Penny go?

The health officers were coaxing, cajoling, driving, forcing, and the last detachment for the camp had been formed; here was the last opportunity.

"Good-by, Penny Wilkerson!" shouted a spiteful voice down the road, — "good-by, ef you stays, an' gib our respec's ter ole Sat'n w'en you sees 'im!"

"Better come erlong, gal," said a quavering old voice. "De cuss er Gord am res'in' on dis here lan'. Hit gwine ter git mighty lonesome 'fore hit w'ar hitse'f out. Better come erlong, gal."

Parson Snowberry walked slowly by, dignified still, but fearing to breathe lest he should draw in the poison of infection: folded in a broad swathe and tied beneath his nose was a red and yellow bandanna; slung over his shoulder by the crook of a hickory stick, reposing in a blue cotton pillowslip lay the wealth and all the worldly goods of Parson Snowberry. At Penny's gate he paused. "Good-by, Sis' Wilkerson!" and the voice labored painfully beneath the handkerchief. "You has sumpen on yer min', an' you cain't git yer peace. Dar 's res' en de grabe fur de weary. Hab mercy on yer soul!"

"Um!" grunted Penny. "Mighty fine 'postle dat am! Feared ter trus' Gord fur 'nough ter breave de a'r, — hatter strain' hit fru er handkercher. Um!

"Niggers all gwine ter nigger's heaben, — all play, no wuk. *Dey* kin go. Penny hain't gwine be beholden ter none uv 'em, not even de guv'mint, while her ole head 's hot, nary time. Um! Lack ter see 'em dribe *me* inter time-sarvin' lack dat, sho'!" Should she go? "Uv my own free heart an' body, min' you!" she said softly to herself, after a while. "Die 'dout fin'in' Jo, die 'dout furgibness, wid de Judas sin on de soul! But I sayed I wanter die, I sayed I gwine home ter die. I did n' s'arch fur hit, but de yaller fever, hit come an' seeked me out, hit fin' me whar I stays, — yas, an' I gwine stay, praise de Lord!"

A whistle of the engine, a puff of steam, a waving of hats and aprons to the lone figure in the doorway, and the motley freight of humanity was gone.

There had been a call for nurses: the Howards and Citizens' Relief were sadly overtaxed for want of efficient aid. Some came from the South, some from the North, noble souls; but the force was just now inadequate to face the visage of the Black Death.

Penny sat as of yore upon her steps and pondered. "I 'd druther nuss an' keer fur my own color, nuss 'em 'dout pay, des fur de lub er Gord, des fur de pargin' er de spot on de soul. But dey 's dat feared dey won' let me come er nigh 'em, po' fool niggers! 'Case I got er sorrer an' keep my mouf shet 'bout hit, dey think I got er hoodoo, an' dey won' let me tech 'em. I 'se gwine go fur er white folks' nuss. I 'se gwine fur ter gib dis sinful heart er call ter die."

In checked kerchief and snowy apron Penny stood before the superintendent of the nurses. "Had n't you better go into camp, auntie?" asked Mr. Johnson kindly. "Don't you think you are rather old for a fever nurse?"

"I hain't ole, sar," said Penny respectfully, opening her eyes wide upon him. "De folks dat 's got youf mos' leas'ways got keerliss ways too, sar. You hain't got no call but ter try me, sar."

"You are trustworthy, but are you strong?"

"I 'se b'ar'd an' boosted by de wing uv er mighty hope, sar," replied Penny solemnly.

So Penny watched and waited, wrestled face to face with death; now closing jaundiced eyes upon the world forever, breathing silently her own unrounded prayer upon the departing soul; now nursing an emaciated form into the fond security of a grateful convalescence.

Weary, but with unsleeping eyes, she wore the long night watches into dawn. She heard the wagon rattle on the cobbled street; she bent to hear her sleeping patient breathe. She heard the wagon stop; a pause, a smothered sob, then on upon its ghostly midnight rounds.

Where, where was Jo? All bitterness was gone; to-night a longing moved her heart with the old youthful love. When they should come for her, — if they should come, — if he could be there, give that cry for her, it would be sweet to die. A tear that Penny would have scorned to own dropped upon her hand. Her patient stirred. She laid her hand upon his brow; so young, so scarred by sin, but he was yet some mother's boy, some woman's heart clung to him. The brown face softened, and she thought of hers and Jo's, their only one, so still to-night, asleep in Hardeman.

"Penny!" and no ungentle hand pushed aside the proffered cup. "It 's no use — I 'm going in the morning."

"All right, Marse Will," said Penny cheerily, still holding the cup, "but won' you take ole Penny 'long too, ter see yer mar?"

"I don't mean that, Penny. I mean I 'm going to — I mean it 's coming," he whispered, with a shudder. "Take the physic away — don't call — don't let anybody come — it 's coming quickly! Penny," he cried, "pray!"

Penny trembled from head to foot. "You hain't gwine die, Marse Will," she said soothingly. "I git er preacher yere ter you ter-morrer, — sho' I will."

"Pray!" repeated the voice.

"I 'se only er po' ole nigger," she sobbed. "I hain't fitten ter 'proach de th'one. Pray de baby pra'r yer mudder l'arned you, Marse Will."

"I can't," he moaned. "I have been wicked, I have forgotten God — I am dying — pray for me, Penny!"

Reverently the old negress knelt beside the bed. "O Gord, my Lord!" she sobbed, "lis'en ter de po' ole nigger prayin' fur Marse Will! De nigger hain't fitten, but Marse Will cain't pray fur hese'f! Furgit, O Gord, dat he stray off wid de goats, dat he ain' hear de call er de Shepherd, dat de hin er de Gorspil ain' nustle 'im unner her wing! Take 'im des lack he am, wid 'pentance at de las'! Er defbed 'pentance, Lord, worf mo'n no 'pentance 't all. O my Gord, make 'im lack er leetle baby!"

"Amen," came the whispered response.

"Er leetle baby dat gwine sleep in 'is mudder's arms, an' gwine trus' 'em while he sleeps! Hit on'y er po' ole nigger dat promus, but he gwine trus', Lord!"

Softly came the words, "I trust."

"Take 'im, Lord, an' tell 'im 'bout hit w'en he come, lack de lovin' mudder whisper en de leetle baby's year. Amen!"

"Amen!"

Gently the dawn light sifted through the shutters. The dawn of life had sought the chamber first. The smile of peace lay on the wan young face. The thin white fingers, clasping close a poor brown palm, had loosed their hold: that hand had led from darkness into light.

"I des go home an' pearten up er leetle," Penny said to the day nurse, — "I feels so cu'is and shaky, — but I be back bimeby. Po' lam'!" she sighed, and the door closed behind her.

Through the whole day Penny sat alone in her cabin, — the first day home in many weeks.

"I do feel mighty cu'is," she mused. "Dar 's er singin' in my years, an' er sneakin' feelin' in my back, lack I done hilt er col' key ter hit. I won'er whar Jo be now? Po' Jo, *my* Jo. Won'er what make me feel so cu'is? Hit mought be de def an' de pra'r. Ain' nuffin' mobe me lack dat sence I been er nussin'. Hit been er age sence I put up er pra'r erfore, but I feeled what I pray, — de Lord, he know hit. Po' lam', he know whar leetle Jo be, now. I won'er whar *my* Jo gwine sleep dis night? Ef I des could git 'im back, my Lord! Hit gittin' plumb dark. I allus putten de lamp en de winder w'en hit dark, 'case hit make hit look sorter cheersome outside. Um! um! been erway so long I mos' furgit hit." Wearily she rose. "Do feel mighty cu'is. Don' think I go back

ter-night. I ain' got nobody ter sen'. I des sleep here twel mornin'." Scrupulously neat, she carefully polished the little chimney with the corner of her apron, then placed her beacon close against the pane.

"Be dar yerly en de mornin'," she whispered. "I des tired," and with unsteady steps she sought her bed.

"Look! dar 's light in Miss Wilkerson's winder, — she done come home," said one ration-drawing neighbor to another.

"I des bardaciously knowed she would; she won't do good fur lub er money," said the other. "Lis'n!" Floating from the little cabin came a song: —

"I t'ought I heared de angil say,
Dese bones 'ill rise ergin."

"Mighty fine time ter come singin' 'roun' w'en folks am des er dyin' lack sheep!" said lean Pete, who, by reason of a little prevarication, drew double rations. "Better be yearnin' hones' bread. Um!"

"Gwine ter take wings an' fly erway,
Dese bones 'ill rise ergin."

A figure paused without the cabin door. "I hates ter pester folks," he soliloquized, — "at nighttime, too, — but I 'se gotter sleep some'rs, an' dar 's er light in dar. Singin', too! Ain' no fever in dar, — I kin resk dat." Softly he raised his stick and knocked. Again the voice rose with quivering intensity:

"Oh! how you know,
Oh! how you know, my Lord,
Dese bones 'ill rise ergin?"

"Singin' mighty loud. Moughtn' heared me. Des knock ergin." The voice died into a sigh, —

"Dese bones 'ill rise ergin!"

"I des bardaciously walk in, den 'polygize, — kin do hit han'some-lack. I ain' furgit." Boldly lifting the latch, the ragged figure stood upon the threshold. "'Scuse me, lady," he said, with an old-time bow. "I" — A pause; his eyes rolled wildly. There upon the mantel sat the old blue china hen; there was the old bow basket in its place by the hearth, — he would know it among a thousand.

"Whar is I? Whar be I? I 'se hoodooed! Oh, Lord, I 'se done gone plumb daf'!"

"Dese bones 'll rise" — moaned the woman, tossing to and fro upon the bed.

"My Gord! Penny!" he cried.

"How you know, my Lord?" sobbed the voice.

"Penny! it 's Penny! — *my* Penny! Jo done come back ergin," he whispered, laying a hand upon the burning brow.

Eagerly she peered into his face with the hard, fixed gaze of delirium, then sank upon the pillow with the same heart-rending wail.

"Gord done sont me here dis night, an' here I gwine stay, wid de fever er 'douten de fever. I 'se hern an she 's mine twel def us do part." Jo dropped upon his knees, laid his face upon Penny's burning palm, and wept.

Bravely, heroically, he strove for Penny at the jaws of death; for never was there more faithful slave or gentler ministering spirit than was Jo.

Gradually the light of recognition beamed within the old wife's eyes. Then joy was born in the midst of pestilence, and smiles in spite of sorrow; stories were told without reserve, and honest pardons granted.

"Yas, Jo," and Penny fondly leaned her thin cheek upon her spouse's grizzled head, "I 'se been weighted in de balance an' done been foun' wantin'. Dey foun' me penny wise an' plumb foolish, but de Lord, he done been good ter me."

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

THE CHILDHOOD OF LOUIS XIII.

Not many of those who know Paris can have failed to travel over the few miles which separate the great city from the little town of St. Germain-en-Laye. It stands well above the Seine, overshadowed by its castle, the famous home of many kings. Famous, too, is the beautiful terrace overlooking the curves of the river and distant hill-encircled Paris, and not less so the deer forest, to which the straight garden alleys lead imperceptibly by green ways. The castle and the older chapel by its side have been recently restored, and the effect has been to enhance the naturally modern look of the stately pile of buildings. The moat is still there, though now dry, and the arched entrance is still strongly guarded, but the finely proportioned windows, the broad stone balconies, the red brick and white facings of the walls, all give the impression of a house built for dignity and pleasure rather than for mere defensible strength. Nowadays the spacious rooms have been converted into a museum, and naturally a sense of chill and desertion fills them. Three hundred years ago, the empty courtyard and silent house were full of life and preparation. Henri IV. was at last blessed with an heir to the throne he had so hardly won, and St. Germain-en-Laye, pleasant, healthy St. Germain, with its big gardens and fresh breezes, was selected for the Dauphin's nursery. The boy was born at Fontainebleau on the 27th of September, 1601. Six days earlier, Henri, proudly confident in the future, had sent for one Dr. Jean Herouard, and had said to him, "I have chosen you to take charge of the health of my son, the Dauphin. Serve him well."

This Jean Herouard must have been a born lover of children, a kindly and sympathetic man, — better and wiser, indeed, than most of those charged by the King with his son's upbringing. The doctor regarded his new post as a great and solemn trust; and that he might acquit himself well in it, he began a journal, in which he set down "day by day and hour by hour such observations as might give him a solid judgment in the future, and lead the health of the prince to a happy issue, together with an account of his particular tastes and fancies, . . . so that no speech or action in any way remarkable has been omitted that might serve as a guide to the education of a prince." Such was the diary which Dr. Jean Herouard, court physician, set himself to write throughout the long years during which he served the young Louis as Dauphin and as King. For every succeeding generation it remains one of the most curious studies of child life ever made. Indeed, no other book, old or new, has quite the same interest, blending, as it does, child psychology with educational methods, vivid pictures of society with old medical lore, boyish games and lessons with side insights into history. Some of the daily entries would doubtless weary many readers by their very minuteness; much of the extraordinary grossness of the nursery life would painfully revolt them; but for the student, whether of children or of past social customs, the book is of deep interest, while for any real knowledge of that enigma of history, Louis XIII., it is priceless.

As Herouard describes him, the child Louis — or rather the Dauphin, for he had no name until his public christening when he was five years old — was a passionate, loving child, jealous and sensitive, morbidly fearful of ghosts, of ridicule, and of punishment, whilst at the same time warlike in his tastes, and hardy enough in all physical exercises.

What his upbringing made him is a difficult problem to solve, for throughout his life Louis was overshadowed by those he lived with and crippled by constant ill health; but what that training was can be learnt in Herouard's journal, and a very curious training it seems to have been.

The composition of the household at St. Germain-en-Laye was, to modern ideas, a fundamentally strange one. When, a month after his birth, the Dauphin was brought there by the royal gouvernante, Madame de Monglat, the nursery was already occupied by the King's three legitimatized children, the sons and daughter of Gabrielle, Duchess of Beaufort, who had died in 1598. These three were known as the Duke, the Chevalier, and Mademoiselle de Vendôme. Later on, Madame de Verneuil's son and daughter swelled the number of the Dauphin's half brothers and sisters. The boy, Henri de Verneuil, was within a month of the Dauphin's age; the girl, Gabrielle, somewhat younger. In course of time, the five younger children of Queen Marie de Medici came to complete the nursery party: Elizabeth, Christienne, the Duke of Orleans (who died when five years old, before he had received a name), Gaston, Duke of Anjou, and, last of all, Henriette Marie, the Henrietta Maria who was to play her part in English history. The children of Mesdames des Essars and Moret do not appear at any time to have been brought up with the rest; for though the King legitimatized these children, he never treated them as quite on an equality with those of Beaufort and Verneuil. Each of the children living at St. Germain had his or her own room, with special nurses, tutors, waiting women, valets, and pages; the Dauphin had in addition his gentlemen, his bodyguard, and his enfants d'honneur. These last, sons of the nobility, brought in their turn tutors and attendants. Generally speaking, the nurses attached to the royal children had their own babies living with them, and sometimes their husbands as well. The whole of this huge motley crew, men, women, and children, living together in scant privacy, was farmed or boarded out to Madame de Monglat. When Louis was taken from her care to be placed under that of his governor, at the age of eight, his fervent hope that he should no longer be farmed would seem to confirm Herouard's accusation that Madame de Monglat was stingy. And not only was she none too liberal in household matters, but on more than one occasion she showed an eagerness to seize on actual money in a way surprising in a great lady.

One day, when the Dauphin was five years old, the Duke of Sully came out to St. Germain well supplied from the treasury with pocket money for the prince. The news of the Surintendant's arrival set the whole household astir, eager for a share in the expected spoils. Madame de Monglat hurried the Dauphin into the courtyard of the castle to receive Sully with as much honor as if he had been the King himself. To please the great man, the little prince put his enfants d'honneur and other attendants through a drill with their toy harquebuses and swords. At the end of the show Monsieur de Sully gave the Dauphin fifty crowns, which his mock soldiers seized out of his hands so quickly that he had scarce time even to feel them. At last but one piece remained, which he held fast in spite of the efforts of Madame de Monglat's tailor to get it from him. "Hé hé, he 's trying to take it from me!" shouted the child. Madame de Monglat took it, gathered together all the rest of the coins from the reluctant hands of their possessors, and *kept them all.* The prince did not complain, but soon after he said, "But I, too, was a soldier, and I did n't get any money."

Herouard always maintained that a certain reluctance to both spend and

give, which characterized Louis in later years, was the direct result of Madame de Monglat's teaching and example.

Theoretically, the Dauphin was the head of the household at St. Germain, and though the discipline to which he was subjected was severe enough, the theory was carried out in all seriousness. The difference made between him and his own brothers and sisters was considerable. They called him "Monsieur" and "papa petit." Between him and his legitimatized half brothers and sisters, the children of Beaufort, Verneuil, Essars, and Moret, the gap was enormous. By them the simple Monsieur was generally changed into "mon maître," whereas he called them "féfé" and "sœu-sœu," in distinction from the "mon frère" and "ma sœur" which he used to his legitimate brothers and sisters. The Dauphin from his earliest infancy was under no illusion concerning these féfés and sœu-sœus. "They are another race of dogs," said he one day to some one who spoke of the Duke and Chevalier of Vendôme as his brothers. "My race is the best, and then féfé Vendôme and féfé Chevalier, and then féfé Verneuil, and then that little Moret comes last." When he heard of "that little Moret's" birth, he sobbed out: "He 's not papa's; he 's his mother's. I will give you a hundred blows if you call him my brother."

One day, Herouard records the following conversation: "Monsieur le Dauphin, Madame des Essars has a daughter. There is another sœu-sœu for you. Papa intends to have her brought here for the christening, and you are to be godfather." "How will they bring her?" he asked. "In a litter, Monsieur." "Ah, yes," said he, nodding his head and smiling; "and if it were mamma's litter I would climb upon the mules, and I would make them run so and run so till they tumbled down."

Once, when he was three years old, he came into the castle chapel, — St. Louis's chapel, which no one will ever see again except in the brand-new copy which the Republic has had built, — and there found the Chevalier and Mademoiselle de Vendôme saying their prayers on hassocks. Now the use of hassocks in church was a privilege of the blood royal, and the Dauphin was enraged at the presumption of his half brother and sister. "Get up, get off there!" he shouted. "Pray to God on the floor." And the two children obeyed. But in spite of some outbursts of jealousy, the Dauphin was fond of his half-brothers, Alexandre, Chevalier de Vendôme, and Henri de Verneuil, whilst they were all boys together. On one occasion, when the Chevalier left for a long absence, Louis, with ill-suppressed tears, gave him a watch because it was his very own to give. After any separation, he eagerly welcomed both him and Verneuil back to St. Germain. At the same time, whilst we read of the jealous ill will which occasionally the Dauphin undoubtedly showed toward his half brothers and sisters, it is interesting to remember the various fates which befell them in after years when he had ascended the throne. Alexandre, Chevalier de Vendôme, was left to die in prison; Moret fell on the battlefield fighting the King; the Duke of Vendôme and his sister, then Duchess of Elbœuf, lived exiled from court, and often in a foreign land; Henri de Verneuil found safety in insignificance.

The family of children at St. Germain, however, did not always submit to the Dauphin's whims. One quaint little scene shows his eldest sister standing up for the rest. The King had directed Madame de Monglat to give the Vendôme and Verneuil children their dinner with the Dauphin and his sisters. Louis received the order to allow Verneuil and the Chevalier to dine with him as a terrible insult. "Valets should not dine with their masters," he said angrily. Little Madame Elizabeth preached at him from her end of the table: "Ha Jésus, Monsieur, you must not do like

that. Nobody thinks you the King's only son. One must n't have fancies. One gets spanked for them, — smack, — smack. Mamanga will whip you." The Dauphin held his peace, for whipping was no empty threat in the nursery at St. Germain.

When Louis was six years old, the King thus wrote to Madame de Monglat, the "mamanga" of nursery language: "I am vexed with you because you have not sent me word that you have whipped my son, for I wish and command you to whip him every time he is willful or naughty, knowing by my own experience that nothing will do him so much good." And yet to modern ideas Madame de Monglat does not seem to have erred on the side of leniency. From the time the little prince was two years old "fouetté pour être opiniâtre" was a very frequent entry of Herouard's.

In spite, however, of the Dauphin's outbursts of tyranny in the nursery, the children were really fond of one another; Louis and Elizabeth, who was afterward Queen of Spain, were especially attached. He admitted her to as much equality with himself as a girl could hope for from one born to be a king. They shared a good deal of their life together; indeed, they were even popped into the same bath. This is Herouard's entry, which in its way is as striking as anything in the book: "2 August, 1608. Bathed *for the first time*, put into the bath, and Madame with him. He rubbed himself with the vine leaves." The Dauphin was seven, and "Madame," as Elizabeth was always called, a year younger. True, an entry in his fourth year testifies to the fact that he had his feet washed with a damp cloth; when he was six, Herouard says: "They washed his feet in tepid water in the Queen's basin. It was the first time." But such events are rarely recorded. Baths were obviously medicinal, and were strewn with vine leaves or fresh rose petals to impart healing properties. In one such bath Louis sailed a little fleet of boats laden with the wet red roses, saying they were bound for India and Goa. He stayed in the water for three quarters of an hour, and passed the day in bed to recover from the fatigue. Happily, when he was eight years old his father taught him to swim in the Seine, and afterward he was fond of the pastime. In later years he frequently indulged in a bath in his own room. Even as a child he did not like dirt nor the grossnesses of life which disfigured his nursery; and he very early began to develop that love of privacy and decorum which made his court such a contrast to the warm, wanton rush of life in which men lived in the days of Henri le Grand.

Nothing is odder in the customs which prevailed in St. Germain-en-Laye than the access which all classes had to the castle. One day a peddler woman from Paris found her way into the Dauphin's nursery, and amused him by her rough dancing. Another time Louis refused to eat his dinner until three gypsies had been turned out of the room; they smelt, he declared. During another dinner "he sat silent, carried away by the joy of hearing a flageolet played by a lame beggar. After playing some time the man said in a gruff voice, 'Monsieur, drink to me.' The Dauphin turned red, and cried, 'I wish him to go.' 'But, Monsieur,' said I [writes Dr. Jean Herouard], 'he is a poor man; you must not send him away like that.' 'Poor people must not come here.' 'Not even if they play as well as he does?' I asked. 'Let him play downstairs. I was amazed at him. I drink only to papa and mamma.'"

To drink to a person was a compliment which a Dauphin paid to very few. Gypsies Louis always especially disliked to have near him. Once when a company of them found their way into the great hall of the castle to celebrate a wedding by a dance, — as was the cus-

tom among all the poor in the neighborhood, — he commanded his gentlemen not to dance with them. "You shall not touch the hands of those horrid women; they are so dirty," he said. "I shall have a great fagot of juniper lighted in the hall to purify it."

When he was deputed by the King to take his place in the Maundy Thursday ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, Louis rebelled. "I 'll wash the girls' feet," he said, "but not the boys'. But when he stood before the outstretched feet, basin and towel before him, and the princes of the blood and the great officers of the household on either hand, he shrank back in disgust. "I won't; they smell!" he sobbed. "But the King does it," urged Madame de Monglat. "Ah, but I 'm not the King," answered the Dauphin.

And yet many instances of kindness prove that this shrinking from the poor was a shrinking of taste, and not of heart. As a child he was generally sensitive to suffering, whether of men or animals. He who hated of all things to ask a favor would beg a soldier off punishment, or stop a bear fight because of his pity for the dogs, or bid an old man sit in his presence, or cry at the sight of his mother chiding an attendant. His care of the birds snow-bound in the great frost of 1608 is one among many instances of his love of animals. "They cannot keep the Dauphin near the fire," writes Herouard. "He is always by the windows overlooking the meadows. Whilst writing my ink freezes. He supped at a quarter to seven. The cover froze to the glass and the glass to the 'tasting dish' [for the Dauphin had his taster as the King had]. At supper he told me all about the little birds caught in the snow, which he had had put in an aviary on his balcony.

"'I have a company of birds,' he said. 'There is a chaffinch who is the captain, and another chaffinch who is the lieutenant, and another who is the ensign. There is a lark who is the drummer, and a goldfinch who is the piper. And every day I have an earthen pot of hot ashes put there, and they come round it, two by two, to warm themselves, and they sing. And then I put wine in the water they drink, and the drummer got drunk.'"

Louis must have got the wine from some of his attendants, for it was not served at his table until after he had, at the age of eight, left St. Germain for the Louvre. Herouard disapproved of wine, and early taught Louis those habits of temperance which he practiced throughout life. The child preached what he learnt. One day his sister Elizabeth came to sup with him at the Louvre.

"Sister," said he, "you are too young to drink wine. Now I am eight years old I drink it, but I am a year older than you. Butler Giles, don't give my sister wine. She is too young."

Some of the most interesting entries in the journal are those which describe the children's games and pastimes. In a land like France, where a nobleman would sooner serve in the army as a common soldier than not serve at all, and where dueling was practiced to an extent which was the despair of the government and an outrage to the feelings of other nations, it was natural that games of soldiers should be the most popular. Toy swords and harquebuses, mimic armor, drilling and sentry duties, even lead soldiers and toy cannon, were the joy of the Dauphin and his companions. When the child is four years old his doctor writes, "He seems cramful of war and weapons." But children always have played at soldiers, and probably always will; it is more interesting to learn what other and more peaceable amusements they had three hundred years ago. These children played with paints and brushes, they dirtied their pinafores with mud pies, they had dolls and toy carts, and above all figures and animals of every kind made in the pot-

teries at Fontainebleau. Sometimes they made gardens, and sometimes houses with the stones and mortar which the builders of Henri's new castle left lying about. Occasionally very elaborate toys were given them, as when Madame Elizabeth received a toy room with a decapitated Holofernes lying abed in it, while Judith stood by contemplating his head. Now and then curious glimpses into character can be got from the children's games. The Dauphin, for instance, one day, almost before he could speak, revealed his dislike of Concini, his mother's favorite. The child was playing at coach with four dolls who represented the Queen and her ladies. "Where 's my wife's place, Monsieur?" asked Concini. "Ugh," said the Dauphin, pointing to a little ledge outside the back of the toy coach. That was good enough for the Queen's foster sister, Madame Concini. Fourteen years later Louis looked on while Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, fell murdered on the bridge of the Louvre. A few weeks afterward his miserable wife was carried through the streets of Paris to the place of her execution.

Some of the Dauphin's keenest pleasures were found in painting and music; for Florence, with all her glorious traditions of art, threw her influence over this son of a Medici. Louis was always skillful in whatever was to be done by the hand, and in nothing did he show this more in early childhood than in his use of paints and brushes. As an older boy he excelled in the construction of mechanical toys, and it is interesting to remember that this dexterity and love of handicrafts reappeared in his descendant Louis XVI. a hundred and fifty years after. To illustrate the Dauphin's love of painting Herouard tells the following anecdote of him in his sixth year: "He pretended to be asleep this morning for fear of a whipping for his naughtiness the night before." (It was a disagreeable custom to whip the children in the early morning for their willfulness overnight, — a habit which was continued after Louis became King when he was eight years old.) "The Dauphin begged Madame de Monglat not to punish him, and 'all day I will be so good. I 'll say my prayers and repeat my verses, and I will paint you a beautiful little cherubim.'

"'Oh, you don't know how to paint fine weather,' answered Madame de Monglat.

"'Yes, I do. I should take white, and then blue, and then flesh color, and for the sun I should take yellow and red; and then I should take white and yellow and make a face, and that would be the moon.'"

Somewhere up above the nursery Herouard had a little study, which was often a refuge for the child on wet days. There was kept Gesner's animal book, the atlas, and the book of Roman antiquities, wherein Louis saw, not Coliseums and Pantheons, but Fontainebleau, where the happy autumn months of every year were passed. There, too, Herouard told stories, — charming nonsense stories to the baby Dauphin, stories of St. Louis and Daniel and Goliath as the child grew older.

"I shall learn all the stories in the Bible," said Louis, after listening to the history of Goliath, "and tell them to papa, because they are true. My sister will tell stories of the wasp who stung the goat's back, which are not true, but I shall tell only true stories."

Herouard's Bible stories must have been better teaching for Louis than the sort of religious education which he picked up from the women who surrounded him. The following conversation with his nurse, when he was three years old, is a good example. She was endeavoring to extract something of a moral out of a furious storm of passion into which he had fallen with his father and his gouvernante.

"Monsieur," said she, "you have been very naughty. You must not do so."

"I'll kill mamanga, I'll kill all the world, I'll kill God!" he answered with great sobs.

"Oh no, Monsieur, you must not kill God; you drink his blood every time you drink wine," answered the nurse.

"Do I drink the blood of the good God? Then I won't kill him." The passion was calmed, but at the cost of how strange a chaos of belief!

Besides the pleasure of the picture books and the stories which supplied a large part of Louis's scanty education, Herouard also taught him how to write letters to his father and mother. Surely no more natural and charming letters exist than these, of which, fortunately for us, the doctor has preserved copies in his journal. Here is the first, written in the baby talk which the child used whilst the doctor guided the little fingers over the paper. The trilled *r* is missing, and sometimes the *l*, for it was long before Louis could pronounce these letters.

Juin, 1604 (not quite three years old).

Papa ie say ben equivé non pa enco lisé. Moucheu de Oni m'a annoié un home amé et un beau caoche ou é ma maitesse l'infante, é une belle poupée a theu-theu. I m'a pomi un beau gan li pou couché, ie ne sui pus peti anfan. Jay ben chau dan mon bechau, ma pume est fo pesante ie ne pui pu equivé, ie vous baise te humbleman lé main papa é à ma bone maman é sui papa vote te humbe é te obeissan fis é cheuiteu.

DAUFIN.

What with Louis's lisp and the doctor's spelling, a translation seems not unnecessary. The Monsieur de 'Oni is Rosny, soon afterward Duke of Sully, the famous Surintendant. The Infanta is Anne of Austria, afterward Louis's wife, and always the subject of much nursery jesting. The sœu-sœu is probably Madame Elizabeth, for at three the Dauphin had not mastered the more formal "ma sœur," and Rosny is not likely to have brought Mademoiselle de Vendôme, generally known as sœu-sœu, a doll.

Papa, I know how to write, but not how to read. Monsieur de Rosny has sent me a man in armor and a fine coach with my mistress the Infanta in it, and a beautiful doll to sissy. He has promised me a fine big bed to sleep in. I am not a little child any longer. I was very hot in my cradle. My pen is very heavy, I cannot write any more. I very humbly kiss your hands, papa, and my dear mamma's, and am, papa, your very humble and very obedient servant.

DAUPHIN.

The following letter to Queen Marie de Medici, written when he was four, is perhaps one of the prettiest of them all; it is, moreover, the only childish letter addressed to his mother. Henri often wrote in reply, but Louis one day asked wistfully why his mother never wrote. "Papa tells me," he said, "that she makes ever so many smudges; but if she wrote to me, even if there were smudges, I should take care of the letter."

October 17, 1605.

Mamma, I want so much to see you and my little brother of Orleans, and if you do not come soon, I shall get my white riding coat and my stockings and boots, and I shall get on my little horse and go patata, patata. Mamma, I shall start to-morrow, early in the morning, for fear of the flies. Mamma, they tell me you have something pretty for me, and I want so much to see it. Do come, dear mamma. It is such fine weather, and you will find me so good. Meantime I am, mamma, your very humble and very obedient son.

DAUPHIN.

As for the baby he was in such a hurry to see, when it arrived in the following February, it turned out to be a girl. The Dauphin eagerly desired to have a

brother, and when not only Orleans but Anjou was born, he said proudly, "Now we are three to serve papa."

In spite of the fact that Henri was a severe and often impatient father, it is clear that his children regarded him with great affection. He teased them and chastised them, but he also loved them with an almost feminine tenderness. Certainly no childish impression more profoundly modified Louis's life than his love and reverence for his father; not all his mother's adverse teaching, not all her wanton undoing of Henri's work, could efface this impression from the mind of the boy. The uncertain driftings of the early years of his reign, after the fall of the regent, were but efforts to return to the policy which Henri had cherished, and Marie de Medici had overthrown; and Richelieu's limitless power in later years was possible only because Louis recognized in his minister these opinions and aspirations which he associated with the memory of his father. It is impossible to give the many anecdotes which would illustrate how ready the Dauphin was to adopt his father's tastes and prejudices, and how lastingly they stayed by him; but two little stories will serve to show how fond they were of each other. Henri often rode out to St. Germain to visit his children and share in their games. One day, as he was leaving, Louis followed him to the top of the staircase, silent and sad.

"What, my son, have you not a word to say to me?" asked the King. "Are you not going to kiss me when I go away?"

The Dauphin began to cry silently, doing his best to hide his tears before all the company. The King, changing color and nearly crying himself, took him in his arms, kissed and embraced him, saying: "I shall say as God says in the Scriptures, 'My son, I am well pleased to see these tears. I will give heed to them.'"

"When Monsieur le Dauphin got back to his room, I [Jean Herouard] asked him what the King had said. 'He told me to learn to shoot an harquebus,' answered the Dauphin. I pressed him, but he stuck to it. I left him, and he cried long and heartily."

The last of the Dauphin's birthdays that the father and child ever passed together was celebrated by a little feast. The King drank to the Dauphin's health.

"My son," he said, "I pray God I shall be able to give you a whipping twenty years hence."

"No, no, if you please, papa."

"What, don't you want me to be able?"

"No, no, if you please."

Eight months later, Henri's murdered body was brought back to the Louvre. "Ah, if I had only been there with my sword!" sobbed the little eight-year-old King. A few mornings after, his nurse found him lying awake in his bed, sad and thoughtful.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Nurse, I am wishing so hard that my father had lived twenty years longer, and that I were not King."

Lucy Crump.

COÖPERATION IN THE WEST.

SINCE the flannel weavers of Rochdale began the work which has made them famous, it is to be doubted if there has been a coöperative movement which has been more successful than that of the coöperative creameries developed in the last ten years by the farmers of certain of our Western and Northwestern states. What these farmers have accomplished deserves attention for its significance, and still more for its promise.

Their business, which amounted at the beginning of the decade only to a few hundred dollars, has so grown that it now involves millions of dollars; yet they have had none of the benefits of the composite coöperation of the great wholesale societies of England and Scotland. They have had, to be sure, some measure of benefit from the little information that they had about these bodies, but in the main they have been forced, unaided, to solve the serious and important problems which have confronted them.

The individual coöperators as well as the individual coöperative societies of Great Britain have had the stimulus of composite coöperation. The growth of the English and Scottish societies, which remains one of the marvels of coöperation, has been most pronounced since the "wholesales" were founded. The two wholesales — that of Manchester established in 1864, and that of Glasgow in 1868 — have not only been a great common bond between the individual members, but, joining the many thousands of coöperators in a close and sympathetic union, have handled a volume of business amounting in 1898 to ninety million dollars. In a certain sense, these wholesales stand as the parent bodies. Each individual society has a direct interest in the wholesale, and may be said to be tributary to it. Just as union in America and federation in Canada have brought common strength through the exercise and resulting development of the powers of state and province, so strength has come to these coöperative bodies through further combination.

In our Western states coöperation has advanced with none of this composite influence. The farmers have engaged as individuals. Probably they have never had any general interest in coöperation as it is practiced in Great Britain: first, because, with few exceptions, they have never given it study; and secondly, because they have been absorbed with their own problems. While in the English and Scottish societies many different lines of commerce and manufacturing are represented, uniting diverse interests and giving a greater total strength, these creamery coöperators have been confined to one product. What these farmers shall accomplish when coöperative in many branches is quite out of estimate. Lord Rosebery, in an address before the cooperative congress in Glasgow, in 1890, used an expression which has since become very popular among English and Scottish coöperators: "The number of your members, the extent of your capital, and the great principle of the union of interests which guides the movement, in my opinion, constitute nothing less than a state within a state."

If the other departments of the farm, the shop, and the store shall ever be placed on as stable a coöperative foundation as the one on which many hundreds of Western creameries now rest, we shall have in this country a state within a state that will be of colossal proportions.

It was not an atmosphere of sentiment, or even of philanthropy, in which the coöperative creameries were begun. Their organizers did not begin as disciples of Bellamy, or followers of the Oneida and Amana communities; it is proba-

ble that very few of them had ever heard of Brook Farm. But the fact that their plans were almost devoid of theory suggests a reason for the success which has been reached.

This coöperative movement in the West has made most rapid progress in the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. Dairy farmers in other states have been testing it, and as the advantages of the system become more widely appreciated, and the slight chance of failure, when sound business principles are followed, becomes more apparent, wider areas will be covered. Exact data are not available as to the number of coöperative creameries in the Western dairy districts, nor are official figures obtainable to show the output and the value of the product, but, speaking broadly, the volume of business transacted in the year 1898 was upwards of thirty million dollars. In view of the fact that the movement is less than a decade old, and that there has been but one branch of enterprise, the efforts of these farmers will bear comparison with the British wholesales.

The value of the creamery products of the United States, it may be noted in passing, amounted in 1895, the latest year for which national statistics are available, to over five hundred million dollars. A very large amount of butter is still made, in some of the states, on farms, under the old individual plan; but should the ratio of coöperative creamery increase shown in several of the Western states continue, and the coöperation spread more widely, the entire production of the country must be largely influenced.

As a further indication of the magnitude of this movement, it may be noted that in the state of Minnesota, where ten years ago there were no coöperative creameries, now, out of a total of six hundred and fifty, four hundred and fifty are coöperative; that in Wisconsin about one thousand out of sixteen hundred are coöperative; while in Iowa, despite the fact that unsound business principles have here and there prevailed to the detriment of coöperation, more than one third of all the creameries of the state are coöperative at present.

In some of the Western states joint-stock companies carry on the business, the stockholders not necessarily being residents of the community. They may or may not include the patrons of the creamery among their stockholders. In some cases the coöperative plan is adhered to, the creamery being established as a joint-stock company, but conducted along coöperative lines.

Mr. Henry E. Alvord, chief of the dairy division in the bureau of animal industry of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, in a letter to the writer speaks of the subject of coöperation among creameries from the national point of view. He says: —

"There are now about ten thousand creameries and cheese factories in the United States, and the number is gradually increasing. The rapid growth in the new territory west and south of Minnesota is partially offset by the discontinuance and consolidation of creameries in the older and more thickly settled dairy districts. The tendency in Minnesota and the Dakotas seems to be towards organization upon the coöperative plan, which to my mind has very great advantages. In Nebraska and Kansas there is a decided preference for the proprietary system, stock companies establishing a central manufacturing plant, and then a number of outlying skimming stations, which can be reached usually by rail. In Iowa, although the dairy industry was there mainly developed through coöperative creameries, there seems to be a reaction, and the establishments are passing into the hands of single proprietors, partners, or stock companies. This does not seem to be because there is any real advantage in the proprietary system; and in-

deed, I still argue that the coöperative form is the more truly economical for the farmer. But the trouble seems to be that some of the farmers cannot or will not pull together, and lack the business experience and capacity necessary to successful management."

These coöperative creameries have had other influences than those strictly commercial. The necessity, for one thing, that there should be an absolutely pure and cleanly supply of milk has stimulated a better order of affairs on the farms and in the farmhouses. The increase in the revenue of the farmer, and the regularity and constancy of this increase, have helped him to give his family added comforts hitherto beyond his reach. Before the establishment of the high creamery standard, there were nearly as many kinds of butter as there were farmers, and almost as many prices. All this is now changed, and the butter made in the flourishing coöperative creamery of to-day, whether sold for the European market, for the critical cities of the East, or for consumption at the country cross-roads, is pure, sweet, and rich, — as was not always the case in the days of farm churnings.

The organization of a typical Western coöperative creamery is very simple. Prospective members meet at a convenient farmhouse or town hall, adopt a constitution and enact by-laws. The best results seem to be reached in districts of a radius not exceeding five miles, the creamery being established near a railway station and near the centre of the district. Usually from thirty to fifty farmers sign the registration agreement, and these pledge the number of cows from which they will supply milk. It has been found that a capital of from two thousand to three thousand dollars is ample for the average coöperative creamery, larger capital being unnecessary and tending to unsatisfactory results.

The organization agreement is direct and clear. It sets forth the object, — to manufacture butter, though cheese-making is also provided for, the manufacture to be at actual cost; names the officials, as president, secretary, and so on; provides for a board of directors, consisting of the officers and three trustees, and this body is also a board of audit. The by-laws fix the bonds for the treasurer and provide for the sinking fund, which is maintained by setting aside a uniform sum each day, usually five cents for every hundred pounds of milk received. In a creamery using two million pounds of milk a year, this ratio yields a sinking fund of a thousand dollars for general repairs and the like, which at any time may easily be reduced if found too large.

At least twice a month the milk from the cans of each farmer is tested as to the amount of butter fat it contains, and the result determines the farmer's credit upon the books of the secretary. The test also serves to show if there has been any adulteration. Should a farmer be found adulterating his milk with water or anything else, or should he be found guilty of skimming it, he is fined: for the first offense, ten dollars; for the second, twenty-five dollars; for the third he forfeits all interest in the association and all claims for milk theretofore delivered, having, of course, sufficient time and opportunity in which to offer defense.

While this new and powerful coöperative element has been making remarkable progress during the decade soon to close, it would be unfair not to note the reverses it has encountered. In most of the states it is impossible to obtain any clear data as to the number of failures, but in the state of Minnesota, where some effort has been made to collect such material, they appear to have been about twelve per cent of the total. These failures, however, should be charged up mainly to the earlier years of the decade, when the enterprise was so largely tentative, and when some of the farmers had not yet learned the necessity of maintaining strict business principles. I think

it is but fair to say that, where ordinary sagacity and business sense have been applied, the failures in coöperative creamery work in the West have been fewer than in any other line of business.

The situation in one of the larger counties of Minnesota illustrates the practical character of the movement. The introduction of the coöperative creamery has practically revolutionized the financial transactions of the county. There are in the shire twenty-nine creameries on the coöperative plan, having a membership and patrons numbering about twenty-seven hundred farmers; also one creamery on the stock-company plan, and two cheese factories. The cash receipts from these creameries aggregate perhaps a million dollars a year.

When the first of them was established, about ten years ago, there were twenty-four mortgage foreclosures in the county in one year. In 1894 there was but one, in 1895 none, in 1896 three. In 1897 the delinquent tax list was only one fifth as large as in 1887. The average deposits of the farmers in the banks of one of the towns of the county in 1886 were fifty-six thousand dollars, while the average in 1896 was three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. These do not include the deposits of the creameries of the vicinity; the latter, in 1898, averaging sixty thousand dollars. In 1889 farm lands sold at from ten to thirty dollars per acre; in 1898 they sold at from twenty-five to sixty dollars per acre.

The county depends wholly upon agriculture. About the time these coöperative creameries were established, the successive failures of the wheat crop had left the farmers in a deplorable condition. There were no manufacturing plants to which they might look for relief, and there was no raw material to dispose of had there been manufacturing plants. With no outside aid of any kind, in spite of coöperative failures among Western farmers in other lines, relying solely upon one another and their belief in the virtue of genuine coöperation, these farmers undertook the experiment. They have since proved to their own satisfaction the practical benefits of businesslike coöperation, while all unconsciously they have given the rest of the world's toilers an object lesson and an inspiration.

But no consideration of this form of coöperation in the United States is complete or adequate without recognition of the coöperation of the East, and more particularly of the New England states. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, coöperation in dairying in New England began in the year 1879, when a number of farmers gathered in the town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, and, under the supervision of Mr. Henry Alvord, chief of the dairy division of the Department of Agriculture, established a coöperative dairy. It became operative the following year, and was swift to demonstrate its fitness to be recognized as a pioneer in an important field of economic endeavor.

Associated dairying had flourished in the state of New York for some years prior to this, having much the same form and spirit; indeed, as early as the year 1860 the farmers of that state united in groups in the manufacture of cheese on an association basis.

From the time the Hatfield coöperators began their work the movement steadily gained in scope and power, and it is not too much to say that out of it has grown one of the most important features of the industrial life of New England. Very much the same methods are here followed as those which are practiced in the West. In point of fact, the West has drawn liberally upon the East for suggestions. Here, as in the West, success has invariably followed when to honesty of purpose have been added business sagacity and an insistent recognition of the rights of others.

Recently, while making a study of a phase of English coöperation in Rochdale, the home of the movement, my at-

tention was called to a novel feature, — or rather, an attendant feature, since it was not a part of coöperation, — the competition of coöperative organizations in like lines of effort. This novel element has appeared in America, also, and an interesting example of it is shown in Vermont. There are over two hundred and fifty creameries and cheese factories in that state, many of which are coöperative. A well-informed gentleman residing in Vermont, who is much interested in the coöperative movement, has called the writer's attention to the competition which has sprung up among the coöperative creameries there; noting the fact that, in a state no larger than Vermont, so many creameries introduce unfortunate conditions through the sharp competition among them.

In any study of coöperation, this feature of what might be termed internecine or abnormal activity, no matter what the form of coöperation, has unusual significance.

Vermont furnishes an excellent illustration also of the remarkable growth of the coöperative movement. One of the first coöperative creameries in the state was established in 1880. It now uses the cream from the milk of some three thousand cows, making from eight to ten tons of butter per day under one roof, a total output for the year of upwards of three million pounds.

Doubtless this form of coöperation would be still more widely extended in New England but for the amount of milk shipped to the large cities. In Connecticut, for example, over three hundred and fifty million quarts of milk are annually produced, very much of which is not available for creamery use, as it goes direct to the city consumer in the form of milk. There are, however, over fifty creameries in the state, and of this number about forty are coöperative. Incidentally, it is of interest to note that, through the advanced methods of modern dairying made possible by the agricultural education of the latter part of the present century, the average yield of milk from a single cow in Connecticut has increased from 277.2 gallons in 1860 to 425.4 gallons in 1898.

Massachusetts is known, at home and abroad, as a manufacturing state, and yet the value of the agricultural property of the commonwealth had reached, in 1895, the enormous sum of two hundred and twenty million dollars, two thirds of the value of all the manufacturing plants in the state. The value of the product of her creameries increased from eighty thousand dollars in 1880, the year that coöperation in creameries was introduced into New England through Massachusetts, to nearly two million dollars in 1895; and I presume the figures for the past year, 1899, will, when available, show a still more significant contrast.

Out of forty-one creameries in Massachusetts at present under the authority of the commonwealth, thirty-four are coöperative. An interesting fact in connection with the butter trade of this state is that, according to the estimate made by the dairy bureau, the amount of butter consumed was larger in the year 1898 by nearly two hundred and forty-five thousand pounds than it would have been but for the stringent laws enforced against fraudulent butter. That is to say, the consumption was that much larger than it would have been had imitation butter been allowed full and free sale.

In all the New England states the farmers have been as keenly alive to the dangers of fraud as the farmers of the West, and in each state stringent laws are in force providing severe penalties for the sale of fraudulent butter. It is of interest to note in this connection that the average annual production of oleomargarine in the United States is now less than fifty million pounds, while from 1886 to 1897 inclusive over five hundred million pounds of it were made, representing a value of nearly thirteen million dollars.

In the New England as well as in the

Western states, the coöperative movement has received a substantial though indirect impetus from the great agricultural colleges and experiment stations. Very many of these institutions hold what are known as dairy schools for farmers. Once a year, for six weeks or two months, either in winter or in summer, the farmers gather at these institutions, and are taught how to make butter, or how to make better butter than they have ever made before, how to care for their stock in more sensible ways, and the like. Quite naturally, a similar impulse, only more clearly defined, is given to the dairy interests by the young men who graduate from these institutions, and who take back to the farms so many new and sensible ideas; but these dairy schools for the farmers themselves are of large practical value in that they deal directly with the materials at hand, and present definite results in dollars and cents.

Broadly speaking, agricultural education is less than half a century old. Its influence upon the farm life of America, steadily increasing, has never been so large as at the present time, and in no department of farm life has it been more effective than in that of dairying. These dairy schools for farmers are in active operation now in thirty-one states. Not only is instruction given in the making of butter and cheese, teaching how the butter may be made so that it will yield invariably a higher market price than under old methods, but there are practical exercises in the testing of milk, a condensed study of the bacteriology of the dairy, with valuable lectures on the breeding and feeding of dairy cattle. Such instruction as this, on so large a scale, has never before been possible: it is a trustworthy handmaiden of coöperation.

Lord Rosebery's "state within a state" is not necessarily located in Utopia. Should coöperation be extended among the farmers of the United States as successfully in other lines as it has been carried on in the manufacture of butter, the state within a state will be more powerful in America than in Britain. Should this businesslike coöperation be expanded, until it embraces the production and the marketing of grains and grasses, the raising and selling of cattle, sheep, and hogs; should it indeed include at last the loom, the mill, and the shambles, there must come a readjustment of our entire economic relations, at once important and unique.

There have been coöperative efforts along other lines in this country: some of them successful; others, through a lack of that business sagacity the creamery coöperators have shown, failures. But while there has been a good deal of serious coöperative effort, there yet remains unoccupied the vast open field of national endeavor. From 1861 to 1899 the trade of all the coöperative societies in Great Britain has amounted to over one billion fifteen million dollars, while the net profits during that period have been upwards of sixteen million dollars. There appears to be no reason why, in a country whose people are as sympathetic with reforms as are our own, — or better, as sympathetic with readjustments, — success should not attend general, sensible coöperation.

While we need not look for any immediate readjustment of our industrial relations, simply because certain farmers have successfully demonstrated the value of sensible coöperation, — not ignoring, however, the chance that such readjustment may be nearer than we think, — let us give our attention to the ease with which all lines of farm life lend themselves to this form of enterprise.

You can scarcely mention a department of farm activity not adaptable to coöperation, when it is based on sound business principles. Take, if you will, wheat-raising, one of the chief industries of agriculture. While it is conducted by individuals on a larger scale than the creamery industry, with relatively larger losses and gains, there appears to

be no valid objection to general coöperation in wheat-growing. A dozen or even twenty farmers, in a given locality, might readily unite their forces in this occupation. In no sense need the idea of communal life be admitted, nor would there be need of any merging of ownership in lands: the coöperation would consist in the common buying and planting of seed, the joint ownership of the more expensive machinery, the establishing of an overseeing board, with a general superintendent of operations, a clerical official, and perhaps a treasurer. When the threshing stage was reached the question of fair market would arise. How would these coöperators be able to meet all the incidental expenses from seedtime to harvest, and secure a fair value for their wheat, no matter what the current market price? This might be difficult if there were but one or two such coöperative centres in a given state; but there appears to be no sound reason why each coöperative centre should not articulate with others in a given county or state, or group of states, for that matter. Nor is there any sound economic reason why these farmers, thus organized, should not maintain their own storage places: farmers have already shown that they are able, under the most distressing competition, to hold their wheat in their own elevators.

In short, the same kind of sensible coöperation that has been so successful among the creamery men may be adapted to the raising of sheep and cattle, to market gardening, be the scale large or small, to horticulture, to the raising of corn and of cotton. In any successful coöperative movement there must be thorough confidence, absolute honesty on the part of officials, a free and full understanding by all concerned of the problems arising, and a firm determination to keep the business within the control of its membership.

The farmers who are so successfully manufacturing butter have not only shown the financial soundness and the commercial importance of their effort, but they have demonstrated in a peculiarly interesting way the claims of a writer on coöperation: that it "injures no man's fortunes, causes no disturbance in society, needs no trades union to protect its interests, subverts no order, expects no gift, and asks no favor."

A little over a half century ago, the flannel weavers of Rochdale, holding to the "ready money" principle and maintaining that credit was a social evil, began, on a capital of twenty-eight pounds, a coöperative enterprise that has been as great a surprise to statesmen and economists as it has been a boon and a stimulus to laborers. In this thriving English city one may note certain tangible proofs not only of the power of coöperation, but of its vigor and endurance. While untoward conditions surrounded the handful of men who initiated modern coöperation in Rochdale; while, as they advanced so slowly, failure seemed so often imminent; while foes and lukewarm friends each exerted their baleful influence, yet the coöperation of the weavers made progress, until to-day, as you pass up and down the streets of the rushing city, and bear in mind its condition when the coöperative movement was here instituted, you marvel at the civic as well as the individual and personal proofs of the splendid strength of this great industrial enterprise. In the year 1844 this society had twenty-eight members; it now has over twelve thousand. In 1844 it had a capital of one hundred and forty dollars; in 1900 it has assets amounting to nearly two million dollars, while the profits of the business amount to upwards of three hundred thousand dollars a year. The creamery coöperators of our Western states have followed closely in the path of the weavers, from the hour when many of them saw, as did the men of Rochdale, distress and privation ahead, with little hope of relief under existing circumstances.

In the preface of his edition of the History of the Rochdale Pioneers, issued in 1892, George Jacob Holyoake says: "The Italians have a proverb of unusual sagacity for that quick-witted people, namely, 'They who go slowly go far.' Coöperation has gone both slow and far. It has issued like the tortoise from its Lancashire home in England; it has traversed France, Germany, and even the frozen steppes of Russia; the bright-minded Bengalese are applying it, as is the soon-seeing and far-seeing American; and our own emigrant countrymen in Australia are endeavoring to naturalize it there. Like a good chronometer, coöperation is unaffected by change of climate and goes well in every land."

In view of the success of the farmers of the West as well as those of the East, and of the vast field before them, in common with the toilers in many lines of effort, it seems temperate to say that American coöperative industries may become one of the great standard business activities which register the rise and fall of national prosperity.

W. S. Harwood.

A GREAT MODERN SPANIARD.

At first thought, the existence in the Spain of to-day of a literature that ranks with the best of other countries in its modern quality of thought and in masterly form would seem to be a most remarkable phenomenon. But, after all, it is not so remarkable; for if there is a law in these things, the law must demand that literary activity shall persist so long as the language and the race that produced it may exist. If the land of Shakespeare has a great contemporary literature, why not the land of Cervantes and Calderon?

But the conditions are different, it is replied. England is mighty; Spain is weak. English-speaking peoples are literate; Spaniards are illiterate.

England, however, was an illiterate country when it produced Shakespeare, — probably more illiterate than Spain was in the day of Cervantes. Spain is still an illiterate country, — much less so, indeed, than when Don Quixote was written; but conditions not radically unlike those that prompted Cervantes to his immortal utterance prompt the eminent Spanish authors of the present. Now, as then, these conditions compel great thoughts to expression; and now, as it was then, the speaking has more regard to the quality of the audience than to its numbers. In the latter respect the audience has given little pecuniary encouragement. This constituency, however, we should bear in mind, is wider than that comprised in the few millions of the Iberian Peninsula. For as Greater Britain extends around the world and includes the American republic in its realm of letters, so Greater Spain is also world-embracing; and that its reading public is by no means inconsiderable is manifest in the numerous bookstores to be found in capitals like Mexico and Havana.

Aside from a group of brilliant dramatists that make the Spanish theatre of to-day a force as vital as it was in the times of Calderon and Lope de Vega, contemporary Spanish literature can show a list of eminent names in fiction. At its head stand Pereda, Galdós, Alarcon, Valera, Emilia Pardo Bazan, and Valdés. Less known, as yet, outside of their country are such authors as Navarrete, Ortega Munilla, Castro y Serrano, Coello, Teresa Arroniz, Villoslada, Amós Escalante, and Oller.

Armando Palacio Valdés, like Señora Pardo Bazan, is one of the relatively younger writers, and like that lady, who is regarded by not a few critics as the foremost woman novelist in the world, is one of the greatest figures in contemporary Spanish literature. But while Señora Pardo Bazan is an aristocrat by birth, and somewhat so in personal attitude, — though intrinsically democratic in subject and treatment, as an author, — Valdés is essentially a man of the people; radically democratic, and in religious matters transcending the limits of creed. Valdés stands high in the esteem of many English and American readers, to whom he has been made familiar by the translation of several of his novels; and he has enjoyed the rare distinction of the appearance of one of his novels in English, in serial form, here in the United States, prior to its publication in Spanish.

Valdés is a native of northern Spain. He was born in the province of Asturias, in a village called Entralgo, where his parents possessed a small estate, that is now his own property. Entralgo is situated in the wildest and most rugged part of Spain, and is partially described in the author's first novel, El Señorito Octavio, and partially in El Idilio de un Enfermo (The Idyl of an Invalid), his third important work. In the former, he speaks of a view near the village as "one of the most splendid and grandiose panoramas of the most beautiful province of Spain." Segada, as he calls his native village in the story, rises from the depths of the valley in the angle formed by a brook that runs from the neighboring mountains to the Lora. "A half league down the valley, which is not extensive, is to be seen a white group of buildings, — the town of Vegalora. Between the village and the town the river runs turbulent and clear, traversing and leaving at will that part of the valley most convenient to its course. As it changes its bed very frequently, the fields of maize and the meadows that border its banks are never certain of the morrow, and are as ready to regale ear and eye with their sonorously waving maize and their verdant turf as they are to torment the feet with their rounded or pointed pebbles. The people of Vegalora and Segada, in the space of forty or fifty years, have seen the river run over almost the entire surface of the valley. Notwithstanding this, in a little while after the river has forsaken any part of its bed a rich vegetation breaks forth, and the valley continues always picturesque and joyous like few others. On all sides it is surrounded by hills of a regular elevation, clothed with chestnut woods and gleaming meadows, except below, or on the Segada side. Here the hills occupy only the front rank; above them there rise enormous and craggy mountains, snow-covered from October to June, forming part of the wild cordillera that separates the provinces of the north from those of the centre. Vegalora was therefore the last council-town of the province, and beyond those immense and shadowy masses there extended the barren and dilated plains of Castile."

The mother of young Palacio was not resigned to the life of the village, and in the year of his birth the family removed to the maritime town of Avilés, where her own people lived. This town is the scene of Marta y Maria (Martha and Mary), the novel that caused Howells to give Valdés a most cordial introduction to the readers of the Editor's Study, in Harper's, and is pictured in that story under the name of Nieva. The lad ran about the town at complete liberty, acquiring, like so many coast-town boys, an extravagant liking for maritime life. He had exceedingly good and tolerant parents, and his childhood was happy. At the age of twelve years he was sent to study at the secondary school at Oviedo, the capital of the province, where he lived with his grandfather. He spent his summer vacations at Avilés or Entralgo, ac-

cording to the whereabouts of his parents.

In Oviedo he made friends of several youths of literary proclivities, and this determined his own career. Nevertheless, he felt from the beginning a greater liking for philosophical and political studies than for *la bella literatura*. Oviedo, he says, is a very original place, and was more so in those days. It is the scene of one of his later novels, El Maestrante (The Cavalier), in which it goes by the name of Lancia.

He finished his school studies at the age of seventeen, and his parents sent him to Madrid to study jurisprudence, for which he felt an extreme liking. His one ambition was to become a professor of political economy, to which science he devoted many hours of his life at that time. In the meanwhile he lost almost completely the taste for literature with which his Oviedo friends had inspired him. Before completing his studies, he was appointed first secretary of the section of moral and political sciences in the Ateneo of Madrid. Having become a lawyer, he began to prepare himself for a professorship of civil law or of political economy. At that period he wrote and published several articles on religious philosophy. These attracted the attention of the publisher of the Revista Europea, and the young philosopher was honored with a proffer of the direction of that periodical. This he accepted, and for twenty-two years he was at the head of the most important scientific review in Spain.

To give a more animated aspect to the publication, Señor Valdés began to write and print humorous parodies of orators, poets, and novelists. This caused a revival of the literary tendencies of his adolescence. Meanwhile he eagerly read every class of work in the Ateneo. This was an epoch of great intellectual activity for him, and it undoubtedly determined his career.

When he had completed his series of parodies, it occurred to him to write a novel, and El Señorito Octavio was the result. This story now strikes its author as exaggerated, infantile, and ecstatic, and he says that he would like to efface it from his literary history. Two or three years later he wrote Marta y Maria. In the meantime he abandoned his project to achieve a professorship, and dedicated himself wholly to a life of letters.

In the year when Marta y Maria was published, Señor Valdés met in Candás — a hamlet of Asturian fisher folk, which he depicts under the name of Rodillero in his novel José — a girl of fifteen years, by the name of Luisa Prendes. This girl was from the neighboring town of Gigon, — pictured in El Cuarto Poder (The Fourth Estate) as Sarrió, — and the next year she became his wife. She was then scarcely sixteen years old, and the day of the wedding was his thirtieth birthday. He went to Madrid with his child wife.

"My married life was the sweetest idyl," he once wrote a friend. "The year and a half that it lasted I was happier than the angels in heaven and the immortals of Olympus. Then God called my wife to his choir of seraphim. I have never known another being who approached her in the virtues of the human soul. Eight years have passed [in 1893], and at this moment, as I write, my eyes are dimmed with tears. The story of my love may be found in Riverita, and that of my matrimony in Maximina (the second name of my wife). But my Luisa was undoubtedly more perfect than Maximina. When I read in a newspaper of this country these words, 'Where can Señor Valdés have found so ideal a character as that of Maximina?' my heart began to throb violently. I have never seen in the heroine of this novel more than a poor copy; the original was vastly superior.

"My life was completely broken. My son and my art were my salvation. But the loss, tingeing my life with an indeli-

ble cast of melancholy, confirmed me in my philosophical idealism. The man who has received from Heaven such a companion can be neither skeptic nor materialist."

Señor Valdés leads a quiet life, reading, working, enjoying physical exercise, and looking after his boy, now a lad of about fifteen years. His favorite reading is supplied by the Greek classics, Shakespeare, Molière, and Balzac. He abhors the materialistic tendency of French positivism, but at the same time he is fond of the natural sciences. Instead, however, of finding therein ground for credulity and skepticism, he sees more clearly each day that the grand enigma of existence can be solved only through the medium of faith. "Every man of feeling possesses the secret," he says. "In the silent enjoyment of this, and with a continuous and sustained activity, I live in a sweet melancholy which I would not exchange for all the empires of the earth."

In these words the author writes to an American friend about his daily life: "Literature continues for me a pleasure, as much when I read as when I write. On the other hand, I avoid the literary life, which here is sad and poor as you can hardly imagine. I believe that the spectacle of the general life of the world in all its rich variety is indispensable to the poet, but I find literary intercourse dismal. I therefore pursue a fairly sociable activity, but without literary society. I remember only that I am of that sort when I sit at my desk to write. The poets and the novelists of the present age do not lead the adventurous and interesting life of our colleagues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Life, in normalizing itself and becoming more secure, has lost much of its poesy. Our biography is purely internal; and the little that is interesting and external about us costs labor to achieve. What I wish to convey to you is that I am much given to the exterior life; it pleases me to live in the greatest number of situations possible. There is hardly a page in my novels that I have not lived, or seen enacted before my eyes. Wherever I go, I like to dispossess myself of my character and my opinions, that I may assume those of the persons about me. In this way I have at times lived it all: vicious and virtuous, man of studies and man of the world, laborer, mariner, politician, and the rest. But do not believe that I have done this with literary intentions. Nothing of that sort! It is because I have a character but vaguely defined, and therefore I enjoy adapting myself to the medium in which I live. The happiest days of my life, apart from the year and a half when I was married, were those which I passed in living the life of a fisherman in a little village on the coast of Asturias. Life is bad and sad; but believe me, my friend, that we make it more sad and bitter by not knowing how to extract the little sugar that it contains."

We may see from this that Valdés has the prime qualification for a great novelist, in the modern sense, — that is, a revealer and interpreter of life, — for he has the power of identifying himself with the lives of others. When he describes his character as one that is but vaguely defined, it must not be understood as something shadowy and lacking individuality. It is rather one that shades off, and merges itself in the life of the whole. The walls of the personality, commonly so dense as to shut the individual into a cell of selfishness, dull to impressions from without and correspondingly meagre in spirit, are thus made tenuous and sensitive, delicately responsive to the world's movement. Hence they constitute but a slight barrier against the external, permitting him to make the life of others his own life, the sum of their experiences his own experience as well, and enriching his soul with the life of the world. This confers true individuality upon the personal unit that feels itself

the centre of things, its bounds illimitably expanded.

With the heartiness, the wholeness, of his work there is therefore the deepest, keenest sympathy with all things; a clear vision that penetrates to darkest depths, that lifts itself to farthest heights, illuminating and clarifying. He shows us the things of every day and of common life as they are, but we are made to see them with his sense of proportion; and while we recognize them as the things we have always known, he endows them with unsuspected interest, and reveals their inherent character in a wealth of illustrative detail.

He refutes most convincingly the charge that realism in art exalts the trivial. He says that no one who has meditated upon the lofty problems of existence can speak depreciatively of trifles in life. The trivial, he maintains, is but a relative term; that which is a trifle for some is the great fact for others. "The death of a child, for example, is an insignificant event, a trifle, in every village, however small it may be; for the parents it is a principal fact, — perhaps the most important and transcendental of their lives. The deposing of an alcalde and his trial are a capital occurrence in any town, but a trifle for the province to which that town belongs. The incidents of a political struggle in any province are important facts there, and trifles for the nation. The revolutions that agitate and destroy the nation are facts of little moment in the lap of humanity. And following this order of reasoning, we comprehend how this very planet where we live is verily a sad and insignificant trifle in the depths of infinite space. Either no created thing has importance, or it has all importance. The last is what I believe, for in all things the divine substance is manifest, hidden or revealed. In the whole of the particular the general exhibits itself; in the whole of the finite, the infinite. Art is that which has the mission of revealing this; it is that which represents absolute truth in sensible images. The more particular, the more determinate, the object, the better will this be shown, for it will discover a new form of the infinite existence."

Valdés frankly confesses that he is neither pessimist nor optimist; or rather, that at times he is both. He says that if he wrote for the sake of popularity he would be ostentatiously optimistic, and carefully efface from his pages every pessimistic thought. But since pessimism represents one of the great phases of existence, one half of the truth attained by human understanding, and since the two elements will ever be factors in all creations of art, he feels that, should he confine himself to this side, he would show himself wanting in the artistic sincerity which he regards as indispensable to every literary work. For a work of art is no more than a manifestation of the way in which the artist's spirit has been beautified in the contemplation of nature. If this beautification is false, if the artist has not felt that which he says, a beautiful result is not possible. "Sincerity, therefore, if not the foundation, is the indispensable condition of every artistic production."

As to literary decadence, Valdés holds that it can be manifest only when authors strive to falsify their sentiments, with the gross intention of producing excessive effect, of affecting excessive originality. The principal cause of decadence in contemporary literature he finds in the vice which, very graphically, has been termed "effectism," the itching to awake in the reader, at any cost, vivid and violent emotions that accredit the inventiveness and the originality of the writer. "This vice is rooted in human nature, and more visibly in that of the artist. His spirit has something of the feminine that stimulates him to coquet with his reader, dangling before the eyes those qualities in which he believes he excels, just as women smile without other motive than to show their teeth when they are white,

regular, and dainty, or lift the skirt to show the foot when there is no mud in the street."

Our author remarks that French naturalism errs in supposing that realism is incarnated exclusively in that school. While recognizing the merits of naturalism, and admiring some of its most illustrious exponents, he protests that it represents only an insignificant part of life; far from being a definitive literature, as claimed by some of its greatest representatives, he is inclined to regard it as even more ephemeral than romantic literature. His ground for this is that it is characterized by gloominess and by a certain limitation. Among its merits he reckons its freshness, spontaneity, and, above all, legibility, qualities that make one think and feel something. But the rock on which many novelists affiliated with the modern French school find shipwreck is prosaism. "The novel is a work, not of science, but of art; it is the poem of our times, and its sole end is to express the life and the beauty of human beings and their relations."

We are not accustomed to think of the Spanish as a humorous people, though if we reflected a moment we should perceive that a race that produced a Cervantes could not well be other than humorous. Humor, indeed, is one of the foremost attributes of Spanish literature, and Valdés has his full share of the gift. His work is saturated with it, and it is of a rich, delicious, sympathetic sort, that somehow seems strikingly akin to the humor which we know as distinctively American, — perhaps more akin than the humor of any other nationality, not even excepting that of our brothers the English. In a discussion of the place of humor in literature, Valdés says that, in general, the style called humoristic is that which best reveals the personality of the writer; and this is easy of comprehension. "The humorous is an entirely original mode of expression," he says. "The writer appears completely on the scene, and does not permit affairs to develop according to their conventional logic, but in obedience to that of his own head." While the greater number of critics have considered Valdés an essentially humoristic writer, and while he allows that possibly humor may be that trait which is most intimate and genuine in his temperament, he declares that he is not its blind partisan, and holds that it has a place in fiction only under conditions of limitation and quality. Of the various kinds of humor, he defines one class as that which scoffs at all created things, setting a constant negation against every human sentiment, whatever it may be; seeing in all manifestations of the real nothing but vain appearances, and pausing only to destroy them. "There is also a form of humor that consists in a play of the imagination, which capriciously alters and transforms the logical order of natural relations; which is alert for paradoxical ideas and daring strokes, in the doing of which the author takes all his glory, without heed for the development of matters according to their nature. And finally, there is a humor that strives to set the vain appearance of things face to face with a lofty ideal that the author does not express, but permits to be divined." In the first-mentioned class he arrays a multitude of satirical writers, without faith in anything, and often without conscience; placing their genius at the service of their ruinous passions, attacking indiscriminately the good and the bad. In the second class Jean Paul Richter and Heinrich Heine are ranked as the two most notable models. "The third has been illuminated by a number of immortal spirits adored by humanity: Cervantes, Sterne, Molière, Dickens, etc. I love solely the humor of these. When the spirit places itself on a level so elevated that it reveals the misery to which it is subject at the time, and opposes thereto the permanent and divine principle that resides in all beings; when

the sublime contempt for the transitory penetrates our soul, and we joyously contemplate ourselves joined by an eternal bond to the Infinite Idea that animates creation, then I believe with Jean Paul that the humoristic form is the most beautiful and excellent of all; for it responds to the most elevated situation in which the spirit may find itself. This humor, implacable and disdainful of the ruinous and trivial manifestations of humanity, respectful of noble sentiments, of purity, of innocence, of loyalty, of sacrifice of self, of all, in short, that proclaims that, though we come from the shadow, we march toward the light, that we are citizens of heaven, — this humor is that which I delight to accept in the novel. The rest, above all the first, repel and make me indignant. I would break my pen to pieces before I would knowingly scoff at the good, the holy, and the beautiful."

There are conventions as to what may properly be subjects for literary treatment, and as to what may properly be said, that, as a rule, are more limited in the literature of our language than in that of most other countries. There is no call for the discussion, at this moment, of the merits or the justification of the respective attitudes upon this question of literary propriety. In a measure, it is a matter of local convention, — much as though the word "pantaloons" were something not to be uttered in polite society in one country, while the word "waistcoat" were under a similar ban in another. So far as manner of expression goes, Valdés is no exception to the custom of wider latitude in utterance, common to Latin tongues. But the impression made is by no means repellent; at the most, the effect is that of an engaging frankness, and not a few of us are disposed to question if our own literary morality would not be of a more robust quality if greater freedom in this regard were permissible.

Valdés is a writer intrinsically clean and pure in thought. He finds in the naturalistic French writers a mania for impudicity, which he has fortunately never met among the good writers of other countries. He says: "I abhor prudishness, but I detest as much, or more, the loathsome libertinage that is now displayed by some writers to whom God should not have given their talent, they employ it so badly. Having sufficiently considered this aspect, I am convinced of a sad truth. Back of the famous theories which they have invented in defense of their excesses there is hidden a sordid thought: that this procacity is the consequence, not of an absurd system, but of a commercial premeditation. In substance, it is that the books in which they accumulate brutal descriptions and obscene phrases sell better than those in which decency is respected. This conviction excuses me from adding another word; however, since there are still some innocent persons who believe that not only may one licitly break with pudicity, but that in this action is contained the principal merit of a novelist, I am going to say something to dissuade them. I firmly believe, like the naturalistic writers, that on this planet the last phase of animal evolution is represented by man; that, on this hypothesis, the study of his instincts and animal passions is of interest, and that it explains a great portion of his actions. But this study has for me solely an historical value; because, if man proceeds directly from the animal, every day separates him more and more therefrom: and upon this, and upon nothing else, progress is founded. We come, it is true, from the instinctive, from the unconscious, and from the necessary; but we march toward the rational, the conscious, and the free. Therefore, the study of all that refers to the rational, free, and conscious spirit as an explanation of the other great portion of human actions — the only noble and worthy ones — is very superior to the former.

It is more interesting to study man as man than as animal, although the naturalistic school thinks otherwise. The material act of procreation confounds us, in effect, with the beasts; but man has added to this act a spiritual element, — that of chastity. To destroy this is to despoil ourselves voluntarily of a great conquest and retrograde to the beast. He who respects chastity respects not only the reason of others, but his own reason. Is this as much as to say that beauty is not expressible in that which refers to the union of the two sexes? By no means. I simply maintain that, for the manifestation of beauty, it is essential for us to show therein the Idea; and this may be made to appear only in adding to the material union that belongs to the beasts the spiritual element that belongs to man. That alone is good, beautiful, and true which conforms to the being or the nature of things. For beauty to appear in man, it is necessary that he should manifest himself as man, not as beast."

Discussing the question of theme in works of fiction, Valdés remarks: "The world of poesy and of its present form, the novel, is inexhaustible. It therefore displeases me to see the naturalistic Frenchmen, and those that faithfully follow in their track, persist in limiting their themes extremely, reducing them almost to a single one, — that of adultery. I well comprehend that in modern society adultery is perhaps the social relation that generates the greatest number of complications, and brings into play and tension the most recondite springs of the human soul; but although recognizing this, I believe it necessary to affirm that other relations exist that are equally or more worthy of translation to the novel. Love contains infinite shadings, in which adultery has no place; and aside from sexual love there exist sentiments and passions that may give being to many an interesting novel. In explanation, though not in justification, of the fact that in dramatic work the element of adultery almost always plays the leading part, it may be said that it is because the author has but little time and space at his command, and is compelled to appeal to passions that immediately generate the violent struggle and the formidable conflict. But in the novel — a more spiritual genus, because lacking the plasticity of the drama — the author is master of indeterminate time and space; he may calmly prepare his situations, and the production of vivid and strong emotions to force immediate applause is not essential. This privilege must therefore be used to conduct us to all the places where any interesting condition of life may be found."

What may be called the democratic tendency of art finds expression in some admirable words: "Realism, as a spiritual manifestation, maintains a close relation with all the other manifestations of our epoch, and is a direct consequence of the general movement of life. Our epoch is characterized by a grand sentiment of curiosity, by a vivid and constant observation of nature in science, by a tendency toward the equality of all men before the law, and by an invincible desire to scrutinize and analyze our passions and sentiments in the sphere of art. The man of this epoch wants to know everything and enjoy everything; he directs the objective of a powerful equatorial to the celestial spaces where moves the infinitude of the stars, as he applies the microscope to the infinitely small, whose laws are identical. His experience, joined to his intuition, has convinced him that in nature there is neither large nor small; all is equal. All is equally great, all is equally just, all is equally beautiful, because all is equally divine. Just as science studies with extreme solicitude that infinite world of corpuscles which our natural vision cannot perceive, and derives from its examination as rich a source of wis-

dom as from astronomical mathematics and physics; just as politics, by means of long and painful labor, if not by vivid and cruel experimentation, has succeeded in elevating the condition of a great number of men condemned to perpetual degradation, realizing the sociological principle of equality before the law: so art, following the same impulse, has raised up certain beings that were condemned to perpetual ugliness, and has proclaimed them beautiful. In acquiring its political rights the lowly estate has acquired the right to beauty. The ancient poets, with rare exceptions, found worthy of their songs only the kings and warriors, the princesses and their sublimated loves, the heroic enterprises, the joys and the sorrows of the great ones of the earth. Those of today do not fear to soil their wings by descending to the abodes of the poor, to sing their feelings and their actions, often as interesting and heroic as those of the most famous warriors. Marguerite, Evangeline, Eugénie Grandet, poor children, born and reared in humble social spheres, are the beautiful heroines of our poems, — as beautiful and interesting as Helena, Dido, and Penelope. The beings who are worthy subjects for art have neither country nor social condition; they are born in all countries and in all classes of society. To be beautiful, it is only necessary for an artist to find them such, and to have adequate power to make them appear so to others."

Realist as he is, Valdés has little sympathy with certain manifestations of recent literature that have been classed as realism, and there is much about Ibsen and Tolstoi, as well as about the naturalistic Frenchmen, that he cannot stomach. He believes that at no time is there lacking talent for art, and the reason for the absence of good art at certain periods he ascribes to quite other causes. He attributes decadence, when there is no external reason for it, to a perversion of taste; that is, to the lack of a sane and adequate direction for artists. The origin of this perversion of taste, he holds, is not to be sought in momentary circumstances, in defects of schooling transmitted from one individual to another, or in fortuitous deviations. Its root is to be found, in his judgment, in the same principle that has engendered the great artistic superiority of the Occident as compared with Asia, in the greater development of individual energy. "The greater individual energy, the affirmation of its independence in the presence of nature, producing variety of character, is that which has elevated the Greek above the Hindu, and Occidental art above Asiatic. In the Oriental world there exist only types: hence the monotony of its poetical monuments, though often not wanting in beauty and sublimity. But that fecund principle for civilization, and singularly for the arts, which generated the Iliad, the Prometheus Bound, the Niobe, and the Parthenon; which later created the portentous works of the Renaissance, being exaggerated in modern Europe, and forced beyond its just limits, has produced a lack of balance, and has resulted in decadence. The exaggeration of individual energy and of independence has transformed those qualities into vanity. This is the worm that corrodes and paralyzes the force of contemporary artists."

Both Valdés and Señora Pardo Bazan have adopted the admirable custom of occasionally including with one of their novels a prologue setting forth their ideas in relation to literature. In this way they secure a wider public for such utterances than if published separately, for in the latter form their sentiments would be likely to gain but small circulation. The prologues which Valdés has written for his La Hermana San Sulpicio (The Sister St. Sulpice) and his Los Majos de Cádiz (The Gallants of Cadiz) are two of the most valuable essays

upon the art of fiction ever written. The opinions and appreciations which have been cited in the foregoing make but a small fraction of the rich fund of thought upon many phases of his art, comprised therein. It should be noted that in the prologue to La Hermana San Sulpicio Valdés makes a charming acknowledgment to Mr. Howells for frankly indicating to him his disapproval of a certain situation in the novel El Cuarto Poder. The two authors have for many years been intimate through correspondence, and Mr. Howells wrote Valdés that the situation in question seemed to him a romantic and false note that makes a discord in the truth that resides in the rest of the work. Valdés remarks that this chapter was that which had won for him the liveliest eulogiums, and had been praised as the best in the book. The words of the illustrious American, therefore, came like a jar of cold water emptied upon his head. But the Spanish author instantly saw that his friend was right, and resolved to perpetrate no more effectisms of the sort.

As to the material proper for a novelist's choice, however, he makes a very definite distinction between the avoidance of effectism and confinement to the commonplace in his ideas. He finds it necessary to protest against the absurd supposition that only common and ordinary events should find place in the novel. "On the contrary," he says, "life seethes with rare occasions, characters, and phenomena of such æsthetic value that their reproduction in art is not only desirable, but necessary." In this connection he says that it is curious to note what has happened in his own case, and presumably in that of all novelists. "I have often been blamed for the inverisimilitude of scenes or actions, when I have simply translated them from reality. On the other hand, no one has ever found inverisimilitude in the scenes that I have invented. The reason is that when I have witnessed or heard of some rare occurrence I have not scrupled to use it, knowing its truth; but when invention has been necessary, I have endeavored to avoid everything that seemed strange or improbable."

Realist as he is, he nevertheless holds that to live cradled in a gentle ideality is the best for the artist. "Imagination is the magic that transforms and embellishes the world. But one must at the same time take care to bathe himself frequently in the real, to approach the earth each moment: every time he touches it, like the giant Antæus, he will gather fresh strength. The fact has an inestimable value, which we may seek in vain in the forces of our spirit. All abstractions disappear before it; it is the true revealer of the essence of things, not the conceptions that our reason extracts from them; to that fact we must return in the last instance to found all judgments and to delight ourselves with any beauty. I therefore applaud without reserve that respect which good modern novelists show for the truth, and the care with which they avoid its falsification, even in the smallest details." Notwithstanding this, he says the first obligation of the artist is, not exactness, but to make felt the beautiful.

He finds not altogether admirable the scrupulosity that makes it necessary to seek a model for everything, and he reminds us that the great master painters did not work in this way: they carried nature in their heads; it was sufficient for them to have seen an object to be able to reproduce it at any time, however distant. "For the poet even this is not necessary. He bears in himself the soul of all humanity, and a slight sign is sufficient for him to divine the soul of any man. The poet and the saint are they in whom the profound identity of all beings best finds expression; for both know, intuitively, directly, without necessity of experience, the heart of man. 'Ye are hiding from me very grave faults,' said St. John of the Cross

to his hearers. 'Do you not know that your souls form part of mine? Yourselves and mine are distinct beings in the world; in God, our common origin, we are one being, and we live one and the same life.' "

In the practice of his art, Valdés has been singularly loyal to the high standard that he has set. He is, of course, no exception to the fact that there has never yet lived an artist who has not departed from his ideal. But this departure has at no time been taken with deliberate intention, and he has ever been frank to acknowledge his shortcomings. He confesses that there are some chapters in his books that he would now take great pleasure in effacing, and he purposes to banish from his productions every false and unreal element; his endeavor being to produce an effect, not violent, but deep. His sole aspiration is to touch his readers, to bring to their thoughts and perceptions the beauty that ever passes unheeded before their eyes. He therefore seeks the simplest form for his work, with the purpose of giving verisimilitude to the picture; avoiding the idea that what is presented is a phantasmagory; striving to make it appear, on the contrary, that it is an integral part of the truth, something that has been experienced. He has no desire to make an astounding effect with his inventions, for he well knows what such things amount to; but he wishes to make his readers remember all their lives certain characters, whose originality and beauty he himself has felt, or which have impressed him profoundly in the course of his existence. To be guided by nature, not to do violence to her, is his principle. He feels that what every artist should do is to take her by the hand, and, like those modern divinators when they seek to discover the place where some object has been concealed, carefully follow the slightest impulses, until he reaches the spot where are hidden his treasures of the beautiful.

His first novel, El Señorito Octavio, with all its shortcomings, is a work full of brilliant promise, rich with the charm of description, and notable for a trait that strongly marks his writings, — a hearty detestation of the conditions that confer privilege of birth. A chief character in the book is a nobleman, whose essentially mean and base personality, covered with a varnish of manner, makes us feel that aristocracy itself is something essentially mean and base, bearing the seeds of inevitable decadence. That aristocratic lineage is quite likely to originate in meanness and baseness is made evident in much of his subsequent work. In Maximina, for example, we are told that the habitual attitude of the typical young aristocrat is one of universal depreciation of everything, and we find it expressed in these words that give reasons for his pride in himself: "I am owing ninety thousand dollars; I am a viscount, and am 'some pumpkins;' I play a powerful game of baccarat; an ancestor of mine used to put on Philip II.'s boots; I can drive a carriage like the best coachman; I wear such notable pantaloons that passers-by turn their heads to look; I have an affair with a ballet girl at the Royal Opera, and others are paying for it."

The strongest picture, however, of the worthlessness of aristocracy as an institution is given in the novel called La Espuma (Froth), which in the English translation is wrongly entitled Scum. It is a vivid presentation of the gilded and frivolous life of fashionable Madrid, in which the vulgar multimillionaire, with a freshly bought ducal title, plays a dominant part among the descendants of those whose rough metal of rank, similarly purchased centuries before, has by long usage been worn to polished elegance.

But that gentle birth is not necessarily synonymous with a decadent character is abundantly shown in the author's work. A most charming example is that of the manly young Marques de

Peñalta, in Marta y Maria, the second novel of Valdés, and an admirable work. A most sympathetic figure in this story is Don Mariano Elorza, a typical cultivated modern Spanish gentleman: liberal in views, sincerely religious, but making a distinction between religion and the clergy, "for whom he professed a sort of Voltairean enmity," and holding unchangeable faith in modern progress. He had an enthusiasm for new inventions, and if any interesting machine that he read about in the newspapers was not expensive he would send for it, although he had no use for anything of the kind, and his house was full of curious mechanical contrivances, all covered with dust. This lovable gentleman is marked by many of the kindliest traits, and the author individualizes him with such delicious touches, for instance, as a passion for the smell of fresh linen, so that he loved to go and hold his face in the closet where it was stored. Marta y Maria is the story of two sisters, — one domestic in character, and the other dreamily religious. The intense degree of selfishness that may characterize a devout nature is depicted with consummate delicacy. One thing that must impress the reader of this book is that the Spanish people there portrayed are remarkably like ourselves. The scene is in a town on the north coast, and in its essentials the life of the place seems much the same that one might find in a town on the New England coast, with minor differences of local color.

The north coast, in Asturias, is a favorite region of Valdés. It is the scene of José, a masterly study of humble life on shore and sea, and of El Cuarto Poder, while the scenes of Riverita and of Maximina are in part laid there. El Idilio de un Enfermo is a beautiful study of a primitive bucolic life.

In El Cuarto Poder the theme is that of the establishment of a newspaper in a little town where nothing of the kind had before existed, and the amount of trouble that was stirred up thereby. The fact that the men of the place used to slap one another's faces when enraged, and that they used to settle their difficulties with the fist, seems quite Yankee-like, and considerably at variance with our traditional conception of Spanish procedure in these matters, which we have been wont to fancy had a deal to do with knives and pistols. But such a thing as a duel was unknown in that region, until the innovating founder of the newspaper, fired with the desire for improving and modernizing the town, and desiring to bring its customs up to date, picked a quarrel with an editor elsewhere in the province, — after duly taking a course with a fencing master, expressly imported, — and precipitated a duel!

In Riverita we have a most captivating picture of boy life, stamped with truth on every page; and in Maximina, its sequel, the character of the heroine is one of the most exquisite in modern fiction. We are made to feel that it is as true as it is angelically beautiful. In the celebrated scene of the balcony, where Maximina and her husband stand and look at the midnight heaven, we have a noble example of the mysticism that forms a lofty trait of the author. Many eminent Spanish writers of the present, as of the past, have a strong mystical cast in their writings. This is natural, of course, in a land whose people are saturated with mysticism. We find it in Galdós, in Valera, in Pardo Bazan, and in Alarcon, as well as in Valdés. In El Origen del Pensamiento (The Origin of Thought), by Valdés, the ending of the novel is marked by it as by the pure harmony of a symphony's close. But the sublimest manifestation of this quality is found in La Fe (Faith), which in certain ways is the masterpiece of Valdés.

La Fe is the story of a youthful priest, a saintly character, who is made a skeptic by the reading of modern scientific and philosophical works. He is falsely

accused of crime, and is condemned to a long imprisonment. But his pondering over the riddle of life and his anguish of soul carry his understanding beyond the limitations of material science, and land him in a faith immensely higher than that which had been destroyed, so that his prison life is made an absolutely blessed one.

"Back of this life of appearances that surrounds us he saw the real life, the infinite life, and he entered into it with a heart filled with joy. In this infinite life everything is love, or, what is the same thing, everything is felicity. To enter therein is to step into the empire of Eternity. It is the life of the spirit. The world cannot change it, nor time destroy it, for it is the essence of time and of the world. He enjoyed life in God; beyond the realm of time, he lived at the very fountain head, ideal and perennial, of the imaginative world that envelops us all. His days no longer passed sadly and anxiously, as a part of time. He no longer feared the torment of will, no longer uttered pitiful complaints about his sins, about his vanquished resolutions; for he no longer loved his own works, however good they might have been, as once he had loved them; he loved only the Eternal. For works have their origin in the person, and he had rid himself of his; he had denied it with firmness. In the midst of a holy and sweet indifference he left God to work within his spirit. Forever exempt from doubt and incertitude, he knew that he had to desire but one thing, and all the rest would be added thereto. He was sure that the fountain of divine love that had been revealed within himself would nevermore be exhausted, and that this love would guide him eternally. The fear of destruction by death no longer perturbed him. Death, since his entrance into the life of eternity, had become incomprehensible. It was not necessary for him to descend to the tomb to obtain this life eternal; it sufficed him to join his heart to God in order to possess it and to enjoy it.

"He learned, in the end, once and forever, that man may save himself from grief and from death, not through reason, but through faith; that is, through a knowledge distinct from and superior to that which reason may give us. Since this knowledge had illumined his spirit, he had attained absolute felicity. Without inquietude for the future, without feeling for the past, hungering for nothing, neither refusing anything, his life had for some time been gliding by like a happy dream, like a sweet intoxication. He had let fall the burden of desires and of sorrows that had bound him to the earth. Set free from all illusion and from all effort, with neither fear of annihilation nor egoistic hope of resurrection, by the virtue of faith and of love he had learned how to reproduce in his soul the true kingdom of God."

In both La Fe and El Origen del Pensamiento the sophistical and morbid psychology of Lombroso and his school receives scathing condemnation, and in the latter the positivist philosophy meets with keenest ridicule. The shadow side of life prevails in El Maestrante, a heart-rendingly tragic book. But both in this and in El Cuarto Poder, which is tragical in its outcome, there is so much of the world's sunnier aspect that the sense of verity — which has to do with a life of infinitely commingled light and shadow, more or less of one and the other here and there — is not broken. El Maestrante has something of the inevitable movement of a Greek tragedy; and in that novel, too, one is made to feel the ruinous decadence of a worn-out aristocracy, which in fact is the great lesson of the book.

The merriest, sunniest work of Valdés is La Hermana San Sulpicio, vivacious as the nature of the Andalusian folk among whom its scenes are laid. It is an enchanting idyl. Los Majos de Cádiz is a comedy, in the true sense of

the word, of life among a lower social class. Like José and El Idilio de un Enfermo, it tells us that the same sentiments and passions, the same thoughts and emotions, have the same inherent interest among humble people as in higher ranks of life.

Valdés's latest work is La Alegría del Capitan Ribot (The Joy of Captain Ribot). Like La Hermana San Sulpicio and Los Majos de Cádiz, it is a story of the semi-tropical south of Spain, and exhibits Valencia as they depict Andalusia. There is a classic serenity in the pictures of the tranquil life in the luxuriant *huerta*, the wide-expanding garden of the ancient kingdom, with its orchards and its meadows forever green, and its villas imbedded in flowers beside the sea. It has the same gay sparkle, the same idyllic movement, as La Hermana San Sulpicio, but is informed with some of the deeper tones of life. For all lovers of wholesome art, it has a special value in being "a protest from the depths against the eternal adultery of the French novel," as the author wrote of it to a friend. In Doña Cristina, the lovely and devoted wife who is the heroine of this very human story, Valdés has created one of the most vital figures in recent fiction, hardly surpassed in sympathetic charm and gracious presentation by any other woman that lives in the world's literature.

We have seen that Valdés has been true to the office of the novelist in its highest sense, — that which transcends the rôle of mere entertainment to the function of the interpreter of life. He has shown us the heights and the depths, the sunshine and the shadows, of very much of human existence; and since he is still on the sunny side of fifty, we may expect to explore under his illuminating guidance many another province of the infinite realm of the beautiful, the true, and the good.

Less than two years ago, his country and ours, the land that he dearly loves and the land that we dearly love, were at war. Passions hateful in God's sight were aroused. Multitudes in each land were thinking all ill of the people of the other. But we have seen how a great writer of Spain has been true to the life of its people. Natural history tells us that in any species we can find no normal example that does not constitute a type of innumerable individuals that closely resemble it. We therefore may be sure that a country whose people have produced such types as Maximina, Padre Gil the convict-saint, and numerous other persons of kindly heart, noble mind, and beautiful spirit, all so genuinely human, that are found in the works of Valdés and his eminent contemporaries, — as in the past that country gave birth to the great soul of Cervantes, and inspired the lovely works of Murillo, — must possess unnumbered beings of similar worth.

Higher than any man-governed country in our allegiance is the fatherland of the spirit; and compatriots therein, with many of ourselves who understand and love them, are Valdés and those countrymen of his who are his brothers in heart and soul.

Sylvester Baxter.

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

II. THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

In discussing the outlook for the presidential campaign of this year, we must consider the issues that divide the voters into different parties and factions, for it is to be a campaign mainly of issues. I endeavored to show in my previous article, by a brief review of the political history of the last thirty years, that the two great parties, as they are called, are dominated by socialistic tendencies and are professing socialistic purposes; and that from the socialism of protection has resulted the socialism of the transformed democracy, which embraces more and perhaps worthier objects for the application of the communistic principle, but which, for the moment, for obvious reasons, is the more dangerous to the community. Of course neither party is wholly socialistic. What I mean is that each party has partially adopted the idea that the state should participate in the business of production and distribution, and this is a socialistic idea. It is only a series of steps from this notion to communism, and the opponents of the doctrine of protection have moved onward. Perhaps the most significant demand made by them, in this respect, in 1896, was of the right of the state to interfere with the freedom of contract. If the government should be charged with all the obligations demanded by both parties, we should have the state assisting, as a partner, in the most important acts of production and distribution, in manufactures, in railroad transportation, in ship-building and ocean transportation, in agriculture, in banking, and, finally, for the compulsion and restraint of the wage-earner, in order to prevent the free disposition of his time and skill.

The movement of the farmers, the workingmen, the halfway socialists who followed Bryan, is not, however, so much a movement to obtain government aid for the poor and struggling — though it must become that eventually if conditions do not change — as it is a movement to take away the advantages, some real and some imagined, enjoyed, under the law, by what is loosely called the plutocracy. Already the exasperation caused by the obstinacy of the protected interests, and the disappointment due to the presence of protectionists in the Democratic party, have brought on what seems to be a war against property; not that private property has really anything like destruction to fear from the success of Mr. Bryan, but the conservative people of the country would shudder at any step taken in the general direction pointed out by the Chicago and the Populist platforms. There is no doubt that the larger number of men who voted for Mr. Bryan four years ago do not believe all that their platforms professed, and could not be induced to carry it out. The main danger is from the state of mind revealed in the Democratic and Populist platforms, — a state of mind that indicates a perilous belief, held by hundreds of thousands of voters, that the owners of wealth in this country are oppressing, through the law, those who have no wealth, and especially those who till the earth and who labor with their hands. And it is, unhappily, true that wealth and prosperity, created and fostered by law, are doing nothing to dissipate this belief; on the contrary, they are doing everything in their power to confirm it. Therefore, the first and the most important cleavage between voters separates those who believe in the use of the taxing power to promote commerce, and to increase the gains that come from com-

merce, from those who are at war with special privileges that are already conferred by law or that are threatened, and whose enmity against what they call the money power will inevitably gain force so long as the accomplishment of their immediate object is postponed.

The issue defined as the trust issue includes the tariff question, and is merely one form of expressing the fundamental and essential difference between the parties. Into this dispute has been flung the question of imperialism, and here the cleavage runs in the same general direction. Speaking generally, the Republican party favors imperialism, and the Democratic party is opposed to it; but there are a few Democrats who agree with the President's policy, and a larger and more influential body of Republicans who oppose it. It is an interesting fact that most of the Democrats who announce that they are imperialists belong to that faction of their party which has hitherto prevented it from keeping its pledge to reduce tariff taxation, though it is also the fact that among the leading Republican anti-imperialists are men who have labored strenuously in the cause of protection. The Democratic protectionists and imperialists are frankly in favor of the President's policy because they believe that the commerce of the country will be augmented by its adoption. The Republican anti-imperialists, or most of them, are opposed to the policy because they believe in the soundness of the assertions of our Declaration of Independence, that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." They are opposed to the establishment of a government over alien people, especially against the will of these people, and they regard such an establishment as a denial of our own republican principles and a menace to our own institutions, as well as a wrong to the people upon whom we are to force our rule. Such a political faith is also natural to those who have adopted and held the essential doctrines of the Democratic party since the abolition of slavery. Imperialism and colonialism are necessarily hostile to the spirit of modern democracy. Its virtues and its vices, its truths and its fallacies, would all be outraged by the setting up of a republican imperialism over the Philippines. Moreover, as the question of the kind of government to be established in our dependencies comes to be discussed, a new cause of difference arises. The Republican party proposes to govern the islands outside of the Constitution. The adoption of this purpose must shock every Democrat, whether in 1896 he voted for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan; for the theory that the government of the United States possesses any political power or jurisdiction whatever, except the power and jurisdiction bestowed upon it by the Constitution, is repugnant to every instructed Democratic mind and to many Republican lawyers. Congress also offends against democracy in giving exclusive or independent power to the Executive, as it has done in providing for the government of Hawaii, and as it is likely to do in respect of other islands. The issue of imperialism is likely to play the most important part in the debates of the coming campaign, and various phases of the question and its incidents will be presented to the voters by the party newspapers and stump speakers. The President and his party, in the first place, will be held responsible for the war with the Filipinos, and for all the evils of that and of the war with Spain. Mismanagement will of course be charged, and it seems likely that the censorship at Manila and the concealment and misrepresentation of facts will be grounds of accusation. The enormous cost of the war and the great increase of taxation will be urged. There will be an inquisition into the character and justice of the war in the presence of popular audiences. But the points which are likely to be most impressive in the West and the South will be the moral as-

pect of the question, the burdens of taxation imposed by our wars, and the charge that these are in the interest of the commercialism, for which the Republican party is said to stand. Senator Beveridge is believed to have stated the policy of his party in respect of the Philippines, — that is, that it is purely commercial; and the Democrats will seek to hold the Republican candidates to this. So it will come to pass that, from one end of the country to the other, we shall have an exciting political campaign over the policy of imperialism; and not only will the righteousness of the war and the propriety of the enforcement of the government of the republic upon other people by arms be debated, but the issue will be included as one of the counts in the general indictment against the Republican party, — that is, that it uses the powers of government, and especially the taxing power, for the purpose of promoting sordid interests and for increasing private gain; its answer being that, in these modern times, civilization is best promoted by the extension of commerce to hitherto savage and remote peoples, and that the United States is but fulfilling its destiny, and playing its legitimate part in the world's history, by bringing the savages of distant islands under civilizing influences. But this contention, again, will excite the fiery energy of the old Republicans who were in the thick of the fight of anti-slavery times, and we shall have the moral side of the question presented with force and eloquence.

On the leading issue, the personality of the candidates not being in question, let us grant that there is a strong probability that the Republican party would be defeated. Certainly, its antagonist would secure the majority of the popular vote, as it has generally succeeded in doing whenever the issue between the beneficiaries and victims of class legislation has been made with any degree of explicitness. But another question will obtrude itself, and that is the silver question, which was the centre of the discussion in the campaign of 1896. It is true that no administration, so far as we can foresee, is likely to be able to disturb the currency of the country during the coming four years. The money bill which has been enacted puts it out of the power of any President or Secretary of the Treasury to depreciate the country's currency by redeeming its securities and notes in silver. Nevertheless, there is danger still to be dreaded. This is shown by the fact that an important element of the force behind the money legislation of the present Congress is partisan, and emanates from men who look at all political questions from a partisan point of view. It was the opinion of these politicians, no later than the autumn of 1899, that "good politics" required that the money question should not be settled; that it should be kept open for campaign purposes. They believed that Republican success would be most certain if the presidential struggle of 1900 should be conducted upon the issue of 1896. But there has been an awakening, not so much of conscience as of intelligence. In the first place, the independent vote which gave to Mr. McKinley his majority rebelled against this kind of politics; but the rebellion would probably not have sufficed to change the determination of leaders who possess a large influence in the councils of the Republican party. It was doubtless the tight money market of the autumn of 1899 that led to the adoption of the money bill, which passed the House of Representatives soon after the opening of the session, and which, with some injurious amendments by the Senate, is now a law. The flurry of panic that disturbed the East may have had the slightest of causes, but the atmosphere which was engendered by it in financial centres was unpropitious. The veriest tyro in politics can understand why the administration did not wish to face a campaign in unprosperous times. The

money bill of this session is an effort to assure prosperity next summer, and it will probably succeed; again — for fate is often kind to us — our country is to be benefited by "good politics." The sensitiveness of the commercial and financial world to the suggestion of depreciated currency survives. Although the House of Representatives, standing for population, — the majority coming from the thickly settled parts of the country, which are rapidly extending toward the valley of the Mississippi, — is likely to become more and more effective as a defense of the single gold standard, and although the Executive will be powerless, nevertheless the election of Mr. Bryan, or any one holding his views, would doubtless disturb the money market and bring on a panic. The money issue is to intrude into the campaign, and the question is, How far is it to affect those who will strongly desire to oppose Mr. McKinley's reëlection on the economic and constitutional issues, and on the overshadowing issue of imperialism? In 1896 the money question was not complicated with any other issue. The large number of Democrats who voted for the Republican candidate believed that they were thereby aiding to save the nation from dishonor. How will they now choose between imperialism, the slight to the Constitution, and the policy under which tariff-protected trusts thrive, on one side, and a panic and the consequent unsettling of prices, on the other? In this silver or money issue, which is essentially a false issue, lies a large part of the strength of the Republican situation, and at this point the Democrats are once more, apparently, to give to their opponents an opportunity.

These being the issues, we may examine more intelligently the strength and weakness of the two parties in their relation to those issues, and the value of the personal equation. The Republican party is, for the moment, expressed most fully by President McKinley. He embodies all that it means. No President was ever more completely master of his party. Without the manners or the methods which made Jackson's domination obvious, — ostentatious, indeed, — Mr. McKinley has gained his ends as effectively as did his predecessor, and controls the legislative branch of the government. He is an exceedingly astute politician, and an examination of his mental processes, since before the Spanish war until now that the appropriate form of government for our colonies and the applicability of the Constitution to them are under consideration, is an interesting study. He has not at first favored any of the eventually prevailing forces in the great episodes in this new departure. He did not favor the war, but seemed to be driven into it. And yet he was, at the last, the chief instrumentality of the explosion. He did not favor the retention of the Philippines, but he warmed public sentiment to favor the policy which his opponents now call his, and he demanded the cession of the islands by the treaty of peace. He has insisted from the first that the power to rule colonies rests with Congress, but the only plan for government suggested by the executive department would make the President supreme in every one of the new territories as he is supreme in Hawaii. He asserted in his annual message that the Constitution protects the citizens of these new possessions, and Secretary Root took the opposite view. Both of them urged the establishment of free trade between the United States and Puerto Rico. Through the influence of the protected interests, the time came when the President advised Congress to defeat free trade, as he had already yielded on the applicability of the Constitution to our colonies. There is method in this mental progress. The President's mind moves no faster than the country's mind, or than his party's mind, which may be the same thing. His first expression is always the natu-

ral, the almost involuntary response of the human mind to the suggestion of a new and strange idea. Then comes familiarity with the idea, — a turning of it over, as we say. Then incidents occur which modify the first repugnance to the suggestion of annexation, or of government outside of the Constitution; incidents follow and conditions arise that make it look as if the first impulse could not be carried out without wronging some one, without "running away from our responsibilities," without "subjecting ourselves to the scorn of other powers." Up to this time, the first idea, the natural expression of the normal American mind, is referred to retrospectively and regretfully, and finally it is enthusiastically abandoned in the name of duty. The President is a determinist, and fate has done it all. Meantime, the minds of many thousands of Americans have been keeping step with the President's mind, and his position is much stronger than it would have been if he had taken it boldly at the outset. I do not wish to be understood as saying that Mr. McKinley plans this progression; I say nothing about this. When I speak of its method, I refer to the method of a natural psychological law. Mr. McKinley is an exceedingly redoubtable person, because his mind works in unison with a very large percentage of American minds, and at about the same rate of progress. The Republican party has no candidate against him. For the first time in its history it approaches the national convention with one possibility only. Mr. McKinley is not only the party, representing everything that it stands for, but behind him is a combination of men who are the products and defenders of the Republican socialism, not one of whom is in politics to be President, but all of whom want to be next to the President, and feel that they must win. They believe in money, for gaining business or social or political ends. They are the "plutocrats," the "money power," who had nearly seven million enemies in 1896, and who would have had more if the nature of the issue of that year had not united all property interests, — both those who believe in government for private gain, and those who hold that government should consider merely the public welfare.

Mr. McKinley, being the Republican candidate, will have with him that large body of voters, including a very important percentage of the youth of the country, whose imaginations have been stirred by the achievements of battles, by the sense of national power which has been awakened by our victories, by a certain vanity in our growing bigness and importance, and by an honest pride in the mysterious disembodied spirit of the country, which Lowell sang so eloquently and exultingly in the Commemoration Ode. That this cannot be an enduring power, in view of the character of our recent wars, goes without saying. It is already weakening, but probably it will not be entirely worn out before the end of the presidential campaign. Another body of voters will accept Mr. McKinley and his policy because they have been convinced that we cannot abandon the Philippines with honor. Some think that we should be disgraced if we left them, and the Germans or some other European power seized them. Some have been taught that the controlling body of Filipinos now contending against us would murder all the natives who have been friendly to us, if we abandoned the islands. Upon minds that accept these suggestions, the argument that we may protect the islands, even if we do not retain them, produces no effect. There are also many thousands of good men who believe in spreading the gospel through the establishment of American government in the Philippines, and they will therefore support Mr. McKinley and imperialism. It is true that this vote is, normally, mainly Republican; but it is essential to the anti-imperialists that they should make some inroad upon

the Republican strength, either by securing Republican votes for the Democratic candidate, or by putting into the field a third ticket, — this time headed by Republicans.

Mr. McKinley's strength on the issue of imperialism ought not to be underestimated by his opponents. It is clear that the impetus has been in his direction, and although there are convincing signs of a reaction, we do not know that the reaction has actually come. The issue will be stated very vaguely by the Republicans. They will present it to the country as a question of high morality, with incidental commercial advantages. It must be admitted that there is something attractive to the average good American — indeed, to the average and sometimes to the exceptional good man of any country — in the idea of elevating the humbler races, of "doing them good." Whitefield preached in favor of African slavery in this country, because he believed that it was the duty of Christians to save the souls of the negroes, and that a most effective opportunity to compel them to listen to the word, and to heed its teachings, was afforded by the ownership of their bodies. Whitefield has his successors. Besides the clerical influences, Mr. McKinley will have the ardent support of an enormous commercial power, — a power much more astute in politics than it was in Mr. Randall's day, with a much keener appreciation of the advantages of a government connection, and with a much firmer conviction of the duty of government to help the business interests. Thirty years ago the protected manufacturers stood alone, and throve under the protection of the sectional issue. Now to these are added those who want to build and sail ships; those who want to monopolize the trade with our new possessions; in brief, all those who want to tighten the cords which bind the public treasury to private business enterprises. It is a tremendous power, and, this year, it will struggle for an imperialism as general and inexplicit as possible; believing that the surer way to win will be by vague expressions of a benevolent desire to advance Christianity and civilization, through annexation and the spread of commerce. Constitutional and economic issues will therefore be minimized.

The Republican party will not avoid the trust issue, but will discuss it, and its general protestations against so-called trusts and monopolies and their tyranny will be nearly, perhaps quite as strong as those of the Democrats. The difficulty, apparently, in making the subject of trusts a party issue is that no politician can convincingly define a trust, point out its admitted evils, or suggest a remedy that does not seem like flying in the face of nature. So far as the Republican party is concerned, it believes that combinations are in accordance with a law of nature, and it cannot possibly, on this issue, win the votes of those who hate corporations, and who believe that there is something sinister in all accumulations of capital. On the other hand, it will have the support of those who are not for destroying combinations, although not the votes of those who are opposed to trusts that are the consequences of the protective tariff.

Imperialism and trusts are not the subjects on which Mr. McKinley and his party will conduct the campaign, if they can choose the issue. Firmly as they believe that they are doing the work of civilization in establishing the jurisdiction of the United States over distant islands and alien and savage or semi-civilized peoples, they must be very far from assurance as to the success of a campaign on the question of imperialism, as it will be raised. They have daily evidence, for example, of the existence of defection in their own party. They know that nearly all the gold Democrats who gave them the victory of four years ago are bitterly and aggressively hostile to imperialism.

It is for this reason, partly, that they have tried to avoid, but not with complete success, any action that might give a definite form to the issue; intent, apparently, on securing a verdict on the general question before risking one on any of the particular questions that must eventually come up for discussion. The administration party will therefore undertake to hold its forces together by making the money question prominent. It knows that on this issue it has the country with it. This is an attested fact, — attested not only in 1896, but in the elections of 1897, 1898, and 1899. There is still life in the issue, and breath is blown into it most sedulously by the Democratic candidate of four years ago, who, of all men in the country, ought to be the most eager to see his poor dependence of 1896 disappear forever in oblivion. The Republican party is now the gold standard party. It stands for sound money, and this gives it so strong a hold upon the country that it will be impossible for the Democrats to defeat Mr. McKinley, if the money question is actually made the most prominent issue of the campaign.

The Democratic candidate seems also to be foreordained. There are signs of opposition to Mr. Bryan. There are indications that some of the Democratic politicians are wearying of his issue, and therefore of him. But they are not weary because they disagree with Mr. Bryan. They may or may not agree with him. They will tell you that they are opposed to the 16 to 1 policy because they do not see the necessary votes in it. The Democrats who opposed Mr. Bryan four years ago are out of the party, and they will have nothing directly to say in the convention, although the chance of securing their votes may possibly have some effect upon the attitude of the party in the campaign. As the organization exists, there are two factions. One, and doubtless the larger, is headed by Mr. Bryan, Senator Jones, and men of that kind, stirred to the very depths of their being, — apparently by the silver question, in reality by what they regard as the oppressions and corruptions of the thing they call the "money power." The other faction is venal, cunning, and a machine. Its leaders are ex-Senator Gorman, Richard Croker, John R. McLean, and some minor "bosses." The late William Goebel, of Kentucky, was one of the leaders of this faction, and would have been prominent in the campaign which it will make against Mr. Bryan in the convention, if it sees a reasonably good opportunity for nominating its own candidate. These men want a candidate of their own kind, and if they cannot have such a man, they will accept Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan will probably be nominated, and therefore the Republican party will have an opportunity to force the money question to the front. Against this the Democrats will struggle, and they are likely to succeed in making imperialism and commercialism the chief topics of discussion over an important area of the country. Their speakers and newspapers will dwell on these themes, and they must be answered; but, at the same time, the Chicago platform will be a part of the Democratic platform of this year, and the Democrats cannot run away from it nor escape the consequences of its adoption. No doubt Mr. Bryan would lose hundreds of thousands of votes by doing what is called "turning his back on silver." The question is, Will he gain the needed number of votes from anti-imperialists and trust opponents, in spite of the silver issue? He will of course make that issue of as little relative importance as possible, and in much the larger part of the country he will succeed; for it is perfectly true that campaign issues are not created by the politicians. Elections are lost and carried on the questions which appear most important to the voters, and interests vary in a country so large as ours. The silver question was universal

in 1896, because it was a real question, upon the settlement of which rested, in the minds of many, the prosperity and honor of the country. At present, the insistence of Mr. Bryan and his party is actually necessary to galvanize it into life. In the silver states the money question is likely to be the sole topic of discussion; in the Eastern states and in the large cities of the middle West, in consequence of Mr. Bryan's candidacy, it will be stronger than the Democrats will like to have it, — stronger at the polls than on the stump. In the great agricultural sections of the middle West and in the South it will be of little present interest. What force it will possess will be by way of tradition. The people there will insist on discussing trusts and imperialism, and there the struggle will come between the predilection for expansion, of which I have already spoken, and the arguments against it. There the Republicans will be obliged to face serious difficulties; for the Democrats will not consent to leave these issues vague and fugitive. They will exert all their power to bring their opponents to definite points, and it is comparatively easy to accomplish this in a political campaign; for a decided statement persisted in is always effective in bringing forth an answer, sooner or later, and the answer once made, the issue is joined.

The Democrats will oppose what they will call the Republican party's effort to overturn the principle of democratic government, to force our rule on an unwilling people, and that by a breach of good faith. They will denounce the war against the Filipinos as cruel and unjust. They will make the most of the administration's alleged recognition of slavery in Sulu. They will insist that the treaty of peace which bound us to pay $20,000,000 for a war was a blunder or a crime. They will point to the enormous increase of taxation, from five to eight dollars per capita; and they will once more, and this time with more effectiveness than ever before, raise up the monster of militarism with which to frighten the imaginations of a people who have heretofore always been sensitively nervous at the threat of a standing army. They will also charge that all this aggression in the East is in the interest of favored classes, that the money power is to gain from it all the advantages of imperialism, and that the "plain people" are to bear all its burdens. And with the voters who will be moved by such appeals as these will act the men who hold to the faith as it was taught by Washington, — faith in the democratic principle, faith in the virtues of peace and in the civilizing influences of the arts of peace, faith in the policy of isolation, — men who still believe that the Constitution is our great monument of civil liberty, and that any despite done to it, any slight put upon it, any turning away from it in efforts to extend our rule over foreign peoples, must be followed by a reaction on our domestic government, and will tend to weaken that respect for the fundamental law which is essential to a proper observance of it on the part of those who frame and execute our statute laws. Those who feel deeply on these questions, but who voted against Mr. Bryan four years ago, will this year vote for any opponent of Mr. McKinley. There are some, however, who acquiesce in these principles, but who are not moved deeply by their fears, and some who are opposed to the attempt to govern distant lands because our structure of government was not framed for the task, who will vote for Mr. McKinley on the silver question, and in dread of the assaults on property which have been threatened by the Democratic and Populist socialism. Then there is the large body of Democrats who have no principle at all, and who are moved chiefly by their selfishness, who vote for prosperity; and these men will vote for Mr. McKinley, if the stock market is in good condition next November.

As the political horizon appears at present, taking into account as carefully as may be all its deceptions, all its mirages, and the many chances of unexpected changes of weather, the Republican party is likely to carry the country on the money question. If it could maintain the inexplicitness of its position on imperialism, it might win on that issue. But that will probably be impossible. If, on the other hand, the Democratic party should nominate a candidate having no responsibility for the Chicago platform of 1896, and should compel a contest on definite issues arising out of our occupation of the Philippines, raising the question of their permanent retention, convincing the people that the Republican party intends to discard the Constitution in governing the new territories, and declaring expressly against the increase of expenditures, commercialism, and militarism, the chances would be in its favor; for it would by this means gain a better position in the East than that which it lost by the campaign of 1896. It would lose only in the far West, and would have all the strength which Mr. Bryan could build up in the middle West. If it accepts Mr. Bryan and all that he stands for, it deliberately imperils any chance of its own success in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and must depend for victory mainly upon the old Republican strongholds of the middle West. The result hangs upon the independent vote, which is much larger this year than it has ever been before; for to the regular independents and the gold Democrats of 1896 must be added the anti-imperialist Republicans, and a very large percentage of this independent vote is opposed to Mr. McKinley. The money question out of the way, the choice of all the independents would not be doubtful. In that event, the weight of evil, of which I spoke in my former article, would shift at once.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Recollections of Ruskin.

I RECALL the attitude of mind with which a girl fresh from an American college looked forward, at Oxford, in the autumn of 1884, to attending a course of lectures by John Ruskin. She was to hear and see a wonderful man: of that she was sure. He was the man who had thrown wide to her awakening soul the portals of the temple of Beauty; who had taught her to read the declaration of the glory of God in the heavens, and to tread in the spirit, if not in the flesh, the secret places of the sacred hills. Through many a long hour of summer reading among the pastures of New Hampshire, he had opened her mind to study and cherish the self-expression of the Christian world in painting and architecture. And she knew that what he had done for her he had done for the English-speaking race.

Yet it was with mingled feelings, in which apprehension clashed with eagerness, that she waited for the lectures. She knew little of Mr. Ruskin's later books; and her ignorance was shared, at that time, by many of the most ardent lovers of Modern Painters and The Stones of Venice. But uncomfortable rumors were in the air. The art critic and the painter of words, the purveyor of new and choice delights alike to the religiously and to the æsthetically minded, had, it was vaguely felt, gone wrong. There had been eccentric if not discreditable developments in his career. He had taken to meddling with political eco-

nomy, and of course he could not know anything about it. Political economy was a recondite subject, concerning itself with the iron laws that governed the important but disagreeable phenomena associated with the making of money. An idealist ought to be ashamed of himself if he were interested in such a matter: a passion for cathedrals or for Turner's paintings incapacitated a man for economics. Mr. Ruskin was writing books about this dismal science, books with queer titles and preposterous ideas. He had quite lost his balance. He had been known to question the very foundations of enlightened society, — taking interest on money, and knowing how to read. He hated railways, he objected to machinery; he wanted to call back the Middle Ages. He was an aristocrat, he was a socialist; he did n't know what he was, himself. He abused his own times, and civilization in general, in a manner really hysterical and shocking. He would write no more lovely descriptions of sunsets or Venetian palaces for our delectation, except when his natural impulse of genius overcame his perversity. It was a shame!

Not all people, of course, felt in this unintelligent way, but a great many did. Twenty-five years earlier, Ruskin had turned a sharp corner from art toward social science; but in a quarter of a century he had not, at least in America, won an audience, far less a sympathetic audience, for his social writings. It was therefore with an instinct of criticism, almost of antagonism, as well as with keen interest, that eyes were fixed on the lecturer, as he passed quietly from a group of his friends to the lecture platform.

Now, the first impression conveyed by Mr. Ruskin's face and bearing was that of reserve strength; the next, of sadness, — sadness very still and deep, and by no means incompatible with a sense of fun; the last and most abiding was that of self-mastery. One had hoped for the presence of a graceful, ardent, sensitive person, bent on revealing beauty; one had feared the presence of an unstrung fanatic; one found one's self in the presence of a prophet.

Those were hard days, we learned afterward, for Mr. Ruskin. The question was pending of the endowment at the university of a physiological laboratory where vivisection should be practiced, and his whole nature was in a state of recoil and fear. (The deed was done, by the way, and a little later Ruskin resigned his professorship in consequence.) Friends, anxiously watching him, feared a return of his malady. That autumn was probably a time of as great mental excitement as he ever knew. It was evident to all of us that something was happening beneath the surface, especially when, before the end of the course, the announcement came that readings from his early works would take the place of the last lectures. The truth was that Ruskin had been persuaded, doubtless wisely, to suppress these lectures, which were full of severity and sorrow.

Yet, to an audience ignorant of the situation, the impression conveyed by the lecturer was not one of weakness. His presence was life-communicating, potent. Probably the presence of greatness always is. I do not know how any one could have seen or heard Ruskin without feeling him to be a great man. In three other cases, that subtle intuition which penetrates with so awful a swiftness through words and aspect to personal quality has brought back to me the report of greatness: with Emerson, with Phillips Brooks, and with Renan. All these men were gentle, but Ruskin was perhaps the gentlest of them. One takes their force for granted. There were gravity and breadth, there was the humorous quality that so sweetens greatness, there was childlike simplicity, there was poise, there was wisdom won through sorrow, in the personality of Ruskin.

The lectures? One does not remem-

ber much about them. The great mind was obviously past its prime, though the character remained intact. They were historical lectures, and they left one with a breathless sense of the speaker's immense stores of knowledge, — knowledge not confused, but synthetically held in a remarkable fashion. Ruskin was not reducing the scale of this knowledge for ignorant minds, on this occasion, as he could do so charmingly in his popular books: he was letting us see in native proportion a detail here or there of the great illumined whole of history and art as it lay in his mind. This was his favorite method, especially in his later writings, and it accounts for the somewhat discursive and chaotic aspect his books present to the average reader, unfamiliar with his thought in its entirety.

But it was when Ruskin left his manuscript, and spoke straight to his audience, flashing appeal, sympathy, reprobation, from under his shaggy brows, that strange things began to happen in the mind of one, at least, of his hearers. Apart from what he was saying, the man inspired a singular trust. At times, indeed, he would break into mournful invective, with a grim felicity in vituperation fairly startling, if taken literally; but it was evident that Ruskin himself did not so take it, for an air of unmistakable artistic pleasure in his vocabulary and of whimsical amusement would often accompany the sharpest abuse. More often, these personal interludes were in the form of searching questions, very gently put to the puzzled and half-conscience-smitten audience. Sometimes, a sort of indrawn monologue of compassionate meditation on some phase of modern human loss or sorrow would show us the man's inmost heart. He revealed to us the two central springs of his nature: unswerving rectitude, intellectual and moral, and profound tenderness, or, as he would himself have described them, the instincts of order and kindness.

Listening, dreaming, an entirely new order of questions began to form in his hearers' minds. Were political economy and art so far separated, after all? Could either be wisely considered apart from the laws of righteousness in life? Could a nation play beautifully that did not as a whole work healthfully? Did the modern nations work healthfully? Could art flourish as the monopoly of the privileged? Is it delicate, is it courteous, is it Christian, is it even just, to rejoice contentedly in pretty descriptions of nature or in the contemplation of art, while vast throngs of those to whose labor we owe our fine sensibilities and the leisure to indulge them are shut off from art and nature alike? What ought idealism to play upon, — dreams, abstractions, the study of the past, or the big crude world of modern fact? These questions are obvious, trite enough, now: they meant to many a hearer, fifteen years ago, an absolutely new point of view.

To Ruskin, in those days, every line of thought, however seemingly remote, was a path of access to the actual life of men. Before the hours in his presence were over, one felt the unity that underlay all seeming inconsistencies and changes in his dramatic career. The Ruskin of Modern Painters, with England admiring at his feet, was one with the Ruskin of Fors Clavigera, with England jeering at his elbow. To hear him lecture deepened and solemnized the impression derived from his books. Many a passage, even in the earlier works, once read for cadence or image or private sentiment, now gathered new seriousness of meaning. The books were delightful, but the man was larger and wiser than his books, even in his decline. Below his opinions one saw into the experience which explained the opinions; and slowly one understood that this slightly bowed form, this face, rugged in mass, but delicate in line, belonged to a man who gathered up into himself the life movement of half a century. More

than one of his hearers came away from those lectures to turn with eagerness and reverence to the social writings of Ruskin; and to find there, brushing away, as may easily be done, all vaporous error, the light of the eternal stars that guides the race in its slow pilgrimage toward justice.

Ruskin as a Lecturer.

We were among those who were privileged to attend the last course of lectures given by Mr. Ruskin as Professor of Fine Arts at the university. With characteristic love of picturesque titles, the author of Sesame and Lilies called these lectures The Pleasures of England. They can be read among his published works. Even while they were delivered, their rather rambling eloquence gave less delight to the hearers than the striking personality of the speaker. The following notes of face and manner were taken at the time: —

"The picture of Mr. Ruskin which unconsciously grows up in the minds of readers of his earlier books is that of a gentle, sensitive, dreamy man, who is essentially the student. To one who has this picture in mind, the cordial but not noisy applause which goes round the room promptly at the lecture hour is necessary to identify the actual Professor Ruskin with the Ruskin of imagination. The first look at Mr. Ruskin goes far toward helping one to understand his affinity for Carlyle. In appearance he is the Scotchman, equally removed from Irish facileness and flexibility and from purely English floridness. Ruggedness and alertness are the first striking characteristics of the personal appearance of the man whose thought and its expression reach almost the perfection of grace and delicacy. He is a man much below medium height, with peculiarly formed high shoulders, which, though his carriage is erect, make him appear bent and stooping. This effect is increased by his stoutness. In spite of his fine brown hair and thick gray beard, the outline of his head is clearly shown: it is a large head, shaped so as to indicate the strength which is natural to him, rather than the symmetry which he has in some measure acquired. His forehead is of the squarely rounded type, and his eyes are a clear, steady blue. It is by the sparkle or the keenness or the sadness of his eyes, changeful and expressive notwithstanding the shagginess of the brows above them, as well as by the variations of his voice, that one soon learns to interpret Mr. Ruskin's mood.

"So far as an inventory of details can describe a man, this is Mr. Ruskin; but it is through and under these details that the author of The Stones of Venice reveals himself. The representative picture of Mr. Ruskin should be an etching or engraving rather than a painting. Fineness of line and firmness of tone would show the man better than would the most careful manipulation of color.

"Like all speakers, Mr. Ruskin has a few characteristic peculiarities of utterance and delivery. He has a French objection to the sound of *th*, which he softens into a lisping modification of the Frenchman's *z*, and he has an invertebrate substitution of *w* for *r*. It is his habit again and again to break off suddenly in his lecture, and, with a direct, sympathetic gaze that seems to take the whole audience into his confidence, to tell some personal anecdote, or to defend himself by anticipation against some possible charge which his immediate topic suggests. The mislaying of his spectacles and the forgetting of a locality in Hebrew geography are embarrassments from which every one of his listeners feels eager to help him. These little asides, and the longer parentheses during which he walks back and forth behind his desk, following up some favorite tangent, give one a feeling of personal acquaintance with him which would be an impertinence toward the cold didacticism of many lecturers. And yet this sympathy does not take the form of a desire to

shake hands with the great man, and to ask his views on politics. One understands and respects a few words which Mr. Ruskin has recently said of himself: 'It is a prettier attention to an old man to read what he wishes to say, and can say without effort, than to require him to answer vexing questions on general subjects, or to add to his day's appointed labor the burden of accidental and unnecessary correspondence.'

"The suggestions of Mr. Ruskin's character in face and manner are not difficult to define. There may be difficulty in describing them in terms of bearing and expression, but not in recognizing them or in being satisfied with what they represent.

"The prevailing expression, which gives confidence to trust all the occasional ones, is that of absolute simplicity and truthfulness. There is no suggestion of casuistry or indecision in his quick, direct glance, as he looks up from his paper now and then to scan his audience. Keen and dogmatic he may be, but there is nothing dreamy or uncertain about the man who, with clear, strong emphasis, tells you, 'Judge as you will, but never doubt.'

"Mr. Ruskin's manner has a happy mixture of force and gentleness, but in spite of memories of Ethics of the Dust the force makes itself felt first. Yet, while force is constant, vehemence is only occasional, and a manly gentleness always controls it. The one surprise which a face-to-face auditor of Mr. Ruskin must feel is the strength of his sense of humor. We do not expect that the author of The Queen of the Air will take an obviously keen delight in the humorous aspect of a situation, and it is, we confess, with a sense of relief that, when we hear the merciless invective of Mr. Ruskin's mediævalism against the modern spirit, we see its delivery accompanied with a twinkle of the eyes and a good-natured curve of the lips that modify its sting. Last of all, Mr. Ruskin's face is a repressed face. It has a tone of sadness, but of sadness gentle rather than stern. He is the Ruskin of The Mystery of Life.

"Gentleness, humor, keenness (which it would be better here to call insight), force, truthfulness, — the list may not be complete enough to represent an ideal teacher, but, so far as he can be briefly described, it represents the man who has done more than any other living Englishman to realize and to teach a pure and complete interpretation of nature, art, and life."

Ruskin and "the Hinksey Diggers."

THOSE of us who came in the seventies under the personal spell of "the Master," as we have ever since called him, have never been able to think of the teacher otherwise than in that mood of hopefulness which seemed to have given new life to him, both in private talk and in public utterance.

This hopefulness was born at Oxford. He had entered upon his work as Slade Professor, and had — at least that was the impression he gave me — been thankfully astonished to find not only that such old friends as Sir Henry Acland and the Dean of Christchurch rallied round him, but that the young undergraduate life had been attracted to him beyond expectation.

One recalls how, before the hour appointed for his lectures in the museum, every corner of the theatre was crammed; and this not only by the young men who would most naturally have been expected to be there, but by a medley of men who would have been found on the running path or in their college barges, — men of whom Philistia might have been proud and glad. Ruskin felt then for the first time that his message was indeed for young Oxford, and his spirit rose within him.

One remembers how on one occasion, in the Taylorian Institute, whither, for the better accommodation of the crowd,

he had adjourned, he seemed vexed, and vented his indignation in no measured terms upon certain of the fairer sex who had congregated to the exclusion of the undergraduates. "I came here," he said, "with a message to my young men, and I am entirely troubled to find that, by reason of so many fair bonnets and befeathered hats, I cannot so much as see their faces." And though it is true he apologized at the next lecture, in most knightly fashion, for having said anything that should have seemed unkind to the fairer sex, he maintained that his business was not so much to tickle the ears of the ladies of Oxford as to fulfill a solemn obligation to Alma Mater in getting at the hearts of her young men.

In one of these lectures he let fall pregnant words about the waste of time he noticed in the Oxford world of athletics. He could not but believe that the same training of muscles might be turned to better account, if only the young men, as they labored to increase the muscle of their biceps and forearms, would try to help others round about them to a happier life. It was a pity, he thought, that men could not see the worth of adding to the joy of gaining health of body the gladness of health of mind, which would assuredly come to them, if they would put their muscles to some work of benevolence for the nation. He instanced the need of good roads for the poor in a neighboring village; the possibility of making a village green fair and fit for man and beast, as the kindly practical work which the rowing man and the athlete might undertake for posterity, and gain at the same time joy in muscular vigor as they labored.

His words came home to many of us. It was a new idea. The same week, it chanced that a young Scotchman of Balliol, a personal friend of Ruskin's, was calling on the professor at Corpus. They fell to talking over the suggestion made in the lecture, and Ruskin unfolded his plan. The pathway from the ferry to Hinksey was uneven and full of holes, and the poor folk of Hinksey were naturally the sufferers. He wished undergraduate friends would volunteer for the work of its reconstruction, but he dared not move in the matter during his first term of Slade Professorship, lest peradventure the academic mind might cry out that he was crazy, or think that he had turned to this experiment of engineering because he could not do the work of his chair. My friend and now near neighbor, the Scotchman, — whose name is known to all who have read the careful addition to St. Mark's Rest he made, at Ruskin's wish, when he described in detail the great picture by Carpaccio in the church of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni at Venice, — had with him, at this interview, a young friend, now eminent in the Scotch Church. They both expressed a timid regret that there should be delay and postponement of the plan. I have seen the touching letter of thanks for their sympathy which was written on the following day, February 20, 1873, in which Ruskin determines to take heart of grace, and begin at once with his plan of road-mending near Oxford.

But how was the scheme to be propounded? Ruskin knew it would mean a certain amount of running the gauntlet of criticism, and that young men were very sensitive. His idea was to invite a certain number of men, whose spirits might be supposed to be able to bear the strain, to meet him, every week or fortnight, at breakfast in his college rooms, that he might thus personally get into touch with them. He left to my Scotch friend the selection of the men. And so it came to pass that on March 16 twelve men, all from Balliol College, and all of very various ways of looking at most things, met the professor at breakfast, heard his plan, and swore their allegiance.

Ruskin had soon after gone down to

Brantwood, and after having arranged the breakfast for a certain date was obliged to postpone it. He wrote playfully that, "however faithless it might seem, he was not Browning's lost leader, but would yet meet his guests, and claim leadership of a cause that was not lost." In one of the letters to my friend to whom Ruskin had intrusted the selection of the diggers, under date of February 28, he wrote of his Hinksey plan: "I am very desirous that all men should feel it is no desire of notoriety for myself, or any fantastic scheme of self-humbling or sacrifice for them, but in the most simple conviction that one can be happy in bodily industry only when it is useful; and that all the best material part of education and scholarship must begin in agriculture and such other homely arts, undertaken for public benefit."

But the spring term was close to an end, and Ruskin went off to Italy. The work, however, was all carefully thought out, and it was arranged that Downes, the gardener at Brantwood, should come up to Oxford and superintend the digging, and have a plentiful supply of picks and spades and barrows ready for "the young gentlemen" for the beginning of the summer term.

How deep and real was Ruskin's interest in the plan is evidenced by the minute and careful instructions he penned at Genoa and Rome as to the work he wished to be done by his volunteers. He gave up the idea of mending the ferry path across the vale, and determined to tackle the road through Hinksey village, and the adjacent three-cornered bit of village green. The triangle of the green had cottages on two sides of it, and a road on the third.

This road was "foundrous;" that is to say, it was so full of ruts and depressions that the carts avoided it, and following their own sweet will over the village green, made it unsightly with deep ruts, and useless to the children for their play. I remember the broken pots and rubbish that partly filled the ruts. A more untidy, hopeless-looking village green I had not seen in Merrie England, when we began upon the mending of the road that bordered it.

Ruskin's instructions relate first to the filling up of certain hollows, to the putting in of certain drains, to the turfing and planting of certain banks with wild flowers; but he asks for special care for the mosses and ferns that are, he remembers, growing in certain cottage steps, and suggests that some one shall be told off to be the peculiar guardian angel of all gentle life of flower and moss and fern which it is desirable to conserve. The filth in the back streets and by the walls of Genoa only makes him more determined, evidently, to see to it that the squalor of Hinksey shall be removed, that so village life in decency shall be possible; and in one of his letters he urges that men shall endure hardness, for that part of the gain to all the workers will be the having had to run the fire of criticism and mockery for a great idea.

In another letter, written from Rome, he says that, standing by St. Paul's tomb, the thought had come over him how fatally the Apostle's teaching about faith had been misinterpreted, and how sure he was that if St. Paul could come on earth to-day he would approve all honest attempts to show forth faith by works. In a later letter he expresses a hope that his diggers may some of them band themselves together, one day, and go out in a kind of Benedictine brotherhood, to cultivate waste places, and make life tolerable in our great cities for the children of the poor. I fancy he hardly foresaw that Toynbee Hall of to-day would so soon realize his dream in this direction. The gospel he had taught, "All great art is praise," seemed now to have another gospel added to it, All useful work is praise.

To return to Oxford. Our overlord was absent in Italy. We had hardly met to tackle the Hinksey road, when news

came to us that the lord of the manor had seen a paragraph in the local paper which had scared him. He had at once written to Dr. Acland to say that he had seen it reported that Ruskin and his army were about to begin their social experiment upon his land, and he begged for an explanation. It redounds not a little to Dr. Acland's credit that, in the absence of the Master, he should so have been able to come to our rescue as to disarm the lord of the manor's possible objections, and it is infinitely to the credit of the lord of the manor that he withdrew any veto he might have felt necessary. The Hinksey diggers have come to thank the timely championship of Dr. Acland, and the good-natured kindliness of Harcourt of Nuneham. Our Hinksey digging went on through the summer term. Sixty men, in relays of twenties, on two days in each week, handled pick and barrow and spade, and obeyed the instruction of their absent Master. I learned then much of the monotony of navvy work, and something of its fatigue. Next term, the winter term, the Master was with us; and I can see him, in blue frock coat and blue cloth cap with the earflaps pulled about his ears, sitting cheerily by the roadside we were improving, breaking stones not only with a will, but with knowledge, and cracking jokes the while.

Not the least pleasant part of the Hinksey day's work was the walk to and fro with the Master across the Oxford vale. It was in these walks that, taking one by the arm, he would speak seriously of his hopes and his aims; and yet there was great sadness about him. It was noticed that he still wore the black tie in place of the blue one, that was in memory of "the dearest earth that was ever returned to earth," — his mother; and a heavy domestic sorrow was at the same time hanging upon him, — so much so that nature seemed almost to have lost power of charm for his soul.

I remember saying to him, as we walked down the beautiful Long Walk at Christchurch, how full of wonder that living arcade of elm-tree boughs was; and he replied sadly, "My dear Rawnsley," with that peculiar dwelling on the *R*, so that it seemed half burr, half roll, "I have lived to find that none of this beauty has any power to help a broken heart."

It was the same thought he afterward expressed in the touching sentences: "Morning breaks over the Coniston fells, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawn by the lake shore. Oh that some one had but told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colors and clouds that appear for a little while, and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of the morning should be completed, and when my thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more!"

I have dwelt on this because I sincerely believe that the joy and enthusiasm of disciplehood which those Hinksey diggings gave the Master did really bring into his saddened life, at this time, deep consolation. It was not only that we repaired the Hinksey road; we helped also to mend a well-nigh broken heart.

But it is the memory of the delightful fortnightly breakfasts at Corpus which most abide with one. The professor always breakfasted beforehand, in order that he might put himself unreservedly at the service of his young guests; and some one of his trusted attendants was with him, to get this book, or that Turner drawing, or this mineral specimen, or that photograph, to illustrate at a moment's notice the point under discussion. And the cheeriness of it all! The welcome with both hands outstretched, the sort of enchanting manner in which he made you believe that you were really the dearest friend he had in the world, — as indeed at the time you were.

"For *he* looked with such a look,
And *he* spoke with such a tone,
That one almost received *his* heart into one's own."

The personal magic of the Master upon his guests was evidenced by the way in which some of the unlikeliest men in the world fell under its spell, and, to the amazement of their friends, took to digging; this magic was felt in the lecture hall almost as much as in his own breakfast room.

When one tries to analyze what the power of the teacher was, in those Oxford days, one finds that it consisted in making his hearers believe that he existed only for them, and was entirely their humble servant. The marvelous humility of the man who spat fire at all things mean, and was with Tom Carlyle for God and Queen and Country, one of the doughtiest gladiators of the time, — this it was that impressed us all. But there was also a delightful unconventionality about him, so unlike the stiff and starched method of the ordinary Oxford don. The lecture hall was crowded. In he would come, and here and there would shake hands and thank some young scapegrace for honoring him with his presence. Then, giving his black silk gown a hitch on his left shoulder, and putting his hand behind his back and gathering his gown up with it, he would launch straightway into a kind of personal explanation of why he had changed his subject at the last moment, and why he hoped for forgiveness.

These prefatory remarks were generally brimful of joyous humor, sometimes of sarcasm; very trenchant, too, but relieved of bitterness by the evident sense of fun and good temper beneath it all. The undergraduates would cheer a point here and there, and one could see how the Master's spirit rose within him at the encouragement; and then suddenly his manner would change, and putting his hands in front of him, almost in the attitude of one praying, and leaning forward over the desk, he would, by the gentle uplifting and raising of his clasped hands, add much of emphasis to his words. Very deliberately would he then speak. His voice would rather chant or sing than say what his heart felt, and, with such rhythmic utterance as it has not been my lot to hear since, he would drive home his prophet's message, and leave us all ashamed of our selfishness or ignorance.

I have heard his voice spoken of as harsh. It is a libel. His voice was tender and full of tears, and that curious roll of the *r*, which in such words as "entirely" or "uttermost" or "dear" was specially noticeable, seemed always to lend the charm of individuality to his public speech, while it betrayed his northern breed.

One other thing that astonished the undergraduate was Ruskin's power of taking unlimited pains in his behalf. The lectures were not only most careful in their language, but most profusely illustrated by objects of art, by precious pictures and photographs, brought together at risk and cost for the hour's lecture.

It was a royal road the Master took to the young heart, this road of delight to be the young man's humblest and gladdest and most painstaking servant. The affectionate self-surrender of Ruskin to his pupils made them captives to his will and word.

I do not wonder that, of all the men who are in any humble way carrying out Ruskin's ideas in the world to-day, there are none more earnest and more grateful to him who taught them the joy of true service than those disciples who rallied to his call, and became the Hinksey diggers of 1873.

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NATIONS AND THE DECALOGUE.

I.

The difference between the current doctrines concerning the conduct of men and those concerning the conduct of nations is an old topic of debate, wearisome and inclining to dullness; but every now and then our minds are startled by the contrast, as by the stroke of an unexpected hour, and we bound, as it were, to our feet, resolute to set the matter in our minds in a state of permanent equilibrium. Such bells have been striking frequently during the last year, owing to the difficult questions before the United States and before Great Britain. Simple propositions concerning the objects and aims of a nation have been expressed in simple language. These propositions owe their interest for us to the nature of the objects and aims advocated, and not to the particular circumstances which caused the advocates to speak. Colonel Denby, one of our commissioners to the Philippines, has said: "Commerce, not politics, is king. I learned what I know of diplomacy in a severe school. I found among my colleagues not the least hesitation in proposing to their respective governments to do anything which was supposed to be conducive to their interests. *There can be no other rule for the government of all persons who are charged with the conduct of affairs than the promotion of the welfare of their respective countries.*" "The cold, hard, practical question alone remains: Will the possession of these islands benefit us as a nation?" Mr. Edward Dicey, C. B., writing in the Nineteenth Century of Mr. Gladstone's conduct after the battle of Majuba Hill, said: "I am willing to grant that Mr. Gladstone seriously believed that for England to make peace without an attempt to reëstablish her impaired prestige was an act so magnanimous as to be certain to secure the admiration of mankind, to bring about a union of hearts between Boers and British, and to inaugurate an era of good will and peace, not only in the annals of South Africa, but of the British Empire. The conception, I fully admit, was grand, but a *failure is a failure, no matter what may have been the nobility of the motives by which its authors were inspired.*" Senator Beveridge opened the debate upon the Philippine question in the Senate by argument that the matter was a commercial speculation, that a very large profit was absolutely certain, and that the rulers of a nation had nothing more to consider. "*The Philippines are so valuable in themselves that we should hold them.*"

The interest in these passages lies in the fundamental doctrine that a state is an exceedingly simple society, with no concerns except those of its belly; and in the corollary thereto, that its rulers ought to give free rein to an appetite which in a private citizen ought to be checked and controlled. By a logical necessity, the statecraft of stuffing the belly carries its own pack of means on its back, for as

surely as we think only of the belly we shall do those things that creatures do who have only the belly to think of. Poor Richard says, "He who thinks that money is everything will do everything to get money." It is a law of life that means match ends: fair means to fair ends, foul means to foul ends.

The conception of statecraft shown in our quotations is no new doctrine. Four hundred years ago Machiavelli held similar notions, and he spoke with a frankness equal to that of Senator Beveridge; but he differs in his expositions, for he spends little space upon the ends of statecraft, taking them for granted, and discourses chiefly upon the means to those ends. He says: "How worthy it is in a ruler to keep faith, to practice fair dealing, and not cunning, everybody agrees. Nevertheless, experience in these days teaches us that those rulers have done great things who have made little account of keeping faith, who have had cunning to bewilder men's minds, and that in the end they have overcome those who have based their conduct on honest dealing. . . . A prudent ruler cannot, nor ought he to keep faith, when such fidelity shall turn against him, and the reasons which moved him to make his promises are spent. . . . And a ruler will never lack pretexts to color his breach of faith. Of this I could give numberless examples in our own times, and show how many treaties, how many promises, have been made naught by the faithlessness of rulers; and he who best has played the fox has prospered best. But it is necessary to know well how to conceal this nature, and to be a great deceiver and hypocrite; for men are so simple, and yield so readily to the wants of the moment, that he who will trick shall always find another who will suffer himself to be tricked. . . . We must recognize this, that a ruler, and especially a new ruler (one serving his first term), cannot observe all those things which men deem good; being often obliged, for the welfare of the state, to act contrary to humanity, contrary to charity, contrary to religion. And besides, he must have a mind ready to shift as the winds and eddies of fortune bid; not to depart from good, if he can help himself, but to know how to do evil, if he must. Therefore a ruler must take great care that no word shall slip from his mouth that shall not be full of piety, trust, humanity, religion, and simple faith, and he must appear, to eye and ear, all compact of these. . . . Let a ruler, then, make the state prosper, and his methods always will be judged honorable and be praised by all; because the vulgar are always caught by appearance and by the event; and in this world there are none but the vulgar. A certain ruler of to-day — it is well not to name names — proclaims nothing but peace and faith; had he observed either, he would have toppled the state and his own reputation."[1]

This passage displays a courage and a plain-dealing equal to the theme. This frankness in Machiavelli, however, deserves less praise than similar frankness in Colonel Denby or Senator Beveridge, because our English-speaking world attaches greater value to appearance than does the Latin world; thinking that if our children see a vast simulacrum of patriotic honor, piety, and propriety looming huge on the horizon, they will believe it real, until they too are old enough and have worldly wisdom enough to be let into the secret, and to hand the show as a rich legacy, uninjured, to their children. "Respect the Outside" is an English educational doctrine. All ranks stand firm, protesting the reality of the simulacrum; for if somebody should come along and give the painted Colossus a tiny push, what might not happen? When Don Quixote had made himself an helmet out of pasteboard and glue, in order to make proof of it, he set it on a block, and swinging his sword dealt

[1] The Prince, chap. xviii.

it a mighty stroke. It took him some time to put the pieces together, and he deemed it wise not to put the helmet to the test again. So our Anglo-Saxon public, with their quick instincts in practical matters, act on the rule, in international affairs, not to lay a finger on the national simulacrum of faith, honor, and religion, for fear it might tumble over. Instead of cold consideration, nimble analysis, and curious questioning of policy; instead of discussing the advantages or disadvantages of national gluttony, patriotic orators praise the piety and magnanimity and devotion with which Great Britain and the United States do their several tasks of civilizing Indians, Irish, Dervishes, Philippines, Boers, or whoever it may be; saying to themselves, Let not our children suspect that there are low animal processes in national life. Thus oratory is fit for kindergartens and little boys. Therefore all the greater praise is due to men of a new way of thinking, who have adopted somewhat of that Latin plainness of speech which is so conspicuous in Machiavelli; who publicly declare, not that a government must act with honor, faith, humanity, and religion, but that it must be resolute to procure the aggrandizement of the state.

II.

This plainness of speech is a great gain; we owe much to the men who have dared to speak out. For the English notion of the worth of appearances, however valuable it may be as a means of education for the young, however valuable for its qualities of scenery and background for a picture of a president or premier and his cabinet, however valuable as a point of vantage from which to throw stones at the Latins, is full of danger. A statesman cannot proceed safely with a major premiss which assumes that all that glitters is gold. Prop appearance as one may, the ways in which it will serve as substitute for reality are few. A national policy is a whole composed of ends, and of means to those ends. How are we to discuss a national policy, if our rulers proclaim that the nation seeks honor, faith, religion, and those qualities which Machiavelli tells them a government should pretend to seek? Nobody can oppose such ends, debate is confined to means; and, so long as the ends are hidden by words, discussion as to whether the means adopted by the government — war, tariff, monopolies, nepotism, or whatever they are — be the wisest means or no is mere blindman's buff. But when we are told that the government has no proper aim other than the commercial welfare of the country, that noble aims which do not result in commercial welfare are to be blamed, that the sole interest of a nation lies in its belly, then we have a subject to discuss which may justify a certain difference of opinion; and gratitude is due to those plain-speaking men who have put the question so clearly before us.

These statesmen have a perfect right to adopt Machiavelli's reasoning and invoke his authority, because the situation at the beginning of the twentieth century is not so different from that in the time of Machiavelli. In Florence and in Italy there were dangers similar to those which affect the minds of statesmen to-day. Now we stand in the fear of Chinese hordes, or shudder at the premonitory thrills of a life-and-death grapple between the English and the Slav races; then there were Tedeschi, Francesi, Spagnuoli, who were not horrible imaginings, but present fears, and overran the peninsula. Now Europe is struggling for trade with the East; then the seaboard cities of Italy and France, the towns of Flanders, of the Netherlands, of Portugual and of Spain, pricked on their governments to fight for the Eastern trade and its forty per cent increase. In the sixteenth century the individual was as eager to make a fortune at little cost as he is to-day. Then, too,

the Italians felt, in like manner as we feel to-day, that they were "of earth's first blood," and bore on their shoulders the burden of civilization. Machiavelli spurred on his countrymen with Petrarch's verses: —

"Chè l' antico valore
Negli Italici cuor non è ancor morto."

Machiavelli lived contemporary with Cæsar Borgia and Bembo, cardinals; Julius della Rovere, Pope; Benvenuto Cellini, artist; Aretino, man of letters; and with a society not very different, perhaps, from that drawn by Boccaccio. It is not to be wondered that as he believed that individuals had no moral standards, he also believed that a government should have no other aim than the aggrandizement of the state, and that the rules of right had nothing to do with statecraft. In this half century, Manning and Newman, cardinals, Leo XIII., Pope, John Ruskin in art, Tennyson in letters, Abraham Lincoln and Gladstone, statesmen, show the softening of our manners and the development of our ethical standards. Mr. Chamberlain, zealous though he be for the spread of civilization, as Torquemada for that of true religion, recognizes the changed customs of the time. President McKinley, resolute though he be for the enlargement of the United States, as Louis XI. for that of France, recognizes the changes in statecraft. Nevertheless, the clash of national interests is very much like what it was centuries ago. We change the fashion of the stomacher, but the old appetites remain. And if, as Senator Beveridge would say, the old appetites remain unchanged, why change the processes of feeding?

On the other hand, it may be suggested that the continuance of the same processes of feeding has perpetuated the old appetites; that on the whole the success of Europe as a commonwealth of nations has not been so conspicuous as to warrant a hasty judgment that good fruit has grown from these methods. In Italy, for example, Machiavelli's rules were obeyed, and three hundred years of degradation followed. Relief came to Italy from the sympathy of England, the romance of France, the self-sacrifice of her own sons; no Borgia, no Medici, saved her, but the preachings of Mazzini, the deeds of Garibaldi. If doctrines in conformity to an ethical standard serve the interest of a single state, why not try them as rules of statecraft in international relations?

It does not seem unreasonable for a state to try an ethical standard. Presidents and premiers have admitted that such a standard among individuals has been of great service to humanity; that it has enabled races to prevail over others in which individuals followed only the rules of selfishness. After myriad experiments of other methods, men have fashioned a code for dealing with their fellow men; they have gradually learned to believe in the wisdom of obedience to that code. No man, except a statesman, dares publicly to disavow it. The great product of these myriad experiments of humanity is faith.

Faith is belief in the nobler experience of life. So necessary is that belief to the human race that in all the assaults of expediency there have been men to guard it, packing it as a sacred thing into little sentences. The questionings of selfish men, the curiosity of subtle minds, the skepticism of the advocates of novelty, have only served to grind and polish the great teaching of experience into language which babies can understand; and none reject it except those who have set up in its place what they please to call "knowledge of the world." The real experience of humanity is that right, justice, and high endeavor should guide the conduct of men. The reward of virtue is not always bread, nor of magnanimity to be the cynosure of envious eyes; none the less, we teach our children the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and in private life we strive to obey them.

Why are statesmen so fearful of the great experience of humanity, why do they dread an ethical standard, why are they men of such little faith? Why do they, at all times, in all places, shake their heads, and say, "Oh the intricacy, oh the difficulties, oh the clashing and smashing of a million interests!" We all recognize the intricacy and the difficulty surrounding the course of nations. Not from the simplicity of the task of guiding a nation do we wonder at the disregard of those rules of right conduct which govern private men, but because of its manifold dangers and of its infinite perplexities. No man is endowed with sight to see far into the future, no man can foretell the forces which will prevail a generation hence; no ship of state can steer its course by the foam of the surrounding waves. The threads of life are so many and so complicated, the forces of life so myriad, the influences of individual men so uncertain, that no man's experience will serve him for a compass. There is but one course for a statesman to pursue. He must consult the deepest and truest experience of humanity, ponder over it till he feels conviction, and then act in obedience to that conviction continually. The deepest and truest experience of mankind is embodied in its moral laws, and even in tender care of a nation's belly rulers are not wise to disregard it. There is no foresight elsewhere.

If the Ten Commandments bind a man, and prescribe what he shall do and what he shall not do, do they bind two men and three? And if two and three, then do they bind an hundred, and an hundred thousand, and an hundred million? If they bind John P. Robinson, private citizen, do they cease to bind him when he takes oath as selectman, as mayor, governor, member of Parliament, premier, or president? The distinction is worthy of Thomas Aquinas or Tartuffe. Nothing is more striking, as evidence of the nature of the public mind, than the difference made by crossing the threshold of the Department of State or of the House of Commons. Conscience, inquisitive before, now stays flunkey-like outside, while the public unbonnets, muttering phrases about "practical matters," "affairs of the nation," "economic development," "destiny;" or else silently nods, like men at the funeral eulogy of a bad man, "Nihil de Re Publica nisi bonum." What is there about the oath of office, crossing the congressional threshold, hanging of coats on the Commons' pegs, that makes a grand climacteric in a virtuous man's life, and turns his moral ideas topsy-turvy, and induces him to talk sin and folly? Can he no longer hear the great voices whispering out of the past that by justice shall a nation flourish, and by injustice shall she grow faint? Every great national wrongdoing weakens the bonds of duty between her private citizens; it enfeebles civic virtues; it encourages license and self-indulgence; it induces the rich to oppression, and the poor to crime; it is like a great shock that wrenches every nail in the ship, and by a thousand little weakenings deprives her of the robustness of her strength.

III.

The causes which mislead statesmen to disbelieve the Ten Commandments are many. They believe that the world is governed by greed and its servants; that though the Commandments be read aloud in churches, Lombard and Wall streets, together with all the little byways and alleys which branch therefrom, pay no heed. If that belief be correct, are they justified? Shall a king or a secretary of state lie because the citizens are liars? It is written, "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to sin." Shall statesmen never lead?

They disbelieve because they lack courage to hear "simple truth miscalled simplicity." They are tempted to fight the devil with his own weapons. They see

offices and honors immediately above them stretching out their arms. They distrust long aims, for men are creatures of short life, and, outside of their individual experience, are skeptical of cause and effect. They feel that might will prevail, whatever right may do. They see straight before them the easy path smoothed by the feet of little men. Their hearts are not lifted up to the great interests of the nation. They find that it is difficult for crawling things to stand erect. Thus statesmen wander to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking approval of constituents and patrons, harking to the murmurs of the crowd, and "Nel mondo non è, se non volgo," as Machiavelli says.

Moreover, our rulers blindfold themselves, repeating, as we know, that matters of state are so vast, so complicated, so profound, that they cannot be judged by ordinary standards, not if there were an hundred commandments instead of ten;

> "But John P.
> Robinson he
> Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee."

They persuade themselves that they practice some mystery, — priests of Cybele, thyrsus-bearers of Dionysus; that their actions, like stars, are controlled by skyey laws of which we have no means to judge. It is true that affairs of nations are the greatest matters of business in the world, but they have little mimics. The British East India Company, the Dutch East India Company, even in greatness have not been unlike nations. Their corporate business has been vast and complicated. Lesser corporations are of the same genus, many of the same species: "Sic canibus catulos similis." The difference is in degree, not in kind. When the president and directors of a railroad company lower their rates till they have broken a weaker rival, then buy half the stock and one share more, or when they make a bargain with other railroad companies not to carry freight at less than a certain price, and then privily contract with great shippers to violate that bargain, their acts are of the kind known as *those justified by reasons of state.*

Affairs corporate, in like manner as national affairs, influence those who conduct them. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are good husbands, honest, upright, church-going men, keeping faith and eschewing evil. The moment that they form the B. J. R. company, impersonality enwraps them like a witch's cloak. They have done nothing but combine their goods, yet that union acts like poison. Brown waters the stock, Jones bribes his alderman, Robinson marks the nick of time to break a bargain. In the dregs of their minds is some vague notion that a man of business is nothing but a money-getting animal; that, as nature has made money his end, she has endowed him by implication with the right to pursue all convenient means to that end. They scent nothing but their duty to increase dividends by hook and crook for their stockholders, who, strange to say, are one Brown, one Jones, and a certain J. P. Robinson. This is the way with statesmen: they do not know that a nation has a soul.

Back of these little causes which conspire together to keep a nation from the path of the Ten Commandments, there is a great, vague, powerful force, that seems to move among the affairs of nations like a current through the waters. It is recognized by all, but it is known to men by different names. Some form this idea of it, some that. Professor Washburn Hopkins calls it, in its relation to Great Britain, the "higher morality." Senator Beveridge calls it, in its relation to the United States, "racial tendency." He says, "their racial tendency is as resistless as the currents of the sea, or the process of the suns, or any other elemental movement of nature, of which that racial tendency is itself the

most majestic." Others, again, call it "destiny," and others the "will of God." There is always difficulty in giving the appropriate and characteristic name to a force till it be well understood. This force is very simple, and should be well understood. It is an instinct, a powerful instinct; but instincts are not blindly to be followed. Even upon an instinct must judgment be passed, whether it shall be strengthened and obeyed or thwarted and disobeyed.

It needs no knowledge of sociology and biology to see that a nation has life, health, growth, and decay, like an animal; that it has a structure, divided into parts, and maintains life by means of organs with allotted functions. It has a governing power, centralized in its head or capital, which both directs and depends upon the whole body politic. It has members of offense and defense; it has means of communication between its several parts, roads, rivers, wires, which show like a diagram of nerves and muscles; it has an ever hungry appetite, and at times betrays occasional traces of the rudiments of a conscience and of a moral sense. It is composed of a multitude of units, all of which act separately for their private good, and are often slow to act together for the benefit of the aggregate. Groups of individual units perform different functions. Such a whole is not a special creation, nor does it vary greatly from the ordinary type of organism on this planet. A nation is simply the largest of organisms; the forces which control it are primitive instincts, the "higher morality" or "racial tendency" being the chief nerve of the alimentary canal. The vibrations of this nerve shake the faith of our statesmen in the Ten Commandments.

But though a nation is an organism, and has structure and organs like another, there is a respect in which it differs from other low organic aggregates. In the latter the individual cells are of inferior nature to the aggregate to which they belong, — it owes them no obedience; whereas, in the case of nations, citizens are of superior nature to the nation. Common organisms rightly follow what instincts they have, because instincts are the highest springs of action they know. The cell has no conscience which it can set up in opposition; it cannot appeal to a higher law or urge its own profound experience. Therefore the presumption in favor of an instinct — that it is good — does not hold in the case of nations. Statesmen cannot invoke the authority of the polyp. It must be remembered, too, that the worth of an instinct is to be judged by the length of time it has been tried, and by the success it has achieved. The instincts in man and his progenitors have been at work for ages. Man has triumphed over all his competitors; his race will endure as long as this globe is inhabitable. His instincts have proved their virtue; yet many of them must be governed, controlled, and rebuked. This national instinct, the higher morality, racial tendency, or alimentary nerve has existed but a few thousand years; its future is uncertain, its services in the past are doubtful. It has often brought war, destruction, and suspicion to Europe; it has prevented the interchange of wealth and of knowledge; it has crushed forms of civilization which would be most useful now; when has it brought peace, fraternity, or happiness? Was it national feeling that produced Socrates, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis, Dr. Channing, Phillips Brooks? Did nationality produce Jesus?

So we find that this great force, which bears statesmen hither and thither, like cockles on the tide, is nothing but the great national instinct of greed, the craving of the belly. What power has it to excuse statesmen for breaches of the moral law?

IV.

Where there is plain wrong there must be a remedy. It is impossible to

believe that men, creatures of reason and of experience painfully bought, will leave blind nations to the blind guidance of rude instincts which spring, like maggots from cheese, out of the union of many men. We must shunt these guides. Let us not fear to follow our private faith in matters international. Let us not be cowed by apparent failure. Let us serve our God; let us refuse to worship the aggrandizement of our country. If our country is fitted to advance the cause for which Christ was crucified, we are granted the great privilege of serene patriotism. If it is not, let us face the consequences. It may be that this system of division of mankind into nations has had its day. Perhaps nations lag superfluous on the stage. The purpose that they were contrived to serve, the union of people of one blood, and the preservation of the purity of that blood, they have not served. There is not one nation of pure breed and native blood; people of the same race are divided into different nations, — England and the United States, Spain and Mexico, Portugal and Brazil, France and the Province of Quebec, Germany and Austria. They may be mere temporary makeshifts to bridge a gap while mankind prepares some better means of serving its interests. There are signs that this system of nations is breaking up, to make way for a cosmopolitan system. Science with its locomotive forces, commerce with its maxim "Ubi bene ibi patria," democracy with its brotherhood of man, are daily undermining the national system. World's fairs, peace conferences, international labor societies, drawings together of Latins and of Anglo-Saxons, — all indicate the coming of a new system, without need of weapons of offense and defense, and with no national belly to be filled.

The substitution of a cosmopolitan system, with its ethical laws, in the place of our national system, with its individualistic laws, will no doubt be a long task. Two famous endeavors to effect that substitution have been made in the past by the European world. The first was the Roman attempt at universal empire, which failed because no one people can supply and adjust the amount of capacity necessary to administer the affairs of the world. The lesson from this attempt is that, not empire, but federation is the true political step toward a cosmopolitan system. The second was the attempt of the Roman Church to make a political Christendom, by bringing all nations into a common obedience to an ecclesiastical Christianity. But the evil conduct of her great priests weakened the Church, and the strong instincts of nationality foiled the attempt. The lesson from this failure is that the fruits of religion cannot grow upon political graftings. An attempt at universal empire is not likely to be made again by one nation; but it may well be that Christianity, embodying as it does the great truths of human experience, will be the chief factor in the federation of the world; that that cosmopolitanism which shall supplant the crew of nations will be a new name for Christendom; that Christian laws will oust national instincts. For though cosmopolitanism does not prevent, nor pretend to prevent, the struggles among individuals, it substitutes symbols of peace in place of national flags, those great exemplars of the brute struggle for dominion; it annuls the sanction given by national customs, by bloody victories, by vulgar history, to the doctrine that might makes right; it brings in the reign of law and of a public opinion which is continually more and more affected by Christianity. Centuries may have to pass into a millennium first, but the longer the road the greater the need of haste.

There are three matters to be recognized clearly. The first is that there is nothing peculiar or mysterious about politics or international relations. When two or three men live within hail of one another political relations begin. Poli-

tics begin when men realize that other men are forces to be considered. Men meet, bow; each drives his wagon to the right; one sells, another buys; they fence their acres in. They put their heads and arms together to chop down a tree, to mend the road, to regulate county matters with the next community. Whether they like it or not, politics have begun, ethical relations have begun, religion has come in; men cannot separate politics from ethics, nor ethics from religion; they are threefold, yet one and indivisible. From that union springs the moral law. Rightly to understand that law is the chief problem of life, and mankind has long been busy at the task; but the immediate matter for men is to understand that what is true of two men and three gathered together is true of tens of millions. Are men to recognize this law, which acts on the individual and on society, only when the company is small and they can see the whites of one another's eyes? The duty of the state is to recognize the scientific truth of the universality and persistence of the moral law, and to put it to use in state affairs.

The second immediate matter is to recognize that education is one of the main functions of a government. Misled by practical difficulties of machinery, by old custom, and by many repetitions, lawyers and lecturers talk of the executive duties of the executive, of the legislative duties of the legislature, as if those terms bounded the subject. Rarely does a man, as Bagehot did in England, stop to look at the real nature of the functions of President and of Congress. A chief function is to instruct the people by example. The reason that a good and able man should be chosen President rather than a bad and able man is, not that he will execute the laws more promptly and more exactly, but because it is important that a conspicuous object in the nation's eye should be good. One reason that good men, and not bad, should be chosen Senators is that speeches in the Senate should fill the newspapers with lofty thought that will be good for all to read. The influence of men in high places is far-reaching; people take their standards of conduct as they do the fashions of their dress. See the effect of a virtuous court on the manners of a people.

The third matter is the immediate need of plain speech. Shams must be rent asunder, no matter how high the motives which support them. Statesmen must speak out straight from the heart. It is in this that Senator Beveridge and Colonel Denby have rendered so salutary service. Whatever may be the justice of their views on current policy, they have opened the attack against sham. Let there be plain speech, and the American people — among whom the great social experiments are to be tried — shall have the front place in the ranks of nations, to say whether the partisans of the national belly or the partisans of the national conscience shall prevail, and what America will do to make straight the way for Christendom.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE MILTON MANUSCRIPTS AT TRINITY.

When Charles Lamb originally printed his Oxford in the Vacation, in The London Magazine for October, 1820, he followed his remark, "Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS.," by the following capricious reflections: —

"I had thought of Lycidas as of a full-grown beauty — as springing up with all its parts absolute — till, in an evil hour, I was shown the original copy of it, together with the other minor poems of its author, in the Library at Trinity, kept like some treasure to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them after the latter cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore! interlined, corrected! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good! as if inspiration was made up of parts, and these fluctuating, successive, indifferent! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture till it is fairly off the easel; no, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another Galatea."

When Lamb came to read over these sentences, he was perhaps struck with their petulance, for they were omitted from the completed Essays of Elia in 1823. They represent merely a little eddy in the backwater of the critic's mind, and it would be unfair indeed to pin him down to a whimsical utterance which he deliberately repudiated. But these forgotten phrases have a certain charm of their own, and they introduce, if only in a spirit of contradiction, the subject of this paper.

It was probably in 1799 or 1800 that either Lloyd or Manning showed Lamb the handsome volume in which the manuscripts of Milton reposed in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. A hundred years had passed since they had been presented to that society; another hundred have now gone by since Lamb inspected them in a mood so surprisingly unsympathetic. It has gradually been recognized that these leaves constitute, in the words of the present Vice Master of the college, "the chief treasure of Trinity Library," rich though that library be in wealth which is even yet not completely estimated. It is well that the authorities of the college should have been awakened at last to the absolutely unique and incomparable value of this possession, for it has taken the greater part of two centuries to make them aware of it; and, in the meantime, very considerable injury has been done to the precious tome, not only by the carelessness and even by the greedy dishonesty of visitors, but, as Mr. Aldis Wright says, "by the rough manner in which it was patched, to remedy the mischief caused by unintelligent admiration." I shall presently speak of the most extraordinary mutilation which it has suffered.

The natural and obvious result of the quickening of the college conscience has been to make it increasingly difficult for visitors to examine the Milton manuscripts with any closeness. The utmost courtesy had always been shown in welcoming any scholar who desired to make a collation or trace a reading. But a more and more salutary and jealous care has deprecated idle examination of the manuscripts, and has even been slow to permit those who can give an account of their interest to touch or handle the frail leaves which are so far more precious than rubies. The consequence is that, without being unknown, the manuscripts of Milton at Trinity have practi-

cally become inaccessible to the student, who, if he were privileged to hold the "pompous volume" for an instant in his hands, was far too greatly overwhelmed with the honor and alarmed by his responsibility to make any literary use of it. The authorities of Trinity College, divided between the sense of the solemn trust which the possession of the most interesting of all English manuscripts lays upon them and the wish not to act like dogs in a manger, have at last hit upon an admirable solution of the dilemma. Under the superintendence of that great scholar, to whom English literature and Cambridge alike owe so much, Mr. Aldis Wright, they have issued, in a limited edition, in very sumptuous form, an exact and complete facsimile of their Milton manuscripts. They may now inclose their treasure in a crystal casket; the excuse for its being touched by even the most learned scholar is gone. Now, too, for the first time, we can examine in peace, and without a beating heart and blinded eyes, the priceless thing in its minutest features.

It should be stated in what condition the manuscripts came to Trinity. In 1691, — seventeen years after the death of Milton, and when his poetry was just beginning to be recognized as a national glory, — Sir Henry Newton-Puckering, a considerable benefactor to the library of the college, presented to it nearly four thousand volumes. At this time, the Master was the Hon. John Montague, the immediate predecessor of Bentley. It appears that among the donations of Sir Henry Puckering was one which outweighed all the others in value, but was entirely unobserved. This was a packet of thirty loose and tattered folio leaves, almost covered with the handwriting of Milton. During the next forty years, these leaves must have brushed the very confines of dissolution; at any moment the caprice of an ignorant custodian might have condemned them to the flames. It is odd to think that the great Bentley, deeply interested alike in texts and in Milton, had these originals at his elbow for forty years, and never suspected their existence.

It is supposed that about the year 1735 they attracted the notice of the Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Charles Mason, who had succeeded Conyers Middleton in 1731, and who was an investigator of books and libraries. He put a note upon them, — "Milton's Juvenile Poems, etc., seemingly the original," — and he drew the attention of a person more purely literary than himself to the value of his discovery. Thomas Clarke — afterwards Sir Thomas, and Master of the Rolls — "was always a lover of the Muses," and he was at the expense of a handsome shrine for the dissected members of "the most learned and almost divine Poet." But Clarke left Trinity soon after, and the guardianship of the richly bound, thin folio seems to have passed back into the hands of Mason until his death in 1762. During the eighteenth century, from the year 1738, when Birch first made reference to them, the manuscripts were frequently appealed to as authorities by the annotators and editors of Milton.

Mr. Aldis Wright speaks ruefully of the advantages which these early critics had in consulting the folio before it had "suffered from the carelessness with which it was too freely shown to visitors." Even Lamb — the unthankful Elia — had an opportunity of glancing at what we shall never see. During the present century, — indeed, not more than (I believe) forty years ago, — a slip fastened on the inside of one of the pages of the manuscript of Comus, and containing seventeen lines of that poem intended to take the place of those on the opposite page, was stolen. It was securely gummed or pasted on, and it resisted so successfully the snatch with which the thief tore at it that the initial letters of thirteen of the lines remained on the fragment which is left. A great

mystery is involved in this remarkable and useless theft, and there are old men who shake their heads, and "could tell, an they would," strange tales about it.

The psychology of this curious little crime has always fascinated me. I imagine the nameless culprit, certainly a man of education and position, perhaps a clergyman, doubtless a scholar of repute, walking down the florid cloisters of Neville's Court in company with a dignified college don, his friend, or a new acquaintance to whom he has been solemnly recommended. They are on the cloistered staircase, and no thought of guile is in the heart of the visitor. A heavy door wheels open, and they pass over the tessellated pavement, and between the long ranges of "storied urn or animated bust." The languorous statue of Byron looks down upon them without suspicion, as they advance; in the strange colored window blazing at the end, Sir Isaac Newton is led by the University of Cambridge (a foolish female form) to where Bacon is sitting at the feet of King George III. And still, in the magnificence and silence, no guile is in the heart of the visitor. Then, carelessly, among other objects of interest, his conductor places in his hand the folio manuscripts of Milton. He turns the pages; it rolls in upon him that this is the very handwriting of the sublimest of the English poets. He turns the leaves more slowly; here in Comus is a slip that seems loose! And now the devil is raging in the visitor's bosom; the collector awakens in him, the bibliomaniac is unchained. His college companion, all unsuspecting, turns into another bay, to select another object. In an instant the unpremeditated crime is committed; the slip is snatched out and thrust into the visitor's pocket, but so violently is it plucked that it tears, and the damning evidence of theft (and such a theft!) clings to the outraged volume forever.

The conducting don has observed nothing, and the desultory exhibition continues. More objects have to be observed, more curiosities admired. And the miserable malefactor, with that paper corpse bleeding against his breast, must lounge along the dreadful cases, interrogate his terrific companion, govern his pulsing throat by some herculean effort of the will. At last they leave the stately Library, become, to the visitor, a mere shambles, a house of invisible murder. How he totters down the marble staircase; how the great door, grinding on its hinges, pierces between his bones and marrow! And so he goes back to his own place, certain that sooner or later his insane crime will be discovered, certain that his part in it will become patent to the custodians of the college, certain of silent infamy and unaccusing outlawry, with no consolation but that sickening fragment of torn verse, which he can never show to a single friend, can never sell nor give nor bequeath; which is inherently too precious to destroy, and which is so deadly in its association that he will never trust himself to look at it, though his family are all abroad, and he locked into his study. Among literary criminals, I know not another who so burdens the imagination as this wretched mutilator of Comus.

It is the opinion of Mr. Aldis Wright that the earliest part of the precious manuscripts was written in 1633. The year before, a friend at Cambridge — perhaps Charles Diodati — had taken Milton to task for allowing Time, "the subtle thief of youth," to steal on his wing his three and twentieth year. Milton had come to the conclusion that the university was unfavorable to the development of his mind, and that it was proper for him to withdraw to a solitary place and labor under the "great Task-master's eye." He had lately said, in a letter, the first draft of which is preserved among the Trinity manuscripts, "I am sometimes[1] suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me." He had

[1] Not "something," as usually quoted.

become conscious of "a mind made and set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things." Nor was he much in doubt what form his work should take, "in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this later, the style by certain vital signs being likely to live." In this solemn confidence, in this stately temper of self-consecration to the art of poetry, Milton left Cambridge toward the close of 1632.

He was in his father's hands, but we learn from the poem Ad Patrem that no difficulties were placed in the way of his dedication. At an age when a profession, a lucrative mode of life of some sort or other, is deemed imperative by most parents, the elder Milton consented to allow his son "to wander, a happy companion of Apollo, far from the noise of town, and shut up in deep retreats." Accordingly he joined his parents in their house at Horton, and there he lived through some five years of happy retirement, devoted to poetry, music, and mathematics. The volume at Trinity College is evidently the notebook in which, during those blossoming years, he was in the habit of putting down the first drafts of his poems, and in which he corrected, tested, and polished them

What Horton was like, in those days, the reader of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso divines. It was a rural solitude,

> "Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
> Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
> Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt."

It is still a village, and still in front of the altar of its rustic church may be deciphered the lettering of the tomb where Milton's mother was buried in 1637. But Horton has lost its charm. Its monumental oaks and elms have fallen before the "rude axe;" its lovely, sleepy river, the Colne, has become a canal for commerce; its long meadows, undulating to the far-off keep of Windsor Castle, "bosomed high in tufted trees," have sunken to the market-garden aspect. It is the misfortune of Horton, in fact, to be only seventeen miles from London, and its freshness, its "glimmering bowers" and "secret shades," have been exchanged for glaring suburban villas. But in the reign of Charles I. this little southern spur of the county of Bucks was still an unravished home of loveliness and quietude, and here Milton, through five delicious years, cultivated to the highest the magnificent powers of his genius.

We have spoken of the Milton book at Trinity as being the most precious manuscript of English literature in the world, and the longer we consider its constitution, the less likely are we to dispute this claim. Nothing of Shakespeare's work remains in his own handwriting; nothing important, so far as we know, of Chaucer's or of Spenser's. Of later poets, indeed, we possess manuscripts of more or less value and interest. But in no other case that I can recall, ancient or modern, has it been our privilege to examine the sheets in which, through several years of the highest creative intensity, a great poet has left on record the very movement of his mind and the hesitations and selections of his art in the act of its production. When that poet is Milton, the most splendid artist in verse whom the English race has produced, the importance of the document stands revealed beyond any need of emphasis or insistence. Now, in the Trinity manuscript, everything is the unquestioned handwriting of Milton, except some of the sonnets, which have evidently been copied by successive amanuenses.

The volume begins with Arcades, where the poet made a false start in the opening lines; his first thought being to write, —

> "Look, nymphs and shepherds, look, here ends our quest,
> Since at last our eyes are blest."

Unfortunately, these pages have been sadly tattered, and one whole margin of each of them appears to have been

snipped away, for neatness' sake, by "the abhorred shears" of somebody, when they were bound, a hundred and sixty years ago. This is, however, the less important, as the corrections in Arcades are comparatively few.

Next follows At a Solemn Music, also badly mutilated. Here Milton is seen to be greatly perplexed with contending plans, and the entire poem is twice canceled, with strong cross pen-lines, and a third time written. We examine the two canceled forms of the ode with particular curiosity, since Milton's failures are more than most men's successes. Here are two lost lines: —

"While all the starry rounds, and arches blue,
Resound and echo, Hallelu!"

and, lower down, the "melodious noise" was originally succeeded by the line,

"By leaving out those harsh chromatic jars,"

which Milton's ear instinctively felt was discordant.

As an instance of the extreme and punctilious care the poet took to make his expression exactly suit his thought and his music, it may be worth the notice and analysis of the reader that he tried "ever-endless light," "ever-glorious," "uneclipsèd," "where day dwells without night," "endless morn of light," "in cloudless birth of light," "in never-parting light," before finally returning to the fifth (and certainly the best) of these seven variants.

We then come to the Letter to a Friend, twice drafted, and with innumerable small corrections, proving, in the most interesting way, the extreme importance of the crisis in Milton's life of which this epistle, with its inclosed sonnet, is the memorable record. Then come clear copies of the little odes or sacred madrigals written while Milton was at Cambridge; but here the text was already settled, and these offer us no peculiarities. Nor is there much to say about the three sonnets, which are in another and a later hand. But we now arrive at Comus, here simply called A Maske, and dated 1634. This is Milton's own writing, again, and the interlinings and canceled readings are so numerous that we are able to follow the poet in the act of composition. As in Arcades, he makes a false start, and the first twenty lines are stormily struck through.

Who has ever lived, but Milton, that was rich enough to throw away such beauties as,

"on whose banks
Eternal roses grow and hyacinths,"

or,

"I doubt me, gentle mortal, these may seem
Strange distances to hear and unknown climes"?

As we proceed, the main interest is to note the unfailing skill of Milton. He alters frequently, and in altering he invariably improves. Never was there an artist in language of so sure a hand. At the first flow of inspiration, a word will often occur to him which is a good word, but not the best. Thus, in the great Song which Comus sings in entering, the sun originally allayed his glowing axle "in the steep *Tartessian* stream." Reading it over, the hissing sound struck the poet's delicate ear, and he found *Atlantic* instead, which reduces the whole to harmony. In the last line of the Echo song, the Lady was, instead of giving "resounding grace," to "*hold a counterpoint* to all Heaven's harmonies." Here one feels that the expression was perceived by the poet to be too technical, and even a little pedantic, and certainly the mending of it is most felicitous. Some of the lost lines from Comus — so completely quenched by Milton's broad pen-mark that it seems a doubtful morality to light their wicks again even for a moment — are: —

"While I see you
This dusky hollow is a paradise
And heaven-gate 's o'er my head,"

omitted from the Lady's monologue, evidently, because it delayed it;

"So fares as did forsaken Proserpine
When the big wallowing flakes of pitchy cloud
And darkness wound her in,"

omitted from the Second Brother's speech to make room for the more practical suggestion that their sister is in

"the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage beast."

From the famous praise of chastity is dropped a line, —

"And yawning dens where glaring monsters house;"

very fine in itself, but canceled, doubtless, as overemphatic in that position. Perhaps nothing will give a more interesting impression of the manuscript than a quotation from the Spirit's Epilogue to Comus as it first left Milton's pen. For purposes of comparison with the present text, I print in italics all the words which the poet altered: —

"Then I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of *Atlas*, and his *nieces* three
That sing about the golden tree."

The next four lines, as we have them, were an afterthought. The first draft proceeds: —

"There eternal summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the *myrtle* alleys fling
Balm and cassia's *fragrant* smells.
Iris there with *garnished* bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her *watchet* scarf can shew,
Yellow, watchet, green and blue,
And drenches oft with *manna* dew," etc.

In every case the changes will be found to be an improvement. After meeting Hesperus and his daughters, we cannot away with Atlas and his nieces, while the most rudimentary ear must feel the improvement gained by substituting "cedarn" for "myrtle," and "Nard" for "Balm." Yet this first text was extremely pretty, and it wanted an artist of the highest sensitiveness to divine that what was good might thus give way for what was even better. In the second draft, among the seven-syllable lines, there suddenly burst out a splendid Alexandrine, —

"Where grows the right-born gold upon his native tree,"

only to be instantly canceled by the master.

And now, with deep emotion, we turn to an examination of Lycidas. My impression of the manuscript of Comus is that it represents the actual first conception, that here we see the poem sprouting and rustling from Apollo's head. But certainly Lycidas had either been in part already scribbled down, or the author had worked it in his brain until much of it had reached its final form. Here long and elaborate passages are written as they now stand, and without a single erasure. The manuscript is dated "Novemb: 1637," and this note precedes the poem: "In this Monodie the author bewails a lerned freind unfortunatly drownd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas 1637." The only lines of the poem in which we find much to note are those in which the image of Orpheus is introduced. The famous quotation is hardly to be recognized in, —

"What could the golden-haired Calliope
For her enchanting son,
When she beheld (the gods far-sighted be)
His gory scalp roll down the Thracian lea."

The succeeding pages of this wonderful volume take us from the consideration of work completed to that of work suggested, long abandoned, and finally revived in a totally different form. Here we have the evidence that, while he was at Horton, Milton was closely occupied with the idea of writing several great poems on Biblical subjects. He had formed, alone among his contemporaries, the noblest conceptions of the function of poetry. He declared it to be "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist . . . nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Mem-

ory and her seven daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Solemnly convinced that his own lips had been touched by this coal of consecration, Milton set himself thus early to write sacred tragedies. He sketches in this manuscript, more or less fully, a Paradise Lost, an Adam Unparadised, an Abram in Egypt, a Deluge, a Sodom Burning, and names or suggests innumerable other themes.

Milton's idea appears to have been, in every case, originally dramatic. He proposed to write choral plays on these Biblical subjects, and what is very curious is that, while nothing then existed of this kind in modern English poetry, the very subjects which Milton selected, and left unworked, at Horton, before 1638, were used by the Dutch poet Joost van Vondel, from whose Lucifer Milton was afterward to borrow. I do not think that the abundance of these coincidences — for they can be no more — has ever been pointed out. Vondel was to produce a Biblical drama of Solomon, in 1648, of Samson, of King David in Exile, of Adam Unparadised, of Noah, all subjects which were directly chosen for analogous treatment by Milton. On the other hand, it is very remarkable that the themes which had already been treated by Vondel, such as The Israelites going out of Egypt, (1612) and the various developments of the life of Joseph, are particularly omitted by Milton. This looks as though, among the wealth of books, new and old, which came to him at Horton, the early quartos of the greatest of Dutch poets may have been included. He would be induced to sketch more or less similar dramas, avoiding the subjects hitherto treated by Vondel. But while Milton lingered, the immense life of the Dutch poet rolled on, and one by one he unconsciously took up the very subjects which Milton had confided to his notebook before 1638.

Besides the Biblical subjects suggested for dramas, we find the scheme of a great epic, to be called Britain's Troy. Of this, the contents of no fewer than thirty-three books or scenes are indicated. This, without question, was the mode in which Milton intended to carry out the design, of which he speaks in a Latin poem of 1638, "Indigenas revocebo in carmina reges," — "I will recall to life in songs our native kings." But in this purely Saxon epic, Arthur, whom also Milton proposed to celebrate, would have had no place. It was to have been a chronicle of the East Anglian kings, from Vortigern to Edward the Confessor, and the notes which Milton has left do not inspire us with any keen regret that the "inward prompting" which led him to take up so dusty a theme persuaded him also to abandon it.

It has been noted by Mr. Aldis Wright that after Milton had written Comus in 1634, Lycidas in 1637, and certain memoranda still later, he went back to his first quire of paper, and made use of one of its blank pages for the sonnets, which may be as late as 1645. We have a curious impression that this folio of leaves was the only medium by which, during a long series of years, Milton communicated his thoughts to the world. As I have said before, it would be interesting enough, if this manuscript represented a fair copy made by the poet himself of certain of his early works. Yet, as we have seen, it is much more than that. With the exception of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, which have accidentally dropped from the unbound volume, or else were hewn roughly out of the marble elsewhere, these pages form Milton's poetical workshop. Moreover, the collection is, with those exceptions, complete. Between the Song on May Morning, written at Cambridge in the spring of 1631, and the Latin and Italian pieces composed in Italy in 1639, there

does not seem to exist another copy of Milton's verses which does not occur in the Trinity manuscript.

We are surprised, though with a happy wonderment, that a life of intense communion with nature, and not of solitude and ease, should have produced so small a sheaf of poetry. But here all is of the first order; all, or nearly all, is practically perfect. It was one of Milton's most extraordinary qualities of will that, with his determined desire to be a great poet, he was yet able to force himself to be silent save when the fiercest passion of genius burned in him. Hence the "mind made and set wholly on the accomplishment of greatest things," "the inward prompting . . . to leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die," the "long choosing" and the "beginning late," resulted, in the course of seven years of exquisite tranquillity, in a cluster of some eighteen hundred lines. An active person could copy out the whole of Milton's Horton poems in two days, and not be wearied. Yet if the sheaf be slender, it is composed of none but full ripe ears of the richest wheat. The art of verse would be much honored if other great poets could be induced to practice the same noble self-denial. Few men, even of high genius, are content, in their heyday, to repress the flow of their verses. If Wordsworth, for instance, could have been persuaded to put down on paper nothing which did not rise to a certain level of excellence, how had it relieved our shelves and "blessed mankind"! Even Shakespeare, we know, lacked the art to "blot." Above all other men, Milton possessed the strenuous self-criticism which forbade him even to put down on paper what was below his own topmost aim. It is very notable that in this precious volume at Trinity, in which we see the poet intimately engaged in fashioning and polishing his compositions, there is no trace of a single abandoned work. Milton attempted nothing which he failed to carry through, and the examination of these leaves gives us good reason to believe that he started no poem, not even a sonnet or a song, without being quite sure beforehand that he would be able to complete it in perfection. To all lovers of literature, this volume, which is so jealously guarded in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a relic of inestimable value. To those who are practically interested in the art of verse, it reads a more pregnant lesson than any other similar document in the world.

Edmund Gosse.

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION.

(Written after seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, the 54th Massachusetts.)

I.

BEFORE the living bronze Saint-Gaudens made
Most fit to thrill the passer's heart with awe,
And set here in the city's talk and trade
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,
This bright March morn I stand
And hear the distant spring come up the land;
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard

Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.
The land they died to save from death and shame
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great name,
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

II.

Through street and mall the tides of people go
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show
No hint of green; but to my listening heart
The still earth doth impart
Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
And it is clear to my long-searching eyes
That love at last has might upon the skies.
The ice is runneled on the little pond;
A telltale patter drips from off the trees;
The air is touched with southland spiceries,
As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
Of pendent mosses where the live oaks grow
Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
Or had its will among the fruits and vines
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III.

Soon shall the Cape Ann children laugh in glee,
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose
Go honking northward over Tennessee;
West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,
And yonder where, gigantic, willful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Moulding her mighty fates,
The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;
And like a larger sea, the vital green
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung
Over Dakota and the prairie states.
By desert people immemorial
On Arizonan mesas shall be done
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
More splendid, when the white Sierras call
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,
Clashing their windy cedars as for shawms,

Unrolling rivers clear
For flutter of broad phylacteries;
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,
And Mariposa through the purple calms
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
Where East and West are met, —
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

IV.

Alas! what sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific seas, —
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?
Must I be humble, then,
Now when my heart hath need of pride?
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men;
By loving much the land for which they died
I would be justified.
My spirit was away on pinions wide
To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood
And ease it of its ache of gratitude.
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
On me and the companions of my day.
I would remember now
My country's goodliness, make sweet her name.
Alas! what shade art thou
Of sorrow or of blame
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

V.

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despisèd men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

VI.

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine,
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed, —
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
Obscurely in a common grave with him
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb
In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose: —
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
Of spiritual wrong,
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,
Expugnable but by a nation's rue
And bowing down before that equal shrine
By all men held divine,
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

VII.

O bitter, bitter shade!
Wilt thou not put the scorn
And instant tragic question from thine eyes?
Do thy dark brows yet crave
That swift and angry stave —
Unmeet for this desirous morn —
That I have striven, striven to evade?
Gazing on him, must I not deem they err
Whose careless lips in street and shop aver
As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek

Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak?
Surely some elder singer would arise,
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn
Above this people when they go astray.
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away?
I will not and I dare not yet believe!
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,
And the spring-laden breeze
Out of the gladdening west is sinister
With sounds of nameless battle overseas;
Though when we turn and question in suspense
If these things be indeed after these ways,
And what things are to follow after these,
Our fluent men of place and consequence
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,
Or for the end-all of deep arguments
Intone their dull commercial liturgies —
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
I will not hear the thin satiric praise
And muffled laughter of our enemies,
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;
Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

VIII.

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,
And be a swift familiar of the sun
Where aye before God's face His trumpets run?
Or have we but the talons and the maw,
And for the abject likeness of our heart
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart? —
Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

IX.

Ah no!
We have not fallen so.
We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!
'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry

Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"
Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word;
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
But that the heart of youth is generous, —
We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require;
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.
Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.
The cup of trembling shall be drainèd quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent:
Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in that disastrous light
We shall discern the right
And do it, tardily. — O ye who lead,
Take heed!
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

William Vaughn Moody.

THE DÉBUT OF PATRICIA.[1]

ONE OF PENELOPE HAMILTON'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

I.

SMITH'S HOTEL,
10, Dovermarle Street, London.

WE are all three rather tired this morning, — Salemina, Francesca, and I, — for we went to one of the smartest balls of the London season last night, and were robbed of half our customary allowance of sleep, in consequence.

It may be difficult for you to understand our weariness, when I confess that the ball was not quite of the usual sort; that we did not dance at all; and, what is worse, that we were not asked, either to tread a measure, or sit out a polka, or take "one last turn."

To begin at the beginning, there is a large vacant house directly opposite Smith's Private Hotel, and there has been hanging from its balcony, until very lately, a sign bearing the following notice: —

THESE COMMANDING PREMISES
WITH A SUPERFICIAL AREA OF
10000 FT. AND 50 FT.
FRONTAGE TO DOVERMARLE ST.
WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION
ON TUESDAY JUNE 28TH BY
MESSRS. SKIDDY, YADDLETHORPE AND SKIDDY
LAND AGENTS AND SURVEYORS
27, HASTINGS PLACE, PALL MALL

A few days ago, just as we were finishing a late breakfast, an elderly gentleman drove up in a private hansom, and alighted at this vacant house on the opposite side. Behind him, in a cab, came two men, who unlocked the front door, went in, came out on the balcony, cut the wires supporting the sign, took it down, opened all the inside shutters, and disappeared through some rear entrance. The elderly gentleman went upstairs for a moment, came down again, and drove away.

"The house has been sold, I suppose," said Salemina; "and for my part, I envy the new owner his bargain. He is close to Piccadilly, has that bit of side lawn with the superb oak tree, and the duke's beautiful gardens so near that they will seem virtually his own when he looks from his upper windows."

At tea time the same elderly gentleman drove up in a victoria, with a very pretty young lady.

"The plot thickens," said Francesca, who was nearest the window. "Do you suppose she is his bride elect, and is he showing her their future home, or is she already his wife? If so, I fear me she married him for his title and estates, for he is more than a shade too old for her."

"Don't be censorious, child," I remonstrated, taking my cup idly across the room, to be nearer the scene of action. "Oh, dear! there is a slight discrepancy, I confess, but I can explain it. This is how it happened: The girl had never really loved, and did not know what the feeling was. She did know that the aged suitor was a good and worthy man, and her mother and nine small brothers and sisters (very much out at the toes) urged the marriage. The father, too, had speculated heavily in consorts or consuls, or whatever-you-call-'ems, and besought his child not to expose his defalcations and

[1] In examining an old notebook belonging to Penelope Hamilton, I found some additional sketches of London life, which were evidently intended for her English Experiences. The above article is one of them.

Another, a record of "tuppenny travels" in London, will appear in the June Atlantic. — KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

losses. She, dutiful girl, did as she was bid, especially as her youngest sister came to her in tears and said, 'Unless you consent, we shall have to sell the cow!' So she went to the altar with a heart full of palpitating respect, but no love to speak of; that always comes in time to heroines who sacrifice themselves and spare the cows."

"It sounds strangely familiar," remarked Mr. Beresford, who was with us, as usual. "Did n't a fellow turn up in the next chapter, a young nephew of the old husband, who fell in love with the bride, unconsciously and against his will? Was n't she obliged to take him into the conservatory, at the end of a week, and say, 'G-go! I beseech you! for b-both our sakes!'? Did n't the noble fellow wring her hand silently, and leave her looking like a broken lily on the" —

"How can you be so cynical, Mr. Beresford? It is n't like you!" exclaimed Salemina. "For my part, I don't think the girl is either his bride or his fiancée. Probably the mother of the family is dead, and the father is bringing his eldest daughter to look at the house: that 's my idea of it."

This theory being just as plausible as ours, we did not discuss it, hoping that something would happen to decide the matter in one way or another.

"She is not married, I am sure," went on Salemina, leaning over the back of my chair. "You notice that she has n't given a glance at the kitchen or the range, although they are the most important features of the house. I think she may have just put her head inside the dining-room door, but she certainly did n't give a moment to the butler's pantry or the china closet. You will find that she won't mount to the fifth floor to see how the servants are housed, — not she, careless, pretty creature; she will go straight to the drawing-room."

And so she did; and at the same instant a still younger and prettier creature drove up in a hansom, and was out of it almost before the admiring cabby could stop his horse or reach down for his fare. She flew up the stairway, and danced into the drawing-room like a young whirlwind; flung open doors, pulled up blinds with a jerk, letting in the sunlight everywhere, and tiptoed to and fro over the dusty floors, holding up her muslin flounces daintily.

"This must be the daughter of his first marriage," I remarked.

"Who will not get on with the young stepmother," finished Mr. Beresford.

"It is his youngest daughter," corrected Salemina, — "the youngest daughter of his only wife, and the image of her deceased mother, who was, in her time, the belle of Dublin."

She might well have been that, we all agreed; for this young beauty was quite the Irish type, such black hair, gray-blue eyes, and wonderful lashes, and such a merry, arch, winsome face that one loved her on the instant.

She was delighted with the place, and we did not wonder, for the sunshine, streaming in at the back and side windows, showed us rooms of noble proportions opening into one another. She admired the balcony, although we thought it too public to be of any use save for flowering plants; she was pleased with a huge French mirror over the marble mantel; she liked the chandeliers, which were in the worst possible taste; all this we could tell by her expressive gestures; and she finally seized the old gentleman by the lapels of his coat and danced him breathlessly from the fireplace to the windows and back again, while the elder girl clapped her hands and laughed.

"Is n't she lovely?" sighed Francesca, a little covetously, although she is something of a beauty herself.

"I am sorry that her name is Bridget," said Mr. Beresford.

"For shame!" I cried indignantly. "It is Norah, or Veronica, or Geraldine, or Patricia; yes, it is Patricia, — I know it as well as if I had been at the chris-

tening. — Dawson, take the tea things, please; and do you know the name of the gentleman who has bought the house on the opposite side?"

"It is Lord Brighton, miss." (You would never believe it, but we find the name is spelled Brighthelmston.) "He has n't bought the 'ouse; he has taken it for a week, and is giving a ball there on the Tuesday evening. He has four daughters, miss, and two h'orphan nieces that generally spends the season with 'im. It 's the youngest daughter he is bringing out, that lively one you saw cutting about just now. They 'ave no ballroom, I expect, in their town 'ouse, which accounts for their renting one for this occasion. They stopped a month in this 'otel last year, so I have the honor of m'lud's acquaintance."

"Lady Brighthelmston is not living, I should judge," remarked Salemina, in the tone of one who thinks it hardly worth while to ask.

"Oh yes, miss, she 's alive and 'earty; but the daughters manages everythink, and what they down't manage the h'orphan nieces does. The 'ouse is run for the young ladies, but m'ludanlady seems to enjoy it."

II.

Dovermarle Street was so interesting during the next few days that we could scarcely bear to leave it, lest something exciting should happen in our absence.

"A ball is so confining!" said Francesca, who had come back from the corner of Piccadilly to watch the unloading of a huge van, and found that it had no intention of stopping at Number Nine on the opposite side.

First came a small army of charwomen, who scrubbed the house from top to bottom. Then came men with canvas for floors, bronzes and jardinières and somebody's family portraits from an auction room, chairs and sofas and draperies from an upholsterer's.

The night before the event itself I announced my intention of staying in our own drawing-room the whole of the next day. "I am more interested in Patricia's début," I said, "than in anything else that can possibly happen in London. What if it should be wet, and won't it be annoying if it is a cold night and they draw the heavy curtains together?"

But it was a beautiful day, almost too warm for a ball, and the heavy curtains were not drawn. The family did not court observation; it was serenely unconscious of such a thing. As to our side of the street, I think we may have been the only people at all interested in the affair now so imminent. The others had something more sensible to do, I fancy, than patching up romances about their neighbors.

At noon the florists decorated the entrance with palms, covered the balcony with a gay awning, and hung the railing with brilliant masses of scarlet and yellow flowers. At two the caterers sent silver, tables, linen, and dishes, and a Broadwood grand piano was installed; but at half past seven, when we sat down to dinner, we were a trifle anxious, because so many things seemed yet to do before the party could be a complete success.

Mr. Beresford and his mother were dining with us, and we had sent invitations to our London friends, the Hon. Arthur Ponsonby and Bertie Godolphin, to come later in the evening. These read as follows: —

Private View
The pleasure of your company is requested
at the coming-out party of
The Hon. Patricia Brighthelmston
On the opposite side of the street
July —— 189–
Dancing about 10.30.
9, Dovermarle Street.

At eight o'clock, as we were finishing our fish course, which chanced to be fried sole, the ball began literally to roll, and it required the greatest ingenuity on Francesca's part and mine to be always

down in our seats when Dawson entered with the dishes, and always at the window when he was absent.

An enormous van had appeared, with half a dozen men walking behind it. In a trice, two of them had stretched a wire trellis across one wall of the drawing-room, and two more were trailing roses from floor to ceiling. Others tied the dark wood of the stair railing with tall Madonna lilies; then they hung garlands of flowers from corner to corner and, alas, could not refrain from framing the mirror in smilax, nor from hanging the chandeliers with that same ugly, funereal, and artificial-looking vine, — this idea being the principal stock in trade of every florist in the universe.

We could not catch even a glimpse of the supper rooms, but we saw a man in the fourth-story front room filling dozens of little glass vases, each with its single malmaison, rose, or camellia, and dispatching them by an assistant to another part of the house; so we could imagine from this the scheme of decoration at the tables. — No, not new, perhaps, but simple and effective.

By the time we had finished our entrée, which happened to be lamb cutlets and green peas, and had begun our roast, which was chicken and ham, I remember, they had put wreaths at all the windows, hung Japanese lanterns on the balcony and in the oak tree, and transformed the house into a blossoming bower.

At this exciting juncture Dawson entered unexpectedly with our sweet, and for the first and only time caught us literally "red-handed." Let British subjects be interested in their neighbors, if they will (and when they refrain I am convinced that it is as much indifference as good breeding), but let us never bring our country into disrepute with an English butler! As there was not a single person at the table when Dawson came in, we were obliged to say that we had finished dinner, thank you, and would take coffee; no sweet to-night, thank you.

Willie Beresford was the only one who minded, but he rather likes cherry tart. It simply chanced to be cherry tart, for our cook at Smith's Private Hotel is a person of unbridled fancy and endless repertory. She sometimes, for example, substitutes rhubarb for cherry tart quite out of her own head; and when balked of both these dainties, and thrown absolutely on her own boundless resources, will create a dish of stewed green gooseberries and a companion piece of liquid custard. These unrelated concoctions, when eaten at the same moment, as is her intention, always remind me of the lying down together of the lion and the lamb, and the scheme is well-nigh as dangerous, under any other circumstances than those of the digestive millennium. I tremble to think what would ensue if all the rhubarb and gooseberry bushes in England should be uprooted in a single night. I believe that thousands of cooks, those not possessed of families or Christian principles, would drown themselves in the Thames forthwith, but that is neither here nor there, and the Hon. Arthur denies it. He says, "Why commit suicide? Ain't there currants?"

I had forgotten to say that we ourselves were all *en grande toilette*, down to satin slippers, feeling somehow that it was the only proper thing to do; and when Dawson had cleared the table and ushered in the other visitors, we ladies took our coffee and the men their cigarettes to the three front windows, which were open as usual to our balcony.

We seated ourselves there quite casually, as is our custom, somewhat hidden by the lace draperies and potted hydrangeas, and whatever we saw was to be seen by any passer-by, save that we held the key to the whole story, and had made it our own by right of conquest.

Just at this moment — it was quarter past nine, although it was still bright day-

light — came a little procession of servants who disappeared within the doors, and as they donned caps and aprons would now and then reappear at the windows. Presently the supper arrived. We did not know the number of invited guests (there are some things not even revealed to the Wise Women), but although we were a trifle nervous about the amount of eatables, we were quite certain that there would be no dearth of liquid refreshment.

Contemporaneously with the supper came a four-wheeler with a man and a woman in it.

Sal. "I wonder if that is Lord and Lady Brighthelmston?"

Mrs. B. "Nonsense, my dear; look at the woman's dress."

W. B. "It is probably the butler, and I have a premonition that that is good old Nurse with him. She has been with the family ever since the birth of the first daughter twenty-four years ago. Look at her cap ribbons; note the fit of the stiff black silk over her comfortable shoulders; you can almost hear her creak in it!"

B. G. "My eye! but she's one to keep the goody-pot open for the youngsters! She'll be the belle of the ball so far as I'm concerned."

Fran. "It's impossible to tell whether it's the butler or paterfamilias. Yes, it's the butler, for he has taken off his coat and is looking at the flowers with the florist's assistant."

B. G. "And the florist's assistant is getting slated like one o'clock! The butler does n't like the rum design over the piano; no more do I. Whatever is the matter with them now?"

They were standing with their faces towards us, gesticulating wildly about something on the front wall of the drawing-room; a place quite hidden from our view. They could not decide the matter, although the butler intimated that it would quite ruin the ball, while the assistant mopped his brow and threw all the blame on somebody else. Nurse came in, and hated whatever it was the moment her eye fell upon it. She could n't think how anybody could abide it, and was of the opinion that his ludship would have it down as soon as he arrived.

Our attention was now distracted by the fact that his ludship did arrive. It was ten o'clock, but barely dark enough yet to make the lanterns effective, although they had just been lighted.

There were two private carriages and two four-wheelers, from which paterfamilias and one other gentleman alighted, followed by a small feminine delegation.

"One young chap to brace up the gov-'nor," said Bertie Godolphin. "Then the eldest daughter is engaged to be married; that's right; only three daughters and two h'orphan nieces to work off now!"

As the girls scampered in, hidden by their long cloaks, we could not even discover the two we already knew. While they were divesting themselves of their wraps in an upper chamber, Nurse hovering over them with maternal solicitude, we were anxiously awaiting their criticisms of our preparations.

III.

For three days we had been overseeing the details. Would they approve the result? Would they think the grand piano in the proper corner? Were the garlands hung too low? Was the balcony scheme effective? Was our menu for the supper satisfactory? Were there too many lanterns? Lord and Lady Brighthelmston had superintended so little, and we so much, that we felt personally responsible.

Now came musicians with their instruments. The butler sent four melancholy Spanish students to the balcony where they began to tune mandolins and guitars, while a Hungarian band took up its position, we conjectured, on some exten-

sion or balcony in the rear, the existence of which we had not guessed until we heard the music later. Then the butler turned on the electric light, and the family came into the drawing-rooms.

They did admire them as much as we could wish, and we, on our part, thoroughly approved of the family. We had feared it might prove dull, plain, dowdy, though well-born, with only dear Patricia to enliven it, but it was well-dressed, merry, and had not a thought of glancing at the windows or pulling down the blinds, bless its simple heart!

The mother entered first, wearing a gray satin gown and a diamond crown that quite established her position in the great world. Then girls, and more girls: a rose-pink girl, a pale green, a lavender, a blue, and our Patricia, in a cloud of white with a sparkle of silver, and a diamond arrow in her lustrous hair.

What an English nosegay they made to be sure, as they stood in the back of the room while paterfamilias approached, and calling each in turn, gave her a lovely bouquet from a huge basket held by the butler.

Everybody's flowers matched everybody's frock to perfection; those of the h'orphan nieces were just as beautiful as those of the daughters, and it is no wonder that the English nosegay descended upon paterfamilias, bore him into the passage, and if they did not kiss him soundly, why did he come back all rosy and crumpled, smoothing his disheveled hair, and smiling at Lady Brighthelmston? We speedily named the girls Rose, Mignonette, Violet, and Celandine, each after the color of her frock.

"But there are only five, and there ought to be six," whispered Salemina, as if she expected to be heard across the street.

"One — two — three — four — five, you are right," said Mr. Beresford; "the plainest of the lot must be staying in Wales with a maiden aunt who has a lot of money to leave. The old lady is n't so ill that they can't give the ball, but just ill enough so that she may make her will wrong if left alone; poor girl, to be plain, and then to miss such a ball as this, — hello! the first guest! He is on time to be sure; I hate to be first, don't you?"

The first guest was a strikingly handsome fellow, irreproachably dressed and unmistakably nervous.

"He is afraid he is too early!"

"He is afraid that if he waits he 'll be too late!"

"He does n't want the driver to stop directly in front of the door."

"He has something beside him on the seat of the hansom."

"The tissue paper has blown off; it is flowers."

"It is a *piece!* Jove, this *is* a rum ball!"

"What *is* the thing? No wonder he does n't drive up to the door and go in with it!"

"It is a *harp*, as sure as I am alive!"

Then electrically from Francesca, "It is Patricia's Irish lover! I forget his name."

"Rory!"

"Shamus!"

"Michael!"

"Patrick!"

"Terence!"

"Hush!" she exclaimed at this chorus of Hibernian Christian names, "it is Patricia's undeclared, impecunious lover. He is afraid that she won't know his gift is a harp, and afraid that the other girls will. He feared to send it, lest one of the sisters or h'orphan nieces should get it; it is frightful to love one of six, and the cards are always slipping off, and the wrong girl is always getting your love token or your offer of marriage."

"And if it is an offer, and the wrong woman gets it, she always accepts, somehow," said Mr. Beresford; "it 's only the right one who declines!" and here he certainly looked at me pointedly.

"He hoped to arrive before any one

else," Francesca went on, "and put the harp in a nice place, and lead Patricia up to it, and make her wonder who sent it. Now, poor dear (yes, his name is sure to be Terence), he is too late, and I am sure he will leave it in the hansom, he will be so embarrassed."

And so he did, but alas, the driver came back with it in an instant, the butler ran down the long path of crimson carpet that covered the sidewalk, the first footman assisted, the second footman pursued Terence and caught him on the staircase, and he descended reluctantly, only to receive the harp in his arms and send a tip to the cabman, whom of course he was cursing in his heart.

"I can't think why he should give her a harp," mused Bertie Godolphin. "Such a rum thing, a harp, is n't it? It 's too heavy for her to 'tote,' as you say in the States."

"Yes, we always say 'tote,' particularly in the North," I replied; "but perhaps it is Patricia's favorite instrument. Perhaps Terence first saw her at the harp, and loved her from the moment he heard her sing The Minstrel Boy and The Meeting of the Waters."

"Perhaps he merely brought it as a sort of symbol," suggested Mr. Beresford; "a kind of flowery metaphor, signifying that all Ireland, in his person, is at her disposal, only waiting to be played upon."

"If that is what he means, he must be a jolly muff," remarked the Hon. Arthur. "I should think he 'd have to send a guidebook with the bloomin' thing."

We never knew how Terence arranged about the incubus; we only saw that he did not enter the drawing-room with it in his arms. He was well received, although there was no special enthusiasm over his arrival; but the first guest is always at a disadvantage.

He greeted the young ladies as if he were in the habit of meeting them often, but when he came to Patricia, well, he greeted her as if he could never meet her often enough; there was a distinct difference, and even Mrs. Beresford, who had been incredulous, succumbed to our view of the case.

Patricia took him over to the piano to see the arrangement of some lilies. He said they were delicious, but looked at her.

She asked him if he did not think the garlands lovely.

He said, "Perfectly charming," but never lifted his eyes higher than her face.

"Do you like my dress?" her glance seemed to ask.

"Wonderful!" his seemed to reply, as he stealthily put out his hand and touched a soft fold of its white fluffiness.

I could hear him think, as she leaned into the curve of the Broadwood and bent over the flowers: —

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!"

A footman entered, bearing the harp, which he placed on a table in the corner. He disclaimed all knowledge of it, having probably been well paid to do so, and the unoccupied girls gathered about it like bees about a honeysuckle, while Patricia and Terence stayed by the piano.

IV.

"To think it may never be a match!" sighed Francesca, "and they are such an ideal pair! But it is easy to see that the mother will oppose it, and although Patricia is her father's darling, he cannot allow her to marry a handsome young pauper like Terence."

"Cheer up!" said Bertie Godolphin reassuringly. "Perhaps some unrelenting beggar of an uncle will die of

old age next week and leave him the title and estates."

"I hope she will accept him to-night, if she loves him, estates or no estates," said Salemina, who, like many ladies who have elected not to marry, is distinctly sentimental and has not an ounce of worldly wisdom.

"Well, I think a fellow deserves some reward," remarked Mr. Beresford, "when he has the courage to drive up in a hansom bearing a green harp with yellow strings in his arms. It shows that his passion has quite eclipsed his sense of humor. By the way, I am not sure but I should choose Rose, after all; there 's something very attractive about Rose."

"It is the fact that she is promised to another," laughed Francesca somewhat pertly.

"She would make an admirable wife," Mrs. Beresford interjected — absent-mindedly; "and so of course Terence will not choose her, and similarly neither would you, if you had the chance."

At this Mrs. Beresford's son glances up at me with twinkling eyes, and I can hardly forbear smiling, so unconscious is she that his choice is already made; however, he replies: "Who ever loved a woman for her solid virtues, mother? Who ever fell a victim to punctuality, patience, or frugality? It is other and different qualities which color the personality and ensnare the heart; though the stodgy and reliable traits hold it, I dare say, when once captured. Don't you know Berkeley says, 'D——n it, madam, who falls in love with attributes?'"

Meantime Violet and Celandine have come out on the balcony, and seeing the tinkling musicians there, have straightway banished them to another part of the house.

"A good thing, too!" murmured Bertie Godolphin, "making a beastly row in that 'nailing' little corner, collecting a crowd sooner or later, don't you know, and putting a dead stop to the jolly little flirtations."

The Hon. Arthur glanced critically at Celandine. "I should make up to her," he said thoughtfully. "She 's the best groomed one of the whole stud, though why you call her Celandine I can't think."

"It 's a flower, and her dress is blue, can't you see, man? You 've got no sense of color," said the candid Bertie. "I believe you 'd just as soon be a green parrot with a red head as not."

And now the guests began to arrive; so many of them and so near together that we hardly had time to label them as they said good-evening, and told dear Lady Brighthelmston how pretty the decorations were, and how prevalent the influenza had been, and how very sultry the weather, and how clever it was of her to give her party in a vacant house, and what a delightful marriage Rose was making, and how well dear Patricia looked.

The sound of the music drifted into the usually quiet street, and by half past eleven the ball was in full splendor. Lady Brighthelmston stood alone now, greeting all the late arrivals; and we could catch a glimpse now and then of Violet dancing with a beautiful being in a white uniform, and of Rose followed about by her accepted lover, both of them content with their lot, but with feet quite on the solid earth.

Celandine was a bit of a flirt, no doubt. She had many partners, walked in the garden with them impartially, divided her dances, sat on the stairs. Wherever her blue draperies moved nonsense, merriment, and chatter followed in her wake.

Patricia danced often with Terence. We could see the dark head, darker and a bit taller than the others, move through the throng, the diamond arrow gleaming in its lustrous coils. She danced like a flower blown by the wind. Nothing could have been more graceful, more stately. The bend of her slender

body at the waist, the pose of her head, the line of her shoulder, the suggestion of dimple in her elbow, — all were so many separate allurements to the kindling eye of love.

Terence certainly added little to the general brilliancy and gayety of the occasion, for he stood in a corner and looked at Patricia whenever he was not dancing with her, "all eye when one was present, all memory when one was gone."

V.

Shortly after midnight our own little company broke up, loath to leave the charming spectacle. The guests departed with the greatest reluctance, having given Dawson a half-sovereign for waiting up to lock the door. Mrs. Beresford said that it seemed unendurable to leave matters in such an unfinished condition, and her son promised to come very early next morning for the latest bulletins.

"I leave all the romances in your hands," he whispered to me; "do let them turn out happily, do!"

Salemina also retired to her virtuous couch, remembering that she was to visit infant schools with a great educational dignitary on the morrow.

Francesca and I turned the gas entirely out, although we had been sitting all the evening in a kind of twilight, and slipping on our dressing gowns sat again at the window for a farewell peep into the past, present, and future of the "Brighthelmston set."

At midnight the dowager duchess arrived. She must at least have been a dowager duchess, and if there is anything greater, within the bounds of a reasonable imagination, she was that. Long streamers of black tulle floated from a diamond soup-tureen which surmounted her hair. Narrow puffings of white traversed her black velvet gown in all directions, making her look somewhat like a railway map, and a diamond fan-chain defined, or attempted to define, what was in its nature neither definable nor confinable, to wit, her waist, or what had been, in early youth, her waist.

The entire company was stirred by the arrival of the dowager duchess, and it undoubtedly added new éclat to what was already a fashionable event; for we counted three gentlemen who wore orders glittering on ribbons that crossed the white of their immaculate linen, and there was an Indian potentate with a jeweled turban who divided attention with the dowager duchess's diamond soup-tureen.

At twelve thirty Lord Brighthelmston chided Celandine for flirting too much.

At twelve forty Lady Brighthelmston reminded Violet (who was a h'orphan niece) that the beautiful being in the white uniform was not the eldest son.

At twelve fifty there arrived an elderly gentleman, before whom the servants bowed low. Lord Brighthelmston went to fetch Patricia, who chanced to be sitting out a dance with Terence. The three came out on the balcony, which was deserted, in the near prospect of supper, and the personage — whom we suspected to be Patricia's godfather — took from his waistcoat pocket a string of pearls, and clasping it round her white throat, stooped gently and kissed her forehead.

Then, at one o'clock came supper. Francesca and I had secretly provided for that contingency, and curling up on a sofa we drew toward us a little table which Dawson had spread with a galantine of chicken, some cress sandwiches, and a jug of milk.

At one thirty we were quite overcome with sleep, and retired to our beds, where of course we speedily grew wakeful.

"It is giving a ball, not going to one, that is so exhausting!" yawned Francesca. "How many times have I danced all night with half the fatigue that I am feeling now!"

The sound of music came across the

street through the closed door of our sitting room. Waltz after waltz, a polka, a galop, then waltzes again, until our brains reeled with the rhythm. As if this were not enough, when our windows at the back were opened wide we were quite within reach of Lady Durden's small dance, where another Hungarian band discoursed more waltzes and galops.

"Dancing, dancing everywhere, and not a turn for us!" grumbled Francesca. "I simply cannot sleep, can you?"

"We must make a determined effort," I advised; "don't speak again and perhaps drowsiness will overtake us."

It finally did overtake Francesca, but I had too much to think about, — my own problems as well as Patricia's. After what seemed to be hours of tossing I was helplessly drawn back into the sitting room, just to see if anything had happened, and if the affair was ever likely to come to an end.

It was half past two, and yes, the ball was decidedly "thinning out."

The attendants in the lower hall, when they were not calling carriages, yawned behind their hands, and stood first on one foot, and then on the other.

Women in beautiful wraps, their heads flashing with jewels, descended the staircase, and drove, or even walked away into the summer night.

Lady Brighthelmston began to look tired, although all the world, as it said good-night, was telling her that it was one of the most delightful balls of the season.

The English nosegay had lost its white flower, for Patricia was not in the family group. I looked everywhere for the gleam of her silver scarf, everywhere for Terence, while, the waltz music having ceased, the Spanish students played Love's Young Dream.

I hummed the words as the sweet old tune, strummed by the tinkling mandolins, vibrated clearly in the maze of other sounds: —

"Oh! the days have gone when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was Love, still Love.
New hope may bloom and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's Young Dream."

At last, in a quiet spot under the oak tree, the lately risen moon found Patricia's diamond arrow and discovered her to me. The Japanese lanterns had burned out; she was wrapped like a young nun, in a cloud of white that made her eyelashes seem darker.

I looked once, because the moonbeam led me into it before I realized; then I stole away from the window and into my own room, closing the door softly behind me.

We had so far been looking only at conventionalities, preliminaries, things that all (who had eyes to see) might see; but this was different, — quite, quite different.

They were as beautiful under the friendly shadow of their urban oak tree as were ever Romeo and Juliet on the balcony of the Capulets. I may not tell you what I saw in my one quickly-repented-of glance. That would be vulgarizing something that was already a little profaned by my innocent participation.

I do not know whether Terence was heir, even ever so far removed, to any title or estates, and I am sure Patricia did not care; he may have been vulgarly rich or aristocratically poor. I only know that they loved each other in the old yet ever new way, without any ifs or ands or buts; that he worshiped, she honored; he asked humbly, she gave gladly.

How do I know? Ah! that 's a "Penelope secret," as Francesca says.

Perhaps you doubt my intuitions altogether. Perhaps you believe in your heart that it was an ordinary ball, where a lot of stupid people arrived, danced,

supped, and departed. Perhaps you do not think his name was Terence or hers Patricia, and if you go so far as that in blindness and incredulity I should not expect you to translate properly what I saw last night under the oak tree, the night of the ball on the opposite side, when Patricia made her début.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A NATION IN A HURRY.

In early days of steam navigation on the Mississippi, the river captains, it is said, had the playful habit, when pressed for time, or enjoying a spurt with a rival, of running their engines with a "darky" seated on the safety valve. One's first impression, after a season of lazy Continental traveling, and visiting in somnolent English country houses, is, that this emblematical Ethiopian should be quartered on our national arms.

Zola says, in Nouvelle Campagne, that his vivid impressions are mostly received during the first twenty-four hours, in new surroundings; the mind, like a photographic film, quickly losing its sensitiveness. This fleeting receptiveness makes returning Americans painfully conscious of "nerves" in the home atmosphere, and of the headlong pace at which we are living.

It is but a poor excuse to lay this peculiarity to our climate. Our grandparents, and their parents, lived peaceful lives beneath these same skies, undisturbed by the morbid influences that are supposed to key us to such a painful concert pitch.

There was an Indian-summer languor in the air, as we steamed up the bay last October, that apparently invited repose; yet no sooner had we set foot on our native dock, and taken one good whiff of home air, than all our acquired calm disappeared. People who, ten days before, would have sat (at a journey's end) contentedly in a waiting room, while their luggage was being sorted by leisurely officials, hustled nervously about, nagging the custom-house officers and egging on the porters, as though the "saving" of the next half hour was the prime object of existence.

Considering how extravagant we Americans are in other ways, it seems curious that we should be so economical of time! It was useless to struggle against the current, however, or to attempt to hold one's self back. Before ten minutes had passed, the old familiar unpleasant sensation of being in a hurry took possession of my mind. It was irresistible and all-pervading; from the movements of the crowds in the streets to the whistle of the harbor tugs, everything breathed of haste. The very dogs had apparently no time to loiter, but scurried about, as though late for their engagements.

Our transit from dock to hotel was like the visit to a new circle in the Inferno, where trains rumble eternally overhead, and cable cars glide and block around a pale-faced throng of the "damned," who, in expiation of their sins, are driven forever forward, toward an unreachable goal.

A curious curse has fallen upon our people, an "influence" which tempts us to do in an hour just twice as much as can be accomplished in sixty minutes. "Do as well as you can," whispers the influence, "but do it quickly!" That motto might be engraved upon the front of our homes and business buildings.

It is on account of this new standard that rapidity in business transactions is appreciated more than correctness of de-

tail. A broker to-day will take greater credit for having received and executed an order for Chicago, and returned an answer within six minutes, than for any amount of careful work. The order may have been ill executed and the details mixed, but celerity is the point dwelt upon.

The young man who expects to succeed in business must be a hustler, have a snapshot style in conversation, patronize rapid-transit vehicles, understand shorthand, and eat at "Breathless Breakfasts." ("Quick Lunch" is, I believe, the correct title.) Having been taken, recently, to one of these establishments to absorb buckwheat cakes (and very good they were), I studied the ways of our modern time-saving young man.

It is his habit, upon entering, to dash for the bill of fare, and to give his order (if he is adroit enough to catch one of the maids on the fly) before removing either coat or hat; at least fifteen seconds may be economized in this way. Once seated, the luncher begins on anything at hand, — bread, coleslaw, crackers, or catsup. When the dish ordered arrives, he gets his fork into it as it appears over his shoulder, and cleans the plate before the accompanying sauce makes its appearance, so that is eaten by itself, or with bread. A cup of coffee or tea goes down in two swallows. Little piles of cakes are cut in quarters, and disappear in four mouthfuls, much after the fashion of children down the ogre's throat in the mechanical toy; mastication being either a lost art or considered a foolish waste of energy. A really accomplished luncher can assimilate his last quarter of cakes, wiggle into his coat, and pay his check at the desk at the same moment. The next, he is down the block in pursuit of a receding trolley.

To any one fresh from the Continent, where the entire machinery of trade comes to a standstill from eleven to one o'clock, that *déjeuner* may be taken tranquilly, the nervous tension pervading a restaurant here is agonizing, and (what is worse) catching! During recent visits to the business centres of our cities, I have found that the idea of eating becomes repugnant to me, and I discover myself sharing the general impression that it is wrong to waste time on anything so unproductive. Last week a friend offered me a "luncheon tablet" from a box on his desk. "It 's as good as a meal," he said, "and much more expeditious!"

The real joy of an up-to-date business man, however, is when he can do two things at once. The proprietor of one down-town restaurant has the stock quotations exhibited on a blackboard at the end of his shop. In this way his patrons can keep in touch with the market, as they stoke up.

A parlor car toward a journey's end is another excellent place to observe home ways. Coming on from Washington the other day, the passengers began to show signs of restlessness near Newark. Books and papers were thrown aside; a general "uprising and unveiling" followed, accompanied by the unique American custom of having our clothes brushed in one another's faces. By the time Jersey City appeared on the horizon, every man, woman, and child in the car was jammed, baggage in hand, into the stuffy little passage near the entrance, swaying and wobbling about while the train backed and filled. The explanation of this conduct is simple. The influence was at work, preventing those people from acting like other civilized mortals, and remaining seated until their train had come to a standstill.

Being fresh from the "other side," and retaining some of my foreign calm, I remained in my chair. The surprise on the faces of the other passengers warned me, however, that it would not be safe to carry my pose too far, and the porter, puzzled by the unaccustomed sight, touched me kindly on the shoulder, and asked if I felt sick.

So, to avoid all affectation of superiority, I now struggle into my greatcoat at Elizabeth, and meekly join the standing army of martyrs, or scamper with them from the yet moving car to the boat, and from the boat before it has been moored to its landing pier!

In Paris, on taking an omnibus, you are given a number and the right to the first vacant seat. When the seats of a "'bus" are occupied it receives no further passengers. Imagine a traction line attempting such a reform here! There would be a riot, and the conductors would be hanged on the nearest trolley poles in an hour! To prevent a citizen from crowding into an overfull vehicle, and stamping on its occupants in the process, would be to infringe one of his dearest privileges, not to mention his chance of riding free.

A small boy of my acquaintance tells me he rarely finds it necessary to pay in a trolley. The conductors are too hurried, and too preoccupied pocketing their share of the receipts, to keep count. "When he passes, I just look blank!" remarked the ingenious youth.

Of all the circles in the community, however, our idle class suffer the most acutely from lack of time, though, like Charles Lamb's gentlemen, they have all there is. From the moment a man of leisure and his wife wake up in the morning until they drop into a fitful slumber at night, their day is an agitated chase. No matter where or when you meet them, they are always on the wing.

"Am I late again?" gasped a thin little woman to me, the other evening, as she hurried into the drawing-room, where she had kept her guests waiting for their dinner. "I 've been driven so all day, I 'm a wreck!" A glance at her hatchet-faced husband revealed the fact that he too was chasing after a stray half hour lost somewhere in his youth. His color had gone, in the pursuit, and most of his hair, while his hands had acquired a twitch, as though urging on a tired steed.

Go and ask that lady for a cup of tea at twilight. Ten to one she will receive you with her hat on, explaining in excuse that she has not had time to take it off since breakfast. If she writes to you, her notes are signed, "In great haste," or, "In a tearing hurry." She is out of her house by eight-thirty most mornings; yet when calling will sit on the edge of her chair, and assure you that she has not a moment to stay, and "has only run in to —" etc. Just what drives her so hard is a mystery, for, beyond a vague charity meeting or two and some calls, she accomplishes little. Although wealthy and childless, with no cares and few worries, she succumbs to nervous prostration every two or three years, "from overwork"!

Listen to a compatriot's account of a European trip! He will tell you how short the ocean crossing was, giving hours and minutes with zest, as though he had got ahead of Father Time in a transaction. Then will follow a list of the countries "done" during the tour. I know a lady lying ill to-day, because she would hustle herself and her children, in six weeks last summer, through a Continental tour that should have occupied three months. She had no particular reason for hurrying; in fact, she got ahead of her schedule, and had to wait in Paris for the steamer, — a detail, however, that in no way diminished her pleasure in having accomplished so much during her holiday. This same lady deplores her lack of leisure hours, yet if she finds by her engagement book that there is a free week ahead, she will run on to Washington or Lakewood, "for a change," or organize a party to Florida and New Orleans!

To realize how our "upper ten" scramble through existence, one must also contrast their fidgety way of feeding with the bovine calm in which a German absorbs his nourishment, and the hours an Italian can pass over his meals. An American dinner party af-

fords us this opportunity. There is an impression that the fad for short dinners came to us from England. If this is true (which I doubt; it fits too nicely with our temperament to have been imported), we owe H. R. H. a debt of gratitude for having exorcised the "seven to eleven" incubus that brooded over society half a generation ago.

Like all converts, however, we are too zealous. From oysters to fruit, dinners now are a breathless steeple chase, during which we take our viand hedges and champagne ditches at a dead run, with conversation pushed at the same speed. To be silent would be to imply that one was not having a good time; so the guests rattle and gobble on toward the finger-bowl winning post, only to find that rest is not there.

As the hostess pilots the ladies away to the drawing-room, she whispers to her spouse, "You won't smoke too long, will you?" So we are mulcted in the enjoyment of even that last resource of weary humanity, the cigar, and are hustled away from our smoke and coffee, to find that our appearance upstairs is the signal for a general move. One of the older ladies rises; the next moment, the whole circle, like a flock of frightened birds, are up and off, crowding into the hallway, calling for their carriages, and confusing the unfortunate servants who are attempting to cloak and overshoe them.

Bearing in mind that the guests came as late as they dared without being absolutely uncivil, that the dinner was served as rapidly as was materially possible, and that the circle broke up as soon as the meal had ended, one asks one's self in wonder why, if dinner is such a bore that it has to be scrambled through, *coûte que coûte*, people continue to dine out.

It is within the bounds of possibility that many of us may be forced to hurry through our days, and that *à la longue* dining out becomes a weariness. The one place, however, where one might expect to find people reposeful and calm is the theatre. The labor of the day is then over; the audience have assembled for an hour or two of relaxation and amusement. Yet it is at the play that restlessness is most apparent. Watch an audience (which, be it remarked in passing, has arrived late) during the last ten minutes of a performance. No sooner do people discover that the end is drawing near than they begin to struggle into their wraps. By the time the players have lined up before the footlights, the house is full of scurrying backs. Past, indeed, are the unruffled days when a heroine was expected (after the action of a play had ended) to deliver the closing *envoi* dear to the hearts of Queen Anne writers.

Thackeray writes: —

> "The play is done; the curtain drops,
> Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
> A moment yet the actor stops,
> And looks around to say farewell."

A comedian who attempted any such abuse of the situation to-day would find himself addressing empty benches. Before he had finished the first line of his epilogue, the public would be seated in the rapid transit cars. No talent, no novelty, holds our audiences to the end of a performance. On the opening night of this opera season, one third of the boxes and orchestra stalls were vacant before Romeo (who, being a foreigner, was taking his time) had expired.

One overworked matron of my acquaintance has perfected an ingenious and time-saving combination. By signaling from a window near her opera box to a footman below, she is able to get her carriage at least two minutes sooner than her neighbors. During the last act of an opera like Tannhäuser or Faust, in which the inconsiderate composer has placed a musical gem at the end, this lady is worth watching. After struggling into her wraps and overshoes she stands (hand on door) at the back of her box, listening to the singers. At

a certain moment she hurries to the window, makes her signal, scuttles back, hears Calvé pour her soul out in "Anges purs, anges radieux," yet manages to get down the stairs and into her carriage before the curtain has fallen.

We deplore the prevailing habit of "slouch," yet hurry is the cause of it. Our cities are left unsightly, because we cannot spare time to beautify them. Nervous diseases are distressingly prevalent; still we hurry, hurry, hurry, until, as a diplomatist recently remarked to me, the whole nation seemed to him to be "but five minutes ahead of an epileptic fit"!

The curious part of the matter is that, after several weeks at home, all that was strange at first seems quite natural and sane. We find ourselves thinking with pity of benighted foreigners and their humdrum ways, and would resent any attempts at reform. What, for instance, would replace, for enterprising souls, the joy of taking their matutinal car at a flying leap, or the rapture of being first out of a theatre? What does part of a last act or the "Star" song matter in comparison with five minutes of valuable time? Like the river captains, we propose to run under full head of steam and get there, or bu— — explode!

Eliot Gregory.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

V. JOURNALISM.

GIVEN a disposition to enter into controversies on art questions, provoked by the general incompetence of the newspaper critics, and the fact that there was at that time no publication devoted to the interests of art, it happened naturally that I was drawn into correspondence with the journals on art questions, and easily made for myself a certain reputation in this field. I obtained the position of fine-art editor of the New York Evening Post, then edited by William Cullen Bryant, — a position which did not interfere with my work in the studio.

The Post was of all the New York journals that which paid the most attention to matters of art and had the greatest critical weight. The work I had to do for it was light and of slight importance, but my relations with Bryant were intellectually profitable. He enjoyed the highest consideration among contemporary journalists, for his inflexible integrity in politics as well as in business affairs. The managing editor was John Bigelow, a worthy second to such a chief. Bryant was held to be a cold man, not only in his poetry, but in his personal relations, but I think that, so far as his personality was concerned, this was a mistake. He impresses me still as a man of strong feelings, who had cultivated a restraint of expression which became the habit of his life. The character of his poetry, much of it remote from human interest and given to the worship of nature, confirmed the impression of coldness which his manner suggested, because it never admitted the refraction of passion to disturb the serenity of his emotions. I never saw him in anger, but I felt that the barrier which held him in was too slight to make it safe for any one to venture to touch it. A supreme sense of justice went with a somewhat narrow personal horizon, — a combination which, while it enabled him to hold the balance of judgment level, in respect to the large world of politics, made him often too

bitter in his controversies touching political questions; but the American political daily paper, which in my judgment saw in his day its highest attainment, has never had a nobler type than the Evening Post under Bryant. Demonstrative he never was, even with his intimates, but to the constancy and firmness of his friendship all who knew him well could testify; and as long as he lived our relations were unchanged, though my wandering ways seldom brought me near him in later years.

About this time my friends came to the conclusion that it would be a good and useful thing if I should start an art journal. I had read with enthusiasm Modern Painters, absorbing the views of Ruskin in large draughts, and I had enjoyed intercourse with European masters, and with Americans like William Page, H. K. Brown, S. W. Rowse, and H. P. Gray, all thinkers and artists of distinct eminence. In this school I had acquired certain views of the nature of art which I burned to disseminate. They were crude rather than incorrect, but they were largely responded to by our public; they were destructive of the old rather than informing of the new, and they leaned on nature rather than on art. The whole country was full of Ruskinian enthusiasm, and what strength I had shown was in that vein. The overweening self-confidence which always carried me into dangers and difficulties which a little wisdom would have taught me to avoid, made me too ready to enter into a scheme which required far more ability and knowledge of business than I possessed. All my artist friends promised me their support, and I found in John Durand, the son of the president of the National Academy of Design, a partner with a seconding enthusiasm and the necessary aid in raising the capital. This amounted to five thousand dollars, for the half of which my brother became security. We doubted not that the undertaking would be lucrative, and one of the principal motives which was urged on me by my artistic friends and promised supporters was that it would furnish me with a sufficient income to enable me to follow my painting without anxiety as to my means of living. We started a weekly, called The Crayon, and in the outset I was able to promise the assistance of most of our best writers residing in New York.

In order to secure the support of the Bostonians, I went to that city and to Cambridge, where I met with a cordial response to my enthusiasm, Lowell becoming my sponsor to the circle of which he was then, and for many years, the most brilliant ornament. To him and his friendship in after years I owe to a very large degree the shaping of my later life, as well as the better part of the success of The Crayon. He was then in a condition of profound melancholy, from the recent death of his wife. He lived in retirement, seeing only his most intimate friends, and why he should have made an exception in my case I do not quite understand. It may be that I had a card of introduction from his great friend, William Page, or from C. T. Briggs (in the literary world "Harry Franco"); but if so, it would have been merely a formal introduction, as my acquaintance with either of those gentlemen was very slight, — so slight, indeed, that I do not remember an introduction at all, and my impression is that I introduced myself. But I was an enthusiast, fired with the idea of an apostolate of art, largely vicarious and due to Ruskin, who was then my prophet, and whose religion, as mine, was nature. In fact, I was still so much under the influence of the Modern Painters that, like Ruskin, I accepted art as something in the peculiar vision of the artist, not yet recognizing that it is the brain that sees, and not the eye. But there is this which makes the nature worshiper's creed a more exalting one than that of the art lover, that it is impersonal, and compels the for-

getting of one's self, which for an apostolate is an essential. It was probably this characteristic of my condition which enlisted the sympathy of Lowell, who, even in his desolation, had a heart for any form of devotion. With the love of nature which was one of his own most marked traits, he had a side to which my enthusiasm appealed directly. The mere artist is, unless his nature is a radically religious one, an egotist, and his art necessarily centres on himself, nature only furnishing him with material. I was dreaming of other things than myself, or that which was personal in my enterprise, and Lowell felt the glow of my inspiration. He introduced me to Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton, R. H. Dana, and others of his friends at Cambridge, and, at a later visit, to Agassiz, Emerson, Thomas G. Appleton (Longfellow's brother-in-law), Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Charles Sumner, and Samuel G. Ward, a banker and a lover of art of high intelligence, the friend of poets and painters, and to me, in later years, one of the kindest and wisest of advisers and friends.

Lowell invited me to the dinner of the Saturday Club, a monthly gathering of whatever in the sphere of New England thought was most eminent and brilliant, and here for the first time I came in contact with the true New England. It may be supposed that I returned to New York a more complete devotee than ever of that Yankeeland to which I owed everything that was best in me. In my immediate mission, the quest of support for The Crayon, I had abundant response in contributions, and Lowell himself, Norton, and "Tom" Appleton, as he was called familiarly by all the world, continued to be among my most faithful and generous contributors so long as I remained the editor. Longfellow alone, of all that literary world, though promising to contribute, never did send me a word for my columns, — not, I am persuaded, from indifference or want of generosity, but because he was diffident of himself, and in the scrutiny of his work, for which of course the demand from the publishers was always urgent, he did not find anything which seemed to him particularly fit for an art journal. Nor would any of those contributors ever accept the slightest compensation for the poems or articles they sent, though The Crayon paid the market price for everything it printed, to those who would receive it.

The first number of The Crayon made a good impression in all quarters praise from which was most weighty and most desired by its proprietors. Bryant and Lowell had sent poems for it; but I had to economize my wealth, and could print only one important poem in each number, to which I gave a page, so that I had to choose between the two. Bryant's poem was without a title, and when I asked him to give it one he replied, "I give you a poem; give me a name;" and I called it A Rain Dream, which name it bears still in the collected edition of his works. Lowell sent me the first part of Pictures from Appledore, one of a series of fragments of a projected poem, like so many of his projects, never carried to completion. The poem was intended to consist of a series of stories told in The Nooning, in which a party of persons, of various orders and experience of life, meeting under a pollard willow, — one of those which stood, and of which some still stand, by the river Charles, — were to tell stories of personal adventure or characteristic of the sections of New England from which they came. Bryant's greater reputation at that time made his contribution more valuable from a publishing point of view, especially in New York, where Lowell had as yet little following, while Bryant was recognized by many as the first of living American poets. But my personal feeling insisted on giving Lowell the place at the launch, and to reconcile the claim of seniority of Bryant with my

preference of Lowell puzzled me a little, the more that Lowell urged strongly my putting Bryant in the forefront as a matter of business. I determined to leave the decision to Bryant, whose business tact was very fine, and who had as little personal vanity as is possible to a man of the world, which in the best sense he was. But I prepared the ground by writing a series of articles on The Landscape Element in American Poetry, the first of which was devoted to Bryant; and then taking to him the poem of Lowell and the article on himself, I asked his advice, saying that I could print only his poem or Lowell's, but that I desired to take in as wide a range of interest as possible. He decided at once in favor of the poem of Lowell and the Bryant article in the landscape series.

The success of The Crayon was immediate, though, from a large journalistic point of view, its contents were no doubt somewhat crude and puerile. It had a considerable public sympathetic to its sentimental vein, — readers of Ruskin and lovers of pure nature, — a circle the larger perhaps for the incomplete state of art education in our community. That two young men, with no experience in journalism, and little in literature, should have secured the success for this enterprise which The Crayon indisputably did reach, was a surprise to the public, and, looking at it now, with my eyes cooled by the distance of more than forty years, I am myself surprised. That The Crayon had a real vitality, in spite of its relative juvenility, was shown by the warm commendation it received from Lowell, Bryant, and other American men of letters, and from Ruskin, who wrote us occasional notes in reply to questions put by the readers, and warmly applauded its tone. Mantz was our French correspondent, and William Rossetti our English, and a few of the artists sent us communications which had the value of the personal artistic tone. But I learned the meaning of the fable of The Lark and her Young, for the general assistance in the matter of contributions, promised me by the friends who had originally urged me to the undertaking, was very slow in coming, and for the first numbers I wrote nearly the whole of the original matter, and for some time more than half of it. I wrote not only the editorial articles and the criticisms, but essays, correspondence, poetry, book notices (really reading every book I noticed), and a page or two of Sketchings, in which were notes from nature, extracts from letters, and replies to queries of the readers. I remained in the city all the burning summer, taking a ten days' run in the Adirondacks in September. I kept office all day, received whoever came to talk on art or business, and did most of my writing at night, — not a régime to keep up one's working powers. Durand did some excellent translations from the French, and the late Justin Winsor sent us many translations, both of verse and prose, from the German, as well as original poetry. Aldrich was a generous contributor. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and others of the lyric race sent occasional contributions; and among the women, who were, as a rule, our most enthusiastic supporters, were Mrs. Sigourney and, not the least, Lucy Larcom, the truest poetess of that day in America, who gave us some of her most charming poems. She was a teacher in a girls' school somewhere in Massachusetts, and I went to see her in one of my editorial trips. We went out for a walk in the fields, she and her class and myself, and they looked up to me as if I were Apollo, and they the Muses. Henry James, the father of the novelist, was also a not infrequent contributor, and among the artists, Huntington, President Durand (the father of my associate), Horatio Greenough, and William Page appeared in our pages, with many more whose names a file of The Crayon would recall.

During the year Lowell received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. Just before he sailed from New York we gave him a dinner, to which, besides some of his old friends, such as E. P. Whipple and Sumner, I invited Bryant and Bayard Taylor. I knew that Bryant held a little bitterness against Lowell for the passage in the Fable for Critics, in which he said, —

> "If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
> Like being stirred up with the very North Pole; "

and I told Lowell how the dear old poet felt, and put them together at the dinner. Lowell laid himself out to captivate Bryant, and did so completely, for his tact was such that in society no one whom he desired to interest could resist him; and our dinner was a splendid success. Of all present at it only Durand and myself are now living.

The subscription list of our paper rose in the first month to above twelve hundred names, and the promise for the future seemed brilliant. But, unfortunately, neither of us understood the business part of journalism, or perceived that a paper does not live by its circulation, but by advertisements, and that our advertisements, owing to the special character of our journal, must be canvassed for vigorously. We did not canvass. Cunning publishers advised us that it would be well to take their advertisements for nothing, so as to persuade the others that we had a good advertising list. But the bait never took, and we never got the paying list, while the printer, being interested in our expenditure, never helped us to economize, but played the Wicked Uncle to our Babes in the Wood, and so we wasted our substance. It was perhaps fortunate that the funds ran short as they did, for our five thousand dollars could not go far when the subscriptions were all paid in and spent, and the overwork began to tell on me, and with the conclusion of the third volume I broke down.

When I got out of harness, and had no longer the stimulus of the daily demand and habit of work, the collapse was such that I thought I was dying. I gave my share of the paper to Durand, to do with as he pleased, and went off to North Conway in the mountains of New Hampshire, to paint one more picture before I died. I chose a brook scene, and Huntington and Hubbard, two of our leading painters, and Post, a painter educated at Düsseldorf, sat down with me to paint it. I gave six weeks' hard work to a canvas twelve by eighteen inches, and my competitors cordially admitted my victory. Autumn fell on my work with still something to do to it, and it was never finished to my entire satisfaction, but it was one of the successes of the year at the Academy exhibition.

I stayed late among the mountains, thinking only of dying, but nature brought me round. There came toward the end of the season a newly married couple from Boston, destined in later years to become a large part of my life, Dr. and Mrs. Amos Binney. Mrs. Binney was one of the earliest women graduates in medicine in America, an excellent, true woman, whose ministrations to me, in body and mind, in those months of dying hopes, flying leaves and early snowfalls, were full of healing. I had had a skirmish with Cupid that summer, my first real passion, reciprocated by the subject of it, one of the ardent readers of The Crayon, an enthusiast in art, and, like me, for Ruskin, — an affair which ended in a double defeat under the merciless veto of the mother of my flame.

In this trouble Mrs. Binney's tact and knowledge of human nature befriended me profoundly, and were the origin of a cordial intimacy which had on my subsequent life a great influence. Dr. Binney gave me a commission for two pictures, and invited me to come to his home, near Boston, to paint them. I

gave up my studio in New York and went to Boston, whence, my commissions executed, I moved to Cambridge, where for some time I made my home, going thenceforward to the Adirondacks in the late summer and autumn of every year while I remained in America. The springtime following my stay in New Hampshire I spent in making studies in the neighborhood of Cambridge, especially in a favorite haunt of Lowell's, the Waverley Oaks. They were beautiful trees and greatly beloved by Lowell, for whom I painted the principal group, and also Beaver Brook, another of his favorite resorts, he lying by its bank, in the foreground, — a little full-length portrait, not so long as my finger. I painted also a similar portrait of Longfellow under the most beautiful of the oaks, on an eight-by-ten-inch canvas. It was a faithful portrait, but Lowell deterred me from finishing it as I wished, saying that if I worked further on it I should destroy the likeness. I am half inclined to think, however, that his insistence was largely for the sake of relieving Longfellow, whom I conducted every day to the Oaks, to insure Pre-Raphaelite fidelity, making him sit on a huge boulder under the tree, and even forgetting to carry a cushion for him; so that he sat on the bare stone until at last the discomfort struck even me, when I folded my coat for his seat. So kindly was his nature that he submitted to this trial with the patience and delicacy of a child, and did not permit me to see that it caused him inconvenience.

This absolute unselfishness and his extreme consideration for others were characteristic of the man. I saw much of him in the years following, and found in him the most exquisitely refined and gentle nature I have ever known, — one to which a brutal or inconsiderate act was positive pain, and any aggression on the least creature cause of intense indignation. My recollection of his condescension to my demands on his time and physical comfort remains in my memory as a high expression of his social beneficence; for I, a young man, active, strong on foot, and enduring of fatigue, used to make him walk with me from Cambridge, and pose for hours on an uncushioned boulder till I was tired, and he never showed a sign of rebellion at the imposition. Longfellow was not expansive, nor do I remember his ever becoming enthusiastic over anything or anybody; one who knew nothing of his domestic life might have fancied that he was cold, and certainly he did not possess that social magnetism which made Lowell the loadstone of so many hearts, while the exercise of that attraction was necessary to his own enjoyment of existence. Longfellow adored his wife and children, but beyond that circle it seemed to me he had no imperious longing to know or be known. He had likes and dislikes, but, so far as I understood him, no strong antipathies or ardent friendships; he had warm friendships for Lowell, the Nortons, and Agassiz, for example. I never saw him angry but once, and that was at his next-door neighbor for shooting at a robin in a cherry tree that stood near the boundary between the two gardens. The shot carried over, and rattled harmlessly enough about us where we sat on the veranda of the old Washington house, and Longfellow went off at once to protest against the barbarity. His adoration of his wife was fully justified, for rarely have I seen a woman in whom a Juno-like dignity and serenity were so wedded as in her to personal beauty, and to the fine culture of brain and heart which commanded reverence from the most ordinary acquaintance. No one who had seen her at home could ever forget the splendid vision, and the last time I ever saw her, so far as I remember, was in summer time, when, with her two daughters, all in white muslin, evanescent, translucent, they stood in the doorway to say good-by to me.

One of the most notable personages of

that little world, and whom I knew in connection with Longfellow, was his brother-in-law, Thomas G. Appleton, whom I have already mentioned, a distinguished amateur of art, a subtle if sometimes vagarious critic, poet and thinker, the wit to whom most of the clever things said in Boston came naturally in time to be attributed. The famous saying "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris," is generally supposed to be his, though Oliver Wendell Holmes told me, one day, that it was really his; but if a keen witticism was floating about fatherless in the Boston circles, it drifted to Tom Appleton as putative parent. He was of a kindly nature, and many a rising artist found his way to a larger recognition by Appleton's unobtrusive aid. He, like Longfellow, was a sincere spiritualist. Another remarkable member of this group of men was Professor Peirce, mathematician, of whose flights into the higher regions of the science of numbers and quantities many interesting things were told. He had an extraordinary power of making his abstruse results clear to the ordinary intellect, and this was added to other brilliant gifts in conversation.

My Adirondack experiences and studies having excited the desire on the part of several of the Cambridge friends to visit the Wilderness, I made up a party, which comprised Lowell and his two nephews, Charles and James Lowell (two splendid young New Englanders, afterward killed in the civil war); Dr. Estes Howe, Lowell's brother-in-law; and John Holmes, the brother of Oliver Wendell, considered by many of the Cambridge set not less witty and wise than he, but who, being extremely averse to publicity, was never known in literature. We made a flying journey of inspection through the Saranac Lakes and down the Raquette River to Tupper's Lake, then across a wild and, at that day, a little explored section to the head of Raquette Lake, and then back to the Saranacs. The party returning home, I went to the head waters of the Raquette to spend the summer in painting.

The next summer another party was formed which led to the foundation of the Adirondack Club,[1] and the excursion it made is commemorated by Emerson in his poem The Adirondacs. The company included Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Dr. Howe, Professor Jeffries Wyman, John Holmes (who became as fond as I was of this wild life), Judge Hoar (later Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Grant), Horatio Woodman, Dr. Binney, and myself. Of this company, as I write, I am the only survivor. I did my best to enroll Longfellow in the party, but, though he was for a moment hesitating, I think the fact that Emerson was going with a gun settled him in the determination to decline. "Is it true that Emerson is to take a gun?" he asked me; and when I said that he had finally decided to do so, Longfellow ejaculated, "Then somebody will be shot!" and would talk no more of going.

We tried also to get Dr. Holmes to join us; but the doctor was devoted to Boston, and with the woods and savagery he had no sympathy. He loved his Cambridge friends, Lowell, Agassiz, and Wyman, I think, above others, but he enjoyed himself most of all, and Boston more than any other place on earth. He was lifted above ennui and discontent by a most happy satisfaction with the rounded world of his own individuality and belongings. Of the three men whom I have personally known who seemed most satisfied with what fate and fortune had made them, — namely, Gladstone, Freeman, and Holmes, — I think Holmes enjoyed himself the most, and this in so delightful a way that one accepted him at once on his own terms. The doctor stood for Boston as Lowell for Cambridge, the archetype of the Hub. Nobody repre-

[1] Already recorded by Mr. Stillman in The Philosophers' Camp, Century Magazine, vol. xxiv. p. 598. — Editorial Note.

sented it as he did. Tom Appleton was nearest him in this respect, but Tom loved Paris better, and was a "globe trotter," as often in Europe as in Massachusetts, while the doctor hardly left the Hub even for a vacation; there was nothing beyond its spokes that was of great import to him. He was the sublimation of Yankee wit, as Lowell was of Yankee humor and human nature, and he made of witticism a study; polished, refined, and prepared his *bons mots*, and, at the best moment, led the conversation round to the point at which it was opportune to fire them off. He had a large medical knowledge of human nature and intellectual pathology, but I could never realize that he was a physician. Like Longfellow, his family affections were absorbing, and his love for his son, the present Mr. Justice Holmes, and his pride in him were very pleasant to see, and they ran on the surface of his nature like his love for Boston; but I could never see that his feeling for his outside friends was more than a mild, sunny glow of kindliness and vivid intellectual sympathy. Of course I judge him from a difficult standard, that of the Cambridge circle, in which the personal relations were very warm, and especially comparing him with Lowell and the Nortons, with whom friendship was a religion.

Holmes and Lowell were the antitheses of the New England intellect, and this more in the personality than in their writing. If Lowell could have acquired Holmes's respect for his own work, he would have left a larger image in the American Walhalla; but he never gave care to the perfection of what he wrote, for his mind so teemed with material that the time to polish and review never came. Holmes, like a true artist, loved the *limæ labor;* he was satisfied, it seemed to me, to do the work of one lifetime, and then rest, while Lowell looked forward to a succession of lifetimes, all full of work, and one can hardly conceive him as ever resting or caring to stop work. Lowell's was a generous, widely sympathizing nature, from which radiated love for humanity, and the broadest and most catholic helpfulness for every one who asked for his help, with a special fund for his friends; Holmes drew a line around him, within which he shone like a winter sun, and outside of which his care did not extend. The one was best in what he did, the other in what he was. Both were admired by those around them, and the admiration kindled Holmes to a warmer reflection to the adorers; Lowell felt it as the earth feels sunshine, which sinks into the fertile soil, and bears its fruit in a richer harvest.

Excepting Holmes and Longfellow our company included what was most distinguished in the world in which we lived, with some who were only eminent in their social relations, and who neither cared to be nor ever became of interest to the general world.

The care of arranging the details of the excursion was left to me, and I had, therefore, to precede the company to the Wilderness, and so missed what must have been to the others a very amusing experience. The rumor of the advent of the party spread through the country around Saranac, and at the frontier town, where they would begin the journey into the woods, the whole community was on the *qui vive* to see, not Emerson or Lowell, of whom they knew nothing, but Agassiz, who had become famous in the commonplace world through having refused, not long before, an offer from the Emperor of the French of the keepership of the Jardin des Plantes and a senatorship, if he would come to Paris and live. Such an incredible and disinterested love for America and science in our hemisphere had lifted Agassiz into an elevation of popularity which was beyond all scientific or political reputation, and the selectmen of the town appointed a deputation to welcome him and his friends to the region. A reception was accorded, and the

officials came, having taken care to provide themselves with an engraved portrait of the scientist, to guard against a mistake and waste of their respects. The head of the deputation, after having carefully compared Agassiz to the engraving, turned gravely to his followers and said, "Yes, it 's him," and they proceeded with the same gravity to shake hands with him, ignoring all the other luminaries.

I had in the meantime been into the Wilderness, and selected a site for the camp on one of the most secluded lakes, out of the line of travel of the hunters and fisherfolk, a deep *cul de sac* of lake on a stream that led nowhere, known as Follansbee Pond. There I and some hired guides built a bark camp, prepared a landing place, and then returned to Saranac, in time to meet the arriving guests. Unfortunately I was prevented from accompanying them up the lakes the next morning, because a boat I had been building for the occasion was not ready for the water, and so I missed what was to me of the greatest interest, Emerson's first impressions of the Wilderness, absolute nature. I joined them at night of the first day's journey, in a rainstorm such as our summer rarely gives in the mountains, and we made the unique and fascinating journey down the Raquette River together, — Agassiz taking his place in my boat, the other members of the party each having his own guide and boat.

The scene, like the company, exists no longer. There is a river, which still flows where the other flowed, but, like the water that has passed its rapids, and the guests that have gone the way of all those who have lived, it is something different. Then it was a deep, mysterious stream, meandering through unbroken forests, walled up on either side in green shade, the trees of centuries leaning over to welcome and shelter the voyager, flowing silently in great sweeps of dark water, with, at long intervals, a lagoon setting back into the wider forest around, enameled with pond lilies and sagittaria, and the undisturbed refuge of waterfowl and browsing deer. Our lake lay at the head of such a lagoon, a devious outlet of the basin, of which the lake occupied the principal expanse, three miles of no-man's route, framed in green hills, forest-clad up to their summits. The camp was a shelter of spruce bark, open wide in front and closed at the ends, drawn on three sides of an octohedron facing the fireplace. The beds were made of layers of spruce and other fir branches spread on the ground, and covered with the fragrant twigs of the arbor vitæ. Two huge maples overhung the camp, and at a distance of twenty feet from our lodge we entered the trackless primeval forest. The hills around furnished us with venison and the lake with trout, and there we passed the weeks of the summer heats. We were ten, with eight guides. While we were camping there, we received the news that the first Atlantic cable had been laid, and the first message sent under the sea from one hemisphere to the other, — an event which Emerson did not forget to record in noble lines.

In the main, our occupations were those of a vacation, to kill time and escape from the daily groove. After breakfast there was firing at a mark, a few rounds each for those who were riflemen; one boat went to overhaul the set lines baited the evening before for the lake trout; then, if venison was needed, we put the dog out on the hills; and when the hunt was over, some of us went out to paddle on the lake, while Agassiz and Wyman were left to dredge or botanize or dissect the animals caught or killed, those of us who had interest in natural history watching the naturalists, the others searching the nooks and corners of the pretty sheet of water, with its inlet brooks and its bays and recesses, or bathing from the rocks. Lunch was at midday, and then long talks, discussions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*

Emerson has told the daily life in verse in The Adirondacs, adding his own impressions of the place and time. It is not generally considered among the most interesting of his poems, as it is a narrative with reflections, and such a subject could hardly rise above the interest of the subject of the narration, which was only a vacation study; but there are in it some passages which show the character of Emerson's intellect at least as well as anything he has written. His insight into nature, like that of the primitive mind, the instinctive investment of the great mother with the presence and attribute of personality, the re-creation from his own resources of Pan and the nature powers, the groping about in the darkness of the primeval forest for the spiritual causes of the things he felt, — all this is to me evident in the poem, and it is the sufficient demonstration of the antique mould of his intellect, serene, open-eyed to natural phenomena, always questioning, and with no theories to limit his thought or bend it to preconceived conclusions. Knowing that all he saw in this undefiled natural world, this virgin mother of all life (for on Follansbee Pond, at the time we went there, was the primeval woodland, where the lumberer had not yet penetrated, and the grove kept still the immaculacy of the most ancient days), that all this was the mask of things, he was on the watch for hints of the secret behind the mask — secret never to be discovered, and therefore more passionately sought. To me the study of the great student was the dominant interest of the occasion. I was Agassiz's boatman on demand, for while all the others had their personal guides and attendants I was his; but often when Emerson wanted a boat, I managed to provide for Agassiz with one of the unoccupied guides. Thus Emerson and I had many hours alone on the lake and in the wood. He seemed to be a living question, perpetually interrogating his impressions of all that there was to be seen. The rest of us were always at the surface of things; even the naturalists were engaged with their anatomy; but Emerson in the forest, or looking at the sunset from the lake, was looking through the phenomena, studying them by their reflections on an inner speculum.

In such a great solitude, where social conventions disappear and men are seen as they are, mind seems opened to mind as it is quite impossible for them to be in society, even the most informal. Agassiz remarked, one day, when a little personal question had shown the limitations of character of one of the company, that he had always noticed in his Alpine experiences, when the company were living on terms of compulsory intimacy, that men found each other out quickly. And so it was in the Adirondacks. One learned the real characters of his comrades as it was impossible to learn them in society. I think I gathered in two or three weeks more insight into the character of my companions in our greener Arden than all our lives in the city could have given me.

Of all the mental experiences of my past life, nothing else survives with the vividness of my summers in the Adirondacks with Emerson. The crystalline limpidity of his character, free from all conventions, prejudices, or personal color, gave a facility for the study of the man, limited only by the range of vision of the student. How far my vision was competent for this study is not for me to decide; so far as it went I profited, and so far as my experience of men goes he is unique, not so much because of intellectual power, but because of this absolute transparency of intellect, perfect receptivity, and pure devotion to the truth. In the days of persecution and martyrdom, Emerson would have gone to the stake smiling and undismayed, but questioning all the time, even as to the nature of his own emotions.

As I look back to the days when we questioned together, from the distance of

years, he rises above all his contemporaries as Mont Blanc does above the intervening peaks when seen from afar, not the largest in mass, but loftiest in climb, soaring higher than his companions. Emerson was the best listener I ever knew, and at the other meeting place where I saw him occasionally, the Saturday Club, his attention to what others were saying was far more notable than his disposition to enter into discussions. Now and then he flashed out with a comment which lit up the subject as an electric spark, but in general he shone unconsciously. I remember that one day when, at the club, we were discussing the nature of genius, some one turned to Emerson and asked him for a definition of the thing, and he instantly replied, "The faculty of generalizing from a single example;" and nobody at the table could give so good and concise a definition. There is a portrait of him by Rowse, who knew and loved him well, which renders this side of Emerson in a way which makes it the most remarkable piece of portraiture I know, the listening Emerson.

More than a generation has passed since our Adirondack days; twenty-five years afterward I went back to the site of our camp. Except myself the whole company are dead, and the very scene of our acting and thinking has disappeared down to its geological basis, pillaged, burnt, and become a horror to see; but among the memories which are the only realities left of it, this image of Emerson claiming kinship with the forest stands out alone, and I feel as if I had stood for a moment on a mount of transfiguration, and seen as if in a vision the typical American, the noblest in the idealization of the American, of all the race. Lowell was of a more cosmopolitan type, of a wider range of sympathies and affections, accepted and bestowed, and to me a friend loved as Jonathan loved David; but as a unique, idealized individuality Emerson looms up in that Arcadian dream more and more the dominant personality. It is as character, and not as accomplishment or education, that he holds his own in all comparisons with his contemporaries, — the fine, crystallized mind, the keen, clear-faceted thinker and seer. I loved Agassiz and Lowell more, but we may have many a Lowell and Agassiz before we see Emerson's like again. Attainments will be greater, and discovery and accomplishments will surpass themselves, as we go on, but to *be*, as Emerson was, is absolute and complete existence.

Agassiz was, of all our company, the acknowledged Master, loved by all, even to the unlettered woodsmen who ran to meet his service. He was the largest in personality and in universality of knowledge of all the men I have ever known. No one who did not know him personally can conceive the hold he had on those who came into relations with him. His vast knowledge of scientific facts, and his ready command of them for all educational purposes, his enthusiasm for science and the diffusion of it, even his fascinating way of imparting it to others, had even less to do with his popularity than the magnetism of his presence, and the sympathetic faculty which enabled him to find at once the plane on which he should meet every one with whom he had to deal. Of his scientific position I cannot speak, though I can see that his was the most powerful of the scientific influences of that epoch in America. When we were traveling it was always in my boat, and we moved as his investigations prompted, wherever there seemed to be a promise of some addition to his collections. We dredged and netted water and air wherever we went; and of course there arose a certain kind of intimacy, which was partly that of a camaraderie in which we were approximately equals, that of the backwood life in which I was, if a comparison were to be made, the superior, and partly that of teacher and pupil; for, with trifling attainments, I had the pas-

sion of scientific acquisition, and all that Agassiz needed to open the store of his knowledge was the willingness of another to learn.

The career of Professor Jeffries Wyman, the associate of Agassiz in the university, and one of the doctors of our company, was cut short by his premature death. The loss to American science can never be estimated; for his mind was of that subtle and inductive nature which is needed for such a study, fine to poetic delicacy, penetrating with all the acumen of a true scientific imagination, but modest to excess, and personally so attached to Agassiz that he would with reluctance give expression to a difference from him; but that he did differ was no occasion for abatement of their mutual regard. Wyman's was the poetry of scientific research, Agassiz's its prose, and they offered a remarkable example of the mental antithesis from which, had Wyman lived, so much might have been expected through their association in study. Wyman had all the delicacy of a fine feminine organization, wedded, unfortunately, to a fragile constitution, but the friendship he held for the robust and dominating character of the great Switzer was to the utmost reciprocated. And Agassiz's disposition was as generous as large. The rancor which was shown him by some of his opponents never disturbed his serenity an instant, for of the world's opinion of him and his ideas, even when the "world" was scientific, he never took account other than to regret that science was the loser by running off on what he considered side issues. We had much conversation on the question of evolution and allied topics, in which my part was naturally that of listener and only occasional questioner, and I remember the warm appreciation he always expressed for Darwin and his researches, for his fineness of observation and scientific honesty. He regarded the widespread acceptance of the theory of natural selection as one of the epidemics which have swept the scientific world from time to time, and looked with absolute serenity to the return of science one day to the conception of creation by design.

I am neither qualified nor disposed to pass judgment on Agassiz as a scientist, or to institute any kind of comparison of his relative authority, and probably the time is far away at which his comparative eminence can be estimated impartially. I have only to do with his personality as it appeared to me in our relations, and to put on record my impression of the great, lovable, magnanimous man. Of his unbounded generosity and indifference to personal advantage everybody who came in contact with him was witness. He refused all offers of personal emolument, and spent his surplus earnings for the aggrandizement of the great natural history museum he founded at Cambridge. The propositions of the Emperor Napoleon III. he had declined with thanks and without a regret; he had come to America to study natural history, and did not propose to be diverted from this purpose. To a lecture agent who offered him a very large sum to deliver a course of lectures in the principal cities of the Union, he replied that he had no time to make money; and he died of overwork, insatiate in the pursuit of the completion of his museum and the classification of his observations.

One of the personal traits which most impressed me in him, at the time when he was being shamefully attacked by the small dogs of the antagonistic party, was that he never exhibited the slightest disposition to belittle those who differed from him, or to disparage the merits of another scientist. Theological controversies never reached him; I have heard him say that he thought the first chapter of Genesis a true record of the order of creation, but as to all the Scripture that followed he was indifferent. He spoke with pain of the animosity shown him by a Swiss associate in his glacial

investigations and who had once been his warm advocate, but there was no bitterness in his manner. I am convinced that there was no bitterness in him, and that all personal feeling was overpowered and minimized by his absolute devotion to scientific truth. His influence even on the business men of the city of Boston and the legislature of the state of Massachusetts was the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind ever witnessed in that frugal and matter-of-fact community; for he had only to announce that he wanted for his museum or department in the university a donation or an appropriation, to obtain either, so absolutely recognized was his unselfish devotion to science by all classes. Even men who had no interest in physical science took it into consideration on account of him, carried away by his enthusiastic advocacy of its advancement. The religious world forgot its indignation at his repudiation of Adam in the refuge it found in his affirmation of a Supreme Intelligence as Creator of all things. A sudden shadow fell on our community at his unexpected death, and the general grief told of the hold he had on the entire nation. The mourning extended far beyond the circle of personal acquaintance with Agassiz.

The third magnate of our club was Lowell, with whose personality the world at large is already well acquainted. In his own day and presence, it was impossible to form a satisfactory personal judgment of him, and even now, through the perspective of the years since he died, it is out of the question for me to pronounce a dispassionate judgment. Of all that New England world, so hospitable, so brotherly to me that if I had been born in Cambridge it could hardly have been so kind, Lowell and Norton were those who most made my welcome free from any embarrassment to myself. Norton, almost exactly my contemporary, is still living, and which of us two shall say the last word for the other is on the lap of the gods, but in the Adirondack Club life he does not appear. No kinder or wiser friend have I ever had. Himself the son of one of the most distinguished of the great Unitarian leaders of liberal New England, his broad common-sense views of sectarian questions first widened my religious horizon, emancipated me from the tithes of mint and cummin, and helped me to see the value of observances; and his hand was always held out to me in those straitened moments in which my impulsive and ill-regulated manner of life continually landed me. I shall not disturb the serenity of his old age by the indiscreet garrulity of mine. But the brotherhood between him and Lowell brought our lives together, and Lowell was the pole to which both our needles swung. Norton's delicate health made it impossible for him to take part in the excursions made by the club, though he was enrolled as a member.

Of Lowell much has been said by many people, some of whom were less, and others, perhaps, better acquainted with him than I was; but I at least can speak of him without restraint other than that which love and gratitude impose. And to-day, more than forty years since I found his friendship what it ever remained, the judgment I formed of him at first acquaintance comes up again in one point dominant. He seemed to me a man whom good fortune, and especially the favor of society, had prevented from filling the rôle that fate had intended for him. There was in not a few of his poems the promise of reaching a height only attainable by a man who climbs light. There was in him the possible making of a great reformer, an evangelist. All through his early poems runs the thread of a fine morality, the perception of the highest obligations of religion and philanthropy, the defense of the weak and oppressed, the succor of the poor, — in fine, the creed of a practical religion which would seem to

require its adherent to go into the slums and out on the highways to carry out his convictions in acts. In the warfare he waged on slavery, when the anti-slavery cause was very unpopular, and in the case of Garrison and others brought on its advocates continual danger and occasional violence, Lowell was unsparing in the denunciation of the national sin; but whether because the anti-abolition public which ruled Boston thought denunciation in form of verse had no practical force, or because the personal fascination the man always exercised was such as to disarm hostility, it happened that he was never made the subject of aggression.

There was a gracious indolence in him, an imperturbable serenity which made proclamation in advance of a truce to all forms of brute collision. No doubt if they had hunted him out for a victim of the political animosity which led to so many tragedies in the early days of our anti-slavery agitations, he would have stood up to the stake as readily as one of the martyrs of old; but the man's nature was repugnant to discords, and shrank from combats ruder than those of the printing press. All through his career, the religion of humanity is put forward with point and persistence, and the finest of distinctions in morality are maintained, — the so constantly ignored vital difference between the deed and its motive, as in Sir Launfal: —

> "The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
> In whatso we share with another's need;
> Not what we give, but what we share, —
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me;"

so that one might have expected from him the life of a social reformer, so keenly does he feel the outrages of civilization. But, possibly from the fact that in those days human slavery in our country summed up all villainies and crimes, and in the war against that he threw all his surplus energy, he never took part in the crusade then beginning against the more familiar iniquities nearer home. But in his constitution there was, I think, another reason why the author of Sir Launfal, Hunger and Cold, The Landlord, and The Search should not have emulated Howard or Mrs. Fry, and have gone into the realms of destitution to relieve its wrongs. He was extremely fastidious, and anything that offended his taste by vulgarity or crudeness repelled him with such force that the work of practical philanthropy would have been impossible to his temperament. The indolence I have above spoken of — and which must not be confounded with slothfulness, but is, as the true meaning of the word indicates, the following the dictates of the temperament, whether in activity or rest — led him to contemplation rather than to action. The finest and most exalted passages of his work were not so fine and exalted as his personality, — he was better than anything he ever wrote; and what he wrote was only the overflow of a mind which never needed a stimulus to divine cogitation. The fascination, the subtle personal glamour he unconsciously threw over those who came in true contact with him, made them always expect more than he accomplished, for in that there was not even the stimulus of ambition. What he did was done with the spontaneousness of the wind or the sunshine. If he had a vanity, it was to be in all points accoutred for his place in society; but even this was so lightly held that few knew him well enough to see it, and it was never a motive power in him.

I have always felt that if he had been a poor man, compelled to work for his daily bread, he would have occupied a larger place in the world of letters. I have elsewhere alluded to his going to Europe to complete the preparations to enter upon his professorship, and when he came back from this voyage he said to me, "I must study yet a good deal before I attempt to produce anything

more." In the succeeding years he labored very hard in his professorial work, which was perhaps not favorable to his advancement as an author, though it certainly gave more solidity in the production of those years which intervened between his simpler life and his diplomatic career. His lectures before the students and the public — for the popularity of Lowell as a lecturer was immense — solidified an education which, as he himself humorously avowed, was often broken by freaks of irrepressible youthful spirit. The saddening and indelible effects of the war had so modified his character for the graver and more profound that I agree with those of his friends who consider his entry into the diplomatic career as a misfortune for American letters, and that his mind flowed to waste in those later years. Nor was he at home in diplomacy, — it was a reversal of all the conditions of his habitual existence; but it flattered his *amour propre* that the country should recognize the part he had taken in the cultivation of the anti-slavery sentiment of the nation. His social gifts were very great, and his patriotic pride intensified the pleasure of his successes in a line of life which was really secondary in his nature. In those years of his diplomatic life we saw little of each other. Our intimate intercourse was suspended by my going to Europe in 1859. We were nearest each other in our Adirondack life, in which he had all the zest of a boy. He was the soul of the merriment of the company, fullest of witticisms, keenest in appreciation of the liberty of the occasion and the *genius loci*. One sees through all his nature-poetry the traces of the heredity of the first settler, the keen enjoyment of the New England farmhouse and the brightness and newness of the villages, so crude to the tastes founded in the picturesqueness of the Old World. Not even Emerson, with all his indifference to the mere form of things, took to unimproved and uncivilized nature as Lowell did, and his free delight in the Wilderness was a thing to remember, and perhaps by none so fully appreciated as by me, to whom it was a satisfactory motive for living.

Of the rest of our company in that famous old camp by "Follansbee Water," there is little more to be said which will interest others or recall names known to the world. I painted a study of the camp and its inhabitants, with the intention of making from it, at a future time, a picture which should commemorate the meeting; but owing to changes in my plans it remained a study, and was purchased by Judge Hoar, the most eminent of my companions still to be described. He had been a justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, a man as well known for his intellectual fibre and sympathy with letters as for his judicial abilities. He was one of the most brilliant members of the Saturday Club, of which ours might be considered the offspring and succursal. He had a most spontaneous and electric wit, whose sallies burst in the merriment of our *al fresco* camp dinners with the flash and surprise of rockets, and sometimes left behind them the perfume of erudition as those of no other in the company, save perhaps Lowell. In my study the party is divided in the habit of the morning occupations: Lowell, Hoar, Binney, Woodman, and myself are engaged in firing at the target; Agassiz and Wyman are dissecting a trout on a tree stump, while Holmes and Dr. Howe watch the operation; but Emerson, recognizing himself as neither a marksman nor a scientist, is in a position between the two groups, and, pilgrim staff in hand, watches the marksmen, with a slight preference of them to the others. My own figure I painted from a photograph, the company insisting on my putting myself in; but it was ill done, for I could never paint from a photograph.

When the company left me I returned to my painting, and remained in camp as long as the weather permitted. On

my return to Cambridge I became affianced to Miss Mack, the eldest daughter of Dr. Mack, with whom I had boarded while I was occupied painting the various pictures of the oaks at Waverley.

The meeting of the Adirondack Club the following year was a most successful one, and when it was over, and I was left alone to my painting, I selected a subject in which, for the first time, I introduced a dramatic element. I supposed that a hunter and a buck had had a hand-to-horn fight, and during it had fallen together over a ledge of rocks, at the bottom of which both lay dead. A perpendicular ledge of granite, about twenty feet high, mosses and ferns clinging in its crevices, overhanging a level space covered with a heavy growth of luxuriant fern, furnished the background. There I laid the first large buck I killed, and painted him with extreme care, and then painted my guide, with his arms locked in the antlers of the deer. The hour was the late afternoon, when the red sunlight slanted through the trees and fell in broken masses on the face of the cliff, catching the leaves here and there in its path. All this and as much of the details of the forest as the time permitted were painted carefully from the scene. I worked on the picture for about two months, my canvas being twenty-five by thirty inches, till the lake began to freeze and the snow fell. The thermometer was about zero Fahrenheit before I broke off, in November. I never enjoyed so entirely the forest life as that autumn. I had laid a line of sable traps for miles through the woods, and caught several prime sable which I intended as a present to my fiancée, and the long walks in the absolute silence of the great forest, the snowfall, and the gorgeous autumn were more fascinating than ever before. It was with the greatest reluctance that I obeyed the necessity to return to the state of civilization, and took leave of that most charming retreat of the natural man from the artificial life.

That was my last serious experience of woodland life. The uneasy and thriftless spirit which drove me out, like the possessed of the Scripture, to wander in strange places at times, again drove me, that winter, to England, putting, as it happened, against my intention or prevision, an end to the American period of my life.

William James Stillman.

MAY IN FRANCONIA.

The day was red-cherry day, the 20th of the month. Once in the hill country, the train ran hour after hour through a world of shrubs and small trees, loaded every one with white blossoms. Their number was amazing. I should not have believed there were so many in all New Hampshire. The snowy branches fairly whitened the woods; as if all the red-cherry trees of the country round about were assembled along the railroad track to celebrate a festival. The spectacle — for it was nothing less — made me think of the annual dogwood display as I had witnessed it in the Alleghanies and further south. I remembered, too, a similar New England pageant of some years ago; a thing of annual occurrence, of course, but never seen by me before or since. Then it happened that I came down from Vermont (this also was in May) just at the time when the shad-bushes were in their glory. Like the wild red-cherry trees, as I saw them now, they seemed to fill the world. Such miles on miles of a floral panorama are

among the memorable delights of spring travel.

For the cherry's sake I was glad that my leaving home had been delayed a week or two beyond my first intention; though I thought then, as I do still, that an earlier start would have shown me something more of real spring among the mountains, which, after all, was what I had come out to see.

The light showers through which I drove over the hills from Littleton were gone before sunset, and as the twilight deepened I strolled up the Butter Hill road as far as the grove of red pines, just to feel the ground under my feet and to hear the hermit thrushes. How divinely they sang, one on either side of the way, voice answering to voice, the very soul of music, out of the darkening woods! I agree with a friendly correspondent who wrote me, the other day, fresh from a summer in France, that the nightingale is no such singer. I have never heard the nightingale, but that does not alter my opinion. Formerly I wished that the hermit, and all the rest of our woodland thrushes, would practice a longer and more continuous strain. Now I think differently; for I see now that what I looked upon as a blemish is really the perfection of art. Those brief, deliberate phrases, breaking one by one out of the silence, lift the soul higher than any smooth-flowing warble could possibly do. Worship has no gift of long-breathed fluency. If she speaks at all, it is in the way of ejaculation. "Therefore let thy words be few," said the Preacher, — a text which is only a modern Hebrew version of what the hermit thrush has been saying here in the White Mountains for ten thousand years.

One of the principal glories of Franconia is the same in spring as in autumn, — the colors of the forest. There is no describing them: greens and reds of all tender and lovely shades; not to speak of the exquisite haze-blue, or blue-purple, which mantles the still budded woods on the higher slopes. For the reds I was quite unprepared. They have never been written about, so far as I know, doubtless because they have never been seen. The scribbling tourist is never here till long after they are gone. In fact, I stayed late enough, on my present visit, to see the end of them. I knew, of course, that young maple leaves, like old ones, are of a ruddy complexion; but somehow I had never considered that the massing of the trees on hillsides would work the same gorgeous, spectacular effect in spring as in autumn, — broad patches of splendor hung aloft, a natural tapestry, for the eye to feast upon. Not that May is as gaudy as September. There are no brilliant yellows, and the reds are many shades less fiery than autumn furnishes; but what is lacking in intensity is more than made up in delicacy, as the bloom of youth is fairer than any hectic flush. The glory passed, as I have said. Before the 1st of June it had deepened, and then disappeared; but the sight of it was of itself enough to reward my journey.

The clouds returned after the rain, and my first forenoon was spent under an umbrella on the Bethlehem plateau, not so much walking as standing about; now in the woods, now in the sandy road, now in the dooryard of an empty house. It was Sunday; the rain, quiet and intermittent, rather favored music; and all in all, things were pretty much to my mind, — plenty to see and hear, yet all of a sweetly familiar sort, such as one hardly thinks of putting into a note-book. Why record, as if it could be forgotten or needed to be remembered, the lisping of happy chickadees or the whistle of white-throated sparrows? Or why speak of shad-blow and gold-thread, or even of the lovely painted trilliums, with their three daintily crinkled petals, streaked with rose-purple? The trilliums, indeed, well deserved to be spoken of: so bright and bold they were; every

blossom looking the sun squarely in the face, — in great contrast with the pale and bashful wake-robin, which I find (by searching for it) in my own woods. One after another I gathered them (pulled them, to speak with poetic literalness), each fresher and handsomer than the one before it, till the white stems made a handful.

"Oh," said a man on the piazza, as I returned to the hotel, "I see you have nosebleed." I was putting my hand to my pocket, wondering why I should have been taken so childishly, when it came over me what he meant. He was looking at the trilliums, and explained, in answer to a question, that he had always heard them called "nosebleed." Somewhere, then, — I omitted to inquire where, — this is their "vulgar" name. In Franconia the people call them "Benjamins," which has a pleasant Biblical sound, — better than "nosebleed," at all events, — though to my thinking "trillium" is preferable to either of them, both for sound and for sense. People cry out against "Latin names." But why is Latin worse than Hebrew? And who could ask anything prettier or easier than trillium, geranium, anemone, and hepatica?

The next morning I set out for Echo Lake. At that height, in that hollow among the mountains, the season must still be young. There, if anywhere, I should find the early violet and the trailing mayflower. And whatever I found, or did not find, at the end of the way, I should have made another ascent of the dear old Notch road, every rod of it the pleasanter for happy memories. I had never traveled it in May, with the glossy-leaved clintonia yet in the bud, and the broad, grassy golf links above the Profile House farm all frosty with houstonia bloom. And many times as I had been over it, I had never known till now that rhodora stood along its very edge. To-day, with the pink blossoms brightening the crooked, leafless, knee-high stems, not even my eyes could miss it. Our one small pear-leaved willow, near the foot of Hardscrabble, was in flower, its maroon leaves partly grown. Well I remembered the June morning when I lighted upon it, and the interest shown by the senior botanist of our little company when I reported the discovery, at the dinner table. He went up that very afternoon to see it for himself; and year after year, while he lived, he watched over it, more than once cautioning the road-menders against its destruction. How many times he and I have stopped beside it, on our way up and down! The "Torrey willow" he always called it, stroking my vanity; and I liked the word.

Now a chipmunk speaks to me, as I pass; it is not his fault, nor mine either, perhaps, that I do not understand him; and now, hearing a twig snap, I glance up in time to see a woodchuck scuttling out of sight under the high, overhanging bank. So *he* is a dweller in these upper mountain woods![1] I should have thought him too nice an epicure to feel himself at home in such diggings. But who knows? Perhaps he finds something hereabout — wood-sorrel or what not — that is more savory even than young clover leaves and early garden sauce. From somewhere on my right comes the sweet — honey-sweet — warble of a rose-breasted grosbeak; and almost over my head, at the topmost point of a tall spruce, sits a Blackburnian warbler, doing his little utmost to express himself. His pitch is as high as his perch, and his tone, pure *z*, is like the finest of wire. Another water bar surmounted, and a baybreast sings, and lets me see him, — a bird I always love to look at, and a song that I always have to learn anew, partly because I hear it so seldom, partly because of its want of individuality: a single hurried phrase, pure *z* like the Black-

[1] Yes, he has even been seen (and "taken"), so I am told, at the summit of Mount Washington.

burnian's, and of the same wire-drawn tenuity. These warblers are poor hands at warbling, but they are musical to the eye. By this rule, — if throats were made to be looked at, and judged by the feathers on them, — the Blackburnian might challenge comparison with any singer under the sun.

As the road ascends, the aspect of things grows more and more springlike, — or less and less summerlike. Black-birch catkins are just beginning to fall, and a little higher, not far from the Bald Mountain path, I notice a sugar maple still hanging full of pale, straw-colored tassels, — encouraging signs to a man who was becoming apprehensive lest he had arrived too late.

Then, as I pass the height of land and begin the gentle descent into the Notch, fronting the white peak of Lafayette and the black face of Eagle Cliff, I am aware of a strange sensation, as if I had stepped into another world: bare, leafless woods and sudden blank silence. All the way hitherto birds have been singing on either hand, my ear picking out the voices one by one, while flies and mosquitoes have buzzed continually about my head; here, all in a moment, not a bird, not an insect, — a stillness like that of winter. Minute after minute, rod after rod, and not a breath of sound, — not so much as the stirring of a leaf. I could not have believed such a transformation possible. It is uncanny. I walk as in a dream. The silence lasts for at least a quarter of a mile. Then a warbler breaks it for an instant, and leaves it, if possible, more absolute than before. I am going southward, and downhill; but I am going into the Notch, into the very shadow of the mountains, where Winter makes his last rally against the inevitable.

And yes, here are some of the early flowers I have come in search of: the dear little yellow violets, whose glossy, round leaves, no more than half-grown as yet, seem to love the very border of a snowbank. Here, too, is a most flourishing patch of spring-beauties, and another of adder's-tongue, — dog-tooth violet, so called. Of the latter there must be hundreds of acres in Franconia. I have seen the freckled leaves everywhere, and now and then a few belated blossoms. Here I have it at its best, the whole bed thick with buds and freshly blown flowers. But the round-leaved violet is what I am chiefly taken with. The very type and pattern of modesty, I am ready to say. The spring-beauty masses itself; and though every blossom, if you look at it, is a miracle of delicacy, — lustrous pink satin, with veinings of a deeper shade, — it may fairly be said to make a show. But the violets, scattered, and barely out of the ground, must be sought after one by one. So meek, and yet so bold! — part of the beautiful vernal paradox, that the lowly and the frail are the first to venture.

As I come down to the lakeside, — making toward the lower end, whither I always go, because there the railroad is least obtrusively in sight and the mountains are faced to the best advantage, — two or three solitary sandpipers flit before me, tweeting and bobbing, and a winter wren (invisible, of course) sings from a thicket at my elbow. A jolly songster he is, with the clearest and finest of tones — a true fife — and an irresistible accent and rhythm. A bird by himself. This fellow hurries and hurries (am I wrong in half remembering a line by some poet about a bird that "hurries and precipitates"?), till the tempo becomes too much for him; the notes can no longer be taken, and, like a boy running down too steep a hill, he finishes with a slide. I think of those pianoforte passages which the most lightninglike of performers — Paderewski himself — are reduced to playing ignominiously with the back of one finger. I know not their technical name, if they have one, — finger-nail runs, perhaps. I remember, also, Thoreau's de-

scription of a song heard in Tuckerman's Ravine and here in the Franconia Notch. He could never discover the author of it, but pretty certainly it was the winter wren. "Most peculiar and memorable," he pronounces it, like a "fine corkscrew stream issuing with incessant tinkle from a cork." "Tinkle" is exactly the word. Trust Thoreau to find *that*, though he could not find the singer. If the thrushes are left out of the account, there is no voice in the mountains that I am gladder to hear.

Near the outlet of the lake, in a shaded hollow, lies a deep snowbank, and not far away the ground is matted with trailing arbutus, still in plentiful bloom. One of the most attractive things here is the few-flowered shadbush (*Amelanchier oligocarpa*). The common *A. Canadensis* grows near by; and it is astonishing how unlike the two species look, although the difference (the visible difference, I mean) is all in the arrangement of the flowers, — clustered in one case, separately disposed in the other. To-day the "average observer" would look twice before suspecting any close relationship between them; a week or two hence he would look a dozen times before remarking any distinction. With them, as with the red cherry, it is the blossom that makes the bush.

So much for my first May morning on the Notch road and by the lake: a few particulars caught in passing, to be taken for what they are, —

"Samples and sorts, not for themselves alone,
but for their atmosphere."

In the afternoon I went over into the Landaff Valley, having in mind a restful, level-country stroll, with a view especially to the probable presence of Tennessee warblers in that quarter. One or two had been singing constantly near the hotel for two days (ever since my arrival, that is), and Sunday I had heard another beside the Bethlehem road. Whether they were migrants only, or had settled in Franconia for the season, they ought, it seemed to me, to be found also in the big Landaff larch swamp, where we had seen them so often in June, ten or twelve years ago. As I had heard the song but once since that time, I was naturally disposed to make the most of the present opportunity.

I turned in at the old hay barn, — one of my favorite resorts, where I have seen many a pretty bunch of autumnal transients, — and sure enough, a Tennessee's voice was one of the first to greet me. *This* fellow sang as a Tennessee ought to sing, I said to myself. By which I meant that his song was clearly made up of three parts, just as I had kept it in memory; whereas the birds near the hotel, as well as the one on the Bethlehem road, divided theirs but once. No great matter, somebody will say; but a self-respecting man likes to have his recollections justified, even about trifles, particularly when he has confided them to print.[1]

The swamp had begun well with its old eulogist; but better things were in store. I passed an hour or more in the woods, for the most part sitting still (which is pretty good after-dinner ornithology), and had just taken the road again when a bevy of talkative chickadees came straggling down the rim of

[1] So I was relieved to find all the Franconia white-throated sparrows introducing their sets of triplets with two — not three — longer single notes. That was how I had always whistled the tune; and I had been astonished and grieved to see it printed in musical notation by Mr. Cheney, and again by Mr. Chapman, with an introductory measure of three notes: as if it were to go, "Old Sam, Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," instead of, as I remembered it, and as reason dictated, "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." I am not intimating that Mr. Cheney and Mr. Chapman are wrong, but that my own recollection was right, — a very different matter, as my present experience with Tennessee warblers was sufficient to show.

the swamp, flitting from one tree to another, — a morsel here and a morsel there, — after their usual manner while on the march. Now, then, for a few migratory warblers, which always may be looked for in such company.

True to the word, my glass was hardly in play before a baybreast showed himself, in magnificent plumage; then came a Blackburnian, also in high feather, handsomer even than the baybreast, but less of a rarity; and then, all in a flash, I caught a glimpse of some bright-colored, black-and-yellow bird that, almost certainly, from an indefinable something half seen about the head, could not be a magnolia. "That should be a Cape May!" I said aloud to myself. Even as I spoke, however, he was out of sight. Down the road I went, trying to keep abreast of the flock, which moved much too rapidly for my comfort. Again I saw what might have been the Cape May, but again there was nothing like certainty. And again I lost him. With the trees so thick, and the birds so small and so active, it was impossible to do better. I had missed my chance, I thought; but just then something stirred among the leaves of a fir tree close by me, on the very edge of the swamp, and the next moment a bird stepped upon the outermost twig, as near me as he could get, and stood there fully displayed: a splendid Cape May, in superb color, my first New England specimen. "Look at me," he said. "This is for your benefit." And I looked with both eyes. Who would not be an ornithologist, with sights like this to reward him?

The procession moved on, by the air line, impossible for me to follow. The Cape May, of course, had departed with the rest. So I assumed, — without warrant, as will presently appear. But I had no quarrel with Fate. For a plodding, wingless creature, long accustomed to his disabilities, I was being handsomely used. The soul is always seeking new things, says a celebrated French philosopher, and is always pleased when it is shown more than it had hoped for. This is preëminently true of rare warblers. Now I would cross the bridge, walk once more under the arch of willows, — happy that I *could* walk, being a man only, — and back to the village again by the upper road. For a half mile on that road the prospect is such that no mortal need desire a better one.

First, however, I must train my glass upon a certain dark object out in the meadow, to see whether it was a stump (it was motionless enough for one, but I did n't remember it there) or a woodchuck. It turned out to be a woodchuck, erect upon his haunches, his fore paws lifted in an attitude of devotion. The sight was common just now in all Franconia grassland, no matter in what direction my jaunts took me. And always the attitude was the same, as if now were the ground-hog's Lent. "Watch and pray" is his motto; and he thrives upon it like a monk. Though the legislature sets a price on his head, he keeps in better flesh than the average legislator. Well done, say I. May his shadow never grow less! I like him, as I like the crow. Health and long life to both of them, — wildings that will not be put down nor driven into the outer wilderness, be the hand of civilization never so hostile. They were here before man came, and will be here, it is most likely, after he is gone; unless, as the old planet's fires go out, man himself becomes a hibernator. I have heard a hunted woodchuck, at bay in a stone wall, gnashing his teeth against a dog; and I have seen a mother woodchuck with a litter of young ones playing about her as she lay at full length sunning herself, the very picture of maternal satisfaction: and my belief is that woodchucks have as honest a right as most of us to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

As I walked under the willows, — empty to-day, though I remembered more

than one happy occasion when, in better company, I had found them alive with wings, — I paused to look through the branches at a large hawk and a few glossy-backed barn swallows quartering over the meadow. Then, all at once, there fell on my ears a shower of bobolink notes, and the birds, twenty or more together, dropped into the short grass before me. Every one of them was a male.

A strange custom it is, this Quakerish separation of the sexes. It must be the females' work, I imagine. Modesty and bashfulness are feminine traits, — modesty, bashfulness, and maidenly discretion. The wise virgin shunneth even the appearance of evil. Let the males flock by themselves, and travel in advance. And the males practice obedience, not for virtue's sake, I guess, but of necessity; encouraged, no doubt, by an unquestioning belief that the wise virgins will come trooping after, and be found scattered conveniently over the meadows, each by herself, when the marriage bell strikes. That blissful hour was now close at hand, and my twenty gay bachelors knew it. Every bird of them had on his wedding garment. No wonder they sang.

It took me a long time to make that half mile on the upper road, with the narrow, freshly green valley outspread just below, the river running through it, and beyond a royal horizonful of mountains; some near and green, some farther away and blue, and some — the highest — still with the snow on them: Moosilauke, Kinsman, Cannon, Lafayette, Garfield, the Twins, Washington, Clay, Jefferson, and Adams; all perfectly clear, the sky covered with high clouds. A sober day it was, sober and still, though the bobolinks seemed not so to regard it. While I looked at the landscape, seating myself now and then to enjoy it quietly, I kept an ear open for the shout of a pileated woodpecker, a wildly musical sound often to be heard on this hillside; but to-day there was nothing nearer to it than a crested flycatcher's scream, out of the big sugar orchard.

On my way down the hill toward the red bridge, I met a man riding in some kind of rude contrivance, not to be called a wagon or a cart, between two pairs of wheels. He lay flat on his back, as in a hammock, and, to judge by his tools and the mortar on his clothing, must have been a mason returning from his work. He was "taking it easy," at all events. We saluted each other, and he stopped his horse and sat up. "You used to be round here, did n't you?" he asked. Yes, I said, I had been here a good deal, off and on. He thought he remembered me. He had noticed me getting out of Mr. Prime's carriage at the corner. "Let 's see," he said: "you used to be looking after the birds a good deal, did n't you?" I pleaded guilty, and he seemed glad. "You are well?" he added, and drove on. Neither of us had said anything in particular, but there are few events of the road more to my taste than such chance bits of neighborly intercourse. The man's tone and manner gave me the feeling of real friendliness. If I had fallen among thieves, I confide that he would have been neither a priest nor a Levite. May his trowel find plenty of work and fair wages.

This was on May 22. The next three days were occupied with all-day excursions to Mount Agassiz, to Streeter Pond, and to Lonesome Lake path. With so many hands beckoning to me, the Cape May warbler was well-nigh forgotten. On the morning of the 26th, however, the weather being dubious, I betook myself again to the Landaff swamp, entering it, as usual, by the wood road at the barn. Many birds were there: a tanager (uncommon hereabout), olive-sided flycatchers, alder flycatchers (first seen on the 23d, and already abundant), a yellow-bellied flycatcher (the recluse of the family), magnolia warblers, Can-

ada warblers, parula warblers (three beautiful species), a Tennessee warbler, a Swainson thrush (whistling), a veery (snarling), and many more. The Swainson thrush, by the way, although present, in small numbers apparently, from May 22, was not heard to sing a note until June 1, — ten days of silence! Yet it sings freely on its migration, even as far south as Georgia. Close at hand was a grouse, who performed again and again in what seemed to me a highly original manner. First he delivered three or four quick beats. Then he rested for a second or two, after which he proceeded to drum in the ordinary way, beginning with deliberation, and gradually accelerating the beats, till the ear could no longer follow them, and they became a whir. That prelude of four quick, decisive strokes was a novelty to my ears, so far as I could remember.

I had taken my fill of this pleasant chorus, and was on my way back to the road, when suddenly I heard something that was better than "pleasant," — a peculiarly faint and listless four-syllabled warbler song, which might be described as a monotonous *zee-zee-zee-zee*. The singer was not a blackpoll: of that I felt certain on the instant. What could it be, then, but a Cape May? That was a shrewd guess (I had heard the Cape May once, in Virginia, some years before); for presently the fellow moved into sight, and I had a feast of admiring him, as he flitted about among the fir trees, feeding and singing. If he was the one I had seen in the same wood on the 22d, he was making a long stay. Still I did not venture to think of him as anything but a migrant. The Tennessee had sung incessantly for five days in the Gale River larches near the hotel, as already mentioned, and then had taken flight.

The next morning, nevertheless, there was nothing for it — few as my days were growing — but I must visit the place again, on the chance of finding the Cape May still there. And he *was* there; sitting, for part of the time, at the very tip (on the terminal bud, to speak exactly) of a pointed fir. There, as elsewhere, he sang persistently, sometimes with three *zees*, sometimes with four, but always in an unhurried monotone. It was the simplest and most primitive kind of music, to say the best of it, — many an insect would perhaps have done as well; but somehow, with the author of it before me, I pronounced it good. A Tennessee was close by, and (what I particularly enjoyed) a tanager sat in the sun on the topmost spray of a tall white pine, blazing and singing. "This is the sixth day of the Cape May here, yet I cannot think he means to summer." So my pencil finished the day's entry.

Whatever his intentions, I could not afford to spend my whole vacation in learning them, and it was not until the afternoon of the 31st that I went again in search of him. Then he gave me an exciting chase; for, thank Fortune, a chase may be exciting though the bird is not a "game bird," and the man is not a gunner. At first, to be sure, the question seemed in a fair way to be quickly settled. I was hardly in the swamp before I heard the expected *zee-zee*. The bird was still here! But after half a dozen repetitions of the strain he fell silent; and he had not shown himself. For a full hour I paced up and down the path, within a space of forty rods, fighting mosquitoes and awake to every sound. If the bird was here, I meant to make sure of him. This was the tenth day since I had first seen him, and to find him still present would make it practically certain that he was here for the season. As for what I had already heard, — well, the notes were the Cape May's, fast enough; but if that were all, I should go away and straightway begin to question whether my ears had not deceived me. In matters of this kind, an ornithologist walks by sight.

Once, from farther up the path, I heard a voice that might be the one I

was listening for; but as I hastened toward it, it developed into the homely, twisting song of a black-and-white creeper. Heard at a sufficient distance, this too familiar ditty loses every other one of its notes, and is easily mistaken for something else, — especially if something else happens to be on a man's mind, — as I had found to my chagrin on more than one occasion. Eye and ear both are never more liable to momentary deception than when they are most tensely alert.

Meanwhile, nothing had been heard of the Tennessee, and it became evident that he had moved on. The customary water thrush was singing at short intervals; gayly dressed warblers darted in and out of the low evergreens, almost brushing my elbows, much to their surprise; and an olive-sided flycatcher kept up a persistent *pip-pip*. Something was troubling his equanimity; I had no idea what. It had been one of my special enjoyments, on this vacation trip, to renew my acquaintance with him and his humbler relative, the alder flycatcher, — the latter a commonplace body, whose emphatic *quay-quéer* had now become one of the commonest of sounds. The olive-side, by the bye, for all his apparent wildness, did not disdain to visit the shade trees about the hotel; and once a catbird, not far off, amused me by whistling a most exact reproduction of his breezy *quit, quee-quée-o*. If the voice had come from a treetop instead of from the depths of a low thicket, the illusion would have been complete. It is the weakness of imitators, always and everywhere, to forget one thing or another.

Still the bird I was waiting for made no sign, and finally I left the swamp and started up the road. Possibly he had gone in that direction, where I first saw him. No, he was not there, and, giving over the hunt, I turned back toward the village. Then, as I came opposite the barn again, I heard the notes in the old place, and hastened up the path. This time I was lucky, for there the bird sat on the outermost spray of a fir-tree branch. It was his most characteristic attitude. I can see him there now.

As I quitted the swamp for good, a man in a buggy was coming down the road. I put on my coat, and as he overtook me I said, "I was putting on my coat because I felt sure you would invite me to ride." He smiled, and bade me get in; and though he had been going only to the post office, he insisted upon carrying me to the hotel, a mile beyond. Better still, we had a pleasant, humanizing talk of a kind to be serviceable to a narrow specialist, such as I seemed just now in danger of becoming. The use of tobacco was one of our topics, I remember, and the mutual duties of husbands and wives another. My host had seen a good deal of the world, it appeared, and withal was no little of a philosopher. I hope it will not sound egotistical if I say that he gave every sign of finding me a capable listener.

Once more only I saw the Cape May. His claim to be accounted a summer resident of Franconia was by this time moderately well established; but on my last spare afternoon (June 3) I could not do less than pay him a farewell visit. After looking for him in vain for twenty years (I speak as a New Englander), it seemed the part of prudence to cultivate his acquaintance while I could. At the entrance to the swamp, therefore, I put on my gloves, tied a handkerchief about my neck, and broke a stem of meadow-sweet for use as a mosquito switch. The season was advancing, and field ornithology was becoming more and more a battle. I walked up the path for the usual distance (passing a few lady's-slippers, one of them pure white) without hearing the voice for which I was listening. On the return, however, I caught it, or something like it. Then, as I went in pursuit (a slow process, for caution's sake), the song turned, or seemed to turn, into something different, — louder,

longer, and faster. Is that the same bird, I thought, or another? Whatever it was, it eluded my eye, and after a little the voice ceased. I retreated to the path, where I could look about me more readily and use my switch to better advantage, and anon the faint, lazy *zee-zee-zee* was heard again. *This* was the Cape May, at all events. I was sure of it. Still I wanted a look. Carefully I edged toward the sound, bending aside the branches, and all at once a bird flew into the spruce over my head. Then began again the quicker, four-syllabled *zip-zip*. I craned my neck and fanned away mosquitoes, all the while keeping my glass in position. A twig stirred. Still the bird sang unseen, — the same hurried phrase, not quite monotonous, since the pitch rose a little on the last couplet. That was a suspicious circumstance, and by this time I should not have been mightily astonished if a Blackburnian had disclosed himself. Another twig stirred. Still I could see nothing; and still I fought mosquitoes (a plague on them!) and kept my eye steady. Then the fellow did again what he had done so often, — stepped out upon a vertical, flat branch, pretty well up, and posed there, singing and preening his feathers. I could see his yellow breast streaked with jet, his black crown, his reddish cheeks, with the yellow patch behind the rufous, and finally the big white blotch on the wing. We have lovelier birds, no doubt (the Cape May's colors are a trifle "splashy" for a nice taste, — for my own taste, I mean to say), but few, if any, whose costume is more strikingly original.

I stayed by him till my patience failed, the mosquitoes helping to wear it out; and all the while he reiterated that comparatively lively *zip-zip*, so very different from the listless *zee-zee*, which I had seen him use on previous occasions, and had heard him use to-day. He was singing now, I said to myself, more like the bird at Natural Bridge, the only other one I had ever heard. It was pleasant to find that even this tenth-rate performer, one of the poorest of a poor family, had more than one tune in his music box.

My spring vacation was planned to be botanical rather than ornithological; but we are not the masters of our own fate, though we sometimes try to think so, and my sketch is turning out a bird piece, after all. The truth is, I was in the birds' country, and it was the birds' hour. They waked me every morning, — veeries, bobolinks, vireos, sparrows, and what not;[1] and as the day began, so it continued. I hope I was not blind to other things. I remember at this moment how rejoiced I was at coming all unexpectedly upon a little bunch of yellow lady's-slippers, — nine blossoms, I believe; rare enough and pretty enough to excite the dullest man's enthusiasm. But the fact remains, if comparisons are to be insisted upon, that a creature like the Cape May warbler has all the beauty of a flower, with the added charm of voice and motion and elusiveness. The lady's-slippers would wait for me, — unless somebody else picked them, — but the warbler could be trusted to lead me a chase, and give me, as the saying is, a run for my money. In other words, he was more interesting, and goes better into a story.

My delight in him was the greater for a consideration yet to be specified. Twelve or thirteen years ago, when a party of us were in Franconia in June, we undertook a list of the birds of the township, — a list which the scientific ornithologist of the company afterward printed.[2] Now, returning to the place by myself, it became a point of honor with me to improve our work by the ad-

[1] I made a list of fifty odd species heard and seen either from my windows or from the piazza, and only for lack of space I would print it here.

[2] The Auk, vol. v. p. 151.

dition of at least a name or two. And the first candidate was the Cape May.

The second was of a widely different sort; one of my most familiar friends, though more surprising as a bird of the White Mountains than even the Cape May. I speak of the wood thrush, the most southern member of the noble group of singers to which it belongs, — the *Hylocichlæ*, so called. It is to be regretted that we have no collective English name for them, especially as their vocal quality — by which I mean something not quite the same as musical ability — is such as to set them beyond comparison above all other birds of North America, if not of the world.

My first knowledge of this piece of good fortune was on the 29th of May. I stood on the Notch railway, intent upon a mourning warbler, noting how fond of red-cherry trees he and his fellows seemingly were, when I was startled out of measure by a wood thrush's voice from the dense maple woods above me. There was no time to look for him; and happily there was no need. He was one of the consummate artists of his race (among the members of which there is great unevenness in this regard), possessing all those unmistakable peculiarities which at once distinguish the wood thrush's song from the hermit's, with which alone a careless listener might confound it: the sudden drop to a deep contralto (the most glorious bit of vocalism to be heard in our woods), and the tinkle or spray of bell-like tones at the other extreme of the gamut. As with the Cape May, so with him, the question was, Will he stay?

Two days later I came down the track again. A hermit was in tune, and presently a wood thrush joined him. "His tone is fuller and louder than the hermit's," says my pencil, — flattered, no doubt, at finding itself in a position to speak a word of momentary positiveness touching a question of superiority long in dispute, and likely to remain in dispute while birds sing and men listen to them. A quarter of a mile farther, and I came to the sugar grove. Here a second bird was singing, just where I had heard him two days before. Him I sat down to enjoy; and at that moment, probably because he had seen me (and had seen me stop), he broke out with a volley of those quick, staccato, inimitably emphatic, whip-snapping calls, — *pip-pip*, — which are more characteristic of the species than even the song itself. So there were two male wood thrushes, and presumably two pairs, in this mountain-side forest!

On the 1st of June I heard the song there again, though I was forced to wait for it; and three days afterward the story was the same. I ought to have looked for nests, but time failed me. To the best of my knowledge, the bird has never been reported before from the White Mountain region, though it is well known to breed in some parts of Canada, where I have myself seen it.

Here, then, were two notable accessions to our local catalogue. The only others (a few undoubted migrants — Wilson's black-cap warbler, the white-crowned sparrow, and the solitary sandpiper — being omitted) were a single meadow lark and a single yellow-throated vireo. The lark seemed to be unknown to Franconia people, and my specimen may have been only a straggler. He sang again and again on May 22, but I heard nothing from him afterward, though I passed the place often. The vireo was singing in a sugar grove on the 3d of June, — a date on which, accidents apart, he should certainly have been at home for the summer.

Because I have had so much to say about the Cape May warbler and the wood thrush, it is not to be assumed that I mean to set them in the first place, nor even that I had in them the highest pleasure. They surprised me, and surprise is always more talkative than simple appreciation; but the birds that min-

istered most to my enjoyment were the hermit and the veery. The veery is not an every-day singer with me at home, and the hermit, for some years past, has made himself almost a stranger. I hardly know which of the two put me under the greater obligation. The veery sang almost continually, and a good veery is a singer almost out of competition. His voice lacks the ring of the wood thrush's and the hermit's; it never dominates the choir; but with the coppice to itself and the listener close by, it has sometimes a quality irresistible; I do not hesitate to characterize it as angelic. Of this kind was the voice of a bird that used to sing under my Franconia window at half past three o'clock, in the silence of the morning.

The surpassing glory of the veery's song, as all lovers of American bird music may be presumed by this time to know, lies in its harmonic, double-stopping effect, — an effect, or quality, as beautiful as it is peculiar. One day, while I stood listening to it under the best of conditions, admiring the wonderful arpeggio (I know no less technical word for it), my pencil suddenly grew poetic. "The veery's fingers are quick on the harp-strings," it wrote. His is perfect Sunday music, and the hermit's no less so. And in the same class I should put the simple chants of the field sparrow and the vesper. The so-called "preaching" of the red-eyed vireo is utter worldliness in the comparison.

Happy Franconia! This year, if never before, it had all five of our New England Hylocichlæ singing in its woods: the veery and the hermit everywhere in the lower country, the wood thrush in the maple forest before mentioned, the olive-back throughout the Notch and its neighborhood, and the gray-cheek on Lafayette. A quintette hard to match, I venture to think, anywhere on the footstool. And after them — I do not say with them — were winter wrens, bobolinks, rose-breasted grosbeaks, purple finches, solitary vireos, vesper sparrows, field sparrows, white-throated sparrows, song sparrows, catbirds, robins, orioles, tanagers, and a score or two beside.

One other bright circumstance I am bound in honor to speak of, — the abundance of swallows; a state of affairs greatly unlike anything to be met with in my part of Massachusetts: cliff swallows and barn swallows in crowds, and sand martins and tree swallows by no means uncommon. But for the absence of black martins, — a famous colony of which the tourist may see at Concord, while the train waits, — here would have been a second quintette worthy to rank with the thrushes; the flight of one set being as beautiful, not to say as musical, as the songs of the other. As it was, the universal presence of these aerial birds was a continual delight to any man with eyes to notice it. They glorified the open valley as the thrushes glorified the woods.

We shall never again see the like of this, I fear, in our prosier Boston neighborhood. Within my time — within twenty years, indeed — barn swallows summered freely on Beacon Hill, plastering their nests against the walls of the State House and the Athenæum, and even under the busy portico of the Tremont House. I have remembrance, too, of a pair that dwelt, for one season at least, above the door of the old Ticknor mansion, at the head of Park Street. Those days are gone. Now, alas, even in the suburban districts, we may almost say that one swallow makes a summer. An evil change it is, for which not even the warblings of English sparrows will ever quite console me. Yet the present state of things, the reoccupation of Boston by the British, if you please to call it so, is not without its grain of compensation. It makes me fonder of "old Francony." Skeptic or man of faith, naturalist or supernaturalist, who does not like to feel that there is somewhere a "better country" than the one he lives in?

Bradford Torrey.

DAMAREL DANCED FOR THE KING.

DAMAREL danced for the King between the dark and the light:
Our pulses swung to the beat and rush of the wonderful feet,
(Ah! restless, flickering feet!)
While the East grew dimly bright.
And the arches throbbed with the ring of her golden ankle-bell
That caught the light as it fell from the misty garments' swing,
From rounded, gleaming wrist,
From hair the sun had kissed,
And flashed it golden bright on the jewels of the throne,
Till they glowed in the scented night, where the King sat all alone, —
The old King sat alone, —
To watch, perchance to dream; his dull eyes caught by the gleam
Of bell and glancing feet, where Damarel danced and shone.

Will the memory never fade of that witching, wonderful night,
When we watched the East grow bright as wild, white Damarel swayed?
Why do our pulses swell with the dear, old-new delight?
What was the magic spell, dulling all after-sting
With the peace of outlived bliss?
Who can tell more than this:
Between the dark and the light, Damarel danced for the King.

Katharine Aldrich.

THE EXPERIMENTAL LIFE.

THERE comes a time when the process of formal education ends. Childhood has come and gone; youth is past; adult life is reached. The lower school has made its contribution, and the high school. Even the university has contributed the larger part of its own service, and must be content in the future with occasional and casual ministration. But life has not passed; the social purpose is not exhausted; and just as surely, the educational process may not consistently end. It is only that the process has changed hands. It has ceased to be formal, ceased to be the work of any institution, however august, and has become the sole work of the individual himself. When the university drops the work of education, and each individual takes it up for himself, the work assumes a different character. It becomes, in a very practical sense, original work, an adventure in the unknown; and since it has to do with life, we may well regard the experimental life as the final process in education, the process of men and women in action.

When one announces that the most magnificent thing about life *is* life, one is not toying with the words. One is simply announcing a very obvious and far-reaching truth. But it is a platitude which will bear repeating; for rich and poor alike, the world over, are squandering nothing quite so remorselessly as just this most magnificent of all their

possessions, their life. The poor are squandering it on food and shelter and clothing, and very wretched stuff at that; sometimes they are squandering it in forced or self-chosen idleness. The middle class are squandering it on a somewhat better grade of the same so-called necessaries, and in still larger measure on the hazard of wealth. The rich are squandering it on the bolder hazard of greater wealth and in the pursuit of impossible pleasure, — pleasure bought at the expense of another. But in the midst of this disorder, and enabling us, by the contrast, to recognize it as disorder, one does see here and there men and women spending life wisely and beautifully, living the experimental life; and more thrifty still, one sees on all sides the children.

Now, whether we squander life on the trifling pursuits of the majority, or whether we spend it wisely and beautifully after the manner of the minority, will all depend upon the ideas which we bring to the adventure. The same stone may be fashioned into a temple of the spirit or into a fortress of cruelty: it depends upon the idea of the builder. The same metal may be fashioned into sword or ploughshare: it depends upon the idea of the artificer. The same grain may nourish as food, or deprave as drink: it depends upon the idea of the husbandman. So the same life may be squandered on that which is not worth while, or expended on that which is excellent: it depends upon the idea of the man. The altogether significant, compelling, momentous thing is the idea. This is at once the hope and the despair of all advance movements. It is the hope because it pierces all obstacles, and accomplishes the impossible: the triumphant idea becomes the triumphant fact. It is the despair because the transmutation of coward ideas into heroic ideas is the work of years, of generations. In the absence of the right idea, the force and material of the universe avail nothing.

It has been the custom — I fear, in order to be accurate, I must say it *is* the custom — to regard education as a process which ends for the masses with the lower schools, for the more fortunate with the high school, and for the gifted few with the university. To have it cover the whole of life for all of us is not regarded by any great number of people as more than a very idle dream. But to advocate this dream as a thoroughly serious and practical plan, a workable idea, is only to extend the scheme of rational education to its logical completion. The obstacle to be overcome is the anti-social idea which makes us believe in things rather than in men; believe in individual fortunes and profit and privilege rather than in the social fortune and individual human wealth. This is the only sense in which it is possible for all of us to be wealthy, the wealth of individual organic power; for the wealth of the market, houses and lands and goods and the apparatus of production and transportation, great as it is, is not sufficient to make us all wealthy in any individual way; and even if it were, it would, in the equal distribution, quite lose its power. For, whatever may be our social creed, it is impossible to deny that the power of wealth depends upon its ability to command other people. On one side, the wealth of the market; and on the other side, human need or human greed, usually human need. It is poverty that gives power to the wealth of the market. It is only difference of level that makes the wealth available. Some one else must be in want. The stream that does not run downhill turns no mill. The magnificence of private wealth is a magnificence which is only made possible by the drudgery of millions, by their practical slavery.

When one criticises a tyranny, one must condemn both parties, — both the tyrant who tyrannizes and the masses who submit. When one criticises a plutocracy, one must be equally impartial;

for a plutocracy is possible only where both rich and poor consent to the idea. In America, the unsuccessful man cannot plume himself upon being more righteous than the successful one, for both of us consented to the idea; and we did this, partly because the operation had never with any very loud voice been called in question, and still more, perhaps, because the chances were so great and so alluring that they blinded us to the real significance of what we were doing. We had a virgin continent to explore, field and forest and mine to be had for the taking; and we had — the more the pity — the captive black man of Africa and the disinherited white man of Europe to do the work and yield us the profit. And this work of double exploitation, the exploitation of a continent and of a people, has gone on so unfalteringly that now, instead of the democracy we meant to realize, we have a country with two classes in it, — those who have, and the multitude who have not. And we glory in our work, in this conquest of a continent and this piling up of great wealth; but when the story of the century comes to be written by a later and more moral hand, it will picture a century of black and white slavery quite as genuine as the slavery of the mediæval centuries which we affect to discredit. And for this state of affairs no one class is to blame, neither the rich nor the poor. We started out somewhat even, — at least we natives. We gambled for the most part honestly. Some won, some lost, but the sin of winning was no greater than the sin of losing. The sin was in the gambling. We are all to blame, for we all consented to the idea, to this profit-taking at a human cost.

But now the case has another aspect, and is brought nearer home. The continent *is* possessed: the European recruits have become American citizens. The chance of fortune is so far diminished that even the chance of work is guarded: America, a country that meant to be a democracy, the refuge of all who were sore oppressed, has so far abandoned her mission that she accepts without shame a policy of exclusion. The time has come when we must either give up our passion for profit, or must exploit our fellow citizens. The dreadful results of our profit hunger are too manifest on all sides, and notably in our large cities, for us to be able any longer to plead ignorance. The older profit-tainted view of life is responsible for the custom of regarding education as a limited process, and speculation as really the main business of life. It is a genuine gambling spirit, and makes men willing to stake everything — health, beauty, accomplishment, goodness, life itself — on the chance of a possession which, compared to these things, is paltry in the extreme. It has made possible such expressions as "the almighty dollar." It has made possible many worse things.

So long as this view prevails, business will stand as the constant rival of education, and will limit the process as far as possible. Even boys in good circumstances, financially speaking, drop out of the lower schools and the high schools, go stragglingly to college; for they have the very natural feeling that if profit is the main business of life, the sooner they get about it the better. And then this fact that wealth is wealth only because poverty is poverty makes wealth essentially the enemy of popular education; for poverty and education never have gone hand in hand, and never can. The material part of life must be attended to first; and where this problem presses heavily, as it does upon the great majority of our people, we can have little hope of making education coextensive even with youth, — no hope whatever of making it coextensive with life. And so I must regard the present individualistic administration of our resources as distinctly anti-social, since it is defeating the process of education, and so defeating the social purpose. It

is as an educator that I want to see such a social administration of these bountiful resources as will make education general and coextensive with life. In saying, then, that the majority are squandering their life, one does not condemn them; for, under the present social régime, it is almost impossible for them to do otherwise. The way out for these people cannot be individual. It must be social. And yet we have a minority living the experimental life, and carrying on the process of education to the very end, and these people are doing it under the present régime. It is a possible plan; and if it were possible for all one might be well content, but it seems to me possible for only two classes of people, both of them privileged classes, — the people of means and the people of superior endowment. One class has the power of wealth; the other class robs wealth of its power. But before we look into the matter of how they do this, let us inquire what it is to live the experimental life, since we have only said in a broad way that it is to carry the process of education through the whole of life.

The pursuit of perfection is the pursuit of that which is excellent and beautiful; and this is what we mean by organic wealth, the sound, beautiful, accomplished organism. One on whom this vision of the perfect life has laid firm hold cannot regard the quest as peculiar to any age or time or place or circumstance; cannot, indeed, regard it as a quest that will ever be satisfied, save as a progressive realization. He must look upon it as the major end of the individual life, just as it is the major end of the social life. As such, it must determine the disposition of the days, — what occupations are possible and what are not, — must declare for or against all contemplated plans, and must be coextensive with every bodily and intellectual activity, every emotional impulse. The man who undertakes so comprehensive a quest as this must be as resolute as one of Arthur's own knights, and more faithful. The practical carrying out of such a plan is a concrete operation, and one may not be impatient of details.

Perfection, — using the term always in a relative sense, — perfection is a social quality, and not open to hermits. It is gained by the developing of one's own personal powers, and by the right ordering of one's relations with others. So the man living the experimental life will be very jealous of his person, of his health, of his manhood, of his organic wholeness and accomplishment: the fine purposes of the spirit require a fine tool. And so no activity will be possible which may not be idealized and made to minister to the furtherance of the complete life. But such a man will be just as jealous of his relations with others, that they shall be fine and helpful and ideal. His magnificent personality is magnificent only in action, and gets itself realized only in the rendering of some honest social service.

To live the experimental life is, then, to make each year, each day, each hour, contribute to the increase of one's own personal power and goodness, and to allow this incomparable purpose to be interfered with by no schemes of profit, no smaller and meaner ends. Such a life is experimental because it has but one fixed element in it, and that is its purpose, the quest of culture, the study and pursuit of perfection; and this quest demands the boldest kind of experimenting. It demands a willingness to go here and there, to submit to this and that influence, to do one thing and another, to be ever open to the emerging requirements of the spirit. Literally, it means to take one's life in one's hand; to cultivate a certain detachment; to fight shy of mechanical engagements and routine prisons, and all other avenues to the commonplace; in a word, to be a soldier of good fortune.

It is very easy to be dull; at least, I find it so, and I rather infer that others

do likewise. It is very easy to give your second-best, to be less excellent than you might have been. It is very easy to decline accomplishments which require hard work, to decline a health and beauty which ask the price of sturdy living, to decline human service which involves an overflowing measure of love and skill. It is very easy to call laziness patience; to call meanness prudence; to call cowardice caution; to call the commonplace the practical, and inertia conservatism. Now, this turn of ours for taking the line of least resistance is so deep-set that it is prodigiously hard to shake ourselves free of it. The average man finds the world serviceable to his hand. He can buy his clothes ready-made, and his shirts and his shoes; even his opinions can be got of the newsboy for a penny. He is patted on the back as modest and useful, and is praised for being content with that situation in life to which it has pleased God to call him. And when he dies, he has a little obituary notice in his favorite newspaper, telling how for twenty-five years he was the faithful servant of such and such a corporation, or for eighteen years never took a single holiday, or for thirty-three years was the untiring member of some giant profit-taking enterprise. And this record of omitted growth and wasted human opportunity is made the subject of journalistic eulogy. Brave indeed is the young person who can be brought up in an atmosphere so saturated with untruth as this, and not believe that the path of duty is to go and do likewise.

Now, I am not reciting these human calamities in any spirit of more-righteous-than-thou; for I know that unless Heaven help me and I help myself, I shall repeat the same calamities in my own life, and I know that unless the same help come to others, they will do the same. But there do come to all of us occasional moments of insight, when we see that this drivel is not the divine message of the great universe; that this message, on the contrary, is forever proclaiming openness and plasticity and generosity and fearlessness and totality. It is not proclaiming the modesty of high adventure unessayed. It is whispering always: Be thou perfect, perfect, even as I am perfect, as God is perfect. Find thy own true orbit, and, like the unconscious moon, thou shalt reflect the sunshine into a multitude of grief-stricken hearts.

To fulfill this high mission, and keep alive the universal charge in one's own heart, is not to follow the line of least resistance; is not to be dull, however great the temptation, not to be commonplace and commercial and salaried. It is to be the fullest measure of a man that the bit of flesh and bone you call your own allows you to be. And to do this is to keep one's self free and unattached; to experiment with life, and be ready to brave the unknown of a possible but as yet unrealized experience. The commonplace and commercial life has, at bottom, the fear of being unprovided for. The experimental life must "fear nothing but fear."

To substitute the pursuit of personal power and excellence for the pursuit of wealth and family and reputation is commonly estimated to be, on the whole, a rather selfish proceeding, but the charge will not bear investigation. No amount of personal industry will make a man wealthy. The days are not long enough, and human strength is not great enough. The only way to become wealthy is to appropriate a part of the wealth created by other people, — that is, to exploit labor; or to appropriate the wealth created by nature, — that is, to exploit the national resource; or, by speculation, to appropriate the wealth created by the growth and movement of population, — that is, to exploit society. These operations, surely, represent a very doubtful form of philanthropy. And if the operations be doubtful, no amount of good purpose in the subsequent spending redeems the

operations and makes them admirable. Under these circumstances, the pursuit of wealth cannot be a possible plan of life for the man whose eyes are set upon the things of excellence and beauty. The upbuilding of a family must be regarded in much the same way. The ability to support children, even without exploiting labor or nature or society in their behalf, does not constitute the right to have children. Unless a man has first gained personal power and excellence himself, he cannot transmit these qualities to his offspring; and he is ill performing the function of race preservation if he preserve that which is not admirable, — his own weakness and half power and lack of totality. The pursuit of family is praiseworthy only when one has first ordered one's own life in the paths of excellence and beauty. And in this matter of a reputation, by whatever series of exploits it is won, it is marred in the very making if it be touched by a trace of self-consciousness. The military leader charging for the White House, the actor with his thought beyond the footlights, the writer with his eye on the public, the artist painting for the market, do not achieve the sort of reputation that a man in the sober moments of life would care to have or strive for. It is the sincere, unregardful working out of one's own life purposes, the attainment of power and excellence for the sake of power and excellence, — it is this quiet, unobtrusive private process that has given the world its calendar of All Saints. The pressure of life is to make us all average men, to force us along the line of least resistance, to land us at last in the commonplace and the dull routine. It is a tendency to be stoutly resisted. It is a coward plan of life, an abdication of the best possibilities in us.

The alphabet is a remarkable set of characters. It contains, in reality, the whole dictionary. It is only that the letters have not yet been arranged. And the dictionary is a still more remarkable collection of symbols. It contains, as some Frenchman long since observed, every good thing that may be said. It is only that the words have not yet been grouped. And to-day is a remarkable moment of time. In it is every possibility of experience. It is only that the experience has been unlived. But to this larger experience and this larger life the universe daily invites us. It is a personal question as to whether we accept or not.

It is entirely possible to plan life so as to be able to accept. If one has some means, and is content with the simple life, then one has the time for the experimental life, and only the impulse is needed. If one has superior endowment, the impulse is assured, and the committee on ways and means — a committee which has permanent headquarters in every brain, however idealistic — has, on the whole, an easy problem ahead of it. This superiority need not be overwhelming; need not amount to genius, not even to talent; need not, in fact, be greater than is possessed by the average man. Good health, average natural ability, the elements of a liberal education, — these represent, it seems to me, what may be called the material part of the equipment. The spiritual equipment is equally simple, but somewhat more rare. It is an unfaltering determination to do nothing that is not uplifting to the self, and also a genuine social service. In reality, these last two requirements are one. It is impossible to lift one's self at the expense of others. It is equally impossible truly to serve others without at the same time most deeply serving one's self. It is a false growth in the man which does not serve the community. It is a false service to the community which sacrifices the man. In spite of many seeming exceptions, this is literally true; and one will see how true it is if one but remember that the universe is at bottom a moral universe, and that man is essentially a social be-

ing. The drama of human life is not a game of solitaire; it is a drama made possible only by the human, social relations of the players. When one starts on the quest of perfection, one can make no progress whatever save through these relations and through this human interplay. So we sum up the spiritual requirement of the experimental life when we say that it is an unfaltering impulse toward the unfolding and perfecting of one's own spirit, — the unfaltering, practical impulse which will not be denied, or turned aside, or quenched. And the realization of the experimental life is the giving free play to this impulse in every single issue of the daily life. We should fare but ill in this interminable quest if we had to be forever conscious of it; for that would make us far from simple-minded, and anything but companionable. But we are under no such necessity. The very striving may be made a habit; and in time this grows to be the habit of success.

But these are general terms: let us be specific. One must make a living, and if one is without means, without tools or lands or house, one has no choice: one must serve for hire. There is a choice, however, in the work itself: work that a man may do and still keep his manhood, work that is full of meaning and significance and beauty; and work that a man may not do and keep his manhood, work that is meaningless and unworthy and dishonest. I am told by those who are trying to lead the beautiful life, and are finding it hard, that it is the latter sort of work that most commonly offers. And meanwhile, the landlord and the provision dealer and the tailor are importunate; there is sad need of money. It would be easy to suffer want if it touched only one's self; but when it bears heavily upon delicately reared women and little children, upon the family for which one is bound to provide, then the want is very bitter. The temptation to take any sort of work that yields the needed money is a sore temptation, and one may well pray not to be led into it. Even if one escape this shipwreck, and secure work that is morally clean, the deeper morality of whether it is work suitable to one's own human needs, and how long one may properly continue to do this particular kind of work, — this deeper morality, I say, remains to be satisfied. If the work is dull and stupefying, if it fail to offer a chance for increased development and power, then, however great the wage, it is immoral work, and one is bound by the requirements of the experimental life to give it up, for it is not leading one to the point one had determined upon.

When new work offers, and one submits it to this human test, and asks whether it ministers to the needs of the worker, it is comparatively easy to estimate it properly; but the task is far more subtle when a work already entered upon, a work that did at one time clearly serve the purpose of development, gradually ceases to render this service. The remembrance of the old enthusiasm remains. It is so easy to go on. It is so difficult to seek new work, and strike out on untried paths. And this is particularly the case if the salary, meanwhile, has been growing larger, and one's expenditures have been keeping pace with it. One tells one's self that one is very useful, and that no other man can do the work quite so well. One's friends, perhaps one's family and one's employers, say the same thing. The pressure is all for keeping the man right there. The point of view has changed completely, and swung around from the human requirement to the thought of the work.

And what happens? In the majority of cases the pressure prevails. The man stays and stays and stays; holds on to his position as if *it* were the great thing in life; becomes each year more and more of a machine, and less and less interesting as a man. He bears with fortitude the loss of his soul, and shows the white

feather whenever his position is thought to be in danger. It is as if a child at school, who manifested some aptitude for long division, were kept forever at that, instead of passing on to new and helpful work in geometry or calculus, — kept forever doing sums in long division, until at last he was gathered to his fathers, a slowly finished quotient. This mechanicalizing of life, this making of it automatic and insensible, is a veritable tragedy, for it means quite surely the death of the spirit.

One need not go far afield for illustrations. How many men and women, in one's own limited circle of acquaintance, have been turned into human failures by the bribe of a too large salary! They have been unwilling to let go; they have been prudential and cowardly; in the end they have lost their life.

To lead the experimental life is to put the human gain first; to value the work, the position, only so long as the human reaction is helpful and desirable. It is to pass from post to post, if need be from place to place, from vocation to vocation, and to land as soon as possible in the best of all positions, the position of independence, where one is no longer employed or salaried, but is the master of one's own time and energy and spirit. I am persuaded that it is only as true men and women, living the free and independent life of the unhired, of the people who have at least the good fortune of self-possession, that we can come into the largest good for ourselves, and can render the most genuine social service. Ours is not an age of independent thought. It is an age of stock opinion and concealed opinion, of ill-disguised subserviency. The majority of our people are hired; the rest give hire. Between them stands this wall, a very real wall, keeping them from meeting like true men and women in all frankness and equality. The effect of taking hire, upon the majority of people, is simply disastrous, spiritually disastrous. Life is too altogether precious a thing to sell it to another at any price whatever. And I count it a national misfortune and a national weakness that, in the great democracy which we tried to set up and failed, there should be so few men who are masters of themselves, and worthy to uphold so great a political idea.

It is a first requisite, then, of the experimental life that, as soon as possible, one shall decline outright to be hired, however insinuating the wage, and declare once for all for the life of self-possession and self-mastery. It is not so difficult to do this as one may at first imagine. The real issue is in the idea. The men who want to be free can be free. Once a little ahead, and the man who has the good health, average natural ability, and elements of a liberal education essential to an experimentalist, can make an independent livelihood in many acceptable ways. If he have a turn for simple primitive methods, he can go directly to the soil: as farmer, fruit-raiser, flower-grower; as shepherd, woodman, miner, he can make a living, and still be a man. If his undertakings require more than individual power, he can, through coöperation, utilize this corporate power without paying the price of his own freedom. In England, to-day, Mr. Lloyd tells us, one seventh of all the people are directly interested in some coöperative enterprise.

If our experimentalist prefer handcraft, he has a world of possible activity opening before him. If he have a turn for the arts or for professional service, he can, as artist, architect, surveyor, engineer, make a manly, artistic living, selling the product of his skill, but never selling himself. In purely intellectual fields, he may be a teacher or a writer. In fact, the only activities denied to those who decline to be hired are the dull and uninteresting ones, which require, in effect, machines in place of men.

My point is that any one, man or woman, with the modest equipment already

mentioned, and a little bit ahead, can always go to work on something that will constantly help on the individual development, and just as constantly be a social service of high value. It is in this way that persons of superior endowment rob wealth of its power. Silently and with superb disdain, they are the constant rivals of wealth, the successful rivals. For wealth is quite an inert and powerless thing by itself. It has power only as it is able to command the service of others. And just so soon as superior people decline to render this service for hire, just so soon will wealth lose its tremendous power, and the experimental life be increasingly open to all men.

I find myself going back always to that older and uneconomic view of life, that the best human service is too august a thing to be paid for in the lower coin of the market. It must be taken, this august human service, in the same way that we accept the bounty of nature, as a divine gift. The secret of the experimental life is this perfect freedom, this openness of mind, this unfaltering progress. It is the extension of the educational spirit into all the activities of life. In education, we do a thing only until we know how to do it. Then we pass on to some new task. When we have read Cæsar, we try Vergil; when we have mastered geometry, we pass on to trigonometry; when we have analyzed some simple chemical, we throw it away, and essay something more difficult; when we have done the easier work in wood, we make a box. And if we failed to do this, failed to pass constantly from the five-finger exercises to the sonatas, from the multiplication table to the calculus, we should be doing so stupid a thing that the schools would be absolutely doomed, and formal education would altogether disappear from off the face of the earth.

It is perhaps the one bright spot in our commercialism that its enterprises are often undertaken in the hope that their success will enable us to give our children all educational advantages. We want them to have a succession of masters; to be taught this fact and that accomplishment; to go away to college; to travel, it may be, in Europe; to spend their winters in the city, and their summers in the country; to taste life in all its fullness and variety. It may be that all this activity is not quite wise for people still so young, but it has at bottom a wise thought. Why should this process of development stop when they come to be men and women, and could still better respond to its advantages? Why should this same wise thought not be imported into our own more mature plan of life? The world is so irrepressible a teacher. Her lessons are so vastly interesting. Her beauty is so superb and penetrating. The mere panorama of the world life, the sweep of its processes, the untiring cycle of its activities, contain at first-hand in themselves all the elements of art and science.

To be an experimentalist is to yield one's self unreservedly to this comprehensive world teaching, to go here and there, to do this and that, to see one thing and another, to accept the world as a giant possibility, and to use it to the full. It is to go to school all one's life to a perfect schoolmistress, to the universe. To do otherwise seems to me an ungracious, irreligious act; to decline life, and in its stead to accept a clerkship.

In choosing this rotation of occupation, one need run no risk of coming to be the proverbial Jack-of-all-trades. The great people of the world have had this large versatility. You recall the tremendous sweep of Cæsar's activities. You see Michael Angelo painting Madonnas and building bridges, frescoing ceilings and carving David and Moses. In Goethe you have the poet, philosopher, statesman, scientist, artist, man of letters. In Shakespeare you have an epitome of the world. We need not be afraid of ver-

satility, and we need not be afraid of leisure. The best things of life have sprung out of the all-round view of things and out of the spare moments. And if we wish the best things of life, as surely we all must wish them, we must acquire this all-round view of life, and provide these necessary spare moments.

Emerson has pointed out to us that the end of life is human discipline; is not the getting of property, not even the getting of knowledge, but is the getting of character and accomplishment, a human acquisitiveness. It is an old message, but it is increasingly imperative. It is first of all *to be*, and then to know, and only incidentally to have. This is the complete programme of the experimental life. As a plan of life it is simply the extension of education; and the extension of education, the making of education a life process instead of a school process, is, in fact, nothing less than the practical carrying out of the quest of human perfection. It is an enterprise for deepening the reality of the world by increasing the things of excellence and beauty. It is the human end of becoming more complete, more beautiful, more accomplished, more social.

C. Hanford Henderson.

THE LAMP OF LIBERTY.

THE panes were grimy even to dead translucence with the dirt of seven years. The sanctum was in keeping, — littered, dusty, empty of energy. For just seven years Salim Shofi had published, daily, Kawkab Elhorriah, — which, translated from the Arabic, is Star of Liberty, — in the old yellow building near South Street. The outer air was balmy enough; so Khalil Khayat, the editor, seeking the comfort and inspiration of the spring sunshine in its fullness, raised the sash. He had never said: "I cannot see the sky for the dirt on the panes, Salim. Would the cost of cleaning be very great?" He had patiently raised the sash; for this is the way of the Syrian: day after day to step aside, rather than stoop once to lift the stone off the path.

Khayat turned indecisively from the page on his desk, to steal a little dream from out of the window; and was distressed until he lost thought of the thieving, for the day was drawing on, and there was still much to be written concerning oppression, for the awakening of the people of Washington Street. To preoccupy him, there was a jagged stretch of blue sky; laden docks and thin spars tangled of many ships; a patch of river, scattering sunlight; traffic turbulent in the street; the smoke of the making of things, hanging darkly over the opposite city; cry and creaking, rattle and roar. But the sum of all was confusion; so the scrawny old tree that pushed up from the barren atmosphere of the curb, and shook its shaggy head under Khayat's window, easily distracted his thoughts to the lawn and ivy and gray stone of Oxford, and to the glorified days when his name was set in the lecture table of the Department of Oriental Languages, in the manner following: "K. Khayat (for Professor Marmouth), Arabic for Beginners. Fee £2. Mondays 10–11, Thursdays 10–11, Saturdays 2–3."

These Oxford days were such as may be lived over again for solace. As it is written, Dream the evil days through! Khayat was a refugee; he once told me he had shed guilty Mohammedan blood for his sister's sake. That was a past forgotten, — save on nights of high wind and low, scudding clouds. There was another to dream about: a year's com-

panionship with scholars. Ecstasy that had indubitably been! Inalienable experiences! There was solace in them. Even as it is written, Dream the evil days through! Lost to the stuffy untidiness within and the yellowed city without, Khayat took an experience from his store, and related it to himself, as though to another, for his own delectation, — smiling wistfully the while.

"Once when I was een Oxford," he told himself, using the English, as he often did, for practice, "I was eenvited to tea by a gentleman. Pro-fess-or Highmead eet was, of the Department of Math-e-mat-eeks. Very kin' gentleman he was. Ah, they are so good — so-o good to foreigners — een England! They care not for money, — no, nor for dress; but onlee for knowledge. An' one gentleman he say, 'Meester Khayat, what do you theenk of Lord Nelson?' I answer to heem, sayin': 'He was the greatest admiral of all the world. I would like to have been heem.' An' Mees Upworth, a ladee not young, — no, not young, but so-o sweet, — Mees Aleece Upworth she laugh; an' the gentleman say, 'But he had onlee one arm.' 'Ah, eet ees true,' I reply, 'he had onlee one arm; but I would geeve both arms an' my two eyes to make such serveece for the state.' An' he say, jokin': 'What do you theenk of the Dook of Wellin'ton? He had onlee one eye.' 'I beg your pardon, Sair Arthur,' I answer to heem, 'you mus' be jokin'. The Dook of Wellin'ton had hees two eyes.' An' I laugh. 'No, no,' he say, 'he had but one eye onlee.' Then he weenk. 'So,' I say, 'you are right, Sair Arthur. The Dook of Wellin'ton had but one eye. He was a soldier, not a politeecian.' Mees Upworth, — ho, she laugh; an' the blood eet come queek to Sair Arthur's face. Oh, eet was ver-ee good, — so-o good! Ha, ha!" Khayat clapped his hands and laughed, like a gleeful child hugged rapturously for a pretty accomplishment.

Then, soberly, he put the retrospect from him, and bent over his desk to continue the writing of a didactic "leetle ro-mance" called The Sultan at the Bar of Civilization, that he might serve his master faithfully, and his God, and the people. The story was more to him than the somnolent smell of spring and the dreams it mothered. He thought he had been called of God to foster the patriotism of the people. It was written for them, that they might arise, — they, their children, or their children's children. And they were reading it in the restaurants, from night to night, with hot blood in their throats: this he observed, to his inspiration, from his corner in the back room of Fiani's pastry shop, where he drank his coffee every evening. Thanks be to God, the Giver of gifts of mind! Men said to him: "Why do you care for the people of Washington Street, — these men from the mountains, these pigs? Have they minds? Have they hearts? Will they profit? Will they give you any thanks? Are they not like feathers in the wind? Is not money more to them than patriotism?" These men were wise; but Khayat, answering, said, "A field of grain is from the seed of a sheaf." The story was more to him than any other thing. What else he wrote he dubbed affectionately This or That, in his naïve way. The story he dignified; it was to him a match for the lamp of liberty.

"I have written of the shedding of the innocent blood," he thought. "The people know the crime. Now I must summon the murderer. Abdul Hamid, the time is at hand!"

Khayat laughed, and smoothed his grizzled mustache, and snuggled close to the desk. He was obliviously content in the thing he was to do.

"Now the Sheikh of Civilization," he wrote, "standing on the highest peak of the Alps, wrapped in a striped mantle of many jewel-decked folds, sounded a blast on his silver horn. Swift as the echo there came, flying, Enlightenment,

with her sisters, Justice and Virtue; and the sisters said, 'Peace be unto you, O Venerable One!' And the Sheikh answered, 'Peace be unto you!' Now the Sheikh fell silent; and at last he said: 'Hie you, three sisters, to Constantinople, to the court of Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, to inform him that the people of Armenia have delivered to me a charge against him. Warn him to retain eminent counsel, that he may worthily be defended in my court; for seven days hence shall judgment be delivered in his case.' Straight did Enlightenment, with her sisters, fly away; and they came to Constantinople, to the palace of the Sultan, to the court of Abdul Hamid, and found him whom they sought, sitting on a throne, in the company of many beautiful young ladies. Now, when Enlightenment, with her sisters, Justice and Virtue, stood before Abdul Hamid, he was ashamed. But Enlightenment said to him, 'Peace be unto you, O Excellent King!' And he answered, 'Peace be unto you, Beautiful Ones!' Then did Enlightenment repeat to him the message; and Abdul Hamid, rising from his throne, answered proudly: 'Who is this Civilization, that he presumes to set himself up as judge over me? And who'" —

Salim Shofi came in, — stealthily, as of nature. He sat down without a word, — being careful as to the coat tails of his gaudy ready-made coat, — and fixed his greasy eyes on a knothole in the floor. This may be written of Shofi: the children of the Quarter made way for him; for they had learned that he was mercilessly quick with hand and foot. His was the right to enter stealthily, or any other way he pleased; for his was Kawkab Elhorriah, and his — old Khayat. He had bought the newspaper because he thought it would be profitable to be a political influence, — to double-deal with the council and the people; and he had, by chance, entered into possession of the editor on a sultry night when supper and bed were not to be had for nothing in Washington Street. Khayat was hungry and lonely and a stranger then, and at all times he was afraid of the world; so it had been easy to agree for him at a weekly wage of seven dollars. Now Shofi crept in on kitten's feet; but Khayat, his servant, was neither dreaming at the window nor lost to the day's countless little duties in the seductive black book wherein are contained the writings of Abo Elola Elmoarri. It chanced that his eyes were laboring over the page with his pencil point, and he was safely sitting on the big black book. Shofi had to swallow the brusque words that were on his tongue's tip.

"May God give you happiness this day, Salim," Khayat said, turning. He bowed where he sat, asserting the royalty of knowledge; and his smile was such as men wear to win children. "Happiness," he added, "in abundant measure."

The interruption was distressful. The eyes of Khayat's imagination were open; his fingers were tingling for the pencil. The seizure of the Sultan by the messengers of Civilization, his abjection of dread, the utterances of Justice, the conviction and last wail to the All-Compassionate, — all were then known to Khayat; and the day was passing. But when had the old scholar failed in courtesy? The Quarter cannot answer.

Shofi lowered at his shiny shoes. His servant's condescension was objectionable; for in his own estimation Shofi was a power, so constituted by various possessions, — of which, it may be said, learning was not one. At last he responded sourly, "May He fight for you, tooth and nail."

"If it please you, Salim," said Khayat, with ingenuous indulgence, "the salutation is not well spoken. Tooth and nail of God! They speak so only in Cairo; and there they prostitute the dear Arabic to all manner of extravagancies.

Merely 'And to you' is the classic, Salim."

"Huh!" ejaculated Shofi contemptuously. He looked Khayat over, — with something of the pride of possession in the scrutiny, — and continued: "You 're my editor. That 's all you get paid for."

Now Khayat did not observe the sarcastic inflection. His reply came quickly, with a kindly smile and a deprecating gesture of his lean brown hand: "O Salim, excellent master, thank me for nothing! God favored me with opportunities. Shall I therefore hoard knowledge? Shall I put a price on so small a teaching, when my stomach is full? Ah, I would do as much for the enemy of my mother; for, so doing," — and here Khayat laughed outright, — "I should serve the language beautiful. No, Salim, friend and master, I am but the son of a poor goldsmith, and" —

"I say you 're not paid for professoring me," interrupted Shofi. The words came out like the blows of a hammer as the carpenter drives the nail home.

"Excuse me, Salim, for pointing out that you cannot form the verb from the noun so," said Khayat, still mistaking the significance of the inflection. There was a touch of tenderness in his earnestness, a broadening sweetness in his smile.

"*Bass baqua!*" screamed Shofi. This is a brutal vulgarity for "Stop!" and hardly to be translated.

Khayat cowered from the words, — even jerked his head to one side; in so far, they had the physical effect of a blow aimed straight from the shoulder. He had mistaken sarcasm for appreciation, — he was humiliated; his friendly criticism had given pain, — this was the greater regret. He was crushed, like a child impatiently cuffed for mischief done through love. He *was* a child, gentle old Khayat! And moreover, since, as I have said, he was afraid of the world, a picture of himself took form in his mind: an old, gaunt man, in tattered brown clothes, pressing timidly against the window of a pastry cook's shop, looking wistfully at the fresh *baklawa* and great round cakes of bread, — pressing very close, to get out of the way of the crowd that was rushing from its work to its home and its supper and its bed. He had a great fear of idleness and the streets, had Khayat.

"Here, — what 's this?" asked Shofi. He had picked up the half-written page from the desk and was looking at it, the shadow of impotent curiosity upon his handsome, full-featured face.

Khayat giggled nervously. He looked up confidently enough. He was sure of the story; sure that it was a good story, and made him valuable to his employer.

"It is the little story," he said, "The Sultan at the Bar of Civilization." He had an anxious hand waiting for the return of the page. Quick as the reference to it, his eyes had snapped delightedly. Now he had almost forgotten the rebuff. "The summons for trial is now given, and I am about to" —

Shofi crumpled the page to a ball, and tossed it out of the window with an ejaculation of contempt. Khayat followed its flight, and saw it caught by the wind and swirled into the topmost branches of the scrawny, shaggy-headed old tree, that still swished its new-grown leaves in the cheerful sunlight, though it had just taken, as to a grave, a little story. The rain would fall on the crumpled ball, he thought, to its unfolding and the obliteration of the written words. Rain and sun and wind would bedraggle and rot it, and the thoughts of a man would pass into nothingness. Shofi was suddenly become another in his servant's sight, — a power, indeed; an illiterate, old Khayat thought, who could kick a prop from under the crumbling patriotism of a people.

"Abo-Samara held the — the thing up to scorn in Fiani's place, last night. Am I to be so shamed by a — a fakir

like him?" Shofi asked sharply. "The story is — is stuff."

Hard masters are up to many tricks; they distribute praise and sneers discreetly. A worker who is afraid of the world is best kept to heel with a whip. Shofi knew how to deal with his prize possession. Khayat flushed and gripped the desk, and flushed deeper, and turned his head to keep the sight of his agony from Shofi. Abo-Samara's words were of no weight, as all men knew; but they had raised a ghost, — a comparison of the little story with the writings of Abo Elola Elmoarri. Now Khayat had been brought to a condition of meet humility, and Shofi was ready to proceed.

"Write no more of the story," he said. "It is no *damn* good. Now, it is rent day, and I must go about my other business. Stop writing about the Sultan, — leave him alone for a while. Shall we forever speak against this man? He is not such a bad king. What has he done to me that I should knock him from his throne? Are not the little lead things mine, to speak as I shall say? So ho! Kawkab Elhorriah gives me no health," — Shofi had heard MacNamara of the corner saloon say that he was not in politics for his health, — "and I must get something. The story has stirred the people. The Minister at Washington has heard. Hadji, the consul's servant, came to me last night," — Shofi puffed out his chest, — "knowing me for a man of influence. It must stop. And now, Khalil Khayat, may God give you health this day, and all the days of many years to come!"

What does a timorous man do when he knows, of a sudden, that he must give up his great purpose or his living? He cries, "Oh, why?" Khayat was blind to intrigue; but these words were luminous. In a little while he understood.

"Salim," he asked deliberately, bitterly, "what price did the consul put upon your honor?"

"Sh-h-hh!" exclaimed Shofi, looking fearfully about, as though an enemy might be concealed under the table or have his ear to the keyhole. "We are not in the desert. Sh-h-hh, in God's name!"

"How much was it, Salim?"

"Whisper, — whisper, Khalil! Sufficient, — sufficient, it was."

"How many dollars?"

"Khalil, you are my friend, not my servant. Let this be a secret between you and me," Shofi whispered, his mouth close to Khayat's ear. "Four — hun-dred — dollars, it was!" Shofi drew back to see Khayat stare.

"The Arabs say," observed the old man calmly, "that the devil keeps a price list of men's souls. It may be so."

"And now, peace be with you, Khalil," said Shofi briskly. "I must collect my rents." He buttoned his topcoat, and moved toward the door.

"Tarry, Salim," said Khayat. "The day is long." There was a certain easy authority in his tone and gesture. He did not observe whether or not Shofi waited, but let his head sink on his breast and closed his eyes. "I have something to think about," he added, and smiled.

Let it be said again, Khayat was afraid of men. He knew that the street was about to swallow him. That was now inevitable, and therefore not bothersome. He thought not at all; or, if he thought, it was in a fleeting way, of the crumpled little story: of the chance of climbing to its rescue, even to the slenderest branch of the old tree; of smoothing it out and neatly folding it, that it might be put away snug in the big black pocketbook upstairs, safe from rotting; of giving it the fullness of life — some day. It was a story to live, that dear little one! But rain and wind were implacable. It was very sad. The people would be sorry to hear of its death.

In this abstraction Khayat got up and put on his old brown coat, never looking

at Shofi; and pulled his rusty hat firmly to the back of his head with both hands, as always; and tucked the Abo Elola Elmoarri under his arm; and looked about the room with tender regret, — at the littered, dusty desk, the garish couch that stretched its uneven length against the opposite wall, the bookshelves in the corner, with their tattered occupants, — like a man bound from home on a long, long journey. Then he put Elmoarri on the desk, and went to the bookshelves; and touched some books fondly with his finger tip, and dusted some on his sleeve, and read the titles of all, and made the shelves neat. In this he seemed nearly to forget that he was to go. Shofi heard him mutter caressingly over a book here and a book there, and saw him take a little one down and slip it into his pocket, and try vainly to put a larger one in the other pocket, and then return it to its place with a sigh; and Shofi conjectured that the old man had not the courage to leave them.

Khayat was in no tremor of emotion when he turned to address Shofi. It was a matter of course that he should be leaving. He filled and lit his pipe, and got it going well, before he spoke.

"You have shown your servant many kindnesses in these years, O Shofi," he said. "They shall be remembered forever. It is a regret to me that I cannot serve the Sultan with you. You have been very good. I am not worthy of such consideration. Some day — when I have found another place — I shall return for my books. May it please you, Salim, to leave them so. They are not in the way, and my successor may have use for them. Let him use them as he will, being careful of the worn ones. Health be with you by favor of God, Salim, and may prosperity attend!"

Khayat tucked Elmoarri under his arm again, and went out, stepping firmly.

Now Shofi had been thinking of profit and loss. It appeared to him that a steadfast policy might, after all, be an asset worth more than the consul's four hundred dollars. The people's suspicion was to be reckoned with. And Khayat was no mean asset. Shofi was frightened, and ran to the door to call the editor back.

"Khalil! Khalil!" he shouted. "Come back! I must think it over!"

Khayat was then at the glue agent's door, — within hearing; but he was deep in the hopelessness of his case. Though the words of recall rattled on his eardrums, they were not admitted, not interpreted.

"Khalil! Khalil!" Shofi cried. "I *must* think it over!"

Shofi was now ready to permit the continuation of the little story; but Khayat was out of hearing on the pavement, looking up and down the street, aimless and afraid to venture forth. Shofi went back huffed, and sat down to brood.

I do not know where Khayat went, — he has forgotten; but there are many places in that neighborhood which are comfortable to men who shrink from militant contact with the world. Doubtless he wandered here and there through them all; now sitting down to read, now dozing in the sunshine; in crowded places alert, and puffing his pipe nervously. A man can sit on the docks and watch the ships slip down with the tide, and forget necessity; there is a soothing mystery in the creaking, battered, disordered vessels and their smell of sunny climes — a suggestive whither — that excludes all worry and regret; a bench in Battery Park is a place to wonder and wish, when the harbor is busy and the wind is not keen. South Street and Whitehall and the Battery must have laughed, as the queer old fellow dodged apologetically along, — the odd figure, in old-fashioned, old clothes, a big black book tight under his arm, a short black pipe in his mouth; swarthy, villainously unshaven, dreaming.

Does a good man sell himself without

a fight? Then there must have been a fight. Khayat has forgotten what he thought about; but there was a fight at one time or other, that afternoon, — a hard-fought fight. I think the thoughts of Abo Elola Elmoarri must have been his at intervals; perhaps he turned the dingy sails, and nervous little tugs, and thin haze, and blue and green, and distant cries, into poetry of his own in the language beautiful. I am sure that he had, continuously, an oppressive consciousness of the loss of an influence that made for a great good. His imagination played pranks with him, in crises like this; there must have been a call to martyrdom in his visions of oppression, — of blood and ravishment. Khayat would not sell himself without a fight. There was a period of agony, — a series of emotions, which he could not control, culminating in a resolution. In the dusk, when the roar of the elevated trains, as they swept, flashing, round the curve to South Ferry, gathered up the street clamor and made it terrible, he was frightened. Then he decided.

Khayat threaded his way through the Quarter to the pastry shop of Nageeb Fiani, and turned in to speak a word with Salim Shofi, whose custom it was to drink coffee at the green baize table in the little back room, at that hour of the evening. He was clammy all over, and pale; his eyes were as though hiding in the depths of their sockets, and his throat was dry.

Shofi was there, elegantly lolling, and had his narghile bubbling and his coffee steaming hot.

"Salim," said Khayat abruptly, "I have thought of a way whereby this matter may be arranged."

Now Shofi had already determined to yield. Patriotism, he had concluded, would pay best in the long run. He was even ready to soothe Khayat with a better salary.

"Peace be un— " he began affably.

Khayat raised his hand to stop him; and Shofi saw that the palm was bruised and bloody, as though the finger nails had sunk into the flesh.

"The consul offers you four hundred dollars," Khayat continued, speaking earnestly, quickly, as though he would not brook interruption. "Are there not fifty-two weeks in every year; and, therefore, might not fifty-two dollars be saved each year if a man put away one dollar every week? In four hundred weeks a man might save four hundred dollars. Let four hundred be divided by fifty-two, and the result is seven and seventy one-hundredths, more or less, — seven years and seventy one-hundredth parts of a year. Now, in seventy one-hundredth parts of a year there are thirty-six weeks, and in thirty-six weeks nine months. Is it not so? Salim, in your generosity, I am permitted to have seven dollars each week for my services. Six are enough for my needs." Khayat did not pause before the prevarication, nor was he shamefaced as he went on: "It is nothing but a little coffee and a little tobacco less, — perchance a little more than that. Seven years and nine months will I serve you, Salim Shofi, for six dollars each week, if so be that I may write for liberty. What is your answer?"

Khayat leaned far over the table and fixed his eyes upon Shofi's. He seemed to fear a negative answer.

"Seven years?" repeated Shofi. He was staring at Khayat.

"Seven years, nine months, and some days, which at another time can be numbered. Salim, your answer, — in the sight of God, our God, your answer!"

Shofi wondered what the fathomable depth of this man's simplicity might be.

"I am content," he said.

"Then may God bind fast the agreement between us." Khayat sighed and smiled, and continued impulsively: "I must now go to the office. I have wasted a day, Salim. I must catch up with my work. I must hurry to it. You will

excuse me, Salim, if you please. The paper for to-morrow must be written. I am happy again, — ah, quite happy ; and it is to your generosity I owe it. May you be blessed forever! Salim, may happiness be yours through life!"

Khayat rattled on in a nervous, absent way, as he backed to the threshold, — as though bent on shutting off an invitation to drink coffee. The passion for the little story was on him again. He had no time to spare. Shofi let him escape, and then burst out laughing. Khayat tripped his way to the office, radiantly happy, and scattered incoherent good wishes right and left, and so earnestly that the little people of the gutters wondered to see their friend blither than themselves. The little story was forming again, — now sure of life. Khayat stepped with the lightness of a youth in rosy love. The trees of Battery Park heard cracked, quavering snatches of a strange Eastern song, as he went lilting by. And the desk was never cuddled closer, nor the pencil more fondly clutched, than when he sat down to write.

The last words were written when the lamp and the sun were fighting for the grimy window panes, — the one trying to beat the other back ; and these were the words : —

"And Civilization, rising before the princes of the earth and all the eminent men thereof, said : 'I am not a man, to give the judgment of men. Therefore shall the sentence not be death.' Now, as soon as he had said this, two angels, the one on the right hand of the Sultan and the other on his left, lifted up a white banner over his head ; and upon the banner was written the sentence in letters of black, that all might read. And Civilization, reading, said : 'Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, this is the sentence : In the fear of the dagger and of the poisoned cup shall you live a long life ; in unrest, by day and by night, shall you spend it ; and there shall be no love for you, nor any other happiness.' And the Sultan prayed rather for death."

Khayat laid down his pencil, and lifted the window, that the dawn might rest him ; and he looked out over the quiet city to the night's furthest limit, and was rested.

Long, long before, Salim Shofi had fallen asleep as he smiled.

Norman Duncan.

SCHOOL REFORM.

I FEEL myself, on the whole, pretty free from autobiographical tendencies ; I am quite ready to double the number of my years, at least, before I begin upon memories and confessions. At one point only has the desire for an autobiographical eruption grown in me steadily : I am impelled to tell the story of my school time.

I remember exactly how the impulse took shape in my mind. It was at a teachers' meeting. The teachers were discussing how to relieve the overburdening of the school children, and how to make tolerable the drudgery of the classroom. Some demonstrated that all the trouble came from the old-fashioned idea of prescribed courses : if the courses were freely chosen, according to the talents and interests of the pupils, their sufferings would be ended. Others maintained that the teachers were guilty : that they did not know enough about educational aims, about child study and psychology and the theory of education. What else than drudgery was to be expected, under such inadequate pedagogues? The

fight between the two parties went on with an inspiring fullness of argument, and thus I fell into a deep and sound sleep. And the sleep carried me away from the elms of New England to my dear old home on the shore of the Baltic Sea, where I spent my school days. I saw once more my classmates and my teachers; I strolled once more, as a little boy with my schoolbooks, through the quaint streets of Danzig; I passed again through the feelings of more than twenty years ago. Suddenly I awoke at the stroke of the gavel of the chairman, who solemnly announced that the majority had voted for a compromise: the community ought to see to it that both free election and the pedagogical information of the teachers were furthered. At this point the meeting was adjourned, and the teachers went to the next hall for luncheon: there some minor speeches were served up, on the pernicious influence of the classical languages, and on the value of stenography and typewriting for a liberal education. It was then that the autobiography budded in my mind. My instinct told me that I must make haste in the undertaking; for if I should hear, for some years to come, all these sighs of pity for those who were instructed without election and pedagogy, I might finally get confused, and extend the same pity to my own childhood, convinced that my school life was a deplorable misfortune. I hasten, therefore, to publish this chapter of my life's story as advance sheets, some decades before the remainder, at a period when the gap of time is still small enough to be bridged by a fair memory.

My great-grandfather lived in Silesia. But perhaps it may be too long a story if I develop my case from its historical beginning; I will shorten it by saying at once that I entered the gymnasium in Danzig at nine years of age, and left it at eighteen. I had previously attended a private preparatory school, and subsequently I went to the universities of Leipzig and Heidelberg. It is the gymnasium period about which I want to speak. I have no right to boast of it; I was a model neither of industry nor of carefulness. I was not quite so bad as some of my best friends among my classmates, but I see, with serious repentance, from the reports which I have carefully kept together, that I was not attentive enough in Latin grammar; it seems that in the lower classes, also, my French did not find the full appreciation of my teachers, and I should feel utterly ashamed to report what their misled judgment recorded of my singing and drawing. I was just a fair average. The stages of knowledge which we reached may most easily be characterized by a comparison with the standards of New England. At fifteen years I was in *Untersekunda;* and there is not the slightest doubt that, at that stage, all my classmates and I were prepared to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard College. As a matter of course, German must here be substituted for English, German history and literature for the English correspondents. We should have chosen, at our entrance, that scheme in which both Latin and Greek are taken. The *Abiturientenexamen* at the end of the school time, the examination which opens the door to the university, came three years later. It was a difficult affair, somewhat more difficult than in recent years; and, from a pretty careful analysis of the case, I can say that very few Harvard students have entered the senior class who would have been able to pass that examination respectably. In the smaller colleges of the country, the senior might be expected to reach that level at graduation. No doubt, even after substituting German for English, almost every senior may have taken one or many courses which lie fully outside of the circle in which we moved. The college man who specializes in political economy or philosophy or chemistry from his freshman year knows, in his special field, far more than any one

of us knew; but if we take a composite picture of all seniors, the boy who leaves the gymnasium is not at a disadvantage in the comparison of intellectual physiognomy, while he is far less mature according to his much lower age. If any man in Dartmouth or Amherst takes his bachelor's degree with that knowledge in mathematics, history, geography, literature, Latin, Greek, French, and physics which we had on leaving school, he is sure to graduate with honors. Our entrance into the university can thus be compared merely with the entrance into the post-graduate courses. Our three highest gymnasium classes alone correspond to the college; and whoever compares the German university with the American college, instead of with the graduate school, is misled either by the age of the students or by the external forms of student life and instruction.

I reached thus, at the end of my school time, as a pupil of average standing, the scholarly level of an average college graduate in this country. I was then eighteen years of age; the average bachelor of arts is at least three years older. How did that difference come about? The natural explanation of the case is that we poor boys were overburdened, systematically tortured by a cruel system of overwork, which absorbed all our energies for the one goal, the passing of the examination. I do not dare to contradict. But the one thing I may claim in favor of this scheme of overloading is the wonderful skill with which the school administration was able to hide these evident facts so completely from our eyes that neither my classmates nor I, nor our parents, nor our teachers themselves, ever perceived the slightest trace of them. The facts were so shamelessly concealed from us that we poor deceived boys thought all the time that the work was a pleasure, that we had leisure for everything, and that every one of us was as happy as a fish in water.

I think that I spent, during all those ten years, about three hours a day in the fresh air, walking and playing, swimming and skating; yet I found time from my ninth year to practice on the violoncello one hour every day, and the novels which I wrote may have lacked everything else, but they never lacked length. Besides such individual schemes to fill our vacant time, we coöperated for that purpose in clubs, from the lowest classes to the highest: at ten years we played instructive games; at twelve years we read classical dramas, each taking one rôle; at fifteen we read papers on art and literature; and at seventeen we had a regular debating club. And all the time, at every stage, there were private theatricals, and excursions into the country, and dancing lessons, and horseback-riding, and coeducation with the education left out; for the poor overburdened girls helped us to bear the load by suffering in common.

Every one of us had, of course, the minor special interests and amusements which suited his own taste; there was no lack of opportunity to follow up these inclinations; to use the terminology of modern pedagogy, we "found" ourselves. I found myself, too; but — and in this respect I did not behave exactly according to the prescribed scheme of this same pedagogy, I am sorry to say — I found myself every two or three years, as some one very different from the former individual whom I had had the pleasure to discover. In the first years of my school time botany was all my desire. We lived in the summer in a country house with a large garden, and a forest near the garden; and every minute I could spare belonged to the plants which I collected and pressed. It became a boyish passion. If I had to write a novel, this feature of the botanical enthusiasm of the boy would be a very poor invention, if the final outcome were to be a being who has hardly the talent to discriminate a mushroom from an apple

tree, and for whom nothing in the world appears so dry as squeezed plants. But I have not to invent here: I am reporting. I thus confess frankly my weakness for dissected vegetables: it lasted about three years. Then came my passion for physical instruments: an uncle gave me on my birthday some dainty little electrical machines, and soon the whole house was overspun with electrical wires. I was thus, at twelve years, on the best road to discover the patent-hunter in my personality, when a friend with ministerial inclinations interfered: we began to study comparative religion, Islamism in particular. Thus, at fifteen years of age we learned Arabic from the grammar, and read the Koran. Now, finally, my true nature was found; my friend wrote prophetically in my album that we should both go out as missionaries to the Arabs, — and yet I missed the connection, and went to Boston instead of to Mecca, and forgot on the way all my Arabic. But trouble began soon afterward: friends of mine found, in digging on their farm, an old Slavic grave containing interesting urns. I became fascinated by ethnological discoveries, and, as important excavations were going on in the neighborhood of my native town, I spent every free afternoon and whole vacation weeks in the ethnological camp, studied the literature of the subject and dug up urns for our town museum, and wrote, at the age of seventeen, a never published book on the prehistoric anthropology of West Prussia. Then the happy school days came to an end, and yet I had not found myself. I have never dug any more. I did not become an ethnologist, and if a visitor to Cambridge insists on my showing him the Harvard sights, and we come into the ethnological museum, the urns bore me so utterly that it is hard for me to believe that in earlier days they made all my happiness. I went, then, to the university with something like a liberal education; supplemented the school studies by some broader studies in literature, science, and philosophy; and when, in the middle of my philosophical studies, I came to psychology, the lightning struck. Exactly ten years after leaving school, years devoted to psychological studies and psychological teaching in German universities, Harvard called me over the ocean as professor of psychology. I thus found my life work; and in all these years I have never had an hour in which I doubted that it was my life work. Yet I did not approach it, in spite of all those various fancy interests, before I reached the intellectual level of the graduate school.

I have spoken of these boyish passions not only to show that we had an abundance of free time and the best opportunities for the growth of individual likings, but for the purpose of emphasizing — and I add this with all the gratitude of my heart to my parents, my teachers, and the community — that the school never took the smallest account of those inclinations, and never allowed me to take the slightest step aside from the prescribed school work. My school work was not adjusted to botany at nine years because I played with an herbarium, and at twelve to physics because I indulged in noises with home-made electric bells, and at fifteen to Arabic, — an elective which I miss still in several high schools, even in Brookline and Roxbury. The more my friends and I wandered afield with our little superficial interests and talents and passions, the more was the straightforward earnestness of the school our blessing; and all that beautified and enriched our youth, and gave to it freshness and liveliness, would have turned out to be our ruin, if our elders had taken it seriously, and had formed a life's programme out of petty caprices and boyish inclinations. I still remember how my father spoke to me, when I was a boy of twelve. I was insisting that Latin was of no use to me, as I should become a poet or a physicist.

He answered: "If a lively boy has to follow a country road, it is a natural and good thing for him to stroll a hundred times from the way, and pick flowers and run for butterflies over the fields on both sides of the road. But if we say to him, 'There is no road for you; follow your butterflies,' where will he find himself at nightfall?"

My question was, how our German school made it possible to bring us so much more quickly, without overburdening us, to the level of the American senior. I have given so far only a negative characteristic of the school in saying that it made no concession to individual likings and preferences: that is of course not a sufficient explanation. If I think back, I feel sure the chief source of this success was the teachers. But in regard to the teachers, also, I may begin with a negative statement: our teachers did not know anything about the theory of education, or about the history of pedagogy or psychology; and while I heard about some of them gossip of a rather malicious kind, I never heard that any one of them had read a book on child study. The other day I found in a paper on secondary education a lamentation to this effect: that the American schools have still many teachers who have no reflective theories on the aim with which they teach their subjects, and the educational values which belong to them. The author said: "I shall not soon forget the surprise with which an intelligent teacher said to me, not long ago, 'An aim! I have no aim in teaching; that is a new idea.'" "Such teachers of Latin and algebra," the author compassionately added, "meant that the choice of these subjects as fit subject-matter of instruction was no concern of theirs; they taught these subjects as best they could, because these subjects were in the course of study." Exactly such old-fashioned teachers were ours. My literature teacher was never troubled by the suspicion that literature may be less useful than meteorology and organic chemistry, neither of which had a place in our school; and if some one had asked my Greek teacher, "What is the value of the instruction in Greek? What is your aim in reading Sophocles and Plato with your young friends in the class?" he would have answered that he had never thought about it, any more than why he was willing to breathe and to live. He taught his Greek as best he could in the place to which he was called, but he certainly never took it as his concern to reflect whether Greek instruction ought not, after all, to be discontinued; he left that to the principal and to the government. His Plato and his Sophocles, his Homer and Thucydides, were to him life and happiness, and to share them with us was an instinctive desire, which would have lost its enthusiasm and inspiration if he had tried to base it on arguments.

But this thought has led me from the negative characteristics of my teachers to a rather positive one, — yes, to the most positive one which I felt in them, — to the one which was the real secret of our German school: my teachers were enthusiastic on the subjects they taught, as only those who know them thoroughly ever can be. I had no teacher who hastily learned one day what he must teach me the next; who was satisfied with second-hand knowledge, which is quite pretty for entertainment and orientation, but which is so intolerable and inane when we come to distribute it and to give it to others. I had from my ninth year no teacher in any subject who had not completed three years' work in the graduate school. Even the first elements of Greek and mathematics, of history and geography, were given to us by men who had reached the level of the doctorate, and who had the perspective of their own fields. They had seen their work with the eye of the scholar, and thus even the most elementary material of their science was raised to the height of scholarly interest. Elements taken for

themselves alone are trivial and empty everywhere, and to teach them is an intolerable drudgery, which fills the schoolroom with dullness and the pupils with aversion. Elements as the introductory part of a scholarly system are of ever new and fascinating interest, more promising and enjoyable than any complex problems. A great poet once said that any man who has ever really loved in his youth can never become quite unhappy in life. A man who has ever really taken a scholarly view of his science can never find in that science anything which is quite uninteresting. Such enthusiasm is contagious. We boys felt that our teachers believed with the fullness of their hearts in the inner value of the subjects, and every new bit of knowledge was thus for us a new revelation. We did not ask whether it would bake bread for us. We were eager for it on account of its own inner richness and value; and this happy living in an atmosphere of such ideal belief in the inner worth and glory of literature and history, of science and thought, was our liberal education.

I know it would be wrong to explain our being three years ahead of a New England boy merely by the scholarly preparation of our teachers. A second factor, which is hardly less important, stands clear before my mind, too: the help which the school found in our homes. I do not mean that we were helped in our work, but the teachers were silently helped by the spirit which prevailed in our homes with regard to the school work. The school had the right of way; our parents reinforced our belief in the work and our respect for the teachers. A reprimand in the school was a shadow on our home life; a word of praise in the school was a ray of sunshine for the household. The excellent schoolbooks, the wise plans for the upbuilding of the ten years' course, the hygienic care, the external stimulations, — all, of course, helped toward the results; and yet I am convinced that their effect was entirely secondary compared with these two features, — the scholarly enthusiasm of our teachers, and the respect for the school on the part of our parents.

No one can jump over his shadow. I cannot suddenly leave all my memories and experiences behind me, and when I behold the onward rush of our school reformers, I cannot forget my past; I may admire their good will, but I cannot accept their bad arguments. I do not speak here as a psychologist; I know quite well that some consider the psychologist a pedagogical expert, who brings the profoundest information directly from his laboratory to the educational witness stand. No such power has come to me. I do not know whether my professional brethren have had pleasanter experiences, but I have always found Psychology silent as a sphinx, when I came to her with the question of what we ought to do in the walks of practical life. When I asked her about the true and the false, she was most loquacious; but when I came to her about the good and the bad, seeking advice and help, she never vouchsafed me a word. I confess that I have, therefore, slowly become a little skeptical as to whether she is really more communicative with my psychological friends, or whether they do not simply take her perfect silence for a welcome affirmation of all their own thoughts and wishes. I thus come to the question of school reform without any professional authority; I come to it simply with the warm interest of a man who has children in the schools, who has daily contact with students just out of school, and who has not forgotten his own school time.

The most essential feature of all recent school reforms — or, with a less question-begging title, I should say school experiments, or school changes, or school deteriorations — has been the tendency toward elective studies. But I am in doubt whether we should consider

it really as one tendency only; the name covers two very different tendencies, whose practical result is externally similar. We have on one side the desire to adjust the school work to the final purposes of the individual in practical life; which means beginning professional preparation in that period which up to this time has been given over to liberal education. We have on the other side the desire to adjust the school work to the innate talents and likings of the individual, which means giving in the school work no place to that which finds inner resistance in the pupil. In the first case the university method filters down to the school; in the second case the kindergarten method creeps up to the school. In the one case the liberal education of the school is replaced by professional education; in the other case the liberal education is replaced by liberal play. If one of the two tendencies were working alone, its imminent danger would be felt at once; but as they seem to coöperate, the one working from the bottom and the other from the top, each hides for the moment the defects of the other. And yet the coincidence is almost accidental and entirely superficial; both desire to make concessions to individual differences. Peter and Paul ought not to have the same school education, we are told; but the essential question what, after all, Peter ought to learn in school must be answered very differently, according as we look at it from the point of view of the kindergarten or from the point of view of professional life; as there is indeed a difference whether I ask what may best suit the taste and liking of Peter the darling, or whether I ask what Peter the man will need for the battle of life, in which nobody asks what he likes, but where the question is how he is liked, and how he suits the tastes of his neighbors. The one method treats the boy as a child, and the other treats the boy as a man. Nothing is common to them, after all, except the result that boyhood loses its opportunity for a liberal education, which ought to borrow from the kindergarten merely its remoteness from practical professional life, and from professional work merely its seriousness. Neither tendency stands alone in our social life. In short, the one fits the mercenary spirit of our time, and the other fits its spirit of selfish enjoyment. From the standpoint of social philosophy, mercenary utilitarianism and selfish materialism belong together; everywhere do they grow together, and everywhere do they fight together against the spirit of idealism. But while they fight together, they march to the battlefield on very different roads.

Practical life demands division of labor, and therefore the specialization of the individual. The argument which urges the earliest possible beginning of this specialization is thus a natural one; and the conviction that the struggle for existence must become more difficult with the growing complexity of modern life may encourage the view that the remedy lies in professional training at the expense of all other education. The lawyer and the physician need so many facts for the efficiency of their work that it seems a waste of energy to burden the future lawyer with the knowledge of natural sciences, and the future physician with the knowledge of history. If this is true, however, we ought to begin still earlier: on the first day in the kindergarten, I should show my little lawyer two cakes, and explain to him that one is his cake, and the other is not, — social information which does not lie in the line of my little naturalist; and I should tell the other little fellow that one cake has plums, and the other has not, — scientific instruction which is without concern for the future lawyer. But even if I shape my school according to such schemes, do I really reach, after all, the goal at which I am aiming? Does not the utilitarian spirit deceive itself? And even if we do not acknowledge any other

standpoint but the mercenary one, is not the calculation very superficial? The laborer in the mill may be put, sometimes, by the cruelty of the age of steam, in a place where his personality as a whole is crippled, and only one small function is in use; but the higher the profession, the more nearly is the whole man working in every act, and the more, therefore, is a broad general education necessary to practical efficiency. The biologists tell us that the play of animals is a biologically necessary preparation for the struggle of existence, and that, in a parallel way, also, the playing of the child is the wise scheme of nature to prepare man in some respect for the struggles of life. How infinitely more does that hold for the widening of the mind by a well-planned liberal education!

The higher the level on which the professional specializing begins, the more effective it is. I have said that we German boys did not think of any specialization and individual variation before we reached a level corresponding to the college graduation here. In this country, the college must still go on for a while playing the double rôle of the place for the general education of the one, and the workshop for the professional training of the other; but at least the high school ought to be faithful to its only goal of general education without professional anticipations. Moreover, we are not only professional wage-earners: we live for our friends and our nation; we face social and political, moral and religious problems; we are in contact with nature and science, with art and literature; we shape our town and our time, and all that is common to every one, — to the banker and the manufacturer, to the minister and the teacher, to the lawyer and the physician. The technique of our profession, then, appears only as a small variation of the large background of work in which we all share; and if the education must be adapted to our later life, all these problems demand a uniform education for the members of the same social community. The division of labor lies on the outside. We are specialists in our handiwork, but our heart work is uniform, and the demand for individualized education emphasizes the small differences in our tasks, and ignores the great similarities.

And after all, who is able to say what a boy of twelve years will need for his special life work? It is easily said in a school programme that the course will be adapted to the needs of the particular pupil with respect to his later life, but it would be harder to say how we are to find out what the boy does need; and even if we know it, the straight line to the goal is not always the shortest way.

The one need of my individual fate, compared with that of other German boys, is the English language, and the one great blank in the prescribed programme of our gymnasium was the total absence of instruction in English. Yet I have such unlimited confidence in the wisdom of my teachers that I cannot help thinking they knew quite well how my case stood. When I was twelve years old, I can imagine, the principal of the school said in a faculty meeting: "This boy will need the English language later, to philosophize on the other side of the ocean, and he ought to begin now to learn it, in time for his professional work; to get the free time for it we must eliminate the Greek from his course." But then my dear little gray-haired Greek teacher arose, and said with indignation: "No, sir: the bit of English which is necessary to lecture to students, and to address teachers' meetings, and to write for The Atlantic Monthly can be learned at any time, but Greek he will never learn if he does not learn it now; and if he does not have it, he will never get that inspiration which may make his scholarly work worth calling him over the ocean. Only if he studies Greek will they call him to use Eng-

lish; but if he learns only English, he will never have the chance to use it." That settled my case, and so came about the curious chance that I accepted the professorship at Harvard without having spoken a single word of English in my life; and I still thank my old Greek teacher, who is long since dead, for his decision. Yes, as I think it over, I am inclined to believe that it is just so in most cases: if we prepare for the one thing, we shall have a chance for the other; but if we wisely prepare at once for the other, our chance for it will never come. Life is, after all, not so easily manufactured as the advertising circular of a private boarding school, in which everything is exactly adapted to the individual needs.

This elective adjustment of the studies to the later professional work and business of the man plays a large part in the theoretical discussions, and there acts effectively on the crowd through the promise of professional success; but it strikes me that this utilitarian appeal works, on the whole, for the interest of that other kind of electivism which promises ease through the adjustment of the school to the personal inclinations. It seems to me that, in the practical walks of education, this is by far the stronger impulse to election. Even in the college, where most boys have at least a dim idea of what they want to do in life, the election with reference to the later occupation plays usually a secondary rôle; liking is the great ruler. The university method were powerless in the school reform, did it not act as agent for the kindergarten method. This leading plea for electives takes the following form: All instruction must be interesting; if the pupil's interest is not in it, the whole instruction is dead matter, useless vexation. Everything which appeals to the natural tastes and instincts of the child is interesting. Instruction, therefore, must be adjusted to the natural instincts and tastes.

The logical fallacy of this ought to be evident. All instruction which is good must be interesting; but does it follow therefrom that all instruction which is interesting must also be good? Is it not possible that there are kinds of interest which are utterly bad and destructive? All that appeals to the natural tastes and instincts is interesting; does it follow that nothing is interesting which goes beyond the natural instincts? Is it not savage life to follow merely the instincts and natural desires? Is not all the meaning of education just to discriminate between good and bad desires; to suppress the lower instincts, and to reinforce the higher; above all, to awake new desires, to build up new interests, to create new instincts? If civilization, with its instruments of home and school education, could not overcome our natural tastes and instinctive desires, we should remain forever children whose attention is captured by everything that excites and shines. The street tune would expel the symphony, the prize fight would overcome the drama, the yellow press and the dime novel would be our literature; our social life would be vulgar, our public life hysterical, and our intellectual life a mixture of cheap gossip and sensational news with practical schemes for comfort and advertisement. Yes, instruction must be full of interest; but whether instruction is good or bad, is in the spirit of civilization or against it, depends upon the question what sort of interest is in the play: that which vulgarizes, or that which refines; that which the street boy brings from the slums to the school, or that which the teacher brings from the graduate school to the country classroom. The more internal the motives which capture the attention, the higher the mental functions to which we appeal, the more we are really educators. The platform is no variety show; the boys must be inspired, but not amused.

I am not afraid to push my heresy even to the point of seeing with serious

doubts the rapidly growing tendency toward the demonstrative method in scientific instruction. No doubt all such illustrations strongly appeal to common sense; our happy children, the public thinks, see and touch everything, where we had only words on words. But the words appealed to a higher power than the demonstrations: those spoke to the understanding, these to the perception; those gave us the laws, these the accidental realizations. No demonstration, no experiment, can really show us the totality of a law; it shows us always only one special case, which as such is quite unimportant. Its importance lies in the necessity which can be expressed merely by words, and never by apparatus. The deeper meaning of naturalistic instruction is by far more fully present in the book than in the instrument; and while it is easier to teach and to learn natural science when it appeals to the eye rather than to the reason, I doubt whether it has, from a higher standpoint, the same educational value, just as I doubt whether the doll with a silk dress and a phonograph in the chest has the same value for the development of the child at play that the simple little wooden doll has. The question of scientific instruction is, of course, far too complex to be analyzed here; the method of demonstrations has some good features; and above all, the other kind of instruction, to be valuable at all, needs much better teachers than those whom the schools have at their disposal. I wish only to point out that even here, where the popular agreement is unanimous, very serious hesitation is possible.

I have spoken of the damage to the subject-matter of instruction, which results from the limitation of the work to personal taste; but there is also a formal side of education, which is to me more important. A child who has himself the right of choice, or who sees that parents and teachers select the courses according to his tastes and inclinations, may learn a thousand pretty things, but never the one which is the greatest of all: to do his duty. He who is allowed always to follow the paths of least resistance never develops the power to overcome resistance; he remains utterly unprepared for life. To do what we like to do, — that needs no pedagogical encouragement: water always runs downhill. Our whole public and social life shows the working of this impulse, and our institutions outbid one another in catering to the taste of the public. The school alone has the power to develop the opposite tendency, to encourage and train the belief in duties and obligations, to inspire devotion to better things than those to which we are drawn by our lower instincts. Yes, water runs downhill all the time; and yet all the earth were sterile and dead if water could not ascend again to the clouds, and supply rain to the field which brings us the harvest. We see only the streams going down to the ocean; we do not see how the ocean sends up the waters to bless our fields. Just so do we see in the streams of life the human emotions following the impulses down to selfishness and pleasure and enjoyment, but we do not see how the human emotions ascend again to the ideals, — ascend in feelings of duty and enthusiasm; and yet without this upward movement our fields were dry, our harvest lost. That invisible work is the sacred mission of the school; it is the school that must raise man's mind from his likings to his belief in duties, from his instincts to his ideals, that art and science, national honor and morality, friendship and religion, may spring from the ground and blossom.

But I go further: are elective studies really elected at all? I mean, do they really represent the deeper desires and demands of the individual, or do they not simply express the cumulation of a hundred chance influences? I have intentionally lingered on the story of my shifting interests in my boyhood; it is

more or less the story of every halfway-intelligent boy or girl. A little bit of talent, a petty caprice favored by accident, a contagious craze or fad, a chance demand for something of which scarcely the outside is known, — all these whir and buzz in every boyhood; but to follow such superficial moods would mean dissolution of all organized life, and education would be an empty word. Election which is more than a chance grasping presupposes first of all acquaintance with the object of our choice. Even in the college two thirds of the elections are haphazard, controlled by accidental motives; election of courses demands a wide view and broad knowledge of the whole field. The lower the level on which the choice is made, the more external and misleading are the motives which direct it. A helter-skelter chase of the unknown is no election. If a man who does not know French goes into a restaurant where the bill of fare is given in the French language, and points to one and to another line, not knowing whether his order is fish or roast or pudding, the waiter will bring him a meal, but we cannot say that he has "elected his courses."

From whatever standpoint I view it, the tendency to base the school on elective studies seems to me a mistake, — a mistake for which, of course, not a special school, but the social consciousness is to be blamed. I cannot think much better of that second tendency of which I spoke, — the tendency to improve the schools by a pedagogical-psychological preparation of the teachers. I said that, just as I had no right of election over my courses, my teachers had no idea of pedagogy and psychology. I do not think that they would have been better teachers with such wisdom than without it. I doubt, even, whether it would not have changed things for the worse. I do not believe in lyrics which are written after the prescriptions of æsthetics; I have the fullest respect for the scholar in poetical theory, but he ought not to make the poets believe that they need his advice before they dare to sing. Psychology is a wonderful science, and pedagogy, as soon as we shall have it, may be a wonderful science, too, and very important for school organizers, for superintendents and city officials, but the individual teacher has little practical use for it. I have discussed this point so often before the public that I am unwilling to repeat my arguments here. I have again and again shown that in the practical contact of the schoolroom the teacher can never gain that kind of knowledge of the child which would enable him to get the right basis for psychological calculation, and that psychology itself is unable to do justice to the demands of the individual case. I have tried to show how conscious occupation with pedagogical rules interferes with instinctive views of right pedagogical means; and, above all, how the analytic tendency of the psychological and pedagogical attitude is diametrically opposite to that practical attitude, full of tact and sympathy, which we must demand of the real teacher; and that the training in the one attitude inhibits freedom in the other. And when I see that teachers sometimes interpret my warning as if I wished merely to say, "I, as a psychologist, dislike to have any one approach the science with the purely practical question whether it bakes bread, instead of with a purely theoretical interest," I must object to that interpretation. I did not wish merely to say that the bread question would better be delayed; no, the teacher ought to know from the beginning that if he takes the bread which psychology bakes, indigestion must follow.

Yet I do not mean to be narrow. I do not think that if teachers go through psychological and pedagogical studies they really will suffer very much; they will do with them what they do with most studies, — they will forget them. And

if they forget them, what harm, then, — why all this fighting against it, as if a danger were in question? This brings me, finally, to my last but chief point: I think, indeed, that great dangers do exist, and that the psychopedagogical movement does serious damage, not so much because it affects the teacher, but because it, together with the elective studies, turns the attention of the public from the only essential and important point, upon which, I feel deeply convinced, the true reform of our schools is dependent, — the better instruction of our teachers. That was the secret, I said, in our German schools; the most elementary teaching was given by men who were experts in their field, who had the perspective of it, and whose scholarly interest filled them with an enthusiasm that inspired the class. To bring that condition about must be the aim of every friend of American school life. That is the one great reform which is needed, and till this burning need is removed it is useless to put forward unimportant changes. These little pseudo-reforms become, indeed, a wrong, if they make the public forget that true help and true reform are demanded. If a child is crying because it is ill, we may keep it quiet for a while by a piece of candy, but we do not make it well; and it is a wrong to quiet it, if its silence makes us omit to call the physician to cure it. The elective studies and the pedagogical courses are such sweetmeats for the school. The schools were bad, and the public was dissatisfied; now the elective studies relieve the discomfort of the children, in the place of the old vexation they have a good time, and the parents are glad that the drudgery is over. And when, nevertheless, a complaint arises, and the parents discover that the children do not learn anything and that they become disrespectful, then there comes the chance for the man with the psychological — and pedagogical — training; he is not a better teacher, but he can talk about the purposes of the new education till all is covered by beautiful words; and thus parents and children are happily satisfied for a while, till the time comes when the nation has to pay for its neglect in failing really to cure the sick child. Just as it has been said that war needs three things, money, money, and again money, so it can be said with much greater truth that education needs, not forces and buildings, not pedagogy and demonstrations, but only men, men, and again men, — without forbidding that some, not too many of them, shall be women.

The right kind of men is what the schools need; they have the wrong kind. They need teachers whose interest in the subject would banish all drudgery, and they have teachers whose pitiable unpreparedness makes the class work either so superficial that the pupils do not learn anything, or, if it is taken seriously, so dry and empty that it is a vexation for children and teachers alike. To produce anything equivalent to the teaching staff from whose guidance I benefited in my boyhood, no one ought to be allowed to teach in a grammar school who has not passed through a college or a good normal school; no one ought to teach in a high school who has not worked, after his college course, at least two years in the graduate school of a good university; no one ought to teach in a college who has not taken his doctor's degree in one of the best universities; and no one ought to teach in a graduate school who has not shown his mastery of method by powerful scientific publications. We have instead a misery which can be characterized by one statistical fact: only two per cent of the school-teachers possess any degree whatever. If the majority of college teachers are hardly prepared to teach in a secondary school, if the majority of high-school teachers are hardly fit to teach in a primary school, and if the majority of primary-school teachers are just enough

educated to fill a salesgirl's place in a millinery store, then every other reform is self-deceit.

I do not feel at all surprised that many of my brethren who are seriously interested in the progress of education rush forward in the wrong direction. They have been brought up under the prescribed system with teachers who did not know pedagogy, and they feel instinctively that the schools are bad and need reform. It is only natural for them to think that the prescriptive system is guilty, and that pedagogy can help us; they are so filled with aversion to the old-fashioned school that they think only of the matter which they were taught, and the method after which they were taught; but as they have no standard of comparison in their own experience, they never imagine that it may have been the men alone, the teachers, who were responsible for the failures. These friends have never experienced what my classmates and I enjoyed, — prescribed courses with expert teachers. They do not and cannot imagine the revolution which comes into the schoolroom as soon as a teacher stands on the platform who has the inspiring enthusiasm for his science which springs from a profound scholarly knowledge. No pedagogical technique can be substituted for this only real preparation of the teacher; and I fear that pedagogy must become a hindrance to educational progress, if it ever causes the principal or the school board to prefer the teacher who has learned pedagogy to the teacher who has learned the subject he is going to teach.

But my German memories not only arouse in me a pessimism with regard to those pseudo-reforms; they give me also most optimistic hopes with regard to a point which may be raised as an objection to my views. The teaching staff is bad indeed, it has often been said, but how can we hope for an improvement? The boys leave the high school at eighteen years of age, the college at twenty-two; how can we hope that an average high-school teacher will devote a still larger part of his life to the preparation for his professional work, and will spend two or three years more in a graduate school before he begins to earn his living? This argument is utterly wrong, as it neglects the interrelation of the different factors. If we had thoroughly prepared teachers, the aims of the school would be reached here just as quickly as in Germany, where, as I have shown, the level of American high-school graduation is attained at fifteen years, and the level of American average college graduation at eighteen or nineteen. Time which, with the teachers of to-day, is hardly sufficient to bring a man through a good high school would then be enough to give him a college education, and the time which to-day is necessary to pull him through college should be enough to give him three years in the graduate school. I was twenty-two when I took my doctor's degree in Leipzig, and so were most of my friends. The change cannot come suddenly; but as soon as the public recognizes in what direction true school reform must lie, it can be brought about by a slow, persistent pushing along that line. If the schools insist more and more on the solid scholarship of the teachers, the time in which the ends of the school are reached will become shorter and shorter: this will give more and more room for the continuation of study on the part of the future teachers, and thus we should enter upon a beneficial revolution which would in a short time supply the whole country with efficient teachers. If we look at the situation from this point of view, we can hardly doubt that even those who have only the utilitarian interest in mind, — yes, even those who think of the mercenary aspect only, — that even those must prefer this true reform to the efforts of the "new education" men who operate with pedagogy and elective studies. Those three

years which every American boy loses through the bad preparation of his teachers represent a loss for the practical achievement in later life which cannot be compensated for by an early beginning of professional training through electives. It is a loss for the man, and an incomparable loss for the nation.

I merely indicated one other feature of our German education when I disclosed the secret of its efficiency. I said our parents reinforced in us respect for the school, and the home atmosphere was filled with belief in the duties of school life. Our parents did not need mothers' clubs and committees for that, and there was little discussion about what children need *in abstracto;* but they made their children feel that the home and the school were working in alliance. We boys took all that as a matter of course, and what it meant I never quite understood before I crossed the ocean. I feel inclined to say that what our school children need is not only good teachers, but also good parents. However, as Lincoln said, one war at a time.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

II.

THE SERVICE OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

Information in plenty is available about the methods of other countries in filling vacancies in their commercial service, and about promotion, tenure of office, work, and pensions. By implication, these are commended to us as examples, with slight recognition of the difference in ideas, institutions, needs, fiscal and economic conditions, and of the peoples themselves. The essentially aristocratic system of England, a country with almost a monopoly of shipping interests, dependent on outside supplies for most of the necessaries of life as well as for its markets for manufactured goods, is brought forward as an example. The bureaucratic methods current in Germany, which has only recently assumed a place of importance in the commercial world, and has naturally organized its service upon existing models modified by its own peculiar conditions, are held up for admiration. We are commended to those of France, whose frequent changes of government have but little effect upon the stability of mechanical methods. Each of these countries can no doubt teach much in those elements which must enter into all human conduct; but it would certainly be a sign of weakness for a people with a different form of government, without foreign shipping, and with only the beginnings, either in reality or necessity, of a foreign trade in manufactured products, to build upon any such rigid models.

It does not fall within the province of this article to examine all these systems. Modeled in general upon that of Great Britain, they are a curious mixture of the political and the commercial. The following table, compiled from our own Official Register and the British Foreign List, showing the number of paid consulates maintained by the United States and Great Britain, reveals some of the actual conditions: —

Consulates solely for Commercial Purposes.

	United States.	United Kingdom.
Austria	5	3
Belgium	4	1
France	26	24
Germany	32	10
Italy	12	9

	United States.	United Kingdom.
Mexico	18	3
Spain	10	6
Sweden and Norway	4	0
Switzerland	6	0
Consulates mainly political as to the United Kingdom.		
China	10	23
Japan	3	7
Persia	1	6
Russia	4	13
Turkey	10	30

In like manner, British representatives in Algeria, Morocco, the smaller Balkan States, as well as in the Dutch, French, and Portuguese colonies, have less to do in the conservation of trade than in watching over political interests. In China, there are 11 assistants of the first class at salaries of £400 each, 10 of the second class at £350, and 27 student interpreters; in Japan, 10 assistants of the two grades, and 4 student interpreters. These are attached to the legations and consulates, being transferable from one branch to the other. In Siam, Persia, and Turkey are found the same order of minor officials, all sent from the home country. The number deemed necessary for commercial purposes is shown by the fact that only 16 are sent from home to the United States, three of these being in the possessions taken from Spain. On the other hand, we send to England, 25; to Canada, 49; to other British colonies and dependencies, 27: a total of 101. The two countries thus diverge in principle and policy at the very outset. Although the average salaries do not greatly differ, our officials are dependent upon theirs for living and position, while, except in a few prize places, the pay of those sent from England is a helpful auxiliary to private resources.

The United States service, organized primarily to supervise our import trade, maintains elaborate machinery, both at the place of origin and of destination, for determining prices. Under this unique fiscal policy, exports are purely an incident of commercial service. As Great Britain does not require official certificates to import invoices, her officials are supposed to promote the sale of British goods in the countries to which they are accredited. One system gives official help or encouragement to the purchase of foreign products for home consumption; the other promotes the sale in foreign countries of domestic manufactures.

Social conditions differ even more radically. In England, examinations fix a standard about equivalent to that demanded of a correspondence clerk in a great mercantile house, wherever situated, for which the fee is thirty dollars, by no means the sign of a field open to all comers. After the candidate has passed, he must have influence or money, generally both, to climb the consular ladder. Appointment in the first place, and promotion afterwards, are the rewards of social position and of political though not necessarily partisan activity on the part of somebody. If the brightest men from the universities, without money or influence, should seek places in the service, their chances would not be flattering. They would soon discover that the consular service, in only smaller measure than the diplomatic, is practically the monopoly of a class. However democratic it may be in theory, in practice it is exclusive. Nearly every man admitted to the foreign service, whether in one branch or the other, has means in himself or at his command, and, like well-connected young Englishmen, he supplements this by an improving marriage. Whatever fitness he may have for promoting commercial or political interests, he must have a fair equipment on the social side. Any one familiar with English life, social or political, has only to glance over the names in the Foreign List to see how completely the ruling families maintain their hold upon these services. This is a feature not likely to commend itself to our people, as those familiar with the character and abilities of our rich young

men may attest. For us, the civil pension at the end of a career is as far from a possibility as it is that a petty knighthood or order should confer added dignity.

Those writers who advocate the adoption of every feature tried elsewhere might well remember that, even in these days of gush, there are essential differences between our ideas and institutions and those of England. It might also temper their enthusiasm if they would consult the great British merchants and manufacturers, who trade into every part of the world. From these come complaints of neglect, of impoliteness, of coldness and harshness, even of inefficiency. It is declared that the social position of consuls makes them stiff and unapproachable; that they do not keep in touch with trade interests; that they repel travelers and tradesmen; and that the system is too rigid to be useful. It is easy to understand how color may be given to such opinions when the method of selection is considered, and also when semi-diplomatic duties must often modify commercial zeal. While the examiner has taken the place of the patron, these places have not been thrown open to competition. The mode of selection has been changed, but under both systems the appointees are drawn from the same class. The excluded accept their fate without protest, even with grace. They know that in some branches of the public service merit, without money or influence, sometimes commands recognition, but that the foreign branches, with the army and the navy, are preserves for that merit which has other helpful resources. The new method is an improvement over the old, but nothing is gained by holding it up as a faultless example for another people in a different situation.

Even in the British service, consulates in places as important as Buda-Pesth, Berlin, Munich, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Vienna, Zurich, Berne, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Brindisi, and Rotterdam are not filled from home nor with paid incumbents. They are generally filled by native bankers or merchants, interested in English trade or life, — subjects of the countries in which they live. In like manner, Germany, France, and Spain give commissions either to natives who have gone to England early in life and thoroughly identified themselves with the country of adoption, or to local merchants who need know nothing about the countries they represent. Their duties are few, and they perform them, whatever they are, without salaries, fees, or allowances, — these being turned over to consuls general sent from home to London or Liverpool for the purpose of supervising the system.

They are known as trading consuls, and are a feature worth description. With the growing demand for social recognition this system has grown, until exequaturs are now held by nearly eleven hundred such officials in the United Kingdom. Official duties are the last thing in mind; perhaps nine out of ten have none more serious than the choice of a tailor to make a uniform, or the finding of their countries on the map. Invitations to annual balls or other functions given by the mayor, or the head of the municipality, — whatever his title and however small the place may be, — are keenly sought and much prized. In general, they are limited to the officials of the town and neighborhood, local notables, leading workers and subscribers to local charities, and the personal or business friends of the mayor, in office for the time. To these, by courtesy, foreign consuls are added. As a result, the supply of these officials comes from the local demand for a petty social place, not from the commercial needs of a foreign nation. Countries not yet represented are eagerly sought out, while the contests that succeed an incumbent's death or resignation are not always more modest or longer delayed than those which fol-

low vacancies in real offices. Petitions signed by those already within the magic or sacred circle are sent to the authorities of countries without a representative, or bereft of one; nor is it unusual for these officials organized into associations humbly to pray that the Sultan, or some king or queen, may decorate one of their number. In case of success, the baubles are noticed in the local press, and worn with becoming gravity at social and official gatherings.

Nor is such a body, resident in any town, wholly averse to the display of its marvelous uniforms. Trimmed most lavishly with gold lace, glowing with all the tints of the rainbow, cut and finished in every terrestrial fashion, often supplemented with the most curious headgear, and the whole exhibited at a mayor's annual ball in all its gorgeousness, it is impossible for any ordinary description, by an average pen, to do justice to the effect. It reminds one of some scene in a latter-day pantomime. The modest court dress of a member of Parliament is cast into the shade, and no gold-chained lord mayor or mayor would think of entering into competition. The representative of the United States, — often the only real consul in a large city, — rendered conspicuous by plain evening dress, may view with awe and admire without envy this real triumph of the sartorial art. The annual dinners of these bodies contribute a picturesqueness seldom seen in our prosaic times.

Such commissions are often distributed in inverse ratio to the size or trade of the country. In England, Belgium has 47; the Argentine Republic, 18; Brazil, 29; Chile, 26; Denmark, 89; Greece, 35; Italy, 47; the Netherlands, 51; Peru, 19; Portugal, 50; Sweden and Norway, 96; Turkey, 30; Uruguay, 32; and Venezuela, 15. The little black republic of Liberia has 27, while the somewhat less sable republics of San Domingo and Hayti have to get along as best they can with 9 and 10 respectively. Of the Great Powers, Austria has 33; France, 57; Germany, 82; Russia, 46; and Spain, 58. In the last-named group, there are probably 6 or 8 sent from home under the conditions already described. In England alone, there are approximately 40 real consular officers of various titles from all the countries of the world, other than the United States; that is, men sent from them as official business representatives. It no doubt serves some purpose to issue commissions thus lavishly; and the worthy men who hold them must find some profit in their acceptance.

When, however, systems with such features are constantly held up as examples for American imitation, it is easy to see how little use they really are. They will strike the average American as impossible. Seeing that he does not show an undue amount of respect even for the holders of real dignities, from the President downwards, he is likely to smile when told how seriously officials merely nominal take themselves, and how successful they are in inducing other people to accept them at the same valuation. It shows that other countries have weak places in their consular armor, and that, with all our faults, we may well go on and try to work out an intelligent, rational plan of our own.

I have sought throughout these papers to discuss all questions with fairness, though not without some wholesome plainness of speech. I am sincerely and deeply interested in it, not from any desire to magnify an office once held, but to see the system which includes it relieved of its abuses and made worthy of a great country, the importance of whose relations to the remainder of the world few men really appreciate. As what I have written has in it some element of destruction or tearing down, — always represented as a very easy process, — I now purpose to give some attention to the constructive side, and to suggest cer-

tain changes. It is my desire to invite criticism and discussion, elements absolutely essential to the correction of faults in existing methods or to the substitution of better ones.

III.

REORGANIZATION OF THE SYSTEM.

In a previous article I have dealt with our consular service as it is. It remains to make some suggestions of a constructive character. These must be merely a series of rough hints, with no attempt to cover details, though upon lines different from any existing system, because, so far as I know, they propose a novel method for dealing with the problem. I can only express the hope that they avoid cocksureness or those counsels of perfection which mar the symmetry and ruin the usefulness of much writing on public questions.

This service belongs logically to the Treasury Department, and much has been written about its transfer. It has long held relations with the State Department, while other countries put a like branch under the control of their Foreign Office. Besides, the Treasury Department is overwhelmed, — an accusation from which the older department is entirely free. For the present, therefore, this divorce may perhaps be delayed without causing much added unhappiness. It will always be well, however, in considering any scheme, related to it, to remember that a consular service is concerned almost wholly with commerce, and that diplomatic powers, even as incidents, should either be eliminated or restricted to narrow limits. If a Department of Colonies or Commerce should be organized, at any future time, the service might be transferred, to become the chief corner stone of a new executive department rather than remain the neglected or rejected of the diplomatic builders.

1. A scheme of reorganization, to proceed upon right and practical lines, ought to be simple. If it shall provide (*a*) for consuls general; (*b*) for consuls, of two classes; (*c*) for vice consuls, of two classes; (*d*) for a clerical force, as the staff, and for student interpreters in Eastern countries, it will be elaborate enough so far as those in the field are concerned.

There must be some recognized method or principle upon which these offices are to be created. This must include knowledge of their number and rank, make provision for a tenure, and prescribe a plan for filling the places. It will be necessary to know what the service now does as a whole, no less than in each country or group of countries; and to do this it is essential to take carefully into account our commercial relations with them, and to find out whether these are increasing and stable, or declining and unsettled; also whether the countries themselves are progressive or decadent. As the service is not to be of an ornamental character, the whole work should be done upon lines of absolute utility. There is no call to make a place here or there, for the nominee of a President of the United States, Senators or Representatives, or the managers or members of a victorious committee, or for all combined. Having learned everything involved in such an inquiry, it will be possible to fix a standard and to work to it.

The existing scheme is ineffective, badly organized, top-heavy; a system created and maintained, in general, for furnishing the largest possible number of places, with the least regard to practical results. These must be reduced on some definite plan. For example, there are more than a hundred commercial representatives sent from home to the United Kingdom and its colonies. More than half of these are useless. They are officials who do not promote commerce, while they may injure it. To

begin, then, with the twenty-five in England, Ireland, and Scotland, now all consuls, it will be possible to eliminate all but seven. This number will provide a consul general in London, and consuls of one grade or another in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow, and Belfast. Ten other places, sufficiently important or remote to warrant it, would be attached to these with vice consuls, sent from home, while eight would be abolished, because under the new scheme there would be nothing to do.

The south would be made tributary to London, with vice consulates at Southampton, Bristol, and Plymouth; the midlands to Birmingham, with vice consulates at Tunstall and Sheffield; the cotton centres to Liverpool and to Manchester, the latter with a vice consulate at Nottingham; the wool and woolen districts and all the north to Bradford; Scotland to Glasgow, with vice consulates at Leith and Dundee; and Ireland to Belfast, with vice consulates at Dublin and Queenstown. Consular agencies, of which there are thirty, all held by foreigners, would be abolished as useless. The whole number of places, including agencies, is now fifty-five; under this plan it would be reduced to seventeen, and it is not so certain that two more might not be spared without injury.

In Canada, besides agencies, there are forty-nine consulates of various grades, most of which are wasted. The need for a consul at Three Rivers, St. John's, or Victoria, B. C., is not greater than for one in Tucson or Cripple Creek. Courtesy to a sensitive neighbor, nominally foreign, and some other vague duties may make it necessary to have consuls at Ottawa, at each of the provincial capitals, and in the Klondike, but even they will have little to do. This will provide for nine, of whom three might be of second-class consular rank, and the remainder vice consuls, leaving forty free to return home. The service in Canada and Mexico has been swelled because, although the places are small and insignificant, they are situated in towns fairly pleasant to live in and easy of access for vacation, business, or politics. Considerable economy of men and places may be effected in the West Indies, and some additions might be needed in Africa and Australia.

All consuls with relation to the United Kingdom (that is, those requiring recognition by its Foreign Office) would be treated as one body. Appointments would be made to vice consulates of the lower grade and promotions to the higher grade, or to consulates the incumbents of which would, in each case, move up into higher responsibility and pay. This process would go on strictly within the group of English-speaking countries. Under it a useful consul might begin his official life in Australia, or Canada, or Africa, or in the United Kingdom itself, to be transferred according to qualification and need. As the terms of those with consular rank expired, or as they died or resigned, the President would fill the vacancies automatically, without the necessity of sending the names to the Senate for confirmation. As a consequence, no inexperienced man could be appointed directly to the higher grades.

I have used the English-speaking countries merely to illustrate the proposed group system. It would apply to Germany, with which Austria, the Netherlands, and the countries of northern Europe might be grouped, under a consul general at Berlin; France and Belgium with their colonies, and Switzerland, would constitute another group, with direction from Paris; the remaining Latin countries and their colonies would form another, with direction from Rome or Madrid; Hungary, Greece, Turkey, and the countries around the eastern Mediterranean another, with a consul general at Buda-Pesth or Constantinople; and so on the world over,

the arrangement being a matter of detail and geography. In each group the number of independent consulates would be reduced, and the same methods of appointment and promotion would be applied. It would probably be discovered that an increase in the number and rank of consuls would be necessary in the Far East; but the proposed system is elastic enough to permit this.

For simplicity of management, for geographical propinquity, and for likeness or kinship in languages, this method would run through the whole scheme. Appointments to the lower grade of vice consuls would be accepted with the knowledge that service would be limited to the group, chosen or assigned. If the incumbents had or developed ambitions, they would realize that they must gratify them, say, within the English, the German, or the Chinese group. As the salaries and rank would be the same in all, there would be no good reason for seeking a transfer from one to another. All would serve in each grade, for a longer or shorter time; and none would miss this for any reason other than the exceptional one which now carries the West Point or the Annapolis graduate from one rank to another over intervening stops. When the vice consul had passed through both his own grades he would become a consul of the second class; if entitled to promotion before the expiration of his term, he would enter one of the first class, or become a consul general in due course.

The weak feature in the English system, universally recognized, is that, when an official has become really useful, say, somewhere in South America because of his proficiency in Spanish, he may be moved off to Germany or China, where his linguistic labor is practically lost to himself and his government.

All positions, except those of porter and office boy, ought to be filled by Americans sent from home. Without experience or a careful study of existing methods, it is impossible to understand how a conscientious consul, intent only upon doing the duty he is sent out to perform, is hampered. He is surrounded by subordinates who are strangers to him as well as to everything that his country means. As individual English, German, or Russian citizens, they may be worthy of the highest praise, and may occupy, as they often do, positions of trust in professional or public life; but as official representatives of the United States, as sharers with the consul, even in the smallest degree, of his peculiar work, or as aids in carrying it on with intelligence, they must be pronounced failures. Here, again, the fault is not in the men, but in the system. The niggardly policy that either makes their employment necessary or leaves Congress, or anybody interested, patient under its existence, is not creditable either to the liberality or good sense of a great people. For reasons obvious to every thinking man, the unfairness and absolute inefficiency of the system will increase rather than diminish as the American people enter upon direct competition with other countries. The conclusion is clear that a hundred consulates, properly distributed and manned throughout by Americans, are worth ten times their number filled, in our haphazard way, with foreigners in subordinate places.

If consular courts are to be maintained in the remote East, they ought to be administered by trained lawyers, so that judicial power may not be put into the hands of men without the proper training. Recent developments render this system less and less necessary, and it is gradually passing away; but while it remains the work ought to be worthily done by men having relations with embassies and legations, not with consulates.

It is a necessity that American student interpreters, who might be attached to consulates as well as legations, should be sent out to learn the languages and

everything relating to all Eastern countries. A practical way would be to choose these upon the recommendation of the presidents of leading colleges, preference being given to those which furnish the best facilities for pursuing the studies preparatory to the work. If found competent, such appointees might in due time be appointed to consulates in their own group.

Without entering into details, I estimate that this plan, followed out to its logical results, would provide for a service of about 150 officials of the various grades, of whom probably 15 would be consuls general, 45 consuls, and the remainder vice consuls. In addition, it would necessitate the appointment of probably 300 to 350 clerks and assistants, and 40 to 50 student interpreters for Russia, Turkey, and the countries of the remote East. As all these, without exception, would be sent from home, the number of Americans employed in the foreign commercial service would be greater than at present by 100 or 150. But each one would have a definite work cut out for him, and would be so directed by supervising officials that there would be no room for laggards or incapables.

2. Having provided and arranged the offices, their grades and order of succession, it is necessary to provide incumbents. Two classes of men in the United States, widely sundered in idea and motive, could furnish a ready-made plan for doing this. The spoils politician would not long hesitate to put his scheme into working order, and appoint out of hand, in the good old way. At the other extreme, the reformer would prescribe an examination, and fill the offices about as promptly, probably with a class of men somewhat less effective. The practical man, being neither spoilsman nor theorist, would be at a loss to know which plan would be the worse. In the one case, the country would get at least one man out of every three, of excellent ability, high character, mature age and development, quick, watchful and ambitious, worthy of recognition by any government, far superior to the average chosen by other countries under *their* examination scheme. The same man would insist that he did not know what the result would be if the alternative plan were adopted and the service were thrown open to examinations, because it had not been tried; but he would incline to the belief that, if rigidly applied at a time of general change or removal, it would send over the world an undue proportion of immature men: of recent graduates from high schools and small colleges, and useless and idle rich young men, willing to take places deemed easy, most of whom would know next to nothing about the ideas or institutions of their own country; as well as some who would have no real interest in anything of a serious character.

The practical man, if it fell to his lot to inaugurate the proposed system, would choose seventy-five or one hundred really useful and honest officials — being a fourth or a third of the whole number sent from home — from those in office when the new law should go into operation. (At the close of each administration since Hayes left office this proportion could have been found.) From these he could fill the principal places in each group, thus getting at once officials of experience, whose qualifications no examination could increase or diminish. These would provide about half, including all consuls general and consuls, and some vice consuls. As any method would give the practical man the remainder, he would not much care how they were chosen. The places at his disposal would be the lowest in salary and dignity, and their incumbents, as the subordinates of those already in office, would be subject to a supervision impossible at present. He would appoint on probation for not more than a year, and would send no man under thirty years of age, and few under forty, which would be still better.

All quarrels between the two methods of appointment being avoided, the experiment would not be placed at the mercy of either spoilsmen or theorists. One must confess that it is difficult to understand why every critic of the consular service should insist that its places be filled exclusively by examination. It has nowhere been proposed that assistant secretaries, collectors of customs or internal revenue, postmasters of large cities, comptrollers, auditors, or commissioners under the federal or state governments, shall be brought under the civil service commission. Why, then, should responsible officials, of equal dignity and pay, accredited to foreign countries, with duties requiring tact and independence, be brought down to the level of clerks paid a thousand dollars a year?

3. Having provided for appointment upon practical lines, we must decide, on some principle, the matter of tenure. Nothing is clearer to the student of our conditions than that a system of life tenure, or assurance of it, has not been accepted by the people of the United States, and is not likely to be until there has been a revolution in institutions as well as in ideas. It is even resented in the military and naval services and in the federal courts; so far as the general political system is concerned, it is further away than at the organization of the government. As it is not a matter of might be or ought to be, but merely of what is, there is no necessity either to lament or to argue about it. "It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory." Whatever the reason for this opinion as to home offices, it is well founded so far as it relates to the foreign service. The man who remains away from his country, in any office, during a long period of years is prone to forget much and to learn little as to the real meaning of events and institutions at home. This does not mean that cheap, truculent patriotism, so often the first and the last refuge of the demagogue and the adventurer; it refers to knowledge of what his country has become, and real interest in it from every large point of view. The ability to maintain an interest in two countries at the same time and with equal intelligence is not given to many persons.

Before vice consuls are accepted or become eligible for promotion they should go into actual service for one year. After that, limit their terms to six additional years in the various grades through which they may pass, leaving neither the President nor the department any power to reappoint. During this term the official should return home for two visits, of at least three months each, not for his own pleasure, but in the performance of his official duties. Under the direction both of the department and of his immediate superior, the consul general, he would go into all the domestic districts having industries akin to those with which he was called upon to deal in his group. His usefulness at his post would be greatly increased, while he would maintain the closest touch with his own country. The present personal allowance of sixty days' leave of absence each year is excessive, and should be reduced by one half.

In like manner, he should be required to visit the principal places of his group or district every year, for the purpose of studying with care its manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural interests, so that he might report upon them, when necessary, in no chance or haphazard way. Relieved from the useless office drudgery now inseparable from his place, with an efficient staff of assistants, all drawn from home, the consul would be able, under the direction of the department and his consul general, to do his work with system and intelligence, and also to command the coöperation of his own subordinates.

Acquiring, in this way, a knowledge of the industries of two countries, the consul, at the end of his term, would return home in order to retire, to engage

in business or public life, fitted to teach others, by speech and writing, what he had learned for their advantage and for his own. He might be preferred again for consular service, — after a retirement of some years, — or for the diplomatic service, or for home offices. The ability for doing really good and high work which such a training would develop cannot be exaggerated, nor its results measured by any standard known to our present happy-go-lucky methods. Selected according to a rational system, always working under intelligent direction, with sufficient independence to afford scope for originality, and with fixity of tenure, the whole staff would pass back gradually, every seven years, into the currents of home life. As all intelligent men must, when working amid such surroundings and opportunities, they would return with increased patriotism and good sense, more truly American than ever before; so that five men, with knowledge and experience valuable to them as individuals and useful to their countrymen, would graduate out of the foreign service where one can now be expected. From such a source alone ought to come many valuable additions to economic literature, otherwise impossible.

4. In the case of an official so chosen, with tenure fixed and duties defined, the question of pay is important. A consul general of the first class — basing the classification mainly upon that of the diplomatic service — ought to be paid not less than $10,000 a year. He is to live in London, Paris, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, the most expensive cities in the world. He should be enabled to do so without trenching upon his savings, or being forced to look upon his office as a source of fortune or profit. The second grade of consuls general should be paid $7500 a year; consuls of the first class $6000, and of the second class $5000 and $4000 in their respective grades; vice consuls of the first class $3500, and of the second class $3000, the latter to be the smallest pay in the consular service proper. Assistants and clerks should have salaries somewhat larger than those paid to the clerks in the department, graded according to length of service. All should have proper allowances for travel to their posts, as the present meagre sea pay is a disgrace to the country.

Fees, whatever their amount or character, should be reduced to the lowest possible limit consistent with dignity and fairness to local officials in other countries, and should belong to the government. The fee system is dangerous and unjust. It is full of temptations at all times, and even more than usually so when applied by officials too remote for proper supervision or risk of public exposure. Even the fees for court commissions should be turned into the treasury. All advice, whether to citizens at home or to strangers, to merchants or to emigrants, whether by letter or in person, should be made part of the consul's official duty, to be rendered gratuitously at all times. Inquiries about estates should be freely and fully answered under strict regulations. If there is business involved, it should be referred to lawyers, indorsed by the department on one side, and by the consul or the mayor of the town on the other, all officials being prohibited from sharing in fees under any circumstances. These are matters of growing importance and interest. They cover duties in which the utmost care should be enforced in the regulations and in practice. Complaints of extortion or want of courtesy should be listened to with patience, and severely punished when proven.

It is easy to attach an exaggerated importance to notarial work. When our trade relations with other countries were few and restricted, it was natural to require consular verification before giving suitors a standing in court or legalizing wills and transfers of title. In new countries this business is insignificant; in those with a stable government, there

is a recognized and elaborate legal machinery in the form of notaries, commissioners, and justices of the peace, — officials who, under whatever name, are authorized to administer oaths. These are everywhere selected with great care, hold dignified places in social life, and have a tenure either permanent or for long periods. Identification by mayors or the chairmen of local governing bodies, under seal, is easy and inexpensive. Even if the consul must intervene, in exceptional cases, his act ought to be merely clerical, without requiring the appearance in person of the signatories who, in addition to paying a heavy fee, must often travel a hundred miles or more to acknowledge a deed or release a mortgage. This is due to no fault or extortion on the part of the consul, but is the result of ill-considered state laws made before this branch of business had become settled on business lines.

It is often easy to break agreements because of the absence of official certificates, now made difficult by remoteness from consuls or lack of knowledge of the requirements in a given state. In the main, the change is a matter for individual states, although the treaty-making power might be invoked to bring simplicity and system out of the present conditions. If we are to develop a great foreign trade, the enforcement of contracts by foreigners against our own people, and the reverse, should be made as simple as the same process is at home.

All the elements entering into remuneration should be considered. It is unjust to incumbents to send them abroad only to have fees cut off without notice, when they have fairly adjusted themselves to their income and surroundings. Generally speaking, when attention is directed to an abuse, the first inclination of both Congress and the department is to reduce or abolish the fees, without thinking of the effect or of the equities. Nearly every fault in the system has developed from the failure of Congress to provide proper salaries, and the fees now existing should be abolished only after compensating advantages have been provided by an increase of salaries.

5. This would necessitate a change of management, or rather would create a central authority for the consular service. The existing system would break down utterly even under changes far less drastic than those proposed. It would need an assistant secretary who should devote his time and talents to the consular service. The second assistant secretary, except for formal work, does this for the diplomatic service; without the intervention of law, he has become in reality a permanent official. Another assistant, given power over a centralized, responsible system, would soon reach the same position. Carefully hedged about by law, as he would be, there would not be enough vacant offices at the disposal of the President, at any given time, to induce him to interfere with the machinery of the department in order to get places for supporters. The President and the Secretary of State — however often a new one might be appointed — would soon become so dependent upon this official that nothing could induce them to remove him, while the consular service would no longer be without a serious and responsible head.

This is not the place or the time to devote attention to the clerical force of this department, which, like that in all others, needs reorganization. It is now impossible to command a fair proportion of men with intelligence united to a wholesome ambition, founded upon ability to do something really well. And yet, without a staff so constituted, it is unreasonable to expect that any head, whether of department or bureau, with intricate and responsible duties, shall be able to do good work. It is the equality of the commonplace that rules in such a body. The pay and recognition of the purely mechanical are practically

the same as the pay and recognition given to those who might rise out of the ranks and show themselves capable of responsibility. A reward, common to both the inefficient and the useful, the contented and the ambitious, tends, here as everywhere, to produce a common minimum of work, and aspirations after a uniform pettiness. A mere clerk, however useful he may be in his own narrow groove, is probably worth no more than the $1000 to $1800 paid him each year, because, for the same pay, it would be possible to get a quarter of a million like him, by a thirty days' search; but the rare clerk, the one in a thousand fit to become head of a bureau, cannot be found and kept for the preposterous mercantile bookkeeper's pay of $2100 a year. Generally such a place is taken, either as a temporary expedient by worthy men, or by those content to be dependents, without proper pride or possible efficiency. This applies not to the State Department alone, but to that vast overloaded, ill-digested public service concentrated all along the line in Washington. Without adequate supervision, with nothing to lift it out of the ruts, every executive department bids fair to remain, what it has become, a refuge for mediocrity, through which dry rot spreads like a contagion.

The best way to reform reports is to cut off nineteen twentieths of the number now prepared, and to improve the quality of the remainder. The secretary in charge of the service would naturally be chosen with reference to a knowledge of this work. It is most desirable that he should know how to deal intelligently with figures; so that, if he were a statistician of recognized position, he would never consent to manipulate them to suit the theories of a class or a party. The reduction in volume would make possible a selection of subjects and intelligence of treatment. The instructions would be transmitted through consuls general, with whom consuls and vice consuls, within any given group, would coöperate so far as fitness or environment made this possible. The report, when printed, would not be the contribution of one man, but of several working together upon branches most familiar to them.

Those original and searching investigations of great economic problems and the principles that underlie them may safely be left to the enthusiasm and industry of private students, as few public officials can do the work. Reports on current commercial developments, even after eliminating the great mass of flimsy matter, have no large permanent interest, and are always far removed from literature; but under proper direction the country could get the best, latest, and most effective news about the things it most needs to know.

A confusing element in the present system is the lack of stability in regulations. All important matters ought to be settled by legislation, not left to the whim of a department. An effective, careful codification, made by competent men and ratified by Congress, would be the natural sequel to a proper reorganization of the service. The regulations ought to be subjected to the same process, made as intelligent as possible, and much reduced in number and bulk.

6. The system of official fees should be revised. The boast is often made that the consular service nearly pays the expenses of both the commercial and diplomatic branches. As this revenue is derived almost wholly from the fees for consular invoices, such a declaration is something for reproach, not for pride. These documents are issued in triplicate or quadruplicate, as the merchandise covered by them is to be landed direct at the seashore or shipped in bond inland. For this a uniform charge is made of $2.50, when the value is $100 or more. Before the goods can pass the custom house and enter into consumption an official invoice must be pro-

duced. If it does not precede or accompany their arrival, they are sent to the public stores at the importer's cost and risk until it is produced. Nor is the simple fee, paid by the shipper for these certificates, the whole cost to him. He incurs certain expenses for railway fares, and naturally charges for the time consumed in going to the consulate to make the necessary declarations, which, under the law, he must either do himself or go to the expense of authorizing an agent to act for him under a power of attorney. These swell the prices of the merchandise, and so add something to the total. The result is that, except for duties, all these items must bear their proportion of charges and profits, and the consumer, who finally settles everything, pays about $4.00 for the $2.50 received by his government. Secretaries of state and the treasury point with pride each year to the total of the fees, and would fain lead a confiding people to believe that their foreign services cost them nothing. The prudent American, who has not forgotten how to count the cost, may well conclude that 160 cents for a dollar is rather dear pay for the whistle. He would be justified in the conclusion that a more direct method of taxation, which would be rather cheaper in the end, might be devised by the law-making powers.

The abolition of the consular invoice will naturally carry the fee with it. As a method for determining values at the place of origin or manufacture, the invoice is both inquisitorial and ineffective. It is not made under oath; and if it were, the United States could not enforce abroad the penalties it inflicts at home. It can only reach the seller by penalizing the buyer, who, as all experience shows, is in most cases the author of the fraud. When merchandise arrives at its destined port, an elaborate and expensive system of appraisement is maintained for determining values; on the whole, it is a fairly efficient and honest application of our methods. If no question is raised, the consular invoice becomes a simple bill of lading, and is unnecessary. In a dispute it counts for nothing; the fact that the value has been raised shows that it has been set aside by the appraising officer as fraudulent or incorrect, — something that a special agent of the treasury working abroad, or an appraiser at the landing port, has, in some way, discovered. The consul does not give evidence or investigate values, although he may collect price lists and turn them over to the proper officers of the treasury to which he is merely a clerical officer with an indirect official relation to it, and that by the courtesy of another department of the government.

Under an excellent regulation, made within the last few years, the consul may receive invoices sent by post, thus taking away even the nominal control formerly exercised, when oaths were exacted in some countries. If this privilege were so extended as to make it voluntary with the shipper, and not with the consul, a great deal of useless expense and annoyance would be avoided.

7. It is safe to assume that no effective reform will be adopted by Congress until public sentiment shall have prepared the way. The first thing is to bring home the fact that, for the good name of the country and the promotion of trade interests, something must be done. Congress will not do this for itself, working either as a body or in committee. It has no time and little knowledge, while many interests press for recognition. Perhaps the only way to get attention is by the appointment of a commission to report upon existing conditions, with suggestions for their amendment. Such a body, — made up of a Senator, a Representative, two men with experience in the service, and one nominated by commercial bodies, — fairly divided in party opinion, sitting at Washington during the whole of a long session

of Congress, could gather all the information possible to be obtained in this way. Supplemented by six months in the field, the examination of a hundred consulates, and a careful study of the methods employed by other countries, it would lay the whole question open, so that there would no longer be excuse for misunderstanding in the public mind, or inaction in either the executive or the legislative branch of the government; while, if the latter continued, a foundation would exist upon which to build an effective public sentiment.

With all due respect to the commercial bodies that pass resolutions, their methods are open to question. Their conclusions are not based upon facts or any realizing sense of the work necessary, and are wanting in originality or suggestion. Oftener than otherwise, some ambitious young man thinks he can gain local recognition by taking up this burning issue. He introduces a resolution in Cleveland or Richmond or Buffalo, and makes a speech. His associates, knowing little about its merits, accept it as a truism, — something akin to a declaration that the decalogue is a good thing, or to a reaffirmation of the Constitution of the United States. It is passed, as a matter of form, and the young man goes to Washington to meet congenial associates from other cities, on the same errand. The whole thing ends in newspaper interviews and smoke, both real and metaphorical. If these organizations would only conclude that something must be done, appoint their own commission on the lines suggested, and make the proper study, it would be more effective than for the President and Congress to do it; but to carry through such a plan would require the coöperation of the best business men in the whole country; if it should fall into the hands of self-seekers it were better left alone.

Even without agitation, commission, or new law, the same bodies might do something effective. If, three months before a new President enters upon his office, they would lay before him a careful statement of the service, ability, efficiency, training, and honesty of a hundred of the best consuls, and insist upon their retention for at least three years, they would render good government an invaluable service, even if every recommendation were thrown aside. If, in like manner, they would prepare a list of a hundred useless consuls, and demand their immediate removal, giving reasons and assuming responsibility in each case, they would do still more for the same cause and the improvement of trade relations. While they keep themselves aloof from such practical politics, they will be impotent.

A movement of this kind would give the President, Congress, and the country a fair idea of what the consular system is, and what is needed in order to increase its efficiency. Such a plan, too, would divide responsibility between the legislative and executive branches of the government. In spite of the general well-meaning of Presidents, the pressure is so strong that, entering upon power, they are forced to maintain this important service as they find it, — a partisan machine. Two successive Presidents, of different party opinions, could effect an entire change in the system without the intervention of new laws: so long, however, as each only begins to think of reforms after he has newly welded abuses, it is idle to expect the support of one, still less of two in succession.

8. With a scheme like that outlined, a single presidential term — even if the incumbent were not wholly friendly — would give the service a stability and character which even an unfriendly successor could not wholly destroy. The power of appointment cannot be taken away, but it can be so regulated by law as to remove or relieve the partisan pressure. Its main attraction now is on the speculative side, an exaggerated idea of the opportunities which consulates give.

Once reduce to liberal, though far from extravagant salaries, and the average place seeker will be inclined rather to bear the offices about him than to fly to a remote foreign place which he knows not of. This tendency will be increased when he finds that he must take a position with modest pay, subordinate power, slow promotion, and limited tenure, in a country remote from home, friends, and ambition.

It is important to recognize that the defects of our present system are not limited to the mere abuse of the appointing power, but run through the whole. This is a favorable time for entering upon an agitation. Our people are just beginning to look for a larger share of the trade of the world. They are ready to discuss the whole subject with interest, and, as they want to do this with honesty and intelligence, will gladly learn how they can do so. While both writers and business men are prone to overestimate the influence of consuls and the commercial value of the system, it is probably true that as other countries employ such agents, so America must for a time. This being the case, there is no reason why it should not be adapted to present needs rather than to run in well-worn ruts.

Personally, I have no ambition to pose as the author of any plan; still, I venture to hope that observation and experience have given an insight into the question in some of its bearings. Every line of these articles has been written with reference to the needs of the service and to the qualities required in the men who are to carry out a task not without its difficulties. I have endeavored to give fair consideration to the demands upon those who hold such places, to consider the drawbacks incident to official residence abroad as well as its attractions. It is not a patent scheme for reorganizing the system; it is merely a series of hints rather roughly thrown together. If it shall draw attention to an important though little understood question, my object will have been attained, even if I incur the charge of temerity for putting forth such suggestions. I trust that it may not be deemed either conventional or dogmatic.

George F. Parker.

WORSHIP.

I WANDERED down the dim-lit forest aisles,
With brooding eyes and reverent slow feet;
I saw the quiet arches overmeet,
More fair than mediæval-builded piles.
I traced the shadowy cathedral lines,
And heard the tiny choristers repeat
Their Benedicite, upsinging sweet
Above the surging octaves of the pines.
Most holy high Cathedral of the Wood,
Whose doors are ever open night and day,
That they who will may enter, it is good
In thy great nave to linger and to pray;
Thence from the silence and the solitude
To go ennobled on the daily way.

Edith C. Banfield.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.

In all study of English literature, if there be any one axiom which may be accepted without question, it is that the ultimate standard of English prose style is set by the King James version of the Bible. For examples of limpid, convincing narrative we go to Genesis, to the story of Ruth, to the quiet earnestness of the Gospels; for the mingled argument and explanation and exhortation in which lies the highest power of the other side of literature, we go to the prophets, and even more to the Epistles of the New Testament; and for the glow of vehemence and feeling which burns away the limits between poetry and prose, and makes prose style at its highest pitch able to stand beside the stirring vibrations of verse, we go to the Psalms or the book of Job or the prophecies of Isaiah, or to the triumphant declaration of immortality in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. If the whole range of English prose style were figured in the form of an arch, the style of the Bible would be the keystone; and it would be there not only because it is the highest point and culmination of prose writing, but also because it binds the whole structure together. On the one side would be the writing which tends more and more to the colloquial, which, beginning with such finished and exquisite talk as Dryden crystallized in his writings, runs off into the slack and hasty style of journalism; on the other side, such more splendidly and artfully colored prose as Sir Thomas Browne's or the ponderous weight of Dr. Johnson, degenerating in the hands of lesser men into preciosity or pedantry. To bring the two sides into bearing on each other, we have the common standard; and the further any writing on either side falls away from that standard, the less it will have of the typical excellence of the national style. With such explanations we fold our hands in the comfortable feeling that here, at any rate, is one question of literature settled for good: the standard of English prose style is the standard of the Authorized Version of the Bible; that style is so clear and so noble that there is nothing more to be accounted for.

Unfortunately for our rest, however, but fortunately for our appreciation of this great style, the matter does not end here; for the history of the Authorized Version throws much light on its style, and even to some extent explains its power. From the point of view of style, the King James version of 1611 shows only insignificant differences from the various versions of the sixteenth century: and these versions were the work, not of committees, but of individual men. Furthermore, as I hope to show, the style of all these versions is the style of Tyndale's version, though his version was in itself incomplete; and what is more interesting, the style of his translation of the Bible is indistinguishable from the style in various other pieces of writing which we have of his. Finally, as in the case of any great master of writing, the life of the man himself, his temperament, his purposes, all throw light on the quality of his writing, and in some degree explain his style; for no man who has the gift of style and does not think about his gift can help impressing himself upon what he writes. In the case of Tyndale, his whole character and life are so notable that no one who is familiar with the meagre record that we have of it will be sorry to think of him as having formed the style of the Bible, and to look to him therefore as the fountain-head of strength and beauty in the written English of to-day.

In order to make this connection clear, I will begin by trying to point out and name the characteristics of English prose style which we have in mind when we speak of the Bible as the standard of that style; then I will show that these characteristics correspond to more specific qualities in the style of the King James version; then that these latter qualities are all clearly to be found in Tyndale's version; finally, I will show how much light is thrown on these qualities by a knowledge of the humility and nobility and apostolic ardor of Tyndale himself.

In general, I suppose that in saying that the English Bible is the measure of English prose style, one would point out for the general qualities of that style simplicity and earnestness. In defining French prose style, one would think first, perhaps, of lucidity, added to keenness and subtlety; in defining German prose style, rather of thoroughness and the capacity for carrying strangely complicated burdens of thought; but in the case of English prose, since we have had neither an Academy nor a cloistered body of learned men for whom books have been chiefly written, if there is to be a standard which shall be a common measure for Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, and Burke, or in this century for Macaulay, Newman, Ruskin, and Thackeray, we must find for that common measure a style which will be read by all classes of men, and which will carry the weight of high and earnest ideas. In France there is a gulf between literature and the peasants whom Millet painted; in England, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, one of the monuments of the language, was the work of a tinker; and one might recall, too, Stevenson's story of the Welsh blacksmith who learned to read in order to add Robinson Crusoe to his possibilities of experience. It is a striking fact that, as the generations pass by, the books which are still regularly and constantly reprinted are those like Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels and the Pilgrim's Progress, which appeal not only to a highly educated upper class, but to the moderately educated middle and lower classes: in literature, as in everything else in England and America, the final appeal is to the broad democracy. In the second place, it is notable that the books which do survive, at any rate in the case of prose, — for in the case of poetry final causes are deeper and more complex, — are written so often by men with a purpose, men who have a mission to make the world better. In this century, for instance, it is significant that the masters of prose style have been such prophets, — or should we say sons of the prophets? — as Carlyle and Newman and Ruskin and Arnold. There is something in the genius of the people which brings the language to its noblest heights when it carries a message that is to arouse the people above themselves; and something in the genius of the language which makes it inevitable that when the language reaches these high points it shall show most strongly these two qualities of simplicity and earnestness.

In the style of the English Bible it is obvious that these qualities of simplicity and earnestness are dominating and general. A closer analysis adds as the most notable characteristics, on the one hand, the convincing directness of statement and the constant use of imagery, both of which may be ascribed for the moment to the original writers; and on the other hand, the simplicity of the words, the earnestness and dignity, and the sustained and strongly marked rhythm. As we are concerned here with the Bible only as a work of literature, I may merely note in passing that the directness of statement gives to the style an unsurpassed power of carrying its readers with it; that all the books of the Bible are set forth as statements of facts, never as an apology or justifica-

tion of the facts; and that the effect of this confidence is to give to the Bible a virility and robustness which in themselves make it a worthy model of a great national style. The constant use of figurative language to expound hard doctrines, too, as in the discussion of faith in the Epistle to the Hebrews, or in the first verses of the Gospel of St. John, explains the power that the Bible has had to speak to all generations, and to set each generation to puzzling out for itself an interpretation into its own ephemeral habits of thought; for concrete things — the lilies of the field, the sowing of the seed, the morning stars — are to us the same things that they were to the men of nineteen hundred or four thousand years ago, whereas abstractions inevitably pass with the generation for whose particular stage of knowledge and thought they were made.

When you turn to the other points, and first to the words, you note at once their simplicity, and that they are prevailingly Anglo-Saxon. The mere fact that they are Anglo-Saxon, rather than French or Latin, means nothing; the significance lies in the fact that Anglo-Saxon words still stand for the concrete, tangible objects of life, and that our words of theorizing and abstraction we have drawn from the Latin; it is the difference between such phrases as "this is my body which is given for you" of the Gospel, and "not only in quality of external signs and sacramental representations, but in their essential properties and substantial reality," of the theologians. In the Bible, the way in which the words carry to all men, whether learned or ignorant, the same sense of reality, of the actual things of life, depends on the fact that they are words of the simplest kind, naming the things which are the stuff of every-day experience. Their simplicity not only makes them sure of being understood by all men, but also of meaning always the same things to all men. With this simplicity of language goes always an immense earnestness and dignity of style: the translation as we have it seems fused and transfigured by the glow of an inward fervor. Whether it be in the domestic details of Jacob's family life, or in the love of David for his son Absalom, or in the world-sweeping imagery of Job or Isaiah, there is the same unstudied, unforced heightening of the substance by the form. These translators could find nothing trivial in the word of God, and their reverence lifted everything to the same plane of earnest and inspired dignity. To a more technical analysis this earnestness and dignity are shown in the rhythm, which is more strongly marked and sustained than in any other work of English prose. This rhythm throbs not only in Job and in the Psalms, where the parallelism of Hebrew poetry produces in English a very firmly stressed balance, but also in the cooler and quieter passages of the narrative books, such as Genesis, and Samuel, and St. Luke. As a whole, it is of course a truism that the Bible is musical and rhythmical beyond the ordinary use of the language. At times, as in the prophets or in St. Paul's Epistles, it has a fire and vehemence which leave no line between prose and poetry; but even in the narrative the earnestness and glowing faith of the writers and translators, needing a stronger medium than the subdued rhythm of ordinary prose, struck out the intenser vibration which brings the style near to the stronger and more rapid movement of verse.

Such, then, we may consider the general characteristics of the style of the Bible. Obviously such a style can be, for ordinary writers with ordinary purposes, only a standard: it is not often that there arises a man of the weight of character and the sustained enthusiasm, or a subject of the lasting and dominant interest, that such a style demands. To go back to the figure, the style of the Bible is at the apex of the arch, the most necessary,

yet, as the highest, a unique example of English prose. Nevertheless, though the days of the apostles, as of the giants, have passed by, yet the standard remains; and directness of statement, lasting power of convincing, simplicity of words, earnestness and dignity, and a moving rhythm have been the qualities of every prose style which has become classical in English literature.

Now, these qualities all appear together, for the first time in English, in Tyndale's version of the New Testament, and they appear also in his own writings as well as in his translations. Tyndale's active life, it will be remembered, fell in the first third of the sixteenth century: he was at Oxford about 1500, and at Cambridge when Erasmus was teaching there about 1510; he published his first translation of the New Testament in 1525; and he was martyred in 1536. Before this time English prose hardly existed. Caxton set up his printing press about 1476; but the style of his greatest prose author, Sir Thomas Malory, for all its charm and sweetness, is nearly as archaic as Chaucer, and it has far less relation to the realities of our life to-day. In general, those of Tyndale's contemporaries who had the education necessary to make literature — and it is rare that literature is made except by educated men — were at that time writing in Latin, the universal language of the educated; they looked down on English as the speech of the unschooled, of the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Sir Thomas More, writing for educated men, put his Utopia into Latin; and as late as 1544 Roger Ascham apologized for writing his Toxophilus in English. I suppose that, to some fastidious churchmen of the time, it may have seemed a blasphemous irreverence to put the word of God into a language that was used only for the commonest needs of life. Tyndale, however, passed by all such narrowness of sympathy and taste; borne on by the great purpose of making "the boy that drove the plough know more of the Scriptures" than the learned doctors of his time, he had no theories about the dignity or suitability of the language of his day. He did not hesitate to use the words which served the ends of a vigorous people, living an active and expanding life, to set forth the great and vital truths of the Scriptures; and he was justified by the result. In his great achievement of making the English Reformation inevitable, he incidentally and quite unconsciously was the pioneer in adding a new language to the field of literature.

In the case of the Bible it is possible to show pretty closely the indebtedness of the Authorized Version to Tyndale's translations. Briefly, the history of the successive versions of the sixteenth century is as follows: the King James version of 1611 is based (indirectly, through the intermediate Bishops' Bible of 1568) on the Great Bible of 1539; the Great Bible is a revision of Matthew's Bible of 1537; Matthew's Bible reproduces Tyndale's version as far as it went, — that is, the whole of the New Testament, and the Old Testament through the second book of Chronicles. Of the other versions which contributed in some degree to the final state of the Authorized Version, Coverdale's Bible of 1535 was a revision of Tyndale's with the help of the German translation; the Geneva version of 1560 was another revision of Tyndale's and of the versions based on his, this time by the extreme Protestants during the exile; the Rheims and Douay version, which was sent out by the Roman Catholic seminaries in France to offset the Protestant versions, had so little circulation, and is so grotesquely different, that we may neglect it here. How closely all these versions except the last followed Tyndale any one may see for himself by comparing a page at random in the English Hexapla, which prints in parallel columns the versions

of Tyndale and of Cranmer, and the Geneva, the Rheims, and the Authorized; in places, especially in the Epistles, one can go four or five lines at a time without finding a single change. Here are two well-known passages from Tyndale:

"And ther were in the same region shepherdes abydinge in the felde and watching their flocke by nyght. And loo: the angell of the lorde stode harde by them and the brightnes of the lorde shone rounde aboute them and they were soore afrayed. But the angell sayd unto them: Be not afrayed. For beholde I bringe you tydinges of greate joye that shal come to all the people; for unto you is borne this daye in the cite of David a saveoure which is Christ the lorde. And take this for a signe: ye shal fynde the chylde swadled and layed in a manger. And streight waye ther was with the angell a multitude of hevenly sowdiers laudinge God and sayinge: Glory to God on hye and peace on the erth: and unto men reioysinge."

And: —

"But now is Christ rysen from deeth and is be come the fyrst frutes of them that slept. For by a man came deeth and by a man came resurreccion from deeth. For as by Adam all dye: even so by Christ shal all be made alive and every man in his awne order. The fyrst is Christ, then they that are Christis at his commynge. Then commeth the ende when he hath delivered up the kyngdome to God the father when he hath put doune all rule auctorite and power. For he must raygne till he have put all his enemyes under his fete.

"The last enemye that shal be destroyed is deeth. For he hath put all thinges under his fete. But when he sayth all thinges are put under him it is manyfest that he is excepted which dyd put all thinges under him. When all thinges are subdued unto him: then shal the sonne also him selfe be subjecte unto him that put all thinges under him that God maye be all in all thinges."

Examples like these may be found anywhere in the New Testament, or in Tyndale's translation of the Old Testament so far as it goes. They would show that the style which Tyndale set in the beginning the successive revisers after him scrupulously respected. By one of the curious unfathered traditions which make up so much of the literary history of the sixteenth century, Coverdale has been generally credited with adding the "grace" of style which is said to mark the Authorized Version. "Grace" is not a very happy term for any style so robust and earnest, but Coverdale may well share with the other men who worked over Tyndale's words some of the praise for the perfect flexibility and smoothness attained by the final version: it is enough credit to their discretion and literary sense that they did not blunt the clearness and force which Tyndale left as the crowning virtues of his noble prose. His indebtedness to Wiclif's version it is hard to fix, for in the one hundred and fifty years between them the language underwent great changes, and, moreover, Wiclif had only the Vulgate to translate from. It is safe, however, to ascribe to Tyndale the important qualities of the style, — the energy, the contagious earnestness, the resonance and vibration that give it power over the deeper feelings, and the lasting vividness of wording by which it holds its place in modern literature. Tyndale, then, in his version determined the style of the English Bible.

What pitfalls might have been in his way we realize when we examine the Rheims version. This translation was sent out in 1582 by the English priests in the seminaries of France to counteract the influence of the Protestant versions, which they could no longer hope to see crushed out. It was such a version as the priests thought could be put into the hands of the laity without tempting them to heresy, so that it was explicitly guided by

a theological purpose. The results of the purpose show in such passages as this: "And beneficence and communication do not forget, for with such hosts God is promerited. Obey your prelates and be subject unto them;" which stands for the passage in the Authorized Version: "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves." Here the very narrowness of the theology betrayed itself: the good fathers were so eager that their flocks should not stray from the narrow borders of the truth as they saw it themselves, that they could be content only with the intellectual precision of theological terms. The "hosts" is for "hostiis" in the Vulgate, a word that had gathered as definite a theological meaning as had "prelates;" and they used these narrow theological terms, which had for them the only meaning that the church would allow the words to bear, to their own confusion; for such a version was worse than nothing, to spread among the common people. Perhaps nothing explains more palpably than this translation why the Roman Catholics never regained their hold on England. Tyndale passed far above all such pitfalls: he says in his Prologue to the five books of Moses: "which thing only moved me to translate the New Testament, because I had perceived by experience how that it was impossible to establish the lay people in any truth except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their own tongue, that they might see the process, order, and meaning of the text." His purpose was too high, too large, to lead him into any danger of forcing personal or local or ephemeral meaning into the words of the Scriptures; he set it forth in as broad and natural words in the English as he had found it in the Greek or the Hebrew. Instead of narrowing the significance of a simple palpable fact or a figure of speech, as in "The spirit of God moved upon the water," in the first verse of Genesis of his version, or in "We always bear in our bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Jesus might appear in our bodies," in his translation of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, he reproduced it exactly as he had found it in the original, leaving it free from all theological interpretation, to speak for itself to different men and different generations.

To go on, however, this same lucidity and simplicity, transfused with a contagious energy and warmth of feeling, are found just as clearly in Tyndale's own writings. He is so intent on establishing the lay people in the truth that his style is as simple and as limpid as Swift's, though incomparably warmer. Here is an example of his writing, the close of his Prologue to the second book of Moses: —

"If any man ask me, seeing that faith justify me, Why I work? I answer, Love compelleth me. For as long as my soul feeleth what love God hath shewed me in Christ, I cannot but love God again, and his will and commandments, and of love work them, nor can they seem hard unto me. I think myself not better for my working, nor seek heaven, nor an higher place in heaven, because of it. For a Christian worketh to make his weak brother perfecter, and not to seek an higher place in heaven. I compare not myself unto him that worketh not. No, he that worketh not to-day, shall have grace to turn, and to work tomorrow; and in the mean season I pity him, and pray for him. If I had wrought the will of God these thousand years, and another had wrought the will of the devil as long, and this day turn and be as willing to suffer with Christ as I, he hath this day overtaken me, and is as far come as I, and shall have as much reward as I: and I envy him not, but rejoice most of all as of lost treasure found.

"For if I be of God, I have these

thousand years suffered to win him, for to come and praise the name of God with me. These thousand years have I prayed, sorrowed, longed, sighed, and sought for that which I have this day found; and therefore I rejoice with all my might, and praise God for his grace and mercy."

He is so singly intent on making the love of God a working force in the world, and he is so bent on making everything clear to people little used to abstract thought, that his style takes on a quality of firmness and openness of construction that keep it from being archaic. It shows in itself, as in this example, the same power of convincing directness, of simplicity, and of exaltation and glow that I have pointed out as the crowning virtues of the style of the Bible.

But it is possible to go even further. It is true of all literature that there is no good style which is not a sincere style, which is not intimately individual; therefore, if we accept Tyndale as the originator of the moving power which we find in the style of our English Bible, it must be possible to go further and point out in the man himself the qualities which confer this power. I have no space here for a detailed account of the man's life: of how, after getting all the education which the English universities could afford him and coming under the influence of Colet and Erasmus, he became from the time of his early manhood possessed with the mission of spreading the truth of the gospel through the whole nation; of how, when refused permission to make his translation in London, he went into exile in Germany, and there, laboring under hardships and persecutions, he finished the New Testament and sent it secretly to England; and how, laboring quietly and humbly to complete his task, he was finally betrayed, imprisoned, and put to death. The story is best read in Foxe's Book of Martyrs, where it is told with many sympathetic touches of reality. Foxe says of him: —

"Such was the power of his doctrine and the sincerity of his life that during the time of his imprisonment (which endured a year and a half) it is said he converted his keeper, the keeper's daughter, and others of his household; also the rest that were with Tyndale, confined in the castle, reported of him that if he were not a good Christian man, they could not tell whom to trust.

"The Procurator General, the Emperor's attorney, left this testimony of him, that he was 'homo doctus, pius, et bonus' — a learned, a good, and a godly man."

Everything that we know of Tyndale tells the same story: his whole life was devoted to his mission; but when he was not called on to testify, he was retiring and deeply humble. Simple-minded, trustful, full of the warmest feelings and affections, he was earnest and glowing in his service of God, broad-minded and single in his clinging to the simplest and highest truths of the gospel. The strength and depth of his belief carried him unflinching to his death at the stake. Even in his polemical discussions with Sir Thomas More, he stands out in contrast to that gentlest and most humorous man of the times for his good sense, for his self-control, for his broad spirit of tolerance and love. For prototypes of him we must go back to the days of the apostles. There is a striking resemblance beween the temper of Tyndale's own writings and that of the Epistles of St. Paul, a likeness in the habit of thought, in the swift passage from argument to exhortation, in the unconscious personal references, in the eagerness to impress the truth upon the minds of his readers; and on the other hand, nowhere does the style of the Bible attain a higher earnestness and pitch of feeling than in the translation of the Epistles of St. Paul. It is not fantastic, I think, to argue that this likeness in style is based upon a likeness of character: both were educated men, both were filled with the spirit of God,

both were impelled to spread the word of God beyond the limits which had been set by the authorities of the day, both in the end gave their lives for their mission. If there has been an apostle since St. Paul's times, it surely is Tyndale; for he had the single love for mankind, the consuming faith, the insight through accidents to the essentials, that made him the man who should bring back the power of the gospel to England. Not every man with a love for his fellow men can do them all the good he wishes; nor does a perfect faith and an insight that cannot be baffled carry with it always the power of bringing light to other men's minds: it was Tyndale's endowment for his mission that he added to zeal love, — the quality which in some ways is better expressed by our broader word "charity," — and to them both a scholarship and soundness of judgment that sent him directly and surely to the heart of the problem of giving a new life among his own people to the truths that so deeply moved him. When one has once grasped this nobility and power of Tyndale's character, all difficulty, I think, disappears in understanding how it was that his style of writing stamped itself so indelibly on the style of the English translations of the Bible. Indeed, prophesying after the fact, it seems inevitable that such strength of feeling and loftiness of purpose must have determined the way in which the great originals should express themselves in the new language. Given truths of such lasting and overwhelming importance, shut up in languages which the people could not understand, it is clear that a mere man of letters or a scholar would in no way have been equal to the occasion. Here was a case when the scholar and the man of letters must be also an apostle inspired with the ardor of the apostolic spirit; and when the scholarship and the instinct for style were so inspired and turned to the service of opening the word of God to a fresh and vigorous nation the product besides its main purpose became also a great monument of literature.

I cannot close more fitly than by setting forth again this character of the man and of his mission; and to do so I know no passage so illuminating as a letter printed by Foxe in his Book of Martyrs, which Tyndale wrote from Antwerp to Frith when the latter was in prison, before his martyrdom. This letter cannot be assigned to Tyndale beyond all possible question, for writers in those days were accustomed to put words into the mouths of the people whom they wrote about; but apart from the testimony of the letter itself, and from the way in which it is written, there are various other references to it in Foxe which seem to remove all danger in saying that it is Tyndale's. At any rate, it is worth quoting, if for no other reason than to rescue from oblivion what is at once so noble and so beautiful a piece of English prose and so perfect a portrayal of Tyndale: —

"Brother Jacob, beloved in my heart: there liveth not in whom I have so good hope and trust, and in whom my heart rejoiceth, and my soul comforteth herself, as in you; not the thousandth part so much for your learning, and what other gifts else you have, as because you will creep alow by the ground, and walk in those things that the conscience may feel, and not in the imaginations of the brain; in fear, and not in boldness; in open necessary things, and not to pronounce or define of hid secrets, or things that neither help nor hinder, whether it be so or no; in unity, and not in seditious opinions; insomuch that if you be sure you know, yet in things that may abide leisure, you will defer, and say (till others agree with you), 'Methinks the text requireth this sense or understanding.' Yea, and if you be sure that if your part be good, and another hold to the contrary, yet if it be a thing that maketh no matter, you will laugh and let it pass, and refer the thing to other

men, and stick you stiff and stubbornly in earnest and necessary things. And I trust you be persuaded even so of me: for I call God to record against the day we shall all appear before our Lord Jesus, to give a reckoning of our doings, that I never altered one syllable of God's word against my conscience, nor would this day, if all that is in the earth, whether it be pleasure, honour, or riches, might be given me. . . .

"Finally if there were in me any gift that could help at hand, and aid you if need required, I promise you I would not be far off, and commit the end to God. My soul is not faint, though my body be weary. But God hath made me evil favoured in this world, and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow witted; your part shall be to supply what lacketh in me; remembering that as lowliness of heart shall make you high with God, even so meekness of words shall make you to sink into the hearts of men. Nature giveth age authority, but meekness is the glory of youth, and giveth them honour. Abundance of love maketh me exceed in babbling. . . .

"The mighty God of Jacob be with you to supplant his enemies and give you the favour of Joseph; and the wisdom and the spirit of Stephen be with your heart and with your mouth and teach your lips what they shall say and how to answer all things. He is our God, if we despair in ourselves, and trust in him; and his is the glory. Amen.

"I hope our redemption is nigh.

WILLIAM TYNDALE."

After such words, one can add little. I think that I have shown that Tyndale's own style at its best rose to the level of the English Bible; and his own purpose and character were so noble and powerful that they may well account for the splendid style of his translation. His achievement for English prose style always reminds me of the noble passage in The Virginians in which Thackeray, speaking of Washington, points out that in the war which began in the backwoods of America, and spread thence over two continents; which divided Europe; which deprived France of all her American possessions, and in the end England of most of hers, — that in all this great war the man who came out with the highest fame and the most glory was the man who fired the first shot. So in the case of Tyndale and the art of writing in English prose: after nearly four centuries, in which the English language has been enormously expanded; in which it has been exposed to the barbarisms of slang or of the modern scientific diction, and to the Latinisms of an undiluted classical education; in which the style now has been trimmed by the academic rules of Dryden and Dr. Johnson, now has run loose in the rambling euphony of the Religio Medici or the exquisite discursiveness of De Quincey, — after all the action and the reaction of time it is still true that the type of prose style which no good writer can forget, about which all varieties of prose style centre, is the style of the first man who ever used printed English to speak to the nation as a whole.

J. H. Gardiner.

THE BACHELOR IN THE WOOD.

BEAUTY I trod, who trod in bridal woods
A midnight galaxy of violets,
A milky way of flushed spring beauties, starred
With pleiads of all-golden addertongue, —
How could that blossomed fire be else than this,
The height of a woman's ankle in the wood?

Passion I breathed, who found all air a harp
To passionate brown thrushes shaken and thrilled,
The pauses in that magic minstrelsy
Filled with a music's echo of cardinals, —
How could that warbled fire be else than this,
The height of a woman's lips within the wood?

But love, but love, how shall I find it here,
O April, Aphrodite, here alone?
Those send the bees to find their sister flowers,
These sing unto their mates; but love, my love?
Is it where the hawk hangs on the moving cloud,
The height of a woman's heart above the wood?

Joseph Russell Taylor.

LITTLE MORTALS.

I.

THE ETERNAL MASCULINE.

THEODORE BLINKS sat swinging his legs from the cornice of the new house, — or rather, from what was destined to be the cornice of the new house. At present, it consisted of but a few boards lightly nailed together, and projecting beyond the framework of the second floor. His position, to an impartial observer, must have seemed somewhat precarious.

The sun was gone, and a solemn moon was slowly rising in the sky, peeping between the rafters and boards of this skeleton dwelling, and finally casting its glance, with grave disapproval, full upon the boy. He felt the moon's disapproval, and promptly became more reckless. Besides, two figures in petticoats stood below, and the awed admiration he felt sure their faces expressed urged him on.

"I bet I can get up on the ridgepole!" he called down to these two little beings, whose feet were on terra firma, but whose hearts were in their mouths. For they both loved the brave boy who essayed such valiant deeds.

"Oh, *please* don't!" pleaded Lucy, clasping her hands. Her head was thrown so far back that her pigtails reached her waist; her round blue eyes were raised beseechingly.

But Marcia danced about in an ecstasy of terror and pride and delight. "Yes! Yes! Do!" she cried.

The boy regarded them both for a moment with lordly benignity, though the expression of his face was not revealed to the maidens below. Then, swinging around, he balanced himself delicately on the crosspiece, made his way from beam to rafter, and began the ticklish ascent.

The figures in petticoats stood motionless, tense, the light head and the dark both thrown back now, the blue eyes and the brown both uplifted to that manly form silhouetted in black against the moonlit sky; crawling up the thin ribs of the skeleton house, squirming against them, clinging to them, evading by scarce a foothold those inky interludes of nothingness which waited to swallow him.

The moon also was looking at him: its gaze was fixed in sinister meaning; its light danced uncertainly from rafter to rafter, slipping from the edge of the substance to the edge of the void and uniting the two, as though to deceive the boy.

Infinite terror, unbearable suspense, clutched at the hearts of the maidens below, — clutched them so that they could not stir, even to beat.

Suddenly the clutch relaxed, and with a great bound the two hearts, all swollen with pride and delight, leaped up right into the throats of the girls, strangling them until they gasped for breath.

"He 's up," breathed Lucy.

"I knew he could! I knew he could!" Marcia shouted, dancing again.

But the boy did not rest long at the end of the ridgepole, nor did he deign to swing himself, riding it safely as one might a barebacked horse, along its length. He rose upright, and, balancing himself with outstretched arms, his figure swaying a little from side to side, began to walk to the rooftree at its centre.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" Lucy murmured. She fell to praying for the boy; inarticulately, and with a passionate earnestness which may have atoned for her utter lack of faith. For to the Deity she said: "Please don't let him fall! Oh, please don't let him fall!" And to herself she said: "I know he will fall! Oh, I *know* he will fall!"

Marcia neither murmured nor prayed. An image of stone she stood, with lips set hard and eyes unswerving from the boy; and as she looked, a tiny flame of ambition came creeping, creeping into her mind. It dropped little sparks through every vein of her body, and grew until it was a great fire, setting her brain ablaze, and lighting her thoughts into lurid boldness.

To think and to do was all one with Marcia. And Lucy did not miss her. That small person was still alternately praying and impiously declaring her unbelief in prayer; still alternately screwing her eyes up tight and opening them wide; still enduring that renewed clutch on her heart which would not let her breathe.

Marcia had reached the second floor. Oh, the terror of the slipping light and the black, black darkness; the awful eye of the moon transfixing her; the whitish shine of the skeleton beams inviting her, luring her — to destruction!

But stronger than fear of all these horrors was the power which invited and lured her to the ridgepole, — to the middle of the ridgepole, where the boy sat, lordly and safe, swinging his legs, and wondering why only one figure regarded him from below. Not that he cared, — not he!

For against the lurid background made by her flaming mind Marcia saw herself sitting beside him: his equal in courage and achievement, his comrade in danger and exaltation; above all, the blessed recipient of his praise. This vision enticed her on, stayed her slipping foot, nerved her palsied hand, steadied her swimming senses. And at last Lucy saw a figure in petticoats lying along the ribs of the roof, slowly wriggling upwards, sitting

across the end of the ridgepole! Ah, the bitter self-abasement of Lucy! She could never, never do that, — *never!* And the boy would despise her: she must live on to see the exaltation of Marcia. Even if Marcia got killed, she would have died for *him*. And toward so happy an end as this Lucy's thought fluttered fearfully. If she only could — but she knew she could n't.

Marcia, on the end of the ridgepole, felt she had reached her limit. She could get no nearer to the boy than that; even sitting across the pole, she dared not wriggle herself over to his side; she knew she would fall. But surely she had done enough to win the boy's lasting admiration.

Theodore, in order to demonstrate his complete indifference to the invisible incense of praise and adoration rising from below, had turned himself about, and so sat with his back to Marcia. How surprised he would be when she called to him! — very gently, of course, lest, being startled, he should fall.

He would scarcely be able to believe it; then he would be filled with a tender admiration; then he would help her down, so carefully and so gently. With him to guide her she would feel quite safe. But she was really sorry for Lucy. Poor Lucy! She had no spirit, though, and could n't expect to be the boy's companion in high exploit.

"Teddy!"

Her voice was very low, but it frightened her. The boy did not hear it.

"Teddy, — oh, Teddy!"

"Hello! Where are you? Hiding down there in the house?"

He knew it was Marcia's voice. He would n't be surprised if she was up to some mischief. He tightened his legs about the pole and peered down into the cavernous inside of the house. If she threw a chip to him, he would catch it; if she shouted "Boo!" he would n't budge.

"No, Teddy. I 'm up here, — at the end of the ridgepole." She too tightened her hold. That tremor of delight at the thought of his seeing her there threatened to shake her off.

"Aw! come off!" Theodore Blinks swung himself around cautiously; and then he beheld Marcia, — yes, a figure in petticoats, straddling the ridgepole!

That was a sight for masculine eyes. But wrath must be kept down for the moment by caution. The figure in petticoats, unduly startled, might descend too precipitously from its wholly unsuitable altitude. When he got her down, he 'd show her!

The boy stared hard a moment without speaking. Then he said, "Sit still and hold on tight till I come."

Perhaps the voice froze her; perhaps the sinking weight of her heart held her. She sat very still.

Theodore did not walk on the pole toward her; he worked himself along quietly, and did not speak again until he could lay his hand on her arm. Then he said: "Now I 'll try to get you down. *Do just as I tell you, and don't stir unless I say so.*"

Although still so high in body, Marcia's spirits were lying low. She had no thought but obedience, no hope but safety. The cold authority of the boy's voice steadied her nerves, but it paralyzed her hopes. They fell down like shot birds.

Slowly, very slowly, the two descended. Lucy would have liked to run away; she felt as though she could not bear it. Yet she was riveted to her post of observation; fear and suspense and curiosity held her fast. But she was going away — somewhere. She would tell them she was glad they were safe, and then they would never see her again. Her fate was so pitiful that tears filled her eyes at thought of it.

Suddenly Lucy screamed; then stood rigid in strained listening. To that crash of something falling through the house had succeeded a terrible silence. She hardly dared lift her eyes again to

where the figures had been. She did lift them, though, and the figures were still there.

"Hold fast; it 's only a plank falling." But Marcia herself had come very near falling. It was lucky the boy's nerves were steady, and his hand was strong.

On they came, nearer and nearer the earth, nearer and nearer Lucy. Proud little words of greeting walked in and out of her head. None were sufficiently distant and yet indifferent enough. They should not know that she cared; perhaps they would miss her a little when she was gone.

"*There!* and it 's lucky for you you ain't smashed to pieces!"

Marcia's feet were on the ground, but she trembled so she could hardly keep them there; and the boy was wrestling with an almost irresistible impulse to shake this intolerable creature by the arm he still grasped, — shake her hard and long, until his outraged feelings were jostled out of him, and her abominable pride and impudence were jostled out of her.

However, he released her arm with a jerk, and, stepping back a pace, burst out scornfully: "I s'pose you think you 're awful smart; but you could n't walk on the ridgepole, anyway, and you could n't 'a' got to me if you 'd 'a' died for it. You ain't anything but a girl, anyway, and girls have n't got any business trying to do things boys do. *Now* you go home to your ma, and ask her to keep you there!"

Lucy could scarcely believe her ears. With wide eyes she watched the retreating figure of Marcia, — Marcia, whom she had thought exalted above all girl-kind, now fallen lower than any. To the outraged lord before her she dared not speak, but waited meekly, with eyes downcast. And she felt unspeakably thankful that she had been afraid.

Theodore Blinks also watched Marcia's retreating figure.

"There, she 's gone, an' good riddance! That kind of girl ain't no good. Come along, Lucy."

Happy Lucy, slipping her hand into his, trotted at his side until they reached her gate. There the boy said good-night, turned away, and then turned back again.

"Say, Lucy, did n't I look pretty high, up there?"

Lucy shivered. "Yes, awful high."

"Did you think I was going to fall?"

"I was awful afraid."

The boy laughed scornfully. "Aw! that ain't nothing." He hesitated a moment. "I s'pose you would n't have durst, would you?"

"Oh my, no!"

Theodore stood reflectively on one foot, kicking against the gate with the other.

"Want ter go berryin' to-morrer?"

"Yes, Teddy."

"All right," and with a "Whoop!" he sped down the road.

II.

WITCHCRAFT.

When one is engaged in the intricacies of theological discussion, the cows may linger as they will over the sweets of the roadside. And the July twilight lingers also, transforming hitherto unseen cloud-bits into spirits floating through ether, the beauty and the joy of them translated for mortal eyes into ineffable, heavenly tints and lights.

Could the thought of God be translated into mortal symbols, might not the light-crowned summits of purple hills seem fit resting places for the feet of a Deity passing through such a world as this, — a world enwrapped in July twilight?

It was this question, considered literally rather than symbolically, which engrossed the attention of two small boys who should have been absorbed, rather, in getting the hotel cows under cover for the night.

The older of them — and even he was yet very young — held to the affirmative with a zeal which lent to his whole ragged little figure an odd air of nervous energy.

"Of course God could walk on top o' those hills. He could reach between any two o' them easy as not; an' if He could n't, He 'd make it so He could, — an' so He could, anyway!"

Hieronymus Tubbs waved his stick, as he spoke, toward the hills which rose beyond the meadow levels where he walked. His uplifted face wore the evening light, and his eyes shone with the excitement of debate. He had quite forgotten the cows.

"No, He could n't, either."

This disputant was even smaller than Hieronymus, but he spoke in a matter-of-fact way which gave his words great weight, and his quiet blue eyes seemed to measure, as though with reference to some actual basis of comparison, the distance between the glowing summits before him. Timothy Parsons was carried away by no flight of fancy from the actual business in hand, and the cow which ventured nearest received an energetic thwack from his stick.

Hieronymus jerked excitedly at the string which, with precarious clutch, held his trousers in place.

"Not those hills! Why, they ain't anything to Him! You take those mountains back of the hotel, and maybe He could n't, — lest He wanted to make them different, or Himself, or something. But those hills there He could reach between, just as easy. Look at those two little fellows, now: 't ain't any way between them at all, — not for God."

Timothy regarded them critically, squinting his eyes up to measure with greater exactitude.

"No, I tell you, He could n't, — not even between them two little ones."

The blood flew to Hieronymus's head. He spoke in utter scorn: "I s'pose you think He can't do anything He wants?"

"I s'pose He 's made things the way He wants," was the calm rejoinder.

"Well, anyway, you don't *know*. You ain't ever *seen* Him."

"Yes, I have too, — often."

Hieronymus stared. It was possible, of course, — anything is possible. And Timothy had talked all along as if he really knew, somehow. Now his calm assurance was explained. But one must not be too credulous.

"*When* did you see Him?"

"Oh, lots of times."

"*Where* did you see Him?"

"He 's staying up at the hotel."

Although this statement might seem quite credible to adult minds, Hieronymus whistled in surprise. For a time he walked on in silence. The majestic conception of Deity stepping from radiant hilltop to radiant hilltop was fading reluctantly from the mind of the boy. His eyes were clouded, and he gazed before him somewhat wistfully. Still, fallen as were his ideals, great interest attached to the gleaning of information.

"How high *is* He, then, Timothy?"

"Oh," — Timothy looked about him for some just means of comparison, and finally hit upon a great elm which in solitary grandeur crowned a knoll ahead, — "'bout as high as that tree."

Hieronymus looked earnestly at the tree, and then back to his hilltops again.

"He could n't, then," the boy admitted.

The light was gone from the hilltops; it was time the cows were home. But the twilight still lingered, and over the knoll where the elm tree grew appeared the figure of a young girl. She was dressed all in purest white, and her hair was like the deepest shadows which nestled among the hills. Timothy recognized her at once, and nudged Hieronymus.

"That 's the witch," he said.

"*Who — that?* How d' you know?"

"The hotel folks says so."

The girl came nearer, and spying the

cows paused doubtfully, gathering up her skirts as though for flight. But when her eyes lighted upon the keepers of the beasts, the fright in them gave way to amusement. If the keepers were so very small the danger could not be so very great, or thus she seemed to argue. So the girl came forward smilingly toward the lads, the sight of whom had partly driven from her mind a certain perplexing problem which she had walked out alone to consider.

She must decide sometime. But how could she decide until — until she knew? Men are so impatient. If he would only wait till she had time to make up her mind! So, knowing he would join her on the piazza and suggest a stroll, the girl had slipped away alone into the twilight, and now wished he would follow and find her. If he wanted to, he could. This was a way they often came together; and when at his side she was not afraid of the cows. She was not walking quite as fast as a runaway should.

Hieronymus, never having seen a witch before, stared hard at the girl. He did not feel afraid. He had never dreamed witches looked like that. In the picture books they were old and scrawny and ugly. He thought he liked witches. Timothy, though he had already readjusted his ideas upon the subject, was scarcely less interested. In truth, he adored the witch, and found reality at once stranger and sweeter than fiction.

"Don't let your cows hurt me, will you, boys?"

"No, ma'am, they won't hurt you."

The boys stood still as she passed, and then looked after her. She made a luminous spot in the great stretch of dusk. Her voice lingered in the still air like the silvery ringing of fairy bells.

Down the path through the fields came another figure, very different from that which had vanished. It was clad in black, and it stooped, as though with weariness.

Timothy nudged Hieronymus again.

"That's the angel," he said. "I heard the witch say she was an angel."

The old woman drew slowly nearer. She was not afraid of the cows. Upon the boys she smiled very gently. And though she was not beautiful nor clad in white, when she smiled they recognized her right to angelic identity. Still, the picture books were sadly astray in this matter of witches and angels. Hieronymus felt a sense as of something lost and something gained. If angels could go with wrinkled faces and clad in black, witches could be very, very beautiful, and could lead captive the fancy of any small boy who chanced to pass one by. For the witch he would do anything. Ah, if one of the cows had but been fierce, that he might have saved her from it! Perhaps, if he had been in trouble himself, he might have thought of the angel, but of course this did not occur to him. And as he stood there, just where the path branched, he would have followed the witch into the luminous west, rather than have gone after the angel as she walked toward the darkening north.

They had not gone far beyond that split in the path before Timothy's powers of identification were again called into play. Across the field came a very tall being, stalking rapidly. He walked with the mien of one who has some end in view other than the pleasure of a lonely evening stroll; and he was looking eagerly about, as though this end were something movable, which might escape him.

Timothy stood still, and spoke low.

"That's God," said he, and felt called upon to make no explanation. Was he not the tallest of beings? It was sufficient.

Perhaps the deepening twilight lent an almost superhuman loftiness and dignity to the very tall figure approaching, for Hieronymus reflected that it *was* just about as tall as the great elm tree. And — no, tall as it was, it could n't walk on the tops of the hills. He gazed stead-

ily, and though the dusk was gathering closer, and though that face was so far above his, its look of eager watchfulness and seeking did not escape him.

"He 's going after one of 'em," he whispered to Timothy.

"I guess it 's the witch," Timothy whispered back.

And straightway fear came upon the hearts of both. For what destruction might not fall upon a wicked (though beautiful) witch, if thus sought and captured! Within the mind of Hieronymus was born the desire to save her; even though she merited destruction, he would save her! The sound of her silvery voice, the vision of her beautiful face and luminous garments, were with him yet. What though she was wicked and a witch? He loved her!

And of course the angel could suffer no harm.

The tall figure paused before the lads, as though wishing to ask some question, yet hesitating to do so. In the deepening dusk it towered mightily. Hieronymus felt his heart in his mouth, but he dared not risk delay. A valiant lover he, courting instant annihilation for the sake of his lady; for if He *were* seeking the witch, and found Himself misdirected —

Hieronymus jerked his thumb over his shoulder, pointing down the path the angel had taken. "She went that way," he said, and then he took to his heels. Timothy could mind the cows; he, Hieronymus, must seek to escape the wrath to come. For the figure had followed the angel, and the boy felt sure — quite sure — that it desired to follow the witch!

V. Yeaman Remnitz.

MR. CHARLES W. CHESNUTT'S STORIES.

The critical reader of the story called The Wife of his Youth, which appeared in these pages two years ago, must have noticed uncommon traits in what was altogether a remarkable piece of work. The first was the novelty of the material; for the writer dealt not only with people who were not white, but with people who were not black enough to contrast grotesquely with white people, — who in fact were of that near approach to the ordinary American in race and color which leaves, at the last degree, every one but the connoisseur in doubt whether they are Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-African. Quite as striking as this novelty of the material was the author's thorough mastery of it, and his unerring knowledge of the life he had chosen in its peculiar racial characteristics. But above all, the story was notable for the passionless handling of a phase of our common life which is tense with potential tragedy; for the attitude, almost ironical, in which the artist observes the play of contesting emotions in the drama under his eyes; and for his apparently reluctant, apparently helpless consent to let the spectator know his real feeling in the matter. Any one accustomed to study methods in fiction, to distinguish between good and bad art, to feel the joy which the delicate skill possible only from a love of truth can give, must have known a high pleasure in the quiet self-restraint of the performance; and such a reader would probably have decided that the social situation in the piece was studied wholly from the outside, by an observer with special opportunities for knowing it, who was, as it were, surprised into final sympathy.

Now, however, it is known that the author of this story is of negro blood, — diluted, indeed, in such measure that if he did not admit this descent few would imagine it, but still quite of that middle

world which lies next, though wholly outside, our own. Since his first story appeared he has contributed several others to these pages, and he now makes a showing palpable to criticism in a volume called The Wife of his Youth, and Other Stories of the Color Line; a volume of Southern sketches called The Conjure Woman; and a short life of Frederick Douglass, in the Beacon Series of biographies. The last is a simple, solid, straight piece of work, not remarkable above many other biographical studies by people entirely white, and yet important as the work of a man not entirely white treating of a great man of his inalienable race. But the volumes of fiction *are* remarkable above many, above most short stories by people entirely white, and would be worthy of unusual notice if they were not the work of a man not entirely white.

It is not from their racial interest that we could first wish to speak of them, though that must have a very great and very just claim upon the critic. It is much more simply and directly, as works of art, that they make their appeal, and we must allow the force of this quite independently of the other interest. Yet it cannot always be allowed. There are times in each of the stories of the first volume when the simplicity lapses, and the effect is as of a weak and uninstructed touch. There are other times when the attitude, severely impartial and studiously aloof, accuses itself of a little pompousness. There are still other times when the literature is a little too ornate for beauty, and the diction is journalistic, reporteristic. But it is right to add that these are the exceptional times, and that for far the greatest part Mr. Chesnutt seems to know quite as well what he wants to do in a given case as Maupassant, or Tourguénief, or Mr. James, or Miss Jewett, or Miss Wilkins, in other given cases, and has done it with an art of kindred quiet and force. He belongs, in other words, to the good school, the only school, all aberrations from nature being so much truancy and anarchy. He sees his people very clearly, very justly, and he shows them as he sees them, leaving the reader to divine the depth of his feeling for them. He touches all the stops, and with equal delicacy in stories of real tragedy and comedy and pathos, so that it would be hard to say which is the finest in such admirably rendered effects as The Web of Circumstance, The Bouquet, and Uncle Wellington's Wives. In some others the comedy degenerates into satire, with a look in the reader's direction which the author's friend must deplore.

As these stories are of our own time and country, and as there is not a swashbuckler of the seventeenth century, or a sentimentalist of this, or a princess of an imaginary kingdom, in any of them, they will possibly not reach half a million readers in six months, but in twelve months possibly more readers will remember them than if they had reached the half million. They are new and fresh and strong, as life always is, and fable never is; and the stories of The Conjure Woman have a wild, indigenous poetry, the creation of sincere and original imagination, which is imparted with a tender humorousness and a very artistic reticence. As far as his race is concerned, or his sixteenth part of a race, it does not greatly matter whether Mr. Chesnutt invented their motives, or found them, as he feigns, among his distant cousins of the Southern cabins. In either case, the wonder of their beauty is the same; and whatever is primitive and sylvan or campestral in the reader's heart is touched by the spells thrown on the simple black lives in these enchanting tales. Character, the most precious thing in fiction, is as faithfully portrayed against the poetic background as in the setting of the Stories of the Color Line.

Yet these stories, after all, are Mr. Chesnutt's most important work, whether we consider them merely as realistic fiction, apart from their author, or as

studies of that middle world of which he is naturally and voluntarily a citizen. We had known the nethermost world of the grotesque and comical negro and the terrible and tragic negro through the white observer on the outside, and black character in its lyrical moods we had known from such an inside witness as Mr. Paul Dunbar; but it had remained for Mr. Chesnutt to acquaint us with those regions where the paler shades dwell as hopelessly, with relation to ourselves, as the blackest negro. He has not shown the dwellers there as very different from ourselves. They have within their own circles the same social ambitions and prejudices; they intrigue and truckle and crawl, and are snobs, like ourselves, both of the snobs that snub and the snobs that are snubbed. We may choose to think them droll in their parody of pure white society, but perhaps it would be wiser to recognize that they are like us because they are of our blood by more than a half, or three quarters, or nine tenths. It is not, in such cases, their negro blood that characterizes them; but it is their negro blood that excludes them, and that will imaginably fortify them and exalt them. Bound in that sad solidarity from which there is no hope of entrance into polite white society for them, they may create a civilization of their own, which need not lack the highest quality. They need not be ashamed of the race from which they have sprung, and whose exile they share; for in many of the arts it has already shown, during a single generation of freedom, gifts which slavery apparently only obscured. With Mr. Booker Washington the first American orator of our time, fresh upon the time of Frederick Douglass; with Mr. Dunbar among the truest of our poets; with Mr. Tanner, a black American, among the only three Americans from whom the French government ever bought a picture, Mr. Chesnutt may well be willing to own his color.

But that is his personal affair. Our own more universal interest in him arises from the more than promise he has given in a department of literature where Americans hold the foremost place. In this there is, happily, no color line; and if he has it in him to go forward on the way which he has traced for himself, to be true to life as he has known it, to deny himself the glories of the cheap success which awaits the charlatan in fiction, one of the places at the top is open to him. He has sounded a fresh note, boldly, not blatantly, and he has won the ear of the more intelligent public.

W. D. Howells.

THE VIGIL.

Nay, Lord, I pray thee call not me to fight!
I have crept out of day to bless the night.
Hush, Son, and gather courage for the light!

But see, I weary ere I have begun!
Give thou the battle to some worthier one!
When have I offered thee to choose, my Son?

Look how my eyes with loneliness are wet!
But give me once warm arms and lips close met.
Into the desert, Son, thy way is set!

Nay, then, thou leanest on a broken reed!
Music and mirth and fire and friends I need.
They walk alone whom I have called to lead!

How shall I lead who only know to stray?
Am I to shepherd them, who lose the way?
Yet I require them of thee in that day!

What if I will not? Let me be as these
That laugh and breed and die and have good ease!
Nay, Son, the eye once bared forever sees!

. . . . . .

This only, Lord: what shall my gladness be
Who fight disheartened in life's phantom sea?
To make the bridge whereon they cross to me!

What am I, Lord, that I should strive with fate?
Bring on the dawn, before it be too late!
My Son, the dawn shall come, and thou wilt wait!

. . . . . .

Yea, Lord, and I lie broken in thy hand.
Heat me white hot to forge as thou hast planned.
Fear not, my Son, but I shall understand!

Melt out my yielded soul in one red stream,
Perchance through thy white furnace hope may gleam —
My Son, a rest thou hast not dared to dream!

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

THE REAL STEVENSON.

THERE is no real Stevenson, if we are to take the word of a recent essayist. In a capricious but singularly suggestive criticism of the Scottish writer he remarks: "He is the Improvisatore, and nothing more. It is impossible to assign him rank in any line of writing. If you shut your eyes to try and place him, you find that you cannot do it. The effect he produces while we are reading him vanishes as we lay down the book, and we can recall nothing but a succession of flavors. It is not to be expected that posterity will take much interest in him, for his point and meaning are impressional. He is ephemeral, a shadow, a reflection. He is the mistletoe of English literature, whose roots are not in the soil, but in the tree."

The admirers of Stevenson are inclined to wince at this passage, and yet it is easy to understand the critic's point of view. He has reached it through dwelling too exclusively upon Stevenson's extraordinary talent for literary mimicry, — a talent which was equaled only by his faith in the value of imitative writing to the young author. The well-known paragraph in A College Magazine, describing how he "played the sedulous ape" to various men of letters, closes with the dictum: "That, like it

or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way." Stevenson's self-confidence is nowhere more infectious than in these lines. Yet they betray a peculiarly narrow view of the function of literature, and have done much to warrant the unfortunate impression as to his own unreality. The "art of literature" — to use one of his favorite expressions — is not so wholly mimetic, surely, as the art of acting; and even the actor learns as much from "imitating nature," as Sir Joshua Reynolds would have termed it, as from imitating other actors. Like all artists, the actor learns by both methods, one correcting the other. The case of the writer is precisely similar. The value of literary mimicry in forming the hand of the young author is sometimes indubitable, — witness the early work of Thackeray, — but it may easily be overindulged. There is little question that Stevenson "played the sedulous ape" too long. He kept dipping into other people's inkstands long after he had a shining one of his own.

Hence the fact that, with all the lucidity, the delicacy, the piquancy of expression which delight everybody worth delighting, his twenty-two charming volumes are haunted by echoes. The very versatility with which he turned from one type of literature to another has served to emphasize the imitative, experimental character of much of his work. He was essayist, critic, biographer, dramatist, moralist, adventurer, fabulist, poet, romancer, — in love with "the art of words and the appearances of life." Believing that the inconstant public deserved its money's worth in pleasure, he played "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral," and many another genre that would have tickled the fancy of Polonius. And all in all, how admirably he did it, this clever performer who tried so hard to please; now and then flashing into genius and creating a rôle, achieving on the whole, as the years went by, a more simple and noble and genuine method, until finally, in that first, and, alas, only act of Weir of Hermiston, he was master of the boards at last!

The value of the Letters which Mr. Colvin has so skillfully selected and arranged for us[1] lies primarily in their power to set one face to face with the real Stevenson. They summon, as it were, the strange bright histrionic figure from before the footlights, and allow us to chat with him in the greenroom. He flings himself into a chair in front of us, and lights a cigarette. He is an odd creature, with his lean painted face and wonderful restless eyes! But was there ever a more captivating frankness, a more sincere modesty? How fascinated he is with his art, its theory and practice; how fine his admiration for those elder and better players who achieved so easily and unconsciously the effects he would give his life to compass! It may be that you are unlucky enough not to like the part for which he happens to be cast to-night. He may not like it, either. But then, "a moment of style" may always come; he has not yet earned his "honorable discharge;" and now he has shaken hands with you, and is back upon the stage again, versatile, spirited player that he is; and this time your heart goes with him, were he the sorriest ventriloquist in the world. Back of the endless disguises which his actor nature as well as his theory of art has compelled him to assume, what genuine and unforgettable human quality!

However the literary critics may differ upon the interesting if somewhat academic problem of Stevenson's artistic originality, there is no question as to the unique personality of the man. His intimate friends have borne constant tes-

[1] *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Selected and edited by Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

timony to his irresistible charm, and readers of the Vailima Letters and the later essays can readily believe it. Yet the two stout volumes now given to the world by Mr. Colvin are significant if not essential additions to that image of Stevenson which is traced upon the minds of many of his contemporaries. "The illusive and questionable personality of Stevenson" — to quote again from Mr. Chapman's essay — is perhaps a justifiable phrase, if one is merely trying to peer behind the romances for the man who wrote them; but the author of these Letters, surely, is as veracious a figure as Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Colvin's excellent introduction, and his editorial comments which preface the twelve chronological sections of the Letters, enable the reader to follow without confusion the rapid shiftings of scene and circumstance with which Stevenson's invalid existence was sadly familiar. Though he confessed himself a somewhat irregular, irresponsible letter-writer, he had many correspondents throughout most periods of his life. From his student years at Edinburgh to the last day of his Samoan exile there are many keys in which he composes, but the instrument — if one may say so — is invariably the same. The kindness, the sweet nature, the gay invincible courage, are always there. It is curious to note in some of his earliest letters the union of passionate moral earnestness with romantic, almost morbid sentiment, — as if Gladstone and Laurence Sterne were walking arm in arm within the heart of the young Scotchman. He outgrew the boyish morbidness easily enough, but to the end of his days the preacher and the pirate in him struggled for the mastery of his imagination, and the preacher had the "under-hold." The sermonizing letters, like his sermonizing essays, show him at his best; and though he often mounted a singular pulpit, he liked to choose his texts from St. Paul.

It is in this ethical impression given by the Letters that their chief present significance lies. They tempt the reader, indeed, at every turn, to open old favorites among our letter-writers, to see if Lowell was really wittier, Keats more poignant, Byron more unconventionally at ease, Fitz Gerald fuller of delicious humor, or Gray a more discriminating yet enraptured lover of that art of literature for which, like Stevenson, he half apologizes. Comparisons like these will be made and remade by many generations of book-lovers. The Letters of Stevenson will ultimately take their place as literature, and there are sound reasons for thinking that that place will be a high one. But it is instructive to notice that the judgment passed upon these volumes within the first few months after their appearance has concerned itself mainly with the man Robert Louis Stevenson, rather than with his adventures and endeavors on the wide stage of literature.

"R. L. S." *was;* that is what one finds one's self saying. He was no bright ghost. He made a great and memorable fight for the things dear to us all, happiness and usefulness and honor. Like his own ideal parson, he blew the trumpet for good. Instead of faith pitifully smaller than a grain of mustard seed, he had "faith as big as a cigar case." He had "no Timon to give forth." "Sick and well, I have had a splendid life of it." It is for words like these that the Letters will be read by Stevenson's contemporaries. The undefeated optimism, the communicative courage of the man, will move thousands of readers who find his actual literary output a trifle disappointing. No writer of his day, it is true, afforded more exquisite pleasure to the people whom he would have liked best to please. No one gave to his fellow craftsmen a more constant and potent example of the religion of good workmanship. Nevertheless, time has already placed an interrogation point over many of his pages. Their delicate

artificiality betrays now the device ; their fragile beauty "smells of mortality." The mere admirable fooling of his earlier volumes begins to leave us unmoved to mirth. The storms have struck hard against many of the toy boats that he set adrift ; and some of the great ships that he launched with such a touching combination of boyish ardor and manly effort have never sailed back with any cargo. In one of his last letters he wrote : "I think of the Renaissance fellows and their all-round human sufficiency, and compare it with the ineffable smallness of the field in which we labor and do so little. I think David Balfour a nice little book and very artistic, and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy man ; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to me inadequate. Small is the word ; it is a small age, and I am of it. . . . We take all these pains, and we don't do as well as Michael Angelo or Leonardo, or even Fielding, who was an active magistrate, or Richardson, who was a busy bookseller. *J'ai honte pour nous ;* my ears burn."

There is doubtless a humorous self-depreciation here, as well as some evidence — how rare in him ! — of a lowering vitality. Yet it may be that he is right. Out of all the sumptuous volumes of this delightful writer, the twentieth-century reader may select only a dozen essays, a half dozen short stories, and two or three longer ones. (This will be very stupid in the twentieth-century reader, but why should stupidity die with us ?) It is as impossible to forecast Stevenson's literary fate as it is to predict what he might have accomplished, had not death claimed him at the very moment when his work was most rich with the promise of new power. But whatever happens, it has already become his gracious fortune to be loved. However well or ill he may have succeeded in his difficult profession, at least he did his best. "I did my damnedst, anyway," he says of the toil that it cost him to write Pulvis et Umbra. The essay was composed during that iron winter that Stevenson passed in the Adirondacks. Its fame is already assured, if noble thought and finished style can confer assurance. Since Cardinal Newman wrote that passage in Part VII. of the Apologia, beginning, "To consider the world in its length and breadth," no one has painted with a more grave and terrible beauty the mortal struggle of man. But the excellence of Pulvis et Umbra is not here in question ; one can think only, as he reads the Letters, of the indomitable spirit in the frail body, of the man who "did his damnedst, anyway." And there is a paradox which would have delighted Stevenson himself in the fact that this martyr of style, a very nympholept of art, is loved to-day by countless persons who do not know or care whether there be such a thing as art, but who know that Robert Louis Stevenson was a gallant man and a good one.

A BISHOP AND AN ARCHBISHOP.

A STRIKING contrast might be drawn between Bishop Whipple, clad in his buckskin suit and fur overcoat, astray from the road and overtaken by darkness on the Minnesota prairies, in his cutter, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, and Archbishop Benson, gently ambling through Hyde Park, of an afternoon, on his favorite mare Columba. And yet the two men had much in common, and they might have exchanged bishoprics without serious detriment to

either charge. The Bishop of Minnesota[1] is, the late Archbishop of Canterbury[2] was, a strong, masculine personage, having no touch of genius, and yet perfectly fulfilling Dr. Johnson's definition of "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction."

It would be difficult to name any pursuit in life, excepting perhaps the fine arts, in which Bishop Whipple would not have achieved distinction. He began life, his college course at Oberlin having been interrupted by ill health, as a man of business and a politician; and when, in 1848, he decided to study for the ministry, that keen judge Thurlow Weed expressed the hope that "a good politician had not been spoiled to make a poor preacher." His logical intellect and power of statement would have made him a great lawyer: there are many anecdotes which illustrate his diplomatic powers, and the bishop has actually practiced medicine and surgery and dentistry for the benefit of his Indian friends.

The same many-sidedness characterized Dr. Benson. In fact, he went beyond Bishop Whipple in this respect, for he had a distinct artistic faculty, which showed itself especially in his intense love of architecture, and of all that is fitting and beautiful in ceremony. "I the wooden benches in Wellington College Chapel," wrote one of his friends after his death, "there is a tiny line of dogtooth moulding inserted among the plain lines which finish off the backs of the seats. I feel almost sure this was his doing, it is so exactly like him; it is a mere nothing, and yet gives a certain distinction to the woodwork. It was this little touch of distinction which characterized everything he had to do with. Such things as the tone of a bell, or even some detail in dress or jewelry or furniture, were all matters to which he was keenly alive. He was an admirable draughtsman, and, had he not been an archbishop, would have made a first-class architect."

This appreciation of detail was a source of weakness as well as of strength in the archbishop. "We chaplains," writes one of them, "used, in our irreverent moods, to make merry over the fact that, a moment after he had proved to us conclusively that he had not a single free minute in which to see some person who wrote for an interview, he would become absorbed in some detail which to him seemed for the moment all-important. The carpenter would arrive to hang a picture, and everything would give way to the absorbing interest in the picture being exactly straight. But," he adds, "though we made merry, we learned by degrees to discover that this was one of the secrets of the archbishop's extraordinary success in dealing finally and conclusively with the most difficult problems. Again and again I have felt the shame of being convicted of slovenly work and imperfect information where the archbishop had already grasped each detail." Such excessive care for detail is hardly inseparable from a lack of the sense of proportion, and it is evident that the archbishop had this defect. Bishop Whipple is entirely free from it; and we may conjecture that he is free also from that quickness of temper which Dr. Benson never entirely conquered, and which, since it seems to have followed periods of great depression, was probably almost as much physical as mental. For many years he was a schoolmaster, — first as an assistant at

[1] *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate.* Being Reminiscences and Recollections of the Right Reverend Henry Benjamin Whipple, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Minnesota. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

[2] *The Life of Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.* By his Son, Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.

Rugby, and subsequently as the head of Wellington College; and it is on record that he once caned an innocent boy without giving him an opportunity to explain, but he begged the boy's pardon afterward; and the radical honesty and sweetness of his character are proved by the fact that he was, in spite of this defect of temper, a popular and even beloved schoolmaster. The following pathetic entry is taken from his diary under date of Whitsunday, 1888: "The great festivals seem always to come round with special trial and disappointment. I have spoiled my peace of mind, and that of others for many days to come, by a just displeasure pushed too far."

But the most important respect in which the characters of the two bishops are alike is that of commanding personality. The Englishman, like the American, was a born leader, and never at a loss when there was occasion to say or to do something. "On a certain degree day in 1850, or thereabouts, a West African undergraduate named Crummell, of Queen's, a man of color, appeared in the Senate-House to take his degree. A boisterous individual in the gallery called out, 'Three groans for the Queen's nigger!' A pale, slim undergraduate, very youthful-looking, in the front of the gallery, who appeared to be taking no particular interest in the proceedings, became scarlet with indignation, and shouted in a voice which reëchoed through the building, 'Shame, shame! Three groans for you, sir!' and immediately afterward, 'Three cheers for Crummell!' This was taken up in all directions, and the original offender stooped down to hide himself from the storm of groans and hisses that broke out all around him."

Here is an incident in later life, described by a workingman in a letter to the archbishop's son and biographer: "I believe many of us, perhaps the majority, thought he had a workshop training in his early years, because he appeared to have the faculty of looking at things with a 'workman's mind.' I have seen hundreds of gentlemen *try* to do this, in my time, and fail, but your father did it unconsciously. To give an instance. Two of our committee were secularists. Once, at a meeting, when your father was speaking about *a life to come*, one of them, who was in the chair, dissented audibly. It was a social meeting (of men and women) following a tea, — he had had tea with us. Now, most clergymen, hearing an ejaculation of that kind, would have solemnly repeated the statement and enlarged upon it. Your father did nothing of the sort. He simply nodded his head backward to the chairman behind him, laughed, and, with a knowing kind of look at his audience, said to the chairman, 'Come, it won't do, you know;' meaning that the chairman's denial of a future life would n't 'go down' with *that* audience, at any rate."

Side by side with this anecdote may be placed Bishop Whipple's account of the manner in which he once prevented an Indian outbreak. "Courteousness of speech," he says, "is a marked characteristic of the Indian. It is an act of great rudeness to interrupt another, and the last words of every speech are, '*I have done.*' Knowledge of this fact once enabled me to settle a serious difficulty. The Indians at Leech Lake had heard — as was the fact — that the government had contracted to sell all of their pine without their knowledge and consent." An uprising was imminent, and the Indians had already killed the government cattle. Bishop Whipple was requested by the President to go to Leech Lake and negotiate with the Indians. "It was in the dead of winter, the thermometer below zero, and the snow deep. It was a journey of seventy-five miles through the forest, and it took us three days to reach the lake. The Indians came to their council in paint and feathers, angry and turbulent." Flatmouth, their chief, made a violent speech, to which

the bishop replied briefly, as follows: "I shall tell you the truth. It will not be pleasant to my red brother. When you killed those cattle, you struck the Great Father in the face. When you stole those goods, you committed a crime. I am not here to tell you what the Great Father will do. He has not told me. If he does what he ought to do, he will arrest those who have committed this crime, if it takes ten thousand men."

"As I expected," the bishop relates, "the chief was very angry, and, springing to his feet, began to talk violently. I folded my arms, and sat down. When he paused, I said quietly: 'Flatmouth, are *you* talking or am *I* talking? If *you* are talking, I will wait till you have finished; if *I* am talking, you may wait till I have finished.' The Indians all shouted, 'Ho! ho!' Their chief had committed a great breach of courtesy toward me, their friend.

"Overwhelmed with confusion, Flatmouth sat down, and I knew that the ground was mine. I then told them that when I heard of the pine sale, I wrote to Washington and protested against it; that I went to the man who bought the pine, and told him that I should oppose the sale, and carry the matter into the courts."

The upshot was that the Indians remained peaceable, and the bishop succeeded in preventing the sale.

The parallel might easily be pushed too far, but, before dropping it, we will note, for the benefit of those who love horses and dogs, that both men had a belief in some kind of future existence for dumb animals. Bishop Whipple tells us of his horse Bashaw, — "own cousin to the celebrated Patchin [probably Mambrino Patchen, the famous Kentucky sire]. He was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth, — a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat fetlocks, and was black as a coal. He was my friend and companion for over fifty thousand miles, always full of spirit, and gentle as a girl. . . . He saved my life when I was lost on the prairies many times. A few months before he died, at thirty years of age, I sent him to a friend in the country to be pastured. One day some colts in the same meadow were racing, and Bashaw, who had been noted for his speed, with all his old fire joined in the race, beat the colts, and dropped dead. I wept when the news came to me. . . . These sentient creatures of God suffer because of man's alienation from God; their wrongs cannot be righted in this world. They have *memory*, — memory which binds our lives in an harmonious whole, — which has the prophecy of a future life."

So much for the American; now let us hear the English bishop. On August 21, in the year 1888, he writes in his diary: "Coming away with Nellie [his daughter] from the workhouse at Croydon, down a little rough, irregular street, Braemore stumbled, and fell on her knees on the sharp, loose stones. She twice plunged forward in the attempt to rise, and then did rise most gallantly, and stood frightfully injured. We could scarce get her a few yards to a stable court, and the veterinary thinks the poor creature must be destroyed. She saved Nellie from being killed or dreadfully hurt by lifting herself up in such torture. Nellie would have gone on her head, if she had not. Her instinct was to stand up on her feet with her mistress on her back, whereas it would have been easier for her just to lie down and roll over, if obedient habit had not forced her effort out of her, — and she will have to be shot for her dutifulness. 'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,' — and no one will persuade me that Braemore comes to an end there."

It must be remembered that we are dealing in one case with an autobiography, and in the other with a biography.

Bishop Whipple is a man of action, not given to self-analysis. He does not tell us, for example, by what mental processes he came to abandon business and politics for the ministry. He has none of that egotism of genius which gives a charm to certain autobiographies, and which reaches its highest point in the Apologia of Newman. This failure to analyze the working of his own mind makes the book less interesting than it would otherwise have been, though perhaps it tends to increase rather than to diminish one's respect for the writer. We cannot quite forgive him, however, for not going more into detail. Even in the account of his midwinter journeys in a sleigh, the bishop passes over things which the reader longs to know. Who, for example, would not like to read a fuller account of the following experience? —

"I had to drive nearly one hundred and fifty miles whenever I visited Fort Wadsworth. Upon one of these visits I was unable to cross the Pomme de Terre River, for, although ice had been formed, it was not strong enough to bear my horses. The river was very broad, and as the nearest house was twenty miles back, there was nothing for me to do but to spend the night by some haystacks. The thermometer stood below zero, and a blizzard raged in full fury till morning. It was an experience which nearly cost me my life, and I was ordered by my physician to France."

Everything that the bishop tells us about the Indians is interesting, and most of all this illuminating paragraph: "There are conflicting feelings in the Indian's heart toward his white brother, for whom he has an inborn reverence; and there is an instinctive sense of what he should be to him. But his knowledge of what he has really been, and still is, clouds his mind so that he is swayed by a mingled sentiment of love and wrath toward him."

In the early part of the book, speaking of his life in Chicago, where, before he was made bishop, he established a free church, Bishop Whipple says: "Volumes would not hold the experiences of those days. So often the shadows were shifted to show that in the most brutalized lives there were traces of God's image left." And then he proceeds to relate a most interesting incident. We trust that a second edition will contain more of these stories and details; room for them might be found by severely editing the latter part of the book, which contains a rather bare and unprofitable summary of events.

On the other hand, the life of Archbishop Benson is a biography, — and a biography executed with the greatest skill and modesty, and with an impartiality which, considering that the writer is the bishop's son, excites wonder and admiration. Had it been an autobiography, it would probably have been less interesting; for, strangely enough, the archbishop, with all his artistic faculty, did not possess an attractive style. He had, however, a gift for detached sentences; and his intellect was of that fertile, subtle kind which comes out best in letters and in memoranda. The book, consequently, is rich in memorable sayings and descriptions. We quote one such, made after a visit to Lord Carnarvon at Highclose: "One has nowadays great heartaches in these glorious homes, with their strong heads, real pillars of the civilization that now is, and their most delicate, stately women, and children whose sweet proud curves of feature show the making of many generations, and readiness for responsibility from almost tender years; — are all these glories going to keep together? If not, how will they go down? By brute force or by silent self-exilings?"

Posterity will perhaps find the work too long. Had it consisted of one large volume instead of two large volumes, it would probably have been better for the archbishop's future fame. But for ourselves we make no complaint.

Henry Childs Merwin.

COLONIAL CIVIL SERVICE.

THE general demand that our new possessions shall be administered by able and competent officials, and the widespread interest shown in the methods by which modern colonizing nations have sought to insure efficient colonial service, are signs of a healthier tone of public feeling toward the problems of good government which ought to rejoice the hearts of all save confirmed national pessimists.

Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, in his Colonial Civil Service,[1] which is by far the most exhaustive book on the subject yet published in England or America, says all progressive nations have agreed that only on certain conditions can an efficient tropical colonial service be maintained. These conditions are security of tenure, large salaries, and liberal pensions.

There can be no judicious administration without knowledge of the languages and customs of the natives, and no able man will waste the time required in special preparation unless he has some guarantee that, at the end of a few years, he will not be turned out of a position where he is just beginning to be of value, with a stock of knowledge of little use to him in any other career.

Large salaries and liberal pensions are necessary to tempt men of the best calibre — men who might be reasonably sure of success among the crowded ranks at home — to enter upon a profession uncongenial to most men, on account of the sacrifices which it entails.

These are the conditions under which alone a colonial service can flourish. The qualities that it demands, by the united testimony of English, French, and Dutch authorities, are character, physical vigor, a high order of general education, and some technical training. Place an untrained man, suddenly appointed, in a position where thousands of natives are under his control, says Mr. Lowell, and he will be "perfectly helpless, however great his natural capacity. He knows neither the language nor the customs of the people, nor does he comprehend their thoughts, and the consequences of his ignorance may be disastrous. Well-meaning but inexperienced officials could easily provoke an insurrection like the Indian Mutiny, without being in the least conscious that they were drifting into danger." A Dutch colonial official of thirty years' experience considers that breadth of education is of immense importance. When a man is stationed at a lonely post, away from Europeans and surrounded only by natives, he is thrown upon his own mental resources; and if he has not broad interests, he tends to become narrow and to "lose his civilization." Strength of will, courage, coolness, and readiness are qualities which are absolutely essential in dealing with Asiatics, and in the tropics physical vigor is the necessary condition of mental vigor. Over and above these requirements, a colonial career should be entered young, not only because in youth languages are acquired with greater rapidity and facility, but because of the greater flexibility and adaptability to new conditions. When we come to the selection of officials, Mr. Lowell says there are but two methods possible, — arbitrary choice by the authorities or open competition. "Either one or other of these systems, or some combination of the two, must be adopted." After selection, the question arises, How shall the future officials be trained for their

[1] *Selection and Training of Officials for the Colonial Civil Service in Holland, England and France.* New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

special work? Shall they be free to study where and what they please, provided that they attain a certain standard; shall they be required to enter a specified colonial school; or shall they go at once to the colony, and serve an apprenticeship there before entering upon their active duties?

The system in force in England today for the Indian civil service, which for many reasons is the one most important for us to consider, is open competitive examination for candidates not under twenty-one nor over twenty-three years old.

The subjects in which the men are examined are included in the ordinary courses of a university, but the severity of the examination papers is such as might be expected in an American college for graduation honors or a Ph. D. degree. None of the subjects is compulsory, and none is connected with the future work of an Indian official.

This is in accordance with the theory of Lord Macaulay's famous report on the subject, which is given in full in an appendix to Mr. Lowell's book. After saying that in a competitive examination, where many must necessarily fail, it would be unfair to require subjects so exclusively technical that unsuccessful candidates would have a right to complain that they had wasted time in studies which could never be of use to them, the report continues: "We believe that men who have been engaged up to one or two and twenty in studies which have no immediate connection with the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate, and to enrich the mind, will generally be found in the business of every profession superior to men who have at eighteen or nineteen devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling."

This examination passed, the successful candidates are obliged to spend a year in special studies before going to India. These studies include Indian law and native languages. Probationers are allowed to study where they please; but if they pass the year of probation at a university, they receive £100. At the end of the year a non-competitive examination is held, which to some extent determines rank in the service. After this the probationers go at once to India, having entered with a good salary on a lifelong career which offers great prizes. On reaching India, an apprenticeship must still be served before sufficient experience is gained to fit the young officials to fill even minor posts, and they are considered to be merely in training for two years after arrival.

The Dutch system is very different from the English, although competitive examinations are held yearly in Holland and in the Dutch East Indies. But the two great principles which govern the English examinations are lacking: first, that a high standard of general education should be required; and second, that no technical preparation should be demanded which would be wasted in case the candidate failed.

The only guarantee of a general education exacted in Holland is a high-school diploma, and the subjects of the examination are exclusively technical, including Dutch East Indian law, Indology, and two native languages, all of which are compulsory. These subjects demand at least three years of special study; and although attendance at the Delft Colonial School is not obligatory, it has become a practical necessity, as nowhere else in Holland are the requisite subjects properly taught. With a few exceptions, chiefly in the judicial service, every Dutch East Indian official below the rank of governor general must have passed the "Grand Examination." Since 1893, the requirements for the judicial service are a university doctorate of laws, and a pass examination in Indian languages held by university professors, who recommend successful candidates for appointment.

Much complaint has been made of the narrowness of Dutch colonial officials, and in May, 1899, a reform commission, composed of men of great colonial experience, brought in a report advising a complete reversal of the present system. Extracts from this report are given by Mr. Lowell, which are instructive. It complains that the present Dutch method "does not give the slightest guarantee either of a diversity of information, or of a high degree of education or of character. Its first defect is that it lays exclusive stress upon Indian studies." These, in the opinion of the commission, should be "reduced to a minimum, sufficient as a foundation to build upon in active life." The report recommends that the selection of officials should be transferred from the end of the course of special training to the beginning, so that those who have successfully completed their preparation should be certain of appointment. The suggestions of this commission have not been acted upon as yet, although they have aroused great interest in Holland.

Mr. Lowell gives an interesting account of French colonial experience, which, however, he regards as of small value to other colonizing powers, because, in the selection and training of the colonial service, as in so many other departments, "France has been a laboratory of political experiments," no one of which has lasted long enough to be really valuable. The French colonial service is recruited in four ways: by appointment from the army and navy, by open competition between candidates possessing certain diplomas, by promotion from subordinate clerkships, and by the graduates of the colonial school. Admission to this school depends on competitive examination, and it was originally intended that it should be the main source of supply for the colonial service; but year by year the regulations have been modified, apparently through no fault of the school, until at present it supplies not over one sixth of the lowest grade of officials. Compared with English requirements, the French scheme of education at this school is narrow and overspecialized; but it possesses one great advantage over the Dutch system, as it is far less technical, and therefore unsuccessful candidates do not waste nearly so much time.

The practical application of the theories which Mr. Lowell deduces from his study of foreign methods will be, to the majority of American readers, by far the most interesting part of the book. Our present system of competitive examinations, he points out, even if applied, would not serve to fill satisfactorily a colonial service. It is based on the assumption that there are plenty of men in the country whose occupations fit them to perform government work; "but there are no men in the United States whose ordinary avocation is ruling Asiatics, or whose normal occupation involves the art of administering dependencies." Therefore a special training is necessary. The experience of England and Holland establishes the same principles, which are, first, that colonial officials should be men of broad general education; second, that the selection should not depend upon special preparation for colonial work, but should precede such training; and third, that much technical preparation is unnecessary, before candidates go to the colony to begin an active apprenticeship on the spot. Mr. Lowell believes that it would be impossible, even if advisable, to attempt to apply the English system in the United States. A standard of examination so high that it would practically exclude all but college graduates would be considered as class legislation, and as "un-American" in the extreme. Also, the patronage theory is so deeply imbedded in our habits of political thought that no method of selection which left this out of consideration could hope to be permanent or safe from attack. Some plan must therefore be found which "yields something to the

desire for patronage in appointments, and to their equal distribution throughout the different states. Such a concession may violate one's ideal of what things ought to be in a model republic; but we live in a world of facts, and the problem before us is to find a practicable scheme which will bring the colonial service to the highest possible standard of character and efficiency."

With these facts in mind, Mr. Lowell suggests the establishment of a Colonial Training College, like the old East India College at Haileybury, in England, which is described at length in a chapter by Professor H. Morse Stephens. Admission to this college being secured by appointment, as is the case at Annapolis and West Point, the desire for patronage would be partially satisfied; rigorous examinations would eliminate the bad elements, and a good degree of general education might be insured, as it is at West Point and Annapolis. Neither of these institutions has ever been considered "un-American," nor is there a possibility of class discrimination at such a college.

One of the benefits of a special college is that it enables the different members of a particular service to estimate the character and capacity of one another, and the *esprit de corps* fostered is of distinct advantage to the service. A four years' course would be advisable, three fourths of which should be given to general education, and the remainder to technical studies, including languages, laws, history, customs, and institutions. All who graduate should be insured positions in the colonial civil service.

As it is not estimated that we shall require annually a large number of new American officials for the Philippines, such a college would be too small to produce its best results unless it could either be connected with West Point or Annapolis, or could educate men for some other career. "There would appear to be an appropriate service for this purpose. If, as is very generally believed, the United States is likely, in the near future, to increase her commerce with the East, we ought to have a numerous and wholly efficient consular service in China and the neighboring countries; and it does not seem wholly utopian to suggest that our Asiatic consuls might be trained in the same college as the colonial civil servants. There are many points in their education which would be the same; and in fact, whether we exclude the Chinese from the Philippines or not, some of the colonial officials there ought, in any case, to learn their language."

There is no reason why candidates sure of appointment to the colonial civil or consular service should not pay at least something for their education. At the English college at Cooper's Hill, where men are admitted, after competitive examination, to be trained for the Indian Forestry Department, students pay over nine hundred dollars a year, during their three years' course: this, however, includes board as well as tuition. The French school charges about one hundred and twenty dollars a year for tuition only, and the Delft school about eighty dollars.

Of course it is impossible to select all the members of such a colonial service as we require, on any one system, at such short notice. If a colonial college were established to-morrow, it would take some time to train candidates; and when trained, they would lack the necessary experience to hold positions of great responsibility in a country which presents grave problems, and where there is no body of precedent to follow. Until we have had time to build up a trained and efficient service we must do our best with the material available. Both England and France have found military appointments to civil offices satisfactory in unsettled and lately annexed provinces. But their experience has proved it wise

to replace military administrators by trained civilians as rapidly as the state of the country permits. It goes without saying that as large a use as possible should be made of Filipinos in the civil service; but it must be remembered that the Philippines contain eighty-four different races, and it has never been safe to trust Asiatics to rule justly over those who differ from them in language, race, and custom.

One thing is certain: we shall accomplish no lasting good in the Philippines, whatever form of government we establish, until we put our colonial service upon a permanent basis, and make it, in fact and in theory, consistent with our national dignity and duty.

Elizabeth Foster.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Democracy and Gardening.

Now that the calendars and the catalogues of the seedsmen have announced the spring, I have begun looking over last year's crop of gardening books, and wondering sadly whether this year's must not, like most second crops from gardens, be rather small potatoes.

How good they were! The other day I was reading over again Elizabeth and her German Garden (or was it A Solitary Summer? It does not matter), and it almost persuaded me that the possession of a garden was the only reasonable aim of civilized woman. If you had that, with a few babies and visitors enough to quarrel with, just to keep you from stagnation, it was clear that you might snap your fingers at the world. To be sure, there was a serpent, as there always is in gardens. Mine, I notice, appears in the form of a perennial striped snake, who eats up an equally perennial nest of young song sparrows under a peavine, and who is miraculously renewed every season, in spite of the fact that he seemed to die the year before, under the stones I threw at him. Elizabeth's took the form of a gardener. He was, of course, the real owner of her garden, and only of his kindness allowed her to walk there; and I suppose it is her misfortune that she is high-born and a German, and therefore so afflicted with that painful disease known as a Sense of Propriety that not even a garden can cure her. She says she should love to hoe, but she does not dare; for "with what lightning rapidity would the news spread that I had been seen stalking down the garden path with a hoe over my shoulder, and a basket in my hand, and weeding written large in every feature! Yet I should love to weed." Poor Elizabeth!

I read this to Theodora, who was sitting by the other window, pencil in hand, trying to decide whether she should put sweet peas or stocks in the bed next to the pink and white hollyhocks.

"I suppose there must be something disgraceful about weeding," I mused. "But how often, Theodora, we have weeded! Do you remember the sweet peas and the melons we hoed, the hottest day last summer? And the tomato worms we killed? The green stuff squirted out of them and made us very sick, but we should not have enjoyed those tomatoes half so much if we had had a gardener to kill the worms. On the whole, I am glad I am so mildly inoculated with the virus of propriety that I can still hoe. I am glad I am not aristocratic."

Theodora tore herself away from her seed catalogues, drawn by the irresistible attraction of a pet aversion. (If this

sounds paradoxical, I cannot help it. So is truth.) "I have no patience with Elizabeth!" she cried. "She is a snob. And as you would naturally expect of a snob who has the privilege of living in a garden, she is obtuse. Do you remember how she goes through the village on chilly days, when her temper is bad, dispensing jelly and criticism in equal quantities, and she thinks the people are beasts because they prefer the jelly? Then she says if she were poor, she 'would sit, quite frankly poor, with a piece of bread and a pot of geraniums and a book.' I wonder how she thinks she would get the time. And she fairly hugs herself with conceit because she would rather lie on the grass all day than talk to her neighbors. Now I put it to you: is that a thing to get vain about? It is ridiculous! It is even immoral!"

I mildly pointed out the fact that it was not unknown for us ourselves to go up into the woods of a summer morning, and lie for hours on a certain bearberry bank, looking up at the sky, without so much as speaking to each other. But Theodora properly remarked that this was quite beside the point, since the question was not what one did, but the spirit in which one did it; and I was compelled to admit that aristocratic sensibilities were out of place in a garden.

"Perhaps they are grafts of that Tree of Knowledge whose fruit cast Adam and Eve out of Eden," I suggested.

"When you think of it, is there anything quite so democratic as a vegetable?" went on Theodora. "A stump speaker, a small boy, even a cat has his own awe; but where will you find a weed with any scruples about thrusting itself into the most select circles of vegetable society? And last year, for all I could see, our roses grew as comfortably among the potatoes as anywhere else; and the honeysuckle deserted that elegant trellis we built for it, to go and twine itself around a sunflower. It did not seem to care in the least that the ultimate destiny of its beloved object was the henyard. No, a garden, properly interpreted, is a school of republicanism."

These curious and interesting experiments in the innate democracy of vegetables to which Theodora referred were conducted last season in our garden, under the auspices of an aged Portuguese farmer whom we hired to do our planting in our absence. It was his evident belief that the palate should not be pampered at the expense of the nobler senses even in a vegetable garden; so, all summer long, bunches of marigolds and cinnamon pinks blossomed in among our cabbages, and a bed which we had fondly designed for late lettuce offered instead an æsthetic display of pale pink poppies. Yet the little girl who lives with us assures me that none of the flower fairies have turned-up noses. She ought to know, for she ate fern seed every night before she went to bed; and if that won't make a person see fairies, I should like to know what will.

"Yes," repeated Theodora, "a snobbish person who lives in a garden must certainly be obtuse. It shows a lack of sensitiveness to one's surroundings."

And now that she spoke of it, I began to believe that it might really be true that Elizabeth and her compeers were a trifle behind the times. Since they have called the world's attention to gardening as a popular subject for literature, — in fact, shouted it from the housetops, — there may be hopes of something even better in that line this year, after all; something more original, more significant of the present age. For instance, The Effect of the Emancipation of Women upon Gardening ought to prove an inspiring theme. Or, since long titles have come into fashion, why not have a book called The Confessions of a Free American Woman who Dared to Hoe?

There is no copyright on these titles. They are quite at the service of any

serious-minded person of a literary turn who properly appreciates the charms of weeding.

The Oppressiveness of Modern Novels.

To me, I confess, much of the noteworthy fiction of to-day is oppressive, irritating to the nerves, even when the gentle art of torturing the gentle reader (the art which of late years has risen to such high esteem) is not in overt exercise. And this in no small degree from the very success which attends its anxious effort to reflect the familiar face of the actual.

There are many pictures, of course, in public galleries and other respectable places, which one would be reluctant to have upon one's sitting-room walls for steady contemplation. But there is one in particular which I can never see without an instant sense of fatigued protest, — the portrait of an eminent philanthropist, depicting him with scrupulous verisimilitude "in his habit as he lived," down to the very shoes which he wore (shining, new, and obviously uncomfortable), the glossy beaver he had just laid aside, and the exact pattern of the aggressive red carpet upon which he stood. It is all very real; one might easily mistake it for life, — almost as easily as one mistakes the sham policeman in a waxwork show; but one turns from it, hastily, to some head, — some ruffian head, perhaps, — half lost in unctuous shadow, and draws the long breath of refreshment and relief. Oh, the subtle restfulness of it, after the other! And how nobly clear it remains in the memory! While of the eminent philanthropist I for one remember little more than the hat, the shining shoes, and the red carpet.

What is the occult power to oppress which lies in this skillfully counterfeited red carpet, and these shoes so simulated by art that they almost creak? I cannot think that some mere flaw of temper causes the unreasoning irritation with which I contemplate them; nor that which sometimes comes over me when the illusion of modern fiction is at its height, and the re-created workaday world is vividly real about me. Is it not rather an instinctive craving for the disentangling of the essential from the superfluous, for enfranchisement from the tyranny of accessories, and a latent consciousness of failure in the art which leaves me to be still baffled and confused by obtrusive irrelevances?

But the gentle art of torturing the gentle reader, it is needless to say, is very frequently indeed in overt exercise. A novel is "powerful," as everybody knows, in proportion as it awakens unrest and deepens dissatisfaction with the existing scheme of things, — as it furrows the brow, harrows the nerves, constricts the heart. The more painful, depressing, hopeless, life may be made to appear, the better!

Furthermore, it is all brought so very close to us! In the great fiction of the world, there is, I think, a certain effect of aloofness. In reading the cleverest of our own there often comes to me an absolute feeling of physical proximity, its detail is so minute, so multiplied, — we are made to visualize it all so sharply. Mr. Howells's stories, for instance, charming as in many ways they are, one instinctively throws aside when one craves solitude. His people seem so near, so real, so insistently every-day!

If we consider, I venture to say, we shall find that we know the faces of none of the characters of the great fiction of the past as we know, or may know, those of the brain-children of the typical latter-day novelist, — not even Beatrice Esmond, not Don Quixote himself. Nor are we made aware of any very minutely distinguishing traits, mental or physical, pertaining to them. Radiant, heroic, grotesque, repellent, as the case may be, they are satisfyingly apparent, sufficiently real, but they are a little removed from us; their outlines are slightly indefinite, like those of a composite pic-

ture. Perhaps, indeed, we never lose the latent consciousness that they are composite pictures, — that each is not one, but many. Certainly, I have never had, while setting myself to learn their life histories, the vague feeling of unworthiness which one has in listening to gossip about one's neighbors, — as I have had more than once in the case of the scrupulously individualized heroes and heroines and satellites of to-day. And never have Rosalind, Hamlet, the deathless Don — nor even Becky Sharp and Mrs. Gamp — harassed me by their presence!

There is an old objection to the novel, perennially revived by well-meaning people, though, in the sense in which they mean it, it hardly applies to any fiction of to-day which is worth considering. "Novels," they say, "give such false views of life!" Well, one is almost tempted to answer, "That is what novels are for!" Though in thus answering one would speak with a haste perhaps even more unjust than David's. Yet the reflection of the hard facts of life is so far, as it seems to me, from being the chief end of fiction, that one feels that the reality-scorning romance of the dressmaker's journal or the "family story paper" comes nearer to fulfilling its true function than most of to-day's novels of the higher sort. For it, after a fashion, does relieve the pressure of the actual (assuredly the primary object of fiction), while they deliberately press the actual upon us with even sharpened sting.

The Need of a New Joke.

The wilderness is full of prophets, each crying out his conviction as to the most pressing demand of the hour. We are told that we need a new faith, a new social system, a new political machinery at home, a new national policy abroad, a new literature of our own, and a reform in dress. In spite of the length of the list, one fundamental lack has not been mentioned. No one has pointed out our need of a new joke.

We are weary of the old ones. It is sad to find again in fresh print the worn pleasantries about the master of the house who comes home late and is unable to fit his latchkey; about the new woman and the new man; about the countryman with his antiquated carpetbag in the perils of the town; about the nose of the Jewish clothes dealer; about woman's fear of a mouse; about the poor restaurant; about the tramp and the pie; about the quarrels of husband and wife; about the Irishman and politics; about the negro and the henroost; about seasickness; about kissing; about Queen Victoria; and about the mother-in-law. We and our fathers before us have laughed patiently at them all. There is ancient authority for saying that there is a time to weep as well as a time to laugh, and perhaps nothing more imperatively calls for tears than this constant dropping of old jokes, inquisition-wise, upon the mind.

Weariness of the old humor is not the only reason for our demand for the new. Deeper than the sin of repetition is the sin of not showing profound insight into the incongruities of things. On the part of nation and of individual the depth of humorous insight measures the depth of appreciation of life. The witticisms of the fool in Lear and of the grave-diggers in Hamlet show not only Shakespeare's sense of the comic, but also Shakespeare's keenest sense of the tragic. Molière's trenchant wit amounts to a philosophy in its criticism of false ideals. Perhaps nothing more fatally betrays the eclecticism of our American character than an examination of our famous American humor. Any list of our most popular jokes will prove to be a series of chance shots, betraying neither conviction nor steadfast perception, only a momentary sense of the superficial incongruities of life.

There are, of course, exceptions. Certain touches of satire in our comic papers suggest an underlying thought that

we could not spare. We would keep the wistful pictures of the little street Arabs, and all glimpses into the heart of poverty that mean a stirring of our national conscience. It is well for laughter to be touched with tears. We would keep the satire on foreign fads and fashions, such as the worship of foreign adventurers, religious or secular, and the marriage that means the cry of American money for European titles. We would keep all shrewd comments on our besetting national sins, from the working of machine politics to the details of our late war in the interests of humanity. Many are the manifestations of our folly, and "the chastening stripes should cleanse them all."

In fact, it is for further work of this kind that we plead, for deeper manifestation of a central common sense, for humor with a larger consciousness in it. Possibly, we need not so much a new joke as a new joker. It is no accident that great periods in bygone days boast great humorists, men of deep laughter who helped set straight the world, — Aristophanes, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Molière. Listening to them, we are aware of a sense of incongruity that has permanent value, full of intellectual keenness or of sympathy, and we know that there is demanded of us, not the random laughter of fools, but the collected laughter of the sane. No country ever offered a richer opportunity for a satirist than America offers now. Where shall we find him?

"When the true jester comes, how shall we know him?" By the keenness of his vision, and the power of his thinking, and the quiver of his lips when he smiles.

Charity in the Light of Literature.

Kipling once wrote a story of the East End of London which may no more be forgotten than his Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney or Without Benefit of Clergy. The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot narrates how a rough woman, Badalia Herodsfoot by name, spoke her mind to a charity worker; how she came to be tacitly accredited the chief charity-dispensing agent of her district; and how, in the midst of her work, a tragic fate suddenly overtook her.

Badalia did not respect the intelligence of the charity workers.

"'You give Lascar Loo custids,' said she, 'give her pork wine. Garn! Give 'er blankits. Garn 'ome! 'Er mother she eats 'em all and drinks the blankits. Gits 'em back from the shop, she does, before you come visiting again, so as to 'ave 'em all handy an' proper; an' Lascar Loo she sez to you, "Oh, my mother 's that good to me," she do. Lascar Loo 'ad better talk so, bein' sick abed, 'r else 'er mother would kill 'er. Garn! You 're a bloomin' gardener — you an' yer custids! Lascar Loo don't never smell of 'em, even.'"

Whether Mr. Kipling has ever studied the charity problem of the East End of London at close range, I am not aware. It does not matter. He has studied life, he has studied human nature; he knows them both through and through. Knowing them, he has done more in the space of a few pages of fiction to illuminate the London charity problem (and so the charity problem of the English-speaking world) than a whole army of special students or active charity workers by written or spoken testimony.

More recently, Mr. Arthur Morrison, in a small volume of short stories entitled Tales of Mean Streets, pictured the weaknesses, follies, sins, and crimes of the people who come under the jurisdiction of London charity, with an almost appalling insight and frankness. Under the spell of such convincing realities as these of Mr. Morrison and Mr. Kipling, who are too thorough artists to attempt to point a moral, one does not stop to think or to care whether dialect is accurate, local color faithful, plot plausible, morale uplifting, outlook optimistic, or to raise any of the natural queries regard-

ing a work of fiction; but the inference is inevitable that modern charity is often a tragedy, and often a farce.

Years before these two men thus put the thinking world in their debt, an American author, of an entirely different type, — no less a person than Ralph Waldo Emerson, — delivered himself more directly to the same effect: —

"I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons, to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand, alms to sots and the thousandfold relief societies, — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold."

Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay on Beggars, restated the thought of Emerson and amplified it in his inimitable way.

"Gratitude without familiarity," he says, "gratitude otherwise than as a nameless element in a friendship, is a thing so near to hatred that I do not care to split the difference. Until I find a man who is pleased to receive obligations, I shall continue to question the tact of those who are eager to confer them. What an art it is to give even to our nearest friends, and what a test of manners to receive! How, upon either side, we smuggle away the obligation, blushing for each other; how bluff and dull we make the giver; how hasty, how falsely cheerful, the receiver! And yet an act of such difficulty and distress between near friends it is supposed we can perform to a total stranger and leave the man transfixed with grateful emotions. The last thing you can do to a man is to burden him with an obligation, and it is what we propose to begin with! But let us not be deceived; unless he is totally degraded to his trade, anger jars in his inside and he grates his teeth at our gratuity. . . . We should wipe two words from our vocabulary, — gratitude and charity. In real life, help is given out of friendship, or it is not valued; it is received from the hand of friendship, or it is resented. We are all too proud to take a naked gift; we must seem to pay for it, if in nothing else with the delights of our society."

Herbert Spencer as a Novelist.

We have been depriving ourselves this long time of much wholesome enjoyment, and have been doing serious injustice to an important manifestation of human thought, by taking too strenuously and soberly the great body of written work we class as scientific, failing to see in it a noteworthy and valuable addition to the world's stock of imaginative literature.

In this matter we are deceived a little, doubtless, by the open lack of correspondence between the outward forms of expression made use of by science and the canons of literary art. The scientific treatise, while usually — not always — telling its story in a straightforward way, is, as a rule, regardless of the literary values of words, careless of symmetrical arrangement, and disdainful of any devices of rhetoric that might give color and perspective to style.

Looking beneath expression to thought, however, we shall find science on every hand subdued to the moulding power of imagination. The instinct for order and symmetry, for proportion and unity, the feeling for plot and plan, the love for struggle and climax, make themselves felt even where the attempt is made entirely to shut out any such influences. Not only the constructive imagination is at work, which even the scientific purist will allow as a legitimate means to research, but the fictive imagination, which

does not confine itself to joining links already at hand, but is ready to supply them outright, when wanting.

A noteworthy instance of the use of imagination in science is the work of Spencer, which, professing to be a purely scientific account of the world's development, is in reality one of the greatest achievements of human imagination in this or any time. While all science is, as we are obliged to acknowledge, somewhat affected by the imagination of the scientist, there are differences in the degree and amount of that affection, roughly apprehensible, by means of which we may judge a work or its author as more or less regardful of the scientist's ideal of objective truth. Look, for example, from Spencer to Darwin. As the starting point of their respective efforts, each conceived a design bold in scope and loftily imaginative. Spencer's embraced the universe; Darwin's was little less comprehensive. But in working out these great plans, what a contrast in method! Darwin gives himself up, year after year, to the first-hand investigation of certain limited groups of concrete phenomena; Spencer easily contents himself with such researches of others as suit the general outline of his purpose, and even with the constructions of his own fancy. A comparison of the two great principles arrived at by each, respectively, as the result of his labors, affords additional evidence of a striking diversity in method and turn of mind. Darwin's law of natural selection is "explanation" in the true sense of the term: the phenomena we are in doubt about are brought into relation with phenomena we know familiarly and have accepted. Spencer's principle, on the other hand, is not explanation, but formulation; it substitutes concept for process; it presents, instead of the "efficient cause" of modern science, the "formal cause" of mediæval philosophy.

To appreciate Spencer's work at its true value, we should compare it, not to the Origin of Species, but to the Comédie Humaine. It is not, strictly speaking, a scientific treatise, but a novel, — or series of novels, — a wonderful imaginative construction, wrought out through long years of unwearied devotion to a central thought, presenting, in successive fragments of mighty mould, the many varying aspects of a fundamental unity. While desiring, with the scientist, to anchor his work in the concrete and objective, Spencer is yet rather the novelist in his use of concrete material. Ranging easily over great masses of detail, he chooses with freely selective hand, apparently rather at the call of a sense for illustrative and decorative values than from a delicate appreciation of the objectively probable and true.

The evolution philosophy, as developed by Spencer and his followers, is distinctively novelistic. Older theories of the universe and humanity presented their objects in relations of coexistence; evolution is a theory of sequence. It is not a picture, but a story, in which we follow man and the course of the world through the changes and chances of time, through collision and conflict, to a definite and heart-stirring climax. And this story is not framed after the model of the drama, properly so called. Like the novel, it is more crowded with characters than the drama allows. Its flow is more copious, — rich in minor incident and episode, easily prone to interesting digression. In it are shown the tangled combinations of little causes familiar in life, but not permissible in the contracted spaces of the drama; and it proceeds in more leisurely fashion to its climax, through liberally allowed periods of time.

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE EXECUTIVE.[1]

I.

I HAVE felt a little uncomfortable when I have read in the catalogue of your university [2] and in the newspapers that I was to give you lectures. I am sure I shall do nothing that deserves that name. You have lectures enough to satisfy your craving. Besides, I have never intentionally delivered a lecture in my life. I am with you on the other side of the question, for I doubt if any man was ever more belabored than I have been for the last seventeen years with lectures. This mild term does not suffice, for sometimes it has seemed to me that a large section of the American people regard high public office as a sort of pillory of honor where it is worth their while to put a man for the sake of enjoying the abuse of him afterwards. A larger part of our people, more decently disposed, are benevolently willing to put at the service of a public officer all their knowledge of statecraft and to advise him in any real or imaginary emergency. It is only after their advice is disregarded that they set about the task of demonstrating that the popular choice has been a sad mistake, and that an abundance of excellent material for public place has been overlooked. It is safe to say that after every presidential election the fact is developed that in our newspaper establishments alone there are thousands who have been thus neglected.

I shall hope to fulfill my engagements with you by a brief comment upon the office of President of the United States, and by recalling some incidents of a public nature made familiar to me by my incumbency of that office.

When our original thirteen States, actuated by "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," presented to the world the causes which impelled them to separate from the mother country, and to cast off all allegiance to the Crown of England, they gave prominence to the declaration that "the history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States." This was followed by an indictment containing not less than eighteen counts or accusations, all leveled at the King and the King alone. These were closed or clinched by this asseveration: "A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." In this arraignment the English Parliament was barely mentioned, and then only as "others," with whom the King had conspired by "giving his assent to their act of pretended legislation," thus lending operative force to some of the outrages which had been put upon them.

It is thus apparent that in the indictment presented by the thirteen colonies, they charged the King, who in

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[1] Copyright, 1900, by GROVER CLEVELAND.

[2] This address was delivered at Princeton University, April 9, 1900.

this case may properly be considered as the Chief Executive of Great Britain, with the crimes and offenses which were their justification for the solemn and impressive decree: —

"We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

To this irrevocable predicament had the thirteen States or colonies been brought by the outrageous and oppressive exercise of executive power.

In these circumstances it should not surprise us to find that when, on the footing of the Declaration of Independence, the first scheme of government was adopted for the revolted States, it contained no provision for an executive officer to whom should be intrusted administrative power and duty. Those who had suffered and rebelled on account of the tyranny of an English King were evidently chary of subjecting themselves to the chance of a repetition of their woes through an abuse of the power that might necessarily devolve upon an American President.

Thus, under the Articles of Confederation, "The United States of America," without an executive head as we understand the term, came to the light with the expressed guaranty of its charter existence, that "the articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual."

Let us not harbor too low an opinion of the Confederation. Under its guidance and direction the war of the Revolution was fought to a successful result, and the people of the States which were parties to it became in fact free and independent; but the Articles of Confederation lacked the power to enforce the decree they contained of inviolable observance by every State; and the union, which under their sanction it was declared should be perpetual, early developed symptoms of inevitable decay.

It thus happened that within ten years after the date of the Articles of Confederation their deficiencies had become so manifest that representatives of the people were again assembled in convention to consider the situation and to devise a plan of government that would form "a more perfect union" in place of the crumbling structure which it had so lately declared should be perpetual.

The pressing necessity for such action cannot be more forcibly portrayed than was done by Mr. Madison when in a letter written a short time before the convention he declared: "Our situation is becoming every day more and more critical. No money comes into the Federal treasury; no respect is paid to the Federal authority; and people of reflection unanimously agree that the existing Confederacy is tottering to its foundation. Many individuals of weight, particularly in the Eastern district, are suspected of leaning towards monarchy. Other individuals predict a partition of the States into two or more confederacies."

It was at this time universally conceded that if success was to follow

the experiment of popular government among the new States, the creation of an Executive branch invested with power and responsibility would be an absolutely essential factor. Madison, in referring to the prospective work of the convention, said: "A national executive will also be necessary. I have scarcely ventured to form my own opinion yet, either of the manner in which it ought to be constituted, or of the authorities with which it ought to be clothed." We know that every plan of government proposed or presented to the convention embodied in some form as a prominent feature the establishment of an effective Executive; and I think it can be safely said that no subject was submitted which proved more perplexing and troublesome. We ought not to consider this as unnatural, when we remember that the members of the convention, while obliged to confess that the fears and prejudices that refused executive power to the Confederacy had led to the most unfortunate results, were still confronted with a remnant of those fears and prejudices, which discovered the spectre of monarchy behind every suggestion of executive force. I think another cause of embarrassment may be found in a lack of definite and clear conviction in the minds of members as to the manner of dealing with the subject. Still another difficulty, which seems to have been all-pervading and chronic in the convention, was the jealousy and suspicion existing between the large and small States. I am afraid, also, that an unwillingness to trust too much to the people had its influence in preventing an easy solution of the executive problem. The first proposal made in the convention that the President should be elected by the people was accompanied by an apologetic statement by the member making the suggestion that he was almost unwilling to declare the mode of selection he preferred, "being apprehensive that it might appear chimerical." Another favored the idea of popular election, but thought it "impracticable;" another was not clear that the people ought to act directly even in the choice of electors, being, as alleged, "too little informed of personal characters in large districts, and liable to deception;" and again, it was declared that "it would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for Chief Magistrate to the people as it would to refer a trial of colors to a blind man."

The plan first adopted by the convention provided for the selection of the President by the Congress, or, as it was then called, by the national legislature. Various other plans were proposed, but only to be summarily rejected in favor of that which the convention had apparently irrevocably determined upon. There were, however, among the members, some who lost no opportunity to advocate, with energy and sound reasons, the substitution of a mode of electing the President more in keeping with the character of the office and the genius of a popular government. This fortunate persistence resulted in the reopening of the subject and its reference, very late in the sessions of the convention, to a committee who reported in favor of a procedure for the choice of the Executive substantially identical with that now in force; and this was adopted by the convention almost unanimously.

This imperfect review of the incidents that led up to the establishment of the office of President, and its rescue from dangers which surrounded its beginning, if not otherwise useful, ought certainly to suggest congratulatory and grateful reflections. The proposition that the selection of a President should rest entirely with the Congress, which came so near adoption, must, I think, appear to us as something absolutely startling; and we may well be surprised that it was ever favorably considered by the convention.

In the scheme of our national Gov-

ernment the presidency is preëminently the people's office. Of course, all offices created by the Constitution, and all governmental agencies existing under its sanction, must be recognized, in a sense, as the offices and agencies of the people — considered either as an aggregation constituting the national body politic, or some of its divisions. When, however, I now speak of the presidency as being preëminently the people's office, I mean that it is especially the office of the people as individuals, and in no general, local, or other combination, but each standing on the firm footing of manhood and American citizenship. The laws passed by Congress are inert and vain without executive impulse; and the Federal courts pass upon the right of the citizen only when their aid is occasionally invoked; but under the constitutional mandate that the President "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," every citizen, in the day or in the night, at home or abroad, is constantly within the protection and restraint of the executive power — none so lowly as to be beneath its scrupulous care, and none so great and powerful as to be beyond its restraining force.

In view of this constant touch and the relationship thus existing between the citizen and the Executive, it would seem that these considerations alone supplied sufficient reason why his selection should rest upon the direct and independent expression of the people's choice. This reason is reinforced by the fact that inasmuch as Senators are elected by the State legislatures, Representatives in Congress by the votes of districts or States, and Judges are appointed by the President, it is only in the selection of the President that the body of the American people can by any possibility act together and directly in the equipment of their national Government. Without at least this much of participation in that equipment, we could hardly expect that a ruinous discontent and revolt could be long suppressed among a people who had been promised a popular and representative government.

I do not mean to be understood as conceding that the selection of a President through electors chosen by the people of the several States, according to our present plan, perfectly meets the case as I have stated it. On the contrary, it has always seemed to me that this plan is weakened by an unfortunate infirmity. Though the people in each State are permitted to vote directly for electors, who shall give voice to the popular preference of the State in the choice of President, the voters throughout the nation may be so disturbed and the majorities given for electors in the different States may be such that a minority of all the voters in the land can determine, and in some cases actually have determined, who the President should be. I believe a way should be devised to prevent such a result.

It seems almost ungracious, however, to find fault with our present method of electing a President when we recall the alternative from which we escaped, through the final action of the convention which framed the Constitution.

The plan at first adopted, vesting in Congress the presidential election, was determined on in the face of the universal opinion of those who were prominent in the convention, as well as of all thoughtful and patriotic Americans who watched for a happy result from its deliberations, that the corner-stone of the new Government should be a distinct division of powers and functions among the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial branches, with the independence of each amply secured. Whatever may have been the real reasons for giving the choice of the President to Congress, I am sure those which were announced in the convention do not satisfy us in this day and generation that such an arrangement would have

secured either the separateness or independence of the Executive department. I am glad to believe this to be so palpable as to make it unnecessary for me to suggest other objections, which might subject me to the suspicion of questioning the infallibility of Congress in this relation. It is much more agreeable to acknowledge gratefully that a danger was avoided, and a method adopted for the selection of the executive head of the Government which was undoubtedly the best within the reach of the convention.

The Constitution formed by this convention has been justly extolled by informed and liberty-loving men throughout the world. The statesman who, above all his contemporaries of the century, was best able to pass judgment on its merits has formulated an unchallenged verdict, in which it is declared that "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

We dwell with becoming pride upon the intellectual greatness of the men who composed the convention. They were indeed great; but the happy result of their labor would not have been saved to us and to humanity except for their patriotism, their patience, and last, but by no means least, their forbearing tact. To these are we especially indebted for the creation of an executive department, limited against any possible danger of usurpation or tyranny, but, at the same time, strong and independent within its limitations.

The Constitution declared: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America," and this is followed by a recital of specific and distinctly declared duties with which he was charged, and the powers with which he was invested. The members of the convention were not willing, however, that the executive power which they had vested in the President should be cramped and embarrassed by any implication that a specific statement of certain granted powers and duties excluded all other presidential functions; nor were they apparently willing that the denial of such a claim as this should find its strongest support in the meaning which should be given to the words "executive power," or in the authority involved in the absolute investiture of that power. Therefore we find that the Constitution supplements a recital of the specific powers and duties of the President with this impressive and conclusive additional requirement: "He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." This I conceive to be equivalent to a grant of all the power necessary to the performance of his duty in the execution of the laws.

The form of Constitution first proposed to the convention provided that the President elect, before entering upon the duties of his office, should take an oath, simply declaring: "I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States." To this brief and very general obligation there were added by the convention the following words: "and will to the best of my judgment and power preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Finally, the "Committee on Style," appointed by the convention, apparently to arrange the order of the provisions agreed upon, and to suggest the language in which they would be best expressed, reported in favor of the oath: "I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States;" and this form was adopted by the convention without discussion.

It is therefore apparent that as the Constitution, in addition to its specification of especial duties and powers devolving upon the President, provides that "he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed;" and as this

was evidently intended as general devolution of power and imposition of obligation in respect to any condition that might arise relating to the execution of the laws, so it is likewise apparent that the convention was not content to rest the sworn obligation of the President solely upon his covenant to "faithfully execute the office of President of the United States," but added thereto the mandate that he should preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, to the best of his judgment and power, or, as it was afterwards expressed, to the best of his ability. Thus, in one case he was to exercise every power attached to his office, to the end that the laws might be faithfully executed, and in the other his oath required of him not merely obedience to the Constitution, and not merely the performance of executive duty, but the exertion of all his official strength and authority for the preservation, protection, and defense of the Constitution.

Among the specifically mentioned constitutional duties of the President, we find the following: "And he shall nominate, and by and with the advice of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law."

The above quotations from the Constitution and the comments I have made thereon are presented as introductory to a brief mention of a debate in Congress which occurred in the year 1789 and during the first session of that body assembled under the Constitution.

The question discussed involved distinctly and solely the power of the President under the Constitution to remove an officer appointed by him by and with the advice of the Senate. The discussion arose upon a bill then before the Congress, providing for the organization of the State Department. This bill contained a provision that the head of the department to be created should be removable from office by the President. This was opposed on the ground that as the Senate coöperated in the appointment, it should also be consulted in the matter of removal; it was urged by some that the power of removal in such cases was already vested in the President by the Constitution, and that the provision was therefore unnecessary; and it was also contended that the question whether the Constitution permitted such removal or not should be left untouched by legislative action, and be determined by the courts. Those insisting upon retaining in the bill the clause permitting removal by the President alone claimed that such legislation would remove all doubt on the subject, though they asserted that the absolute investiture of all executive power in the President, reinforced by the constitutional command that he should take care that the laws be faithfully executed, justified their position that the power already existed, especially in the absence of any adverse expression in the Constitution; that the removal of subordinate officers was an act so executive in its character and so intimately related to the faithful execution of the laws, that it was clearly among the President's constitutional prerogatives; and if it was not sufficiently declared in the Constitution, the omission should be supplied by the legislation proposed. In support of these positions it was said that the participation of the Senate in the removal of executive officers would be a dangerous step toward breaking down the partitions between the different departments of the Government which had been carefully erected, and were regarded by every statesman of that time as absolutely essential to our national existence, and stress was laid upon the unhappy condition that would arise in case a removal desired by the President should be refused by the Senate, and he

thus should be left, still charged with the responsibility of the faithful execution of the laws, while deprived of the loyalty and constancy of his subordinates and assistants, who, resentful of his efforts for their removal, would lack devotion to his work, and who, having learned to rely upon another branch of the Government for their retention, would be invited to defiant insubordination.

At the time of this discussion the proceedings of the Senate took place behind closed doors, and its debates were not published, but its determinations upon such questions as came before it were made public.

The proceedings of the other branch of the Congress, however, were open, and we are permitted through their publication to follow the very interesting discussion of the question referred to in the House of Representatives.

The membership of that body included a number of those who had been members of the Constitutional Convention, and who, fresh from its deliberations, were necessarily somewhat familiar with its purposes and intent. Mr. Madison was there, who had as much to do as any other man with the inauguration of the convention and its successful conclusion. He was not especially prominent in its deliberations, but increased his familiarity with its pervading spirit and disposition by keeping a careful record of its proceedings. In speaking of his reasons for keeping this record he says: "The curiosity I had felt during my researches into the history of the most distinguished confederacies, particularly those of antiquity, and the deficiency I found in the means of satisfying it, more especially in what related to the process, the principles, the reasons and the anticipations which prevailed in the formation of them, determined me to preserve as far as I could an exact account of what might pass in the convention while executing its trust, with the magnitude of which I was duly impressed, as I was by the gratification promised to future curiosity, by an authentic exhibition of the objects, the opinions and the reasonings from which a new system of government was to receive its peculiar structure and organization. Nor was I unaware of the value of such a contribution to the fund of materials for the history of a Constitution on which would be staked the happiness of a people great in its infancy, and possibly the cause of liberty throughout the world." This important debate also gains great significance from the fact that it occurred within two years after the completion of the Constitution, and before political rancor or the temptations of partisan zeal had intervened to vex our congressional counsels.

It must be conceded, I think, that all the accompanying circumstances gave tremendous weight and authority to this first legislative construction of the Constitution in the first session of the first House of Representatives, and that these circumstances fully warranted Mr. Madison's declaration: "I feel the importance of the question, and know that our decision will involve the decision of all similar cases. The decision that is at this time made will become the permanent exposition of the Constitution, and on a permanent exposition of the Constitution will depend the genius and character of the whole Government."

The discussion was extended, thorough, and earnest, and from the first a decided majority were of the opinion that the Executive should have power of removal, whether derived from the Constitution or conferred by law. It will be recalled that the debate arose upon the clause in a pending bill, providing that the officer therein named should "be removable by the President," and that some of the members of the House, holding that such power of removal was plainly to be implied from the language of the Constitution, insisted that it would be useless and improper to assume to confer the power by legislative enact-

ment. Though a motion to strike from the bill the clause objected to had been negatived by a large majority, it was afterwards proposed, in deference to the opinions of those who suggested that the House should go no further than to give a legislative construction to the Constitution in favor of executive removal, that in lieu of the words already adopted, indicating a grant of the power, there should be inserted in another part of the bill a provision regarding the filling of vacancies, containing the following clause: "Whenever the said principal officer shall be removed from office by the President of the United States, or in any other case of vacancy." This was universally acknowledged to be a distinct and unequivocal declaration that, under the Constitution, the right of removal was conferred upon the President; and those supporting that proposition voted in favor of the change, which was adopted by a decisive majority. The bill thus completed was sent to the Senate, where, if there was opposition to it on the ground that it contained a provision in derogation of senatorial right, it did not avail; for the bill was passed by that body, though grudgingly, and, as has been disclosed, only by the vote of the Vice President, upon an equal division of the Senate. It may not be amiss to mention, as adding significance to the concurrence of the House and Senate in the meaning and effect of the clause pertaining to removal as embodied in this bill, that during that same session two other bills creating the Treasury Department and the War Department, containing precisely the same provision, were passed by both Houses.

I trust I have not been wearisome in stating the circumstances that led up to a legislative construction of the Constitution, as authoritative as any surroundings could possibly make it, to the effect that, as a constitutional right, the President had the power of removal without the participation or interference of the Senate.

This was in 1789. In 1886, ninety-seven years afterwards, this question was again raised in a sharp contention between the Senate and the President. In the meantime, as was quite natural, perhaps, partisanship had grown more pronounced and bitter, and it was at that particular time by no means softened by the fact that the party that had become habituated to power by twenty-four years of substantial control of the Government was obliged, on the 4th of March, 1885, to make way in the executive office for a President elected by the opposite party. He came into office fully pledged to the letter of Civil Service reform; and passing beyond the letter of the law on that subject, he had said: "There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the Civil Service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration, that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power."

The meaning of this statement is, that while, among the officers not affected by the Civil Service law, there are those whose duties are so related to the enforcement of the political policy of an administration that they should be in full accord with it, there are others of such officers whose duties are not so related, and who simply perform executive work; and these should not be removed merely for the purpose of rewarding the party friends of the President, by putting them in the positions thus made vacant. An adherence to this rule I believe established a precedent, which has since operated to check wholesale removals solely for political reasons.

The declaration which I have quoted

was, however, immediately followed by an important qualification, in these terms: "But many men holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes, in disregard of their duty to the people; and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management."

These pledges were not made without a full appreciation of the difficulties and perplexities that would follow in their train. It was anticipated that party associates would expect, notwithstanding executive pledges made in advance, that there would be a speedy and liberal distribution among them of the offices from which they had been inexorably excluded for nearly a quarter of a century. It was plainly seen that many party friends would be disappointed, that personal friends would be alienated, and that the charge of ingratitude, the most distressing and painful of all accusations, would find abundant voice. Nor were the difficulties overlooked that would sometimes accompany a consistent and just attempt to determine the cases in which incumbents in office had forfeited their claim to retention. That such cases were numerous no one, with the slightest claim to sincerity, could for a moment deny.

With all these things in full view, and with an alternative of escape in sight through an evasion of pledges, it was stubbornly determined that the practical enforcement of the principles involved was worth all the sacrifices which were anticipated. And while it was not expected that the Senate, which was the only stronghold left to the party politically opposed to the President, was to contribute an ugly dispute to a situation already sufficiently troublesome, I was in a position to say that even such a contingency, if then made manifest, would be contemplated with all possible fortitude.

The Tenure of Office act, it will be remembered, was passed in 1867 for the express purpose of preventing removals from office by President Johnson, between whom and the Congress a quarrel at that time raged so bitter that it was regarded by sober and thoughtful men as a national affliction, if not a scandal.

An amusing story is told of a legislator who, endeavoring to persuade a friend and colleague to aid him in the passage of a certain measure in which he was personally interested, met the remark that his bill was unconstitutional with the exclamation, "What does the Constitution amount to between friends?" It would be unseemly to suggest that in the heat of strife the majority in Congress had deliberately determined to pass an unconstitutional law, but they evidently had reached the point where they considered that what seemed to them the public interest and safety justified them, whatever the risk might be, in setting aside the congressional construction given to the Constitution seventy-eight years before.

The law passed in 1867 was exceedingly radical; and in effect distinctly purported to confer upon the Senate the power of preventing the removal of officers without the consent of that body. It was provided that during a recess of the Senate an officer might be suspended only in case it was shown by evidence satisfactory to the President that the incumbent was guilty of misconduct in office or crime, or when for any reason he should become incapable or legally disqualified to perform his duties; and that within twenty days after the beginning of the next session of the Senate, the President should report to that body such suspension with the evidence and reasons for his action in the case, and the name of the person designated by the President to perform temporarily the duties of the office. Then follows this provision: "And if the Senate shall concur in such suspension and ad-

vise and consent to the removal of such officer, they shall so certify to the President, who may thereupon remove said officer, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate appoint another person to such office. But if the Senate shall refuse to concur in such suspension, such officer so suspended shall forthwith resume the functions of his office."

On the 5th of April, 1869, a month and a day after President Johnson was succeeded in the presidency by General Grant, that part of the act of 1867 above referred to, having answered the purpose for which it was passed, was repealed, and other legislation was enacted in its place. It was provided in the new statute that the President might "in his discretion," during the recess of that body, suspend officials until the end of the next session of the Senate, and designate suitable persons to perform the duties of such suspended officer in the meantime; and that such designated persons should be subject to removal in the discretion of the President by the designation of others. The following, in regard to the effect of such suspension, was inserted in lieu of the provision on that subject in the law of 1867 which I have quoted: "And it shall be the duty of the President within thirty days after the commencement of each session of the Senate, except for any office which in his opinion ought not to be filled, to nominate persons to fill all vacancies in office which existed at the meeting of the Senate, whether temporarily filled or not, and also in the place of all officers suspended; and if the Senate, during such session, shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of any suspended officer, then, and not otherwise, the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to said session of the Senate for said office."

This was the condition of the so-called tenure of office legislation when a Democratic President was inaugurated and placed in expected coöperation with a Republican majority in the Senate — well drilled, well organized, with partisanship enough at least to insure against indifference to party advantage, and perhaps with here and there a trace of post-election irritation.

Whatever may be said as to the constitutionality of the Tenure of Office laws of 1867 and 1869, certainly the latter statute did not seem, in outside appearance, to be charged with explosive material that endangered executive prerogative. It grew out of a bill which absolutely and unconditionally repealed the law of 1867 relating to removals and suspensions. This repealing act originated in the House of Representatives, and passed that body so nearly unanimously that only sixteen votes were recorded against it. In the Senate, however, amendments were proposed, which being rejected by the House, a committee of conference was appointed to propose a compromise of the disagreement between the two bodies. This resulted in an agreement by the committee, upon the provisions of the law of 1869, as a settlement of the controversy. In the debate in the House of Representatives on the report of the committee, great uncertainty and differences of opinion were developed as to its meaning and effect. Even the House conferees differed in their explanation of it. Members were assured that the proposed modifications of the law of 1867, if adopted, would amount to its repeal; and it was also asserted with equal confidence that some of its objectionable limitations upon executive authority would still remain in force. In this state of confusion and doubt the House of Representatives, which a few days before had passed a measure for unconditional repeal, with only sixteen votes against it, adopted the report of the conference committee with sixty-seven votes in the negative.

So far as removals following suspensions are concerned, the language of the law of 1869 certainly seems to justify the understanding that in this particular it virtually repealed the existing statute.

The provision permitting the President to suspend only on certain specified grounds was so changed as to allow him to make such suspensions "in his discretion." The requirements that the President should report to the Senate "the evidence and reasons for his action in the case," and making the advice and consent of the Senate necessary to the removal of a suspended officer, were entirely eliminated; and in lieu of the provision in the law of 1867 that "if the Senate shall refuse to concur in such suspension, such officer so suspended shall resume the functions of his office," the law of 1869, after requiring the President to send to the Senate nominations to fill the place of officers who had been "in his discretion" suspended, declared "that if the Senate during such session shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of any suspended officer," not that "such officer so suspended shall resume the functions of his office," but that "then and not otherwise the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to said session of the Senate for said office."

It seems to me that the gist of the whole matter is contained in a comparison of these two provisions. Under the law of 1867 the incumbent is only conditionally suspended, still having the right to resume his office in case the Senate refuses to concur in the suspension; but under the law of 1869 the Senate had no concern with the suspension of the incumbent, nor with the discretion vested in the President in reference thereto by the express language of the statute; and the suspended incumbent certainly would appear to be beyond resuscitation. Instead of the least intimation that in any event he might "resume the functions of his office," as provided in the law of 1867, it is especially declared that in case the Senate shall refuse to advise and consent to the appointment of the particular person nominated by the President in place of the suspended official, he shall nominate another person to the Senate for such office. Thus the party suspended seems to be eliminated from consideration, the Senate is relegated to its constitutional rights of confirming or rejecting nominations as it sees fit, and the President is reinstated in his undoubted constitutional power of removal, through suspension, during the recess of the Senate.

In addition to what is apparent from a comparison of these two statutes, it may not be improper to glance at certain phases of executive and senatorial action since the passage of the law of 1869 as bearing upon the reasonableness of the belief that, so far as it dealt with suspensions and their effect, if it did not amount to a repeal of the law of 1867, it at least extinguished all its harmful vitality as a limitation of executive prerogative. It has been stated apparently authoritatively that President Grant within seven weeks after his inauguration on the 4th of March, 1869, sent to the Senate 680 cases of removals or suspensions, all of which I assume were entirely proper and justifiable. I cannot tell how many of the cases thus submitted to the Senate were suspensions, nor how many of them purported to be removals; nor do I know how many nominations of new officers accompanying them were confirmed. It appears that ninety-seven of them were withdrawn before they were acted upon by the Senate; and inasmuch as the law of 1867 was in force during four of the seven weeks within which these removals and suspensions were submitted, it is barely possible that these withdrawals were made to await a more convenient season under the law of 1869. Atten-

tion should be here called, however, to the dissatisfaction of President Grant, early in his incumbency, with the complexion of the situation, even under the repealing and amendatory law of 1869. In his first annual message to the Congress in December, 1869, he complained of that statute as "being inconsistent with a faithful and efficient administration of the Government," and recommended its repeal. Perhaps he was led to apprehend that the Senate would claim under its provisions the power to prevent the President from putting out of office an undesirable official by suspension. This is indicated by the following sentence in his message: "What faith can an Executive put in officials forced upon him, and those, too, whom he has suspended for reason?" Or is it possible that he did not then appreciate how accommodatingly the law might be construed or enforced when the President and Senate were in political accord? However these things may be, it is important to observe, in considering the light in which the law of 1869 came to be regarded by both the Executive and the Senate, that President Grant did not deem it necessary afterwards to renew his recommendation for its repeal, and that at no time since its enactment has its existence been permitted to embarrass executive action prior to the inauguration of a Democratic President politically opposed to the majority in control of the Senate.

The review which I have thus attempted to make of the creation of our national Executive office, and of certain events and incidents connected with its operation, has consumed all the time which I ought to claim from you this evening. If in continuation I am to recount other events and incidents relating to the subject, in which I have been personally concerned, it must be done on another occasion. But before I now conclude, I desire to say that any allusion I may have made recognizing the existence of partisanship in certain quarters has not been made in a spirit of complaint or condemnation. I have intended to do no more by such allusions than to explain and illustrate the matters with which I have had to deal by surrounding conditions and circumstances. I fully appreciate the fact that partisanship follows party organization, that it is apt to be unduly developed in all parties, and that it often hampers the best aspirations and purposes of public life; but I hope I have reached a condition when I can recall such adverse partisanship as may have entered into past conflicts and perplexities without misleading irritation or prejudice, especially on such an occasion as this.

Grover Cleveland.

(*To be concluded in the July number.*)

TUPPENNY TRAVELS IN LONDON.

If one really wants to know London, one must live there for years and years.

This sounds like a reasonable and sensible statement, yet the moment it is made I retract it, as quite misleading and altogether too general.

We have a charming English friend who has not been to the Tower since he was a small boy, and begs us to conduct him there on the very next Saturday. Another has not seen Westminster Abbey for fifteen years, because he attends church at St. Dunstan's-in-the-East. Another says that he should like to have

us "read up" London in the red-covered Baedeker, and then show it to him, properly and systematically. Another, a flower of nobility, confesses that he never mounted the top of an omnibus in the evening for the sake of seeing London after dark, but that he thinks it would be rather jolly, and that he will join us in such a democratic journey at any time we like.

We think we get a kind of vague apprehension of what London means from the top of a 'bus better than anywhere else, and this vague apprehension is as much as the thoughtful or imaginative observer will ever arrive at in a lifetime. It is too stupendous to be comprehended. The mind is dazed by its distances, confused by its contrasts; tossed from the spectacle of its wealth to the contemplation of its poverty, the brilliancy of its extravagances to the stolidity of its miseries, the luxuries that blossom in Mayfair to the brutalities that lurk in Whitechapel.

We often set out on a fine morning, Salemina and I, and travel twenty miles in the day, though we have to double our twopenny fee several times to accomplish that distance.

We never know whither we are going, and indeed it is not a matter of great moment (I mean to a woman) where everything is new and strange, and where the driver, if one is fortunate enough to be on a front seat, tells one everything of interest along the way, and instructs one regarding a different route back into town.

We have our favorite 'buses, of course; but when one appears, and we jump on while it is still in motion, as the conductor seems to prefer, and pull ourselves up the corkscrew stairway, — not a simple matter in the garments of sophistication, — we have little time to observe more than the color of the lumbering vehicle.

We like the Cadbury's Cocoa 'bus very much; it takes you by St. Mary-le-Strand, Bow-Bells, the Temple, Mansion House, St. Paul's, and the Bank.

If you want to go and lunch, or dine frugally, at the Cheshire Cheese, eat black pudding and drink pale ale, sit in Dr. Johnson's old seat, and put your head against the exact spot on the wall where his rested, — although the traces of this form of worship are all too apparent, — then you jump on a Lipton's Tea 'bus, and are deposited at the very door. All is novel, and all is interesting, whether it be the crowded streets of the East End traversed by the Davies' Pea-Fed Bacon 'buses, or whether you ride to the very outskirts of London, through green fields and hedgerows, by the Ridge's Food or Nestlé's Milk route.

There are trams, too, which take one to delightful places, though the seats on top extend lengthwise, after the old "knifeboard pattern," and one does not get so good a view of the country as from the "garden seats" on the roof of the omnibus; still there is nothing we like better on a warm morning than a good outing on the Vinolia tram that we pick up in Shaftesbury Avenue. There is a street running from Shaftesbury Avenue into Oxford Street, which was once the village of St. Giles, one of the dozens of hamlets swallowed up by the great maw of London, and it still looks like a hamlet, although it has been absorbed for many years. We constantly happen on these absorbed villages from which, not a century ago, people drove up to town in their coaches.

If you wish to see another phase of life, go out on a Saturday evening, from nine o'clock on to eleven, starting on a Beecham's Pill 'bus, and keep to the poorer districts, alighting occasionally to stand with the crowd in the narrower thoroughfares.

It is a market night, and the streets will be a moving mass of men and women buying at the hucksters' stalls. Everything that can be sold at a stall is there: fruit, vegetables, meat, fish,

crockery, tinware, children's clothing, cheap toys, boots, shoes, and sunbonnets, all in reckless confusion. The venders cry their wares in stentorian tones, vying with one another to produce excitement and induce patronage, while gas jets are streaming into the air from the roofs and flaring from the sides of the stalls; children crying, children dancing to the strains of an accordion, children quarreling, children scrambling for the refuse fruit. In the midst of this spectacle, this din and uproar, the women are chaffering and bargaining quite calmly, watching the scales to see that they get their full pennyworth or sixpennyworth of this or that. To the student of faces, of manners, of voices, of gestures; to the person who sees unwritten and unwritable stories in all these groups of men, women, and children, the scene reveals many things: some comedies, many tragedies, a few plain narratives (thank God!), and now and then — only now and then — a romance. As to the dark alleys and tenements on the fringe of this glare and brilliant confusion, this Babel of sound and ant-bed of moving life, one can only surmise and pity and shudder; close one's eyes and ears to it a little, or one could never sleep for thinking of it, yet not too tightly lest one sleep too soundly, and forget altogether the seamy side of things. One can hardly believe that there is a seamy side when one descends from his traveling observatory a little later, and stands on Westminster Bridge, or walks along the Thames Embankment. The lights of Parliament House gleam from a hundred windows, and in the dark shadows by the banks thousands of colored disks of light twinkle and dance and glow like fairy lamps, and are reflected in the silver surface of the river. That river, as full of mystery and contrast in its course as London itself, — where is such another? It has ever been a river of pageants, a river of sighs; a river into whose placid depths kings and queens, princes and cardinals, have whispered state secrets, and poets have breathed immortal lines; a stream of pleasure, bearing daily on its bosom such a freight of youth and mirth and color and music as no other river in the world can boast.

Sometimes we sally forth in search of adventures in the thick of a "London particular," Mr. Guppy's phrase for a fog. When you are once ensconced in your garden seat by the driver, you go lumbering through a world of bobbing shadows, where all is weird, vague, gray, dense; and where great objects loom up suddenly in the mist and then disappear; where the sky, heavy and leaden, seems to descend bodily upon your head, and the air is full of a kind of luminous yellow smoke.

A Lipton's Tea 'bus is the only one we can see plainly in this sort of weather, and so we always take it. I do not wish, however, to be followed literally in these modest suggestions for omnibus rides, because I am well aware that they are not sufficiently specific for the ordinary tourist who wishes to see London systematically and without any loss of time. If you care to go to any particular place, or reach that place by any particular time, you must not, of course, look at the most conspicuous signs on the tops and ends of the chariots as we do; you must stand quietly at one of the regular points of departure and try to decipher, in a narrow horizontal space along the side, certain little words that show the route and destination of the vehicle. They say that it can be done, and I do not feel like denying it on my own responsibility. Old Londoners assert that they are not blinded or confused by Pears' Soap in letters two feet high, scarlet on a gold ground, but can see below in fine print, and with the naked eye, such legends as Tottenham Court Road, Westbourne Grove, St. Pancras, Paddington, or Victoria. It is certainly reasonable that the omnibuses should be decorated to suit the inhabitants of

the place rather than foreigners, and it is perhaps better to carry a few hundred stupid souls to the wrong station daily than to allow them to cleanse their hands with the wrong soap, or quench their thirst with the wrong (which is to say the unadvertised) beverage.

The conductors do all in their power to mitigate the lot of unhappy strangers, and it is only now and again that you hear an absent-minded or logical one call out, "Castoria! All the w'y for a penny!"

We claim for our method of traveling, not that it is authoritative, but that it is simple, — suitable to persons whose desires are flexible and whose plans are not fixed. It has its disadvantages, which may indeed be said of almost anything. For instance, we had gone for two successive mornings on a Cadbury's Cocoa 'bus to Francesca's dressmaker in Kensington. On the third morning, deceived by the ambitious and unscrupulous Cadbury, we mounted it and journeyed along comfortably three miles to the east of Kensington before we discovered our mistake. It was a pleasant and attractive neighborhood where we found ourselves, but unfortunately Francesca's dressmaker did not reside there.

If you have determined to make a certain train from a certain station, and do not care for any other, no matter if it should turn out to be just as interesting, then never take a Lipton's Tea 'bus, for it is the most unreliable of all. If it did not sound so learned, and if I did not feel that it must have been said before, it is so apt, I should quote Horace and say, "Omnibus hoc vitium est." There is no 'bus unseized by the Napoleonic Lipton. Do not ascend one of them supposing for a moment that by paying fourpence and going to the very end of the route you will come to a neat tea station, where you will be served with the cheering cup. Never; nor with a draught of Cadbury's cocoa nor Nestlé's milk, although you have jostled along for nine weary miles in company with their blatant recommendations to drink nothing else, and though you may have passed other 'buses with the same highly colored names glaring at you until they are burned into the gray matter of your brain, to remain there as long as the copy-book maxims you penned when you were a child.

These pictorial methods doubtless prove a source of great financial gain; of course it must be so, or they would never be prosecuted; but although they may allure millions of customers, they will lose two in our modest persons. When Salemina and I go into a café for tea we ask the young women if they serve Lipton's, and if they say yes, we take coffee. This is self-punishment indeed (in London!), yet we feel that it may have a moral effect; perhaps not commensurate with the physical effect of the coffee upon us, but these delicate matters can never be adjusted with absolute exactitude.

Sometimes when we are to travel on a Pears' Soap 'bus we buy beforehand a bit of pure white Castile, cut from a shrinking, reserved, exclusive bar with no name upon it, and present it to some poor woman when we arrive at our journey's end. We do not suppose that so insignificant a protest does much good, but at least it preserves one's individuality and self-respect.

On one of our excursions our English friend Hilda Mellifica accompanied us, and we alighted to see the place where the Smithfield martyrs were executed, and to visit some of the very old churches in that vicinity. We found hanging in the vestibule of one of them something quite familiar to Hilda, but very strange to our eyes: "A Table of Kindred and Affinity, wherein whosoever are related are forbidden in Scripture and our Laws to Marry Together."

Salemina was very quiet that afternoon, and we accused her afterward of being depressed because she had discovered that, added to the battalions of men

in England who had not thus far urged her to marry them, there were thirty persons whom she could not legally espouse even if they did ask her!

I cannot explain it, but it really seemed in some way that our chances of a "sweet, safe corner of the household fire" had materially decreased when we had read the table.

"It only goes to prove what Salemina remarked yesterday," I said: "that we can go on doing a thing quite properly until we have seen the rule for it printed in black and white. The moment we read the formula we fail to see how we could ever have followed it; we are confused by its complexities, and we do not feel the slightest confidence in our ability to do consciously the thing we have done all our lives unconsciously."

"Like the centipede," quoted Salemina.

"'The centipede was happy quite
Until the toad, for fun,
Said, "Pray which leg goes after which?"
Which wrought his mind to such a pitch,
He lay distracted in a ditch
Considering how to run!'"

"The Table of Kindred and Affinity is all too familiar to me," sighed Hilda, "because we had a governess who made us learn it as a punishment. I suppose I could recite it now, although I have n't looked at it for ten years. We used to chant it in the nursery schoolroom on wet afternoons. I well remember that the vicar called one day to see us, and the governess, hearing our voices uplifted in a pious measure, drew him under the window to listen. This is what he heard, — you will see how admirably it goes! And do not imagine it is wicked: it is merely the Law, not the Gospel, and we framed our own musical settings, so that we had no associations with the Prayer Book."

Here Hilda chanted softly, there being no one in the old churchyard: —

"A woman may not marry with her Grandfather | Grandmother's Husband, Husband's Grandfather || Father's Brother | Mother's Brother | Father's Sister's Husband || Mother's Sister's Husband | Husband's Father's Brother | Husband's Mother's Brother || Father | Step-Father | Husband's Father || Son | Husband's Son | Daughter's Husband || Brother | Husband's Brother | Sister's Husband || Son's Son | Daughter's Son | Son's Daughter's Husband || Daughter's Daughter's Husband | Husband's Son's Son | Husband's Daughter's Son || Brother's Son | Sister's Son | Brother's Daughter's Husband || Sister's Daughter's Husband | Husband's Brother's Son | Husband's Sister's Son."

"It seems as if there were nobody left," I said disconsolately, "save perhaps your Second Cousin's Uncle, or your Enemy's Dearest Friend."

"That 's just the effect it has on one," answered Hilda. "We always used to conclude our chant with the advice: —

"And if there is anybody, after this, in the universe | left to | marry || marry him as expeditiously | as you | possibly | can || Because there are very few husbands omitted from this table of | Kindred and | Affinity || And it behooveth a maiden to snap them up without any delay | willing or unwilling | whenever and | wherever found.

"We were also required to learn by heart the form of Prayer with Thanksgiving to be used Yearly upon the Fifth Day of November for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder; also the prayers for Charles the Martyr and the Thanksgiving for having put an end to the Great Rebellion by the Restitution of the King and Royal Family after many Years' interruption which unspeakable Mercies were wonderfully completed upon the 29th of May in the year 1660."

"1660! We had been forty years in America then," soliloquized Francesca; "and is n't it odd that the long thanks-

givings in our country must all have been for having successfully run away from the Gunpowder Treason, King Charles the Martyr, and the Restituted Royal Family; yet here we are, you and I, the best of friends, talking it all over."

As we jog along, or walk, by turns, we come to Buckingham Street, and looking up at Alfred Jingle's lodgings say a grateful word of Mr. Pickwick. We tell each other that much of what we know of London and England seems to have been learned from Dickens.

Deny him the right to sit among the elect, if you will; talk of his tendency to farce and caricature; call his humor low comedy, and his pathos bathos, — although you shall say none of these things in my presence unchallenged; but the fact remains that every child, in America at least, knows more of England, — its almshouses, debtors' prisons, and law courts, its villages and villagers, its beadles and cheap-jacks and hostlers and coachmen and boots, its streets and lanes, its lodgings and inns and landladies and roast beef and plum pudding, its ways, manners, and customs, — knows more of these things and a thousand others from Dickens's novels than from all the histories, geographies, biographies, and essays in the language. Where is there another novelist who has so peopled a great city with his imaginary characters that there is hardly room for the living population, as one walks along the ways?

Oh, these streets of London! There are other more splendid shades in them, — shades that have been there for centuries, and will walk beside us so long as the streets exist. One can never see these shades, save as one goes on foot, or takes that chariot of the humble, the omnibus. I should like to make a map of literary London somewhat after Leigh Hunt's plan, as projected in his essay on the World of Books; for to the book-lover "the poet's hand is always on the place, blessing it." One can no more separate the association from the particular spot than one can take away from it any other beauty.

"Fleet Street is always Johnson's Fleet Street" (so Leigh Hunt says); "the Tower belongs to Julius Cæsar, and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the Dunciad. . . . I can no more pass through Westminster without thinking of Milton, or the Borough without thinking of Chaucer and Shakespeare, or Gray's Inn without calling Bacon to mind, or Bloomsbury Square without Steele and Akenside, than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture in the splendor of the recollection."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

RECENT ECONOMIC TENDENCIES.

The events of the last decade, and particularly of the last few years, have required a readjustment by economic thinkers of many preconceived points of view upon important subjects relating to industry and capital. It is not so much that the maxims of classical political economy have been proved false, as that those upon which stress has been laid during the effort to emancipate industry from mediæval fetters have become of subordinate importance because their operation has come to be modified by new conditions. The last few years have witnessed a remarkable expansion in trade and industry in nearly every civilized country, which is causing a larger volume of production in proportion to

population, and employing a larger capital than any previous development of the kind. The rate for the rental of capital has risen upon every European money market higher than for many years. The great increase in the gold supply, which has added $700,000,000, or nearly twenty-five per cent, to the gold currency of the world since 1892, seems to have been ineffective in arresting the scarcity of money. Prices of commodities have risen in a surprising degree, and mills and factories have orders which cannot be filled for many months.

While this revival of industry, following upon the panic of 1893, bears much resemblance to the revivals that have followed earlier periods of depression, an important new element has gradually become a controlling factor in the situation. This is the widening of the field of competition. This widening of the field has proceeded with accelerating pace during the last two centuries as the result of labor-saving machinery, swift and cheap methods of communication, and the great accumulations of saved capital resulting from the use of these improved instruments of production and exchange. The widening of the field of effective competitors first brought the producer into competition with his near neighbors, then with the producers of the whole nation, and finally with foreign competitors on a limited scale on his own soil. The condition which now confronts him is the necessity of seeking new outlets, whether for finished goods or saved capital, in foreign markets where he must compete with other producers from without who have entered the field under the same stimulus as himself. This stimulus is the persistent human motive of the struggle for existence, and in this struggle no effective formula has yet been found to supersede that of "the survival of the fittest."

These new conditions of world competition do not permit effective aid to the producer by favoring legislation at home, except such as carefully removes restrictions upon the economy and efficiency of production. The home market is more than supplied by the existing equipment of machinery and capital. The new market opening in the undeveloped countries will be won by the people showing the greatest efficiency in every department of production, — not merely in machinery and labor, but in the organization of their banking and carrying systems and their distribution of the burdens of taxation. Local markets have been merged into a world market, where the operator in goods, money, or securities can place orders or make sales at his will, in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, according as the news brought by telegraph, telephone, or cable indicates that he can buy cheaper or sell dearer at any given moment.

It is in this world market that the manufacturers and capitalists of the United States, as well as those of England and Continental Europe, must hereafter compete with one another. Powerful influences have swept away the natural barriers to competition by making it possible to transfer goods at small cost from the place of production to the remote corners of the world. The reduction of railway charges and ocean freights has followed the multiplication of lines of transportation and economies in railway management and steamship construction. Cars of steel are replacing those of wood, and cars carrying fifty tons are hauled almost as cheaply as were those carrying twenty tons a few years ago. One of the most serious problems of railway competition to-day is the adjustment of rates that shall be fair between communities which at widely varying distances claim the right to lay down their products upon equal terms in the same market. The difference of a few cents per box may determine whether California, or Florida, or Jamaica, shall control the market for oranges in New York.

A similar difference on freight from the West, as between New York or Newport News, may determine which city shall be the commercial emporium of the western world. The breadth of the Atlantic is made "a negligible quantity" by "export rates" which impose the same charges upon freight from the Mississippi to Europe that are made from the Mississippi to New York.

The railway may thus, in a more emphatic sense than ever before, annihilate distances which exist; it also has the power to lengthen distances for all competitive purposes by hostile rates. These mighty engines of competition, hitherto restricted in the main to Europe and America, are putting "a girdle round about the earth." They are traversing the steppes whose sombre silence has been broken for centuries only by the horses' hoofs of Tartar robbers, or by the march of the armed servants of Russian despotism; they are marking China into a checkerboard by bands of steel; they are preparing to link Northern and Southern Africa together "from Cairo to the Cape," and across the Desert of Sahara; and their victorious march from Asia Minor across the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates to the confines of India promises a more enduring conquest for civilization than that of Alexander's armies. Under their competition the possibility of finding an exclusive market and retaining it against rivals by the barriers of distance and difficulty of approach is becoming as vain as the search of the alchemist for the source of gold, or the quest of Ponce de Leon for the fountain of perpetual youth.

One of the facts that has contributed to the merging of local markets into a world market, and has changed the bearings of some of the propositions of classical political economy toward the modern world, is the great accumulation of saved capital.[1] This fact has resulted in a permanent decline of the rate of interest on capital, in spite of the fluctuations of the discount rate which have for the moment carried the rental price of currency to a high figure. Saving now finds little outlet, except in duplicating needlessly the existing machinery of production and transportation, or extending it in directions where an immediate return in the form of dividends is not assured. The most hopeful field for such investments in the future, although one that involves serious risks, is the equipment of new countries.

The reduction in the rate of profit from savings should have the effect, according to the play of classical economic laws, to diminish saving on the one hand, and by the lower rental value of capital make many enterprises practicable which were not so when the rental of capital was high. It is doubtful if the first of these supposed effects of low interest — the diminution of saving — will be felt to any serious extent in modern society. The instinct of saving is to a considerable degree independent of the earning of dividends. Hoards of gold and silver are common among the people of India and other half-civilized countries, where the capital lies buried in some hiding place without yielding a penny of return. The expectation of dividends from investment is a modern phenomenon, which is only one phase of the passion for saving instilled by the evolution of civilized society. Even if the tendency to saving might be somewhat impaired by diminished returns, there is a counter influence in the necessity for larger savings than before to obtain a given return, and there is a constant addition to the number of those making savings under the tendency of growing social wealth to swell the numbers of the well-to-do classes, and diminish the proportion of those in the lower economic strata.

[1] See article by the present writer on The Economic Basis of Imperialism, North American Review (September, 1898), vol. clxvii. p. 326.

The diversion of capital to enterprises which would never have been executed under high rates for money is undoubtedly an important factor in absorbing the surplus of savings in modern society. Enterprises which would not have been thought possible a generation or two ago are now boldly taken up and carried through by private individuals and the state. Where such enterprises, however, supplant hand labor by the economy of machine production, the saving power of society is again increased, and the absorption of capital in these new directions is offset by the new capital created and the labor released for other productive employments. Upon the whole, therefore, the opportunity for the absorption of the saving now going on in civilized society, in such a manner as to yield dividends upon investments, must evidently be found in countries that lack the equipment of western civilization. There are great risks involved in such investments, because of the necessarily speculative character of enterprises which strike out in new paths. Mistakes must almost inevitably be made in regard to supply and demand in adapting to new peoples the mechanism which has met the needs of older civilizations. Great Britain, the first of the modern capitalistic states to make loans abroad, discovered these dangers when millions were swallowed up in the panic of 1825 by bad investments in Latin America, and again in 1857 by the overcapitalization of American railways; but neither these experiences, nor the reckless advances of the Barings in Argentina which culminated in the crisis of 1890, nor the locking up of Scottish funds in Australia in 1893, have diverted English capital permanently from the hopeful channels opened for its investment in undeveloped countries.

The surplus of saved capital in modern society threatens to impair the force of the classical theories regarding expenditures by the state. Economists have for many years protested against the astonishing growth in public expenditure and the negotiation of loans to meet it. They have denounced in the strongest terms the doctrines that a public loan was only the transfer of the people's money from one pocket to the other, and left the state no poorer than before. The classical theories are indisputably correct when applied to the relative poverty of society two or three generations ago, or when directed against a policy which handicaps competing power by taxing industry unduly to maintain an overgrown military establishment. From a philosophical point of view, however, the increase in state expenditure appears to be a normal development resulting from the evolution of modern society. The primary cause is the great increase in wealth, which permits the citizen to give up to the state, without feeling the burden, many times the amount that drove the subjects of Charles I. to rebellion, or impoverished France before the Revolution. Growing out of this increase of wealth are the double influences of a greater subdivision of labor, which throws upon the state many new functions, without at all implying direct progress toward socialism, and the birth of enterprises looking too far into the future to attract individual capital by the promise of an early return.

The growth of social wealth permits additions to the professional and office-holding classes of the community in a constantly accelerating ratio. If the producing power of the community is barely sufficient to supply food, clothing, and shelter, the amount of the annual earnings that can be set aside for the employment of physicians, lawyers, theatrical performers, singers, and authors is extremely small. If these classes exist, they will live the precarious livelihood of the hack writers and strolling performers of a century or two ago. When, however, the rate of production in a community is such as to afford a surplus of capital

over the amount required for the necessaries of life, the professional and office-holding classes will receive a large proportion of this surplus. The better care of health will afford employment for physicians, the management of property will give rise to litigation and afford incomes to lawyers and bankers, amusements will be more largely patronized to the benefit of actors and singers, more books will be bought to the profit of publishers and authors, and the payment of generous prices for works of art will make possible a prosperous class of sculptors and painters. Under such conditions the people will look without impatience upon expenditures by the state for libraries, works of art, and the many branches of scientific investigation which are now pursued by civilized governments. The rise of the standard of living, moreover, will be accompanied by higher salaries in official places, and will swell the budget of the state far beyond its proportional cost in earlier and poorer times.

The subdivision of labor imposes new functions upon a state, largely because the individual citizen, absorbed in his own special work by the exacting conditions of the new competition, is debarred from that general knowledge of markets, qualities of goods, and prices which was possible for his ancestors. The state is called upon to interfere with the play of individual action, by pure food laws, meat inspection, and especially in the great cities by provision for sewage, water, lighting, sanitary inspection, and many other functions. Whatever may be the ultimate tendency of such legislation in paving the way toward socialism, it cannot be treated in its essence as socialistic nor as abridging the freedom of the citizen. The citizen simply delegates to his servants, intelligent specialists in official employ, the functions which in a more primitive state he exercised for himself, but with much less expert knowledge and efficiency. It is not necessary to carry the illustration of these functions into great detail, in order to indicate how largely responsible they are for the increase of official budgets so much bewailed by some of the classical economists. Many of these expenditures by the state, such as those for food inspection, street cleaning, and garbage collecting, are nothing more than the delegation of small items of individual expenditure to public officials, who by means of the concentration of the work, and in spite of the admitted inefficiency of officialdom, render services at small cost which would otherwise wastefully absorb the time, thought, and money of individuals.

Coming to the broader problem of state expenditures for important public works, it is obvious that there are many such works which are not attractive to private capital, because of the delay in reaping the profits from them, but which will afford a substantial net gain to the community within a reasonable period. The works of this class are those requiring a good many years of preparation before the results are realized, — what the French call works *de longue haleine*. For such works the state is undoubtedly justified in negotiating loans, if the benefits of the undertaking are plainly shown. There are also classes of works whose benefits to the community as a whole are plain, and may even involve the question of its supremacy in commercial competition with other communities, but whose benefits are so minutely subdivided that they cannot well be made the subject of definite charges. Among the first of these classes of works are canals and railways in countries capable of development, but not promising immediate returns to private investors at the rates which a railway would be permitted to charge. Such enterprises are not economically justifiable if they do not afford an economy over pre-existing methods; but railways are compelled to make their charges upon a basis fixed by custom rather than just within the limits of the old charges for

wagon or water service. In the second class may be found river and harbor improvements, which may be of great value to the community, but whose benefits might be neutralized if heavy tolls were levied either by a private corporation or by the state.

Undoubtedly state action offers greater danger than private action of the misdirection of capital and energy, and proposals for state works of this character should receive the most careful scrutiny. The ultimate test of the wisdom of any work intended purely for utility should be its dividend-paying capacity, if the dividend can be collected from all who benefit by it; but where a community possesses sufficient surplus wealth to accomplish important improvements, it may be simpler and more economical to distribute the benefits by taxation over the whole community than to attempt to divide them into specific tolls of infinitesimal amount and inquisitorial character. While these considerations appear to justify some relaxation of the rigid enforcement of the doctrines of *laissez faire*, there is no doubt that state expenditures and state intervention in private affairs are liable to grave abuses. The most severe scrutiny both as to objects and as to methods of state expenditure should not be relaxed, because the principle is admitted that state action may be justified. In other words, the burden of proof should continue to rest upon those who ask for state interference or state expenditure in any given case, but the case should not be closed to argument upon the theory that the action of the state could not under any conditions be defended, even if substantial benefits to the community by its action could be clearly shown.

The reduction of the return upon investments raises a serious question, as has been suggested by the present writer in another article,[1] whether a system of old-age insurance will not soon supersede direct savings for old age by the working classes. There is some danger in applying to the earnings of the people a system of taxation which may make production more costly than that of competing nations, but Germany has already taken some long steps toward old-age insurance, and Great Britain is seriously considering the subject. There is an economic advantage in this measure, in relieving the congestion of capital, because the amount required to support a laborer in old age is taken from current production rather than from the dividends on saved capital. The substitution of the direct method of taxation for the indirect method of saving can hardly diminish in any case the net funds left to the laborer for the purchase of goods for consumption, and is likely materially to increase his capacity for such purchases. The system of saving for investment, with the purpose of applying only the income to maintenance during old age, locks up a much greater amount of capital than would be the case if the active laborers of to-day contributed their share from their current earnings to sustain the retired laborers, and relied upon similar assessments upon the active laborers of the future to sustain them in their old age.

It is probable that the removal of the mass of laborers from the field of those saving for investment would diminish considerably the amount of capital seeking investment on the money market. It would, on the other hand, materially increase the demand for consumption goods. Two or three generations ago such an adjustment of the relations between saving and expenditure would have been a calamity to western civilization. The character of the problem has been changed by the increase in the amount of saved capital offered annually for investment. These offerings have swelled the supply of such capital be-

[1] Can New Openings be found for Capital? The Atlantic Monthly (November, 1899), vol. lxxxiv. p. 600.

yond the amount that can be profitably invested, and have caused a permanent decline in the rate of interest. The withdrawal of the purchasing power of this savings fund, moreover, from the field of demand for consumption goods has added to the difficulty by diminishing the demand for such goods, while the facilities for producing them were being increased from the savings fund by the duplication of manufacturing plants and lines of transportation. The natural equilibrium between production and consumption, which is one of the theories of political economy, is based substantially upon the proposition that all that one man produces shall constitute a demand for what others produce. If a portion of one man's purchasing power is withdrawn from the market by being put in the form of a banking credit which is not immediately employed as a demand for other goods, the supply of goods exceeds the effective demand, and this condition is carried in successive waves through every industry, causing overproduction, stagnation, and commercial convulsions. The essential difficulty is that production is diverted by unremunerative investments into wrong channels, and those who have thus employed their savings are deprived at once of the dividends which they expected, and of the comforts they might have enjoyed if they had eschewed saving for the increase of the comforts of life.

The dividing line which shall maintain a really healthy equilibrium between supply and demand is found in an amount of saving sufficient to restore the wear and tear of the existing equipment of production and exchange, provide new equipment for the increase of population and business, and afford a fund of free capital for investment in really profitable new devices for saving labor and increasing production. When the amount of saved capital passes this point, the result is disastrous to individuals, if not to the whole community. The theory of the classical economy is well founded, that sooner or later the community will profit by the reduction of the interest rate, because this reduction will permit the employment of capital in directions where it could not be employed when the rental of capital was high, and will thus increase the sum of comforts placed at the command of the community. Experience has shown, however, that when saved capital accumulates rapidly, the groping after new uses for it, especially within the limits of a well-developed industrial community, causes waste and disaster. The process works with so much friction, and inflicts such severe injury by destroying commercial confidence, arresting production, and thereby throwing laborers out of employment, that checks to the process of capitalization or new outlets for capital must be found to maintain healthy conditions. The establishment of old-age insurance, upon a scale broad enough to divest the system of any aspect of almsgiving and make it a part of the established economic order, would tend to restore the equilibrium between production and consumption by diminishing the amount of new savings seeking investment in fields already occupied.

The appearance of all the great industrial nations in the field of competition for foreign markets imposes upon each the duty of organizing its machinery of competition upon the most economical basis. This requires not merely the adoption of every labor-saving and money-saving device in mechanics and transportation, but the adjustment of the financial and fiscal systems so as to impose the lightest fetters upon industry. Consolidation of small plants is one of the natural results of this new order. This form of organization cannot be carried beyond certain limits without neutralizing its benefits, but within those limits, where combination

permits production at diminished cost and economy in distribution, the industrial combination can be stamped out only at the cost of crippling national competing power. It is the widening of markets which is responsible in a large measure for combinations among producers. The trust — where it is a natural economic growth, and not merely a gambling venture by speculators who live by their wits — is simply the combination of several small establishments, in order to secure greater economy and efficiency in the machinery of production. Such economy and efficiency become of the highest importance where more goods are produced at home than can be sold for a profit, and the surplus has to be sold in foreign markets.

The necessity of seeking foreign markets for surplus products operates to some extent to check the power to fix prices far above the point determined by cost of production and legitimate profit. The immunity from competition at home which is secured by the trust, whether under the shelter of special favors by law or not, is lost when its products meet the similar products of other nations in the foreign field. While an international combination in restraint of trade is conceivable, it is not easy to perfect in the case of manufactured goods, in view of differences in language, raw materials, styles, cost of transportation, methods of banking and credit, and the other conditions of production. The price then has to be brought down to the actual competitive price. A surplus may sometimes be unloaded at a lower price abroad than that for which the product is sold at home, but domestic prices must in the long run bear some reasonable relation to foreign prices charged by the same producer for the same goods. In the foreign market, therefore, under modern conditions, the trust combination must prove its right to live by its ability to undersell its rivals. Whatever modification may be required by circumstances in the application of the old doctrines of political economy, there is nothing more true in the long run than the maxim that "speculation succeeds only if it renders a service, — when it has foreseen a future need and satisfied it."

The power of industrial combinations may require regulation by the state for political reasons, but all such regulations should be kept within the narrowest limits which public policy will permit. Taxation should be so adjusted that its burden should not be felt upon the free movement of capital from one industry to another. From this point of view, taxes should be laid upon wealth after it is earned rather than in process of employment as a part of the machinery of production. An income tax, however oppressive its rate, could not essentially change the direction of industry in a given community, because it would fall only upon net profits. If it had any influence in diverting capital from one industry to another, it would have only the legitimate economic influence of reducing the net income of those engaged in the less profitable industries to the point which drove them into the more profitable, and therefore into those to which the natural producing capacity of the country was best adapted. Any tax falling directly upon industry, or upon capital in active use in manufacturing or transportation, even though the net amount exacted from a given individual or corporation were not greater than under the income tax, might give a harmful tendency to the natural direction of capital and industry by falling too lightly on some and too heavily on others.

In the field of finance, the necessity of unfettered movement for the money market and the people who expect to compete successfully with powerful rivals suggests that the fewest possible restrictions should be imposed upon the movement of capital. Taxes upon cor-

porations should be levied upon their net profits rather than upon the transfer of their securities, and the laws regulating the money market should impose no more than a nominal tax upon its transactions. The wisdom of this rule has been demonstrated within three or four years by the experience of several European money markets. Germany, under the influence of agrarian prejudice against the kings of finance, attempted to crush dealings in futures on the stock exchange and the transfer of securities upon margins. France, under the influence of the official agents of exchange who have for a century had the nominal monopoly of stock exchange operations, imposed restrictions upon the traffic of the unofficial brokers. The result in both cases has been to send a great volume of business to Brussels, where freedom of economic movement is unhampered by restrictive laws. The great Parisian banks have enlarged their branches in Belgium or established new ones, the National Bank of Belgium has become one of the greatest custodians in Europe of private holdings of securities, and the railway systems which are equipping Russia and China have been financed by Belgian stock companies.

The organization of credit is also a part of the mechanism of competition in which economy combined with the highest efficiency are important elements. The nation which maintains a currency that is needlessly expensive hampers every part of the machinery of production and exchange. A high rental for currency and for the use of capital imposes needless charges upon the conduct of all enterprises. Enterprises which might have paid a reasonable profit under a lower money rate cease to pay such a profit, and may be driven to the wall by foreign competitors. This stifling of production, by the lack of the tools of exchange or an excessive price for them, may throw its pall over whole communities, as is the case in the South to-day, from the absence of an elastic banking currency. It is obvious that the absence of any such thing as money would greatly hamper the exchange of products, cripple production, diminish the means for employing labor and the demand for it, and hopelessly handicap the nation in such a position. It should be equally obvious, with a little thought, that an insufficiency of the tools of exchange would cause the same embarrassments in somewhat less degree. It is not additional quantities of "primary money" that are needed in industrial communities, but simply such an organization of the system of credit as shall afford an adequate equipment of credit money at the times when it is needed for special purposes, without any other restrictions than such as are necessary to insure uniformity and safety. From this point of view, greater freedom of banking issues, within the limits of safety, may be as vital for keeping labor employed to its maximum capacity as for affording an indispensable tool to the capitalist.

One of the remarkable phases of modern capitalism is the development of nations whose preëminent functions seem to be those of lenders, bankers, and carriers. The position which they occupy in the scheme of international trade has become so radically different from that of the borrowing nations that the entire theory of "the balance of trade," as once understood, has been upset. Great Britain, the most conspicious of the lending nations, shows annually an excess of imports of merchandise over exports, approaching a thousand millions of dollars, and this balance is far from rectified by the movement of the precious metals. This condition, according to the old mercantile theories, should have denuded England of her gold and driven her people into bankruptcy. That nothing of the kind has occurred is not an impeachment of these theories under all conditions, but simply a proof

that conditions have arisen to which they are no longer applicable. Great Britain for many years sent her surplus products abroad, without receiving payment in anything but printed pieces of paper representing government bonds and corporate securities. The loan which she then made, trusting to the future for its repayment, is coming back in a shower of the world's riches, in payment of the interest upon the capital she advanced to her colonies, and other struggling young peoples. To-day, while some of her writers bemoan her agricultural and manufacturing decline, she continues to grow rich by her three functions of lender, banker, and carrier.

Whether a nation can safely substitute these intermediary functions for independent production may be a subject for reasonable debate. The process may be carried too far, and may produce a stationary condition of industry and invention which will finally relegate the capitalistic nations to the rear in the competition with the poorer industrial nations, just as the great capitalist may cease to exercise the energy and thought which were necessary to his earlier achievements, and enabled him finally to distance his older rivals. But for many years, at least, the capitalistic nations, with a large fund of surplus capital loaned abroad, will occupy a commanding position in the world's finance. It is by a natural evolution of events that they have become bankers, brokers, merchants, and carriers for other peoples. The nation, like the individual, as already pointed out, first provides for its most pressing needs, and in marketing its raw materials and surplus products avails itself of the capital and carrying resources of other peoples. It is only when capital becomes redundant that competition can be carried on upon equal terms with those who are content with a low return upon it. Under this disadvantage of scarcity of capital and high rates for it, the United States long labored in its effort to build up a carrying and banking trade outside its own limits in competition with nations content with a low return upon their saved capital. Whether great political and economic ends will be served by levying taxes upon the community to create a merchant marine may be a subject for debate, but even the demand for such action is not likely to be seriously made until the surplus of capital and low rates for money are upon the eve of bringing the natural equipment of the country up to the point where such investments might profitably be made out of private savings.

The average judgment of the unlearned, directed by the instinct of self-interest, is sometimes wiser than the reasoning that clings to abstract dogmas without regard to changes in conditions. It has been the fashion for many years to rail at the supporters of the mercantile theory as though they were the most unreasoning and foolish of men. The mercantilists did, in fact, put the cart before the horse, to a large degree, by treating as a cause of prosperity what was in reality only its symbol. They saw that the communities that accumulated gold were those which were the most prosperous. Instead of reasoning, therefore, that prosperity should be invoked in order to attract gold, they sometimes appeared to reason as though every effort should be made to obtain gold, upon the theory that prosperity would be dragged at the chariot wheels of the yellow metal. It is doubtful if the more intelligent supporters of the theory took so crude a view, even if they failed to grasp all the bearings of the problem. The element of soundness in their position, which is generally ignored by modern economists, lies in the fact that the precious metals are the most exchangeable of commodities. It is this that has led to their selection by a process of evolution, and not by mere convention, as the material for money. Under the modern system, with the laws

extending over nearly every land the protection of the sanctity of contracts and permitting a steady current of industry and wealth through the various forms of raw material, labor, and finished product, gold seems to have become almost the least important thing in the complicated mechanism of economic life. But at a time when contracts could be violated with impunity, when production was arrested by wars and by the interference of official tyranny, when persecution drove the Jew, the Protestant, or the Catholic in turn into exile, there was a preëminent quality in the possession of gold which justified the preference for it shown by individuals and communities. It was the one form of wealth that could be readily transported, that could be securely hidden in small compass without injury by rust or time, and never lost the characteristic of the highest form of value, in spite of fluctuations in its purchasing power. The holder of gold saw his wealth appreciating when other things were depreciating, and if it depreciated when other things were rising in price, the fact was concealed by the feeling of abounding prosperity which reigned in industry.

The lesson that changed conditions give a new aspect to economic problems, even though they do not falsify old laws, cannot be ignored in the wonderful period of economic revolution through which the world is passing. The doctrines of laissez faire, consecrated as they are by their association with the emancipation of industry from mediæval fetters, must be adapted to modern conditions. They will never lose their value as the fundamental principles of political economy, but the time has passed when the functions of the state can be limited to those which were thought sufficient in the infancy of industry.

The real problem for every modern state that hopes to compete for supremacy in the world's markets is the old one of so adjusting every part of the mechanism of its industrial and moral life as to obtain the greatest results from the smallest expenditure of labor. The classical political economy declared that this result was best attained by leaving free play to every individual will and genius in the struggle for existence. Within certain limits this great principle can never be impeached. It is the underlying principle of all economic life. But the principle of association and coöperation also has a place in political economy, and a place which has grown larger as the family has been absorbed into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, and the nation into the empire.

This principle of association declares that there are some things, many things, which can be better done by union among men than by the man acting alone. The modern tendency is toward the specialization of talent, — the assignment to one man of the work for which he is best fitted. The community in which this specialization is most perfect will produce the largest results with the least effort. Consolidation in politics and industry contributes to this end by concentrating work enough of a special class for one man or group of men to do, instead of leaving each to perform indifferently a variety of functions. In the most primitive community, if distribution and credit could be organized, better results would be obtained if one set of men devoted all their time to fishing, others to hunting, and others to boatbuilding, than if each worked indifferently at all these vocations. If this is true under primitive conditions, it is infinitely more important under the severe conditions of modern competition.

This necessity for specialization and consolidation, in order to equip a people for successful competition in the markets of the world, is the explanation of many of the tendencies of the last few years. The importance of reducing competing production to its most efficient basis is the reason for the consoli-

dation of industries, the growth of trusts, the abolition of middlemen, and for appeals to the state to clear the path of production and exchange of every needless obstacle. Larger freight cars, heavier locomotives, freight tariffs which discriminate neither against individuals, classes of goods, nor communities; public docks and harbors deep enough for the largest and most economical transports, with adequate lighting and safeguarding of the coasts, reducing losses and the cost of marine insurance; the adoption of a single monetary standard and the proper organization of credit; innumerable measures to protect and make definite business contracts, — all these are only steps in this process of complete industrial equipment. Even those expenditures by the state which seem to have the character of luxuries serve the same controlling purpose, when they do not impose undue burdens upon production. Technical schools, works of art which serve as the constant model for skill and beauty in industrial work, and even the higher education which gives breadth of view, keenness of insight, and accuracy of judgment, may all contribute toward the creation and perpetuation of a producing and industrial state whose competition will be irresistible in the struggle for commercial supremacy.

Charles A. Conant.

ON THE NIGHT TRAIN.

The Chicago express had been delayed by a freight wreck down the road, and was three hours late when it drew into North Pass. Even the long-houred summer sun, which was usually hanging above the western hills when the train went through, had grown tired of waiting, and had left in its place an ineffectual moon, whose light was all swallowed by the velvety dusk of earth and sky. Staring sharply out of the dusk were the open windows of the station and the flitting lanterns of the employees. Rough, businesslike voices gave orders or called back and forth with a heartiness that echoed against the surrounding silence, and heavily laden trucks rumbled across the platform. As they were unloaded the air became sweet with a scent of strawberries, that seemed like a part of the outlying night, it so vividly recalled dim, shadowy fields, with the dew softly distilling upon leaves and berries still warm from the sun.

Frazee leaned out of his window and looked around him. Familiar figures crossed and recrossed in front of the flaring station windows, or revealed themselves by a turn of the lantern light, but his own face was dark against the bright interior of the car, and no one noticed him. He was about to call out a greeting to the busy station agent, when a girl with a bunch of vouchers in her hand came across the platform among the lights and the moving figures, passed so close beneath his window that he could have reached out and touched her, and joined a little group of men who were standing near the car steps, talking. They turned toward her as she came up, and he heard her give some brief message or word of instruction. Then she came back under his window, and he caught a glimpse of her face. It was like the fragrance in the air, seeming to belong to the hushed vitality of the twilight.

"Hello!"

A hand clapped him on the shoulder, and he turned from the window to find a man he knew smiling down at him.

Commercial travelers are not easily surprised at meeting men they know. They shift in and out of one another's lives like the colored fragments in a kaleidoscope, and if for a moment one helps another in completing a design, at the next turning of the glass they fall apart. Frazee stretched up his hand cordially.

"Hello, Tarleton," he said; and then, ignoring the fact that they had not met before for a year, asked quickly: "Was that Selma Shepherd that crossed the platform just now? What 's she doing around the station?"

Tarleton dropped into the seat beside Frazee and settled himself comfortably, as the conductor's "All aboard!" sounded through the car, and the station lights began to move slowly back along its windows. "She 's helping her father, — what do you think of that?" he said.

"Has the old man lost his money?" Frazee was watching the lights blink out behind them, while the train plunged into the flitting mystery through which travelers approach the future in the night, only to find themselves arriving at the present in the morning.

"Not much," Tarleton answered; "but it 's a little like that story of the man that got rich and sent his daughter to school, and when he asked how she was getting on, and they told him she was doing well, only she lacked capacity, he said she should have one if it cost a million dollars. Selma wanted the old man to use a conscience in his business, and as he could n't get hold of one any other way, she 's gone into the office to supply it. A queer outcome for a girl like that, is n't it?"

"How did she find out he did n't have one?" Frazee asked. "She used to think" — He let his sentence drop and stared at the frail, tired young moon, sinking low above the hills, but keeping faithfully abreast of the car windows.

Tarleton glanced at him sideways and smiled a little. "Yes," he agreed, "she used to think that 'papa' was the blooming Bayard among business men, and when she heard of any other fellow's playing a sharp trick she pointed to her father as an example of how men could succeed without overreaching other people. It was pretty hard to listen to when we all knew what an old sharper he was."

"I never thought him a sharper exactly," Frazee said. "I believe Ans Shepherd always meant to be an honest man; if he had been offered an out-and-out steal, that he knew for a steal, there would have been somebody knocked over then and there. The trouble was with his standards. I 'm not an idealist, but I should have wanted to wear gloves if I 'd been working with his standards, and it seems to me a high-class conscience like Selma's would be a mighty unhandy thing for him in his business. How did it all come about?"

"It 's only just happened," Tarleton answered. "The pitiful look has n't gone out of her face yet, — or else I imagine it, remembering that day. Sometimes I wish I did n't have such a faculty for being in at the death."

"That 's a queer thing," Frazee commented. "I believe you are always on hand when anything happens, and I 'm always round the corner, like that fellow Barrie tells about. What happened, anyway? I used to know her pretty well once, years ago."

"It came about through the two shipping associations," Tarleton began. "You know how they manage things in North Pass, — the fruit growers club together and form a shipping association so as to get carload freight rates instead of having to pay by the hundred pounds" —

"Oh, go along," said Frazee; "did n't I work this region for six years?"

"Well, in your day there was only one association, and Ans Shepherd always loaded the cars; but this year some of the people grew dissatisfied, thought

he charged too much for loading, and formed a new association with Henry Barnum to load at a lower rate. You remember Barnum, don't you?"

"Rather," said Frazee, with a grimace. "I had the pleasure of seeing him through an attack of jim-jams once. On the whole, I think he was the toughest, lowest little devil I ever came across on the road. I had him to thank — Well, it's no use talking of that now."

"What was it?" Tarleton asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing," Frazee answered, smiling a little at the corners of a compressed mouth. "I was younger than I am now and more of a fool, and I did n't feel as free as I do now to speak out my mind. I was sitting in the railroad hotel dining room in Middleville when the Cairo train pulled in for dinner, and who should come and drop down at the table with me but Barnum, — it was after I 'd seen him through his little snake dance. He seemed to think he 'd found a long-lost brother, and began telling me all he 'd been up to since. It was n't a pretty story, and it was n't a prudent place to be telling how he managed to 'creep' extras into his expense account and systematically gouge his firm; and the story of how he spent the extras, barely missing another attack, was n't much more edifying. It disgusted me, and though I don't usually count myself better than the next man, I must say I wanted to take that little beast and fling him out of the window; the sight of him turned me against my dinner the way a fly would in my coffee; but you know how it is when you 've been good to a fellow and he 's grateful to you; it seems to bind you to be easy on him; so I just sat and listened, laughing once in a while and putting in a word, instead of telling him to shut his mouth. I did suggest once that he 'd better talk lower, or somebody would overhear, — and looking back afterward that warning seemed to put me on more of a level with him than anything else."

"Somebody was overhearing him?" Tarleton asked.

Frazee nodded. "Selma Shepherd was sitting at the table just behind us. She had come on the same train with him, though on a different car, but I did n't see her until we all got up. In fact, Barnum spoke to her before I noticed her. She 'd brought a little hand bag out of the train with her, and was carrying it back when he stepped up smirking and asked to take it on board for her. She held on to it, and the look she gave us was enough to freeze a crop; I knew she 'd heard every word and classed me with him. That was all, only we 'd been friends before. Bah — how it feels to be despised!"

Tarleton looked away from his companion and through one of the windows at the soft pure phantom of a world that hurried past. It looked like a place for peace, for mystery, even for great weird tragedies, but not for all this squalor which the hurrying trains bear to and fro, and which some men call life. "You never explained?" he said.

"Explained!" answered Frazee cynically; "there was nothing to explain. She asked me no questions; I told her no lies. I could n't go to her and say I was n't as rotten as she thought when she expressed no interest in my state of preservation, — at least I was fool enough to think I could n't. That was a long time ago. For a year or two I wanted to kill Barnum, and then I stopped caring and realized that he was too low to kill, anyway. I don't see why the North Pass people ever put up that sort of vermin in opposition to old Ans Shepherd. At his meanest, Ans was a man."

"Oh, but Barnum reformed; had n't you heard? He went to one of those 'cures,' and came home to North Pass, where he was born, and married a poor

foolish girl that had kept some sort of faith in him all that time. He started in at farming, and was having pretty hard luck at it when the shipping association split in two, somebody came forward with the idea that Henry deserved encouragement, and he got the job of loading for the opposition company. Old Ans nearly frothed at the mouth. He could n't forget what Barnum had been, and he thought it was a reflection on his own honor and the honor of North Pass to have him in a position of trust, — particularly a position of trust that would deduct something from his own little harvest of shekels. You see, old Ans was great on talking about honor, — caught it from Selma after she came home from college. Well, the short of it was, he decided to run Barnum and the opposition out of the business. He simply sank money in the work, doing the loading for next to nothing and making the rates so low that after a week every darned kicker gave in, and transferred his shipments to the old company. Barnum was left swinging his heels on the station platform, sending out one half-filled car, perhaps, while the old man sent ten overloaded ones. Of course it could n't go on, and presently Henry resigned, and the opposition went to pieces. I tell you, Ans just strutted round North Pass like a turkey gobbler that 's got his tail spread and is scraping his wings on the ground to mark off a road for other people to travel in."

Frazee laughed. "I can see him," he said.

Tarleton pointed out of the window. "We 're coming to the old quarry. Do you remember the place? "

"No, not specially," answered Frazee.

"Well, just look. You 'll see why later," Tarleton said. "Notice the way that side track goes out to the edge of the bluff."

The train had been rushing hoarsely up grade through a bit of forest. Now, at the summit of the grade, a clearing blurred past, and Frazee half saw and half remembered a spot where the foreground broke off abruptly and a group of derricks rose like evil omens against the dimly lighted distance and the breadth of pale sky where the moon was going down.

"Did you see? " asked Tarleton, as the forest jumped forward and hid the view as if hiding a secret. "The side track goes out to the edge of the bluff so that the stones from the quarry below can be hoisted and laid right on the flats. They only work there in winter when there 's nothing else going on. When it 's deserted it 's a creepy looking place even by daylight, and if the wind had been the right way you 'd have smelled twenty carloads of strawberries fermenting at the bottom of the bluff."

"Twenty carloads of strawberries! How did they get there? " Frazee cried, involuntarily glancing out of the window again, as if the quarry were not already far behind.

"Everybody knows and nobody can bring any proof. Barnum did it, of course, to get even with old Ans."

"But how? " Frazee asked again.

"There was only one way it could be done. One night, a few days after Barnum resigned, the fruit train was pulling up that grade when she was boarded by a masked gang that bound all the train men, hands and feet, and put them off at the top of the hill, switched the train on to the siding, set her to backing toward the bluff, and skipped out into the woods. There was n't a thing about one of them that the train men recognized, and so far nobody has found a clue. It must have been a strange thing to see that train backing off through the dark to the edge of the bluff and crashing over, — like somebody committing suicide. Her boiler burst and the cars took fire, and there was complete wreck and ruin down

there. Naturally it was n't long before the station at Elkdale got nervous because the train was so late, and wired to find out about her. Then there was excitement. A hand car set out at once to find what had happened to her after she left North Pass, and they wired to Middleville to get a wrecking train ready, but it was never called out, for the track was as clean as a whistle, and there was n't much worth picking up at the bottom of the bluff, — just the biggest mess of half-cooked strawberry jam that mortal eyes ever looked at, mixed with battered iron and charred wood. I happened to be at Elkdale with nothing better to do, so I volunteered to come out on the hand car, and if you 'll believe me I smelled that wreck half a mile away. The night was perfectly still and black as tar, and we were working those handle bars in silence, all of us feeling a sort of suspense, when sniff! every man caught the smell of strawberries. We straightened up and the car ran itself for a minute, while we all smelled again to make sure. Then the boss said, 'Boys, she 's smashed!' and we fell to, harder than before. You can't tell the surprise it gave us when we found the train men lying up safe and sound at the side of the track, and the track clear, — only that warm, rich smell all through the dark, and the men's story, and the smouldering mess at the foot of the bluff. At first it was a relief to think that no lives were lost, and then the dastardly meanness of destroying so much property for nothing came over us. Why, it was n't North Pass alone that suffered; there were ten carloads from stations down the line."

"That 's the strangest story I ever heard," Frazee said slowly. "Are you sure there was nothing else to account for it, — nothing but Barnum's spite?"

"Nothing else in the world. There was such an absence of any other possibility that no one can imagine who helped him, and that makes it all the harder to get hold of the plot. The company has detectives down there and has offered a reward, and Ans has offered a reward himself. I suppose somebody will turn state's evidence in time, but for the present there 's not a straw in the wind to tell tales. It 's puzzling where the men come from to do work like that, — and objectless, too, — but they seem to be always on hand when they 're needed."

"I can hardly believe it was Barnum," said Frazee. "I think it must have been some sort of anarchist plot. Barnum would n't have had the nerve."

"If you 'd seen him the next few days you would have believed it," Tarleton declared. "He paraded the village as large as life, and everybody noticed the look in his eyes, and his talk. Why, he as good as told people, 'I 'm even with you all, now, and you can't prove it on me,' — only he was careful not to say it in words that could be turned against him. He was drinking, too, not enough to tangle his wits, but just enough to make him assertive. That was why he dared speak out to Selma."

"Speak — out — to Selma?"

"Yes, it was two days after the wreck. She had come down to the station on some errand, all dressed in white, — too white to touch, just as she always looked, — and Barnum swaggered up into her face and pulled off his hat and bowed. She stared straight through him, her face getting stiff, and tried to walk by, but he stepped in front of her again. I saw it all across the platform. I was in the old man's office; I often did my writing there" —

"Never mind where you were," Frazee interrupted; "tell what happened."

"That 's what I 'm coming to," Tarleton answered, settling himself as a man will if he likes to talk and has no intention of doing injustice to his story. Frazee leaned forward, one hand tapping lightly on the window ledge to make

his impatience seem more trivial, but with a stress of attention and urgency in his face.

"He stepped right in front of her again," Tarleton went on, "and she was too proud to try a second time to pass him, so she stood still and waited, the way a person that loathes snakes but is n't afraid of 'em stands back to let one crawl across the path. I suppose it was that look of holding her skirts aside that maddened him, for after a minute he burst out telling her she 'd cut him before and she 'd not cut him again, and she need n't think it would stain her to touch him, nor dishonor her to throw him a word like she would to the dirtiest dog on the street. 'If I 'm low, it 's your father made me so,' he told her, 'and I can't be as low as you are, for there 's none of his damned blood in my veins.' She drew back quick, as if he 'd struck her, and a lot of men rushed up and got hold of him and tried to pull him away while she came over toward the office. The old man had been up the street, and was just coming on to the platform. He did n't hear, but he saw her face and hurried to meet her, and they were just coming into the office where I was writing away for dear life, just as if I 'd heard nothing, when Barnum broke away from the men and came up behind them, pouring out a stream of abuse, and taunting the old man with every shady transaction he 'd ever been connected with. Old Shepherd pushed Selma into the office and turned round to order him off, but Barnum would n't move. He stood his ground, daring Ans to deny a single dishonorable act he 'd charged him with; and Ans saw a troop of men who knew the truth looking on and listening, so there was n't a word he could say. He tried to treat it as a joke and face it down with pompousness, but it all flatted, and he came to a dead stop. For a minute you could almost hear the sun beating down on the platform, it was so still. Barnum stirred once or twice, trying to leer past the old man and catch Selma's eye, but she stood inside the doorway, watching her father. I was watching her, and the way the light faded out of her face made me think of the quick way a cloud fades sometimes after sunset. All at once the telegraph began ticking over in the depot, clear across the platform. Ans gathered himself together as if somebody had spoken to him, and turned round to Selma and me, trying to laugh. She drew back a little from him, and begged him to say it was n't true.

"Her face upset him. I don't believe he 'd ever realized that anybody could take a question of business dealings in that way, and you could see how sorry he was for her, as if she was a little child that had to be disappointed. He told her to hush, that every man had his enemies, and there was nothing to feel badly about at all. She put out her hand, like a child pleading, — she was n't used to having him refuse her things, — and asked him again to tell them all that it was n't so. He shut the office door then, and I was shut inside with them. 'Selma,' he said, 'I can't say it 's not true. These things are what every business man does. Tarleton, here, will tell you so. They 're part of the game.' She did n't turn to me, and I thanked the Lord for it. I 'd have gone out if I could, but the old man stood right in front of the door and would n't move. I don't know if he thought Barnum would try to come in, or if he only wanted to keep me to help him out with her; but there he planted himself, and she drew back from him a little more, and stood with her bosom rising and falling, and her hands clenched. Great God! I wished she 'd have screamed, instead of keeping so still. The old man kept looking at her face as if he could n't look away, and a deathlike ash color settled over him. After a while he went closer to her and

stretched his hand out as if he was half afraid, and touched her on the shoulder.

"'What 's the matter, Selma?' he asked, and his voice was so shaky and scared it did n't sound like his.

"She gave a little cry and shrank away, sobbing out that she 'd always thought her father was an honest man. He just opened his mouth and shut it again, and began to shake all over; even his hard old face was broken and twitching as if he was going to cry, and, with every minute that he watched her huddled into a glimmery white heap on a bench, a year of vitality seemed to go out of him. If she 'd been looking at him she 'd have seen him grow ten years older before her eyes."

Tarleton paused, drawing a long breath.

"Well?" questioned Frazee sharply.

Tarleton pointed out of the window into the dark. "The little moon 's gone down," he said irrelevantly. "It kept up with us as long as it could, but now it 's tired out."

Frazee gave a glance at the hovering, mysterious world shadow through which the train was rushing with its flaring lights. The windows of a distant house gleamed for a moment as if answering the signal of the gleaming train.

Tarleton did not notice his companion's impatience. "When you were quite a kid and first came on the road, did you ever fancy that every unknown lighted house you passed in the night might be the home of the girl you would love and marry some day?" he asked.

"Save that for a moonlight ride with the girl," Frazee advised, with a shrug. "I want to know how Selma and the old man settled it."

"After we pass Elkdale," said Tarleton, unmoved.

The train whistled its long, forlorn warning. One by one the lights of a straggling village flashed into the car windows and went out like matches in the wind; the train slowed up beside another group of station buildings wrapped round by darkness more closely than the first.

Both men jumped up and went outside: Tarleton, because he hoped to find a man with whom he wished a minute's talk; Frazee, because the car had become too cramped a place for him. If he sat still by the window he should watch every instant for Selma to pass beneath it, and she would not come.

Outside upon the platform he found the scent of strawberries again, filling the air, just as the memory of Selma filled his thoughts. All the days of his old sweet friendship with her had been in strawberry time, and, in the years that had gone by while he was trying to forget her, the unexpected whiff of strawberries along a city street had often brought back the past so vividly that when he looked around him at the pavements, and the hard brick walls, and the faces which he did not love, although the past faded away, as long as he could smell the strawberries he was filled with a vague, hopeless longing, — the Indian summer of pain. On the platform there was nothing to do but to think of such things, and wonder when the train would start.

Tarleton finished his interview, and came back to where Frazee stood watching the man beside the loaded truck pass the strawberry crates to the man in the express car door.

"It 's about the last shipment of the season," Tarleton said. "It 's a pity that the sun never gets 'em fully soaked with sweetness until just as the crop is playing out. Do you notice the smell of 'em? It 's good enough in itself to eat with sugar and cream."

"I 'm going back into the car," Frazee answered. "They 're through loading."

"I bet you that a honeybee could follow this train through the dark by the smell," Tarleton suggested argumentatively, as they took their seats. "It

must stream out for miles behind us, spreading thinner and thinner like the tail of a comet."

Frazee smiled more to himself than to Tarleton. "I think it does," he agreed. "Now finish up about Selma and her father."

Tarleton stretched himself lazily, looking through half-closed eyes, as if summoning back the picture he had allowed to vanish. "I can't say that I ever liked Selma Shepherd," he began finally. "I 'm not one of the fellows that like a girl who acts as if she was standing on a shining white cloud, looking down at him, but nobody could help admiring some things about her. The old man had had her educated way up above his comprehension, and yet she never let it put a barrier between them. She not only loved him, she was proud of him because he had picked himself up out of the dust when he was a friendless kid, and had made something of himself. She was n't even ashamed of his breaks in grammar or manners among her friends; she seemed to think there was no more discredit about it than if he had been a child. And it has to be said for the old man that he was generous with other people besides Selma. I suppose you 're right, — he did n't mean to be a sharper; he just thought it was part of the game; and after he 'd got the money safely in his pocket, nobody was quicker than he to pull it out again if people were in trouble. Why, he was as warm-hearted" —

Frazee gave an impatient groan. "Don't I know them both?" he asked. "Can't you go on?"

"There 's scarcely anything more to tell," Tarleton answered. "By and by he went up quite close to her, and then was my chance to have left the office, but I forgot; I was holding my breath the way he was, waiting for her to look up. If he 'd murdered a man he would n't have needed much more punishment, — it simply took his life to have her look away from him, crying over what he 'd done. I wondered which of them would speak first, for it could n't go on that way, and finally the old man forced her name out, dull and harsh, like the first word a dumb man learns to speak. She lifted her head and looked at him, the tears running down her face, and he reached out his hands, but still he could n't find his speech, and his face quivered more and more, longing for the words to come and bring her back to him; at last he said her name again; she gave another sob at that and buried her face, but he dropped down beside her, crying as hard as she was, and caught her hand and said, 'I — we — I can begin over again, Selma.'

"She looked up, and when she saw that old, white-haired, broken man begging for a chance to start fresh, she stood a little while with her face growing different from what I 'd ever seen it, and pretty soon she slipped close into his arms and said, 'Yes, we can begin over again' — I made a break then, and left the office."

Frazee sat silent, staring at the night. It had grown so dark outside that there was nothing to be seen but groups of firefly sparks winging back from the engine.

After a moment Tarleton began again. "Later in the afternoon the old man hunted me up. He said I 'd heard so much he wanted to tell me the end of it. Poor old boy, he turned mighty red over it, not because he was ashamed, but because he was so used to carrying things with a high hand. 'Selma 's coming into the office to work with me,' he said. 'There 's lots of things I want to consult her about, and it will be handier for me to have her there. I — the fact is, Tarleton, I 'm going to do things on a different basis after this, but I 'm too used to my old ways to start into new ones without help.' And then he asked me if I would n't do what I could to make it easy for her down there among the boys. He said he knew some

of them had a spite against her because she 'd always held herself so high. I spoke of dreading what Barnum might do, but the old man only set his jaw."

Tarleton hesitated. The import of what he was about to tell came home to him, and he realized that the story which he had begun from the mere love of narration was a message which fate had put into his care. "The old man thought there was n't much more that Barnum could do," he went on slowly. "He said that Barnum had already nearly ruined Selma's life by making her lose faith in the man she loved."

Frazee rested his elbow against the window ledge and his head against his hand.

"Did the old man say who it was?" he asked.

"No," Tarleton answered, "he did n't say. I 'd go back if I were you."

Frazee nodded attentively and turned toward the window. He was thinking of the girl's face in the dusk, with its look of hidden longing, and he wished that he had reached out and touched her as she passed. The longing in his own heart grew upon the hope which had been given it, and searched for some further token in the night.

The train rushed on, crossing bridges that reverberated solemnly, toiling up grades, hurrying down them, and hooting at the wagon roads which crossed its track. The lights of another village sparkled through the darkness, and Frazee sprang to his feet.

"Good-by," he said abruptly as the train slackened speed. "I can catch the down passenger here in an hour."

"Good-by," cried Tarleton. "Good luck to you."

They shook hands with a clasp that tingled afterward, and Frazee swung himself from the car step on to the platform.

The air was full of the scent of strawberries.

Mary Tracy Earle.

THE POETRY OF A MACHINE AGE.

I.

THE truest definition of a gentleman is that he is a man who loves his work. This is also the truest definition of a poet. The man who loves his work is a poet because he expresses delight in that work. He is a gentleman because his delight in that work makes him his own employer. No matter how many men are over him, or how many men pay him, or fail to pay him, he stands under the wide heaven the one man who is master of the earth. He is the one infallibly overpaid man on it. The man who loves his work has the single thing the world affords that can make a man free, that can make him his own employer, that admits him to the ranks of gentlemen, that pays him, or is rich enough to pay him, what a gentleman's work is worth.

The poets of the world are the men who pour their passions into it, the men who make the world over with their passions. Everything that these men touch, as with some strange and immortal joy from out of them, has the thrill of beauty in it, and exultation and wonder. They cannot have it otherwise even if they would. A true man is the autobiography of some great delight mastering his heart for him, possessing his brain, making his hands beautiful.

Looking at the matter in this way, in proportion to the number employed there are more gentlemen running locomotives to-day than there are teaching

in colleges. In proportion as we are more creative in creating machines at present than we are in creating anything else, there are more poets in the mechanical arts than there are in the fine arts; and while many of the men who are engaged in the machine shops can hardly be said to be gentlemen (that is, they would rather be preachers or lawyers), these can be more than offset by the much larger proportion of men in the fine arts, who, if they were gentlemen in the truest sense, would turn mechanics at once: that is, they would do the thing they were born to do, and they would respect that thing, and make every one else respect it.

While the definition of a poet and a gentleman — that he is a man who loves his work — might appear to make a new division of society, it is a division that already exists in the actual life of the world, and constitutes the only literal aristocracy the world has ever had.

It may be set down as a fundamental principle, that no matter how prosaic a man may be, or how proud he is of having been born upon this planet with poetry all left out of him, it is the very essence of the most hard and practical man that, as regards the one uppermost thing in his life, the thing that reveals the power in him, he is a poet in spite of himself, and whether he knows it or not.

So long as the thing a man works with is a part of an inner ideal to him, so long as he makes the thing he works with express that ideal, the heat and the glow and the lustre and the beauty and the unconquerableness of that man, and of that man's delight, shall be upon all that he does. It shall sing to heaven. It shall sing to all on earth who overhear heaven.

Every man who loves his work, who gets his work and his ideal connected, who makes his work speak out the heart of him, is a poet. It makes little difference what he says about it. In proportion as he has power with a thing; in proportion as he makes the thing, be it a bit of color, or a fragment of flying sound, or a word, or a wheel, or a throttle; in proportion as he makes the thing fulfill or express what he wants it to fulfill or express, he is a poet. All heaven and earth cannot make him otherwise.

That the inventor is in all essential respects a poet toward the machine that he has made, it would be hard to deny. That with all the apparent prose that piles itself about his machine, the machine is in all essential respects a poem to him, who can question? Who has ever known an inventor, a man with a passion in his hands, without feeling toward him as he feels toward a poet? Is it nothing to us to know that men are living now under the same sky with us, hundreds of them (their faces haunt us on the street), who would all but die, who are all but dying now, this very moment, to make a machine live, — martyrs of valves and wheels and of rivets and retorts, sleepless, tireless, unconquerable men, pioneers of God?

To know an inventor the moment of his triumph, — the moment when, working his will before him, the Machine at last, resistless, silent, massive pantomime of a life, offers itself to the gaze of men's souls and the needs of their bodies, — to know an inventor at all is to know that at a moment like this a chord is touched in him strange and deep, soft as from out of all Eternity. The melody that Homer knew, and that Dante knew, is his also, with the grime upon his hands, standing and watching it there. It is the same song that from pride to pride and joy to joy has been singing through the hearts of The Men Who Make, from the beginning of the world. The thing that was not, that now is, after all the praying with his hands . . . iron and wood and rivet and cog and wheel. Is it not more than these to him standing before it there? It is the face of matter — who does not see it? — answering the

face of the man, whispering to him out of the dust of the earth.

What is true of the men who make the machines is equally true of the men who live with them. The brakeman and the locomotive engineer and the mechanical engineer and the sailor all have the same spirit. Their days are invested with the same dignity and aspiration, the same unwonted enthusiasm, and self-forgetfulness in the work itself. They begin their lives as boys dreaming of the track, or of cogs and wheels, or of great waters.

As I stood by the track the other night, Michael the switchman was holding the road for the nine o'clock freight, with his faded flag, and his grim brown pipe, and his wooden leg. As it rumbled by him, headlight, clatter, and smoke, and whirl, and halo of the steam, every brakeman backing to the wind, lying on the air, at the jolt of the switch, started, as at some greeting out of the dark, and turned and gave the sign to Michael. All of the brakemen gave it. Then we watched them, Michael and I, out of the roar and the hiss of their splendid cloud, their flickering, swaying bodies against the sky, flying out to the Night, until there was nothing but a dull red murmur and the falling of smoke.

Michael hobbled back to his mansion by the rails. He put up the foot that was left from the wreck, and puffed and puffed. He had been a brakeman himself.

Brakemen are prosaic men enough, no doubt, in the ordinary sense, but they love a railroad as Shakespeare loved a sonnet. It is not given to brakemen, as it is to poets, to show to the world as it passes by that their ideals are beautiful. They give their lives for them, — hundreds of lives a year. These lives may be sordid lives looked at from the outside, but mystery, danger, surprise, dark cities, and glistening lights, roar, dust, and water, and death, and life, — these play their endless spell upon them. They love the shining of the track. It is wrought into the very fibre of their being.

Years pass and years, and still more years. Who shall persuade brakemen to leave the track? They never leave it. I shall always see them — on their flying footboards beneath the sky — swaying and rocking — still swaying and rocking on to Eternity.

They are men who live down through, to the spirit and the poetry of their calling. It is the poetry of the calling that keeps them there.

Most of us in this mortal life are allowed but our one peephole in the universe, that we may see IT withal; but if we love it enough and stand close to it enough, we breathe the secret and touch in our lives the secret that throbs through it all.

For a man to have an ideal in this world, for a man to know what an ideal is, even though nothing but a wooden leg shall come of it, and a life in a switch-house, and the signal of comrades whirling by: this also is to have lived.

The fact that the railroad has the same fascination for the railroad man that the sea has for the sailor is not a mere item of interest pertaining to human nature. It is a fact that pertains to the art of the present day, and to the future of its literature. It is as much a symbol of the art of a machine age as the man Ulysses is a symbol of the art of an heroic age.

That it is next to impossible to get a sailor, with all his hardships, to turn his back upon the sea is a fact a great many thousand years old. We find it accounted for not only in the observation and experience of men, but in their art. It was rather hard for them to do it at first (as with many other things), but even the minor poets have admitted the sea into poetry. The sea was allowed in poetry before mountains were allowed in it. It has long been an old story. When the sailor has grown too stiff to climb the masts he mends sails on the

docks. Everybody understands — even the commonest people and the minor poets understand — why it is that a sailor, when he is old and bent and obliged to be a landsman to die, does something that holds him close to the sea. If he has a garden, he hoes where he can see the sails. If he must tend flowers, he plants them in an old yawl, and when he selects a place for his grave, it is where surges shall be heard at night singing to his bones. Every one appreciates a fact like this. There is not a passenger on the Empire State Express, this moment, being whirled to the West, who could not write a sonnet on it, — not a man of them who could not sit down in his seat, flying through space behind the set and splendid hundred-guarding eyes of the engineer, and write a poem on a dead sailor buried by the sea. A crowd on the street could write a poem on a dead sailor (that is, if they were sure he was dead), and now that sailors enough have died in the course of time to bring the feeling of the sea over into poetry, sailors who are still alive are allowed in it. It remains to be seen how many wrecks it is going to take, lists of killed and wounded, fatally injured, columns of engineers dying at their posts, to penetrate the spiritual safe where poets are keeping their souls to-day, untouched of the world, and bring home to them some sense of the adventure and quiet splendor and unparalleled expressiveness of the engineer's life. He is a man who would rather be without a life (so long as he has his nerve) than to have to live one without an engine, and when he climbs down from the old girl at last, to continue to live at all, to him, is to linger where she is. He watches the track as a sailor watches the sea. He spends his old age in the roundhouse. With the engines coming in and out, one always sees him sitting in the sun there until he dies, and talking with them. Nothing can take him away.

Does any one know an engineer who has not all but a personal affection for his engine, who has not an ideal for his engine, who holding her breath with his will does not put his hand upon the throttle of that ideal and make that ideal say something? Woe to the poet who shall seek to define down or to sing away that ideal. In its glory, in darkness or in day, we are hid from death. It is the protection of life. The engineer who is not expressing his whole soul in his engine, and in the aisles of souls behind him, is not worthy to place his hand upon an engine's throttle. Indeed, who is he — this man — that this awful privilege should be allowed to him, that he should dare to touch the motor nerve of her, that her mighty forty-mile-an-hour muscles should be the slaves of the fingers of a man like this, climbing the hills for him, circling the globe for him? It is impossible to believe that an engineer — a man who with a single touch sends a thousand tons of steel across the earth as an empty wind can go, or as a pigeon swings her wings, or as a cloud sets sail in the west — does not mean something by it, does not love to do it because he means something by it. If ever there was a poet, the engineer is a poet. In his dumb and mighty, thousand-horizoned brotherhood, Hastener of men from the ends of the earth that they may be as one, I always see him, — ceaseless — tireless — flying past sleep — out through the Night — thundering down the edge of the world, into the Dawn.

Who am I that it should be given to me to make a word on my lips to speak, or to make a thing that shall be beautiful with my hands — that I should stand by my brother's life and gaze on his trembling track — and not feel what the engine says as it plunges past, about the man in the cab? What matters it that he is a wordless man, that he wears not his heart in a book? Are not the bell and the whistle and the cloud of steam, and the rush, and the peering in his

eyes words enough? They are the signals of this man's life beckoning to my life. Standing in his engine there, making every wheel of that engine thrill to his will, he is the priest of wonder to me, and of the terror of the splendor of the beauty of power. The train is the voice of his life. The sound of its coming is a psalm of strength. It is as the singing a man would sing who felt his hand on the throttle of things. The engine is a soul to me — soul of the quiet face thundering past — leading its troop of glories echoing along the hills, telling it to the flocks in the fields and the birds in the air, telling it to the trees and the buds and the little, trembling, growing things, that the might of the spirit of man has passed that way.

If an engine is to be looked at from the point of view of the man who makes it and who knows it best; if it is to be taken, as it has a right to be taken, in the nature of things, as being an expression of the human spirit, as being that man's way of expressing the human spirit, there shall be no escape for the children of this present world, from the wonder and beauty in it, and the strong delight in it that shall hem life in, and bound it round on every side. The idealism and passion and devotion and poetry in an engineer, in the feeling he has about his machine, the power with which that machine expresses that feeling, is one of the great typical living inspirations of this modern age, a fragment of the new apocalypse, vast and inarticulate and far and faint to us, but striving to reach us still, now from above, and now from below, and on every side of life. It is as though the very ground itself should speak, — speak to our poor, pitiful, unspiritual, matter-despising souls, — should command them to come forth, to live, to gaze into the heart of matter for the heart of God. It is so that the very dullest of us, standing among our machines, can hardly otherwise than guess the coming of some vast surprise, — the coming of the day when, in the very rumble of the world, our sons and daughters shall prophesy, and our young men shall see visions, and our old men shall dream dreams. It cannot be uttered. I do not dare to say it. What it means to our religion and to our life and to our art, this great athletic uplift of the world, I do not know. I only know that so long as the fine arts, in an age like this, look down on the mechanical arts there shall be no fine arts. I only know that so long as the church worships the laborer's God, but does not reverence labor, there shall be no religion in it for men to-day, and none for women and children to-morrow. I only know that so long as there is no poet amongst us, who can put himself into a word, as this man, my brother the engineer, is putting himself into his engine, the engine shall remove mountains, and the word of the poet shall not; it shall be buried beneath the mountains. I only know that so long as we have more preachers who can be hired to stop preaching or to go into life insurance than we have engineers who can be hired to leave their engines, inspiration shall be looked for more in engine cabs than in pulpits, — the vestibule trains shall say deeper things than sermons say. In the rhythm of the anthem of them, singing along the rails, we shall find again the worship we have lost in church, the worship we fain would find in the simpered prayers and paid praises of a thousand choirs, — the worship of the creative spirit, the beholding of a fragment of creation morning, the watching of the delight of a man in the delight of God, — in the first and last delight of God. I have made a vow in my heart. I shall not enter a pulpit to speak, unless every word have the joy of God and of fathers and mothers in it. And so long as men are more creative and godlike in engines than they are in sermons, I listen to the engines.

Would to God it were otherwise. But

so it shall be with all of us. So it cannot but be. Not until the day shall come when this wistful, blundering church of ours, loved with exceeding great and bitter love, with all her proud and solitary towers, shall turn to the voices of life sounding beneath her belfries in the street, shall she be worshipful, not until the love of all life and the love of all love is her love, not until all faces are her faces, not until the face of the engineer peering from his cab, sentry of a thousand souls, is beautiful to her, as an altar cloth is beautiful or a stained glass window is beautiful, shall the church be beautiful. That day is bound to come. If the church will not do it with herself, the great rough hand of the world shall do it with the church. That day of the new church shall be known by men because it will be a day in which all worship shall be gathered into her worship, in which her holy house shall be the comradeship of all delights and of all masteries under the sun, and all the masteries and all the delights shall be laid at her feet.

II.

The world follows the creative spirit. Where the spirit is creating, the strong and the beautiful flock. If the creative spirit is not in poetry, poetry will call itself something else. If it is not in the church, religion will call itself something else. It is the business of a living religion, not to wish that the age it lives in were some other age, but to tell what the age is for, and what every man born in it is for. A church that can see only what a few of the men born in an age are for can help only a few. If a church does not believe in a particular man more than he believes in himself, the less it tries to do for him the better. If a church does not believe in a man's work as he believes in it, does not see some divine meaning and spirit in it, and give him honor and standing and dignity for the divine meaning in it; if it is a church in which labor is secretly despised and in which it is openly patronized, in which a man has more honor for working feebly with his brain than for working passionately and perfectly with his hands, it is a church that stands outside of life. It is excommunicated, by the will of Heaven and the nature of things, from the only Communion that is large enough for a man to belong to or for a God to bless.

If there is one sign rather than another of religious possibility and spiritual worth in the men who do the world's work with machines to-day, it is that these men are never persuaded to attend a church that despises that work.

Symposiums on how to reach the masses are pitiless irony. There is no need for symposiums. It is an open secret. It cries upon the housetops. It calls above the world in the Sabbath bells. A church that believes less than the world believes shall lose its leadership in the world. "Why should I pay pew rent," says the man who sings with his hands, "to men who do not believe in me, to worship, with men who do not believe in me, a God that does not believe in me?" If heaven itself (represented as a rich and idle place, — seats free in the evening) were opened to the true laboring man on the condition that he should despise his hands by holding palms in them, he would find some excuse for staying away. He feels in no wise different with regard to his present life. "Unless your God," says the man who sings with his hands, to those who pity him and do him good, — "unless your God is a God I can worship in a factory, He is not a God I care to worship in a church."

Behold it is written: The church that does not delight in these men and in what these men are for, as much as the street delights in them, shall give way to the street. The street is more beautiful. If the street is not let into the church, it shall sweep over the church and sweep around it, shall pile the floors

of its strength upon it, above it. From the roofs of labor — radiant and beautiful labor — shall men look down upon its towers. Only a church that believes more than the world believes shall lead the world. It always leads the world. It cannot help leading it. The religion that lives in a machine age, and that cannot see and feel, and make others see and feel, the meaning of that machine age, is a religion which is not worthy of us. It is not worthy of our machines. One of the machines we have made could make a better religion than this. Religion and art at the present moment, both blindfolded and both with their ears stopped, are being swept to the same irrevocable issue. By all poets and prophets the same danger signal shall be seen spreading before them both, jogging along their old highways. It is the arm that reaches across the age.

LOOK OUT FOR
RAILROAD CROSSING
THE ENGINE!

III.

The main inconvenience that God has had in telling the truth upon the earth is that men are willing to believe only a little of it at a time. The great heretics of the church have been heretics, not by believing less, but by believing more than religion could believe. When enough truth is left out of a truth to make it small and prompt and possible, it finds no dearth of believers; but when there is so much of a truth that it dares to be beautiful, it is not allowed to be called a truth. It is called an ideal. It is bounded off as poetry. Men look at it from over the wall, — some of them wistfully, some of them scornfully. The fable, "It is too beautiful to be true" is applied to it. Philosophy doubts it. Religion worries about it. Science denies it. To the poet alone, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings" is the one and the final description by which he knows that the thing that comes is a truth.

Whatever his age may be, it is by seeing that the actual truth of the age is more beautiful than the age can believe that he masters the age. He masters an age by appreciating it, by whispering its heart to it, by singing its self-respect. If he lives in an age of democracy, an age of crowds, he will make the crowd beautiful, or he will be crowded out by it. If he lives in an age of machines, the machine shall be beautiful, or he will be crushed by it. If every fibre of the age he lives in is penetrated with the machine, with the machine energy and the machine voice, if the destiny of man is linked with it, if nine tenths of his fellow men must live their lives with the machines, get their lives out of them and put their lives into them, no literary definition, be it ever so dauntless or ever so crowded with its swarm of poets, shall move him. "Any definition of literature, religion, or art, or of anything whatsoever," he shall say, "that shuts down a lid over the lives of the great body of mankind;" any definition by one set of men that says to all the rest of men, "These souls shall be machines for our souls," is a dead definition of dead things. It shall only be believed by the dead. All the combined refinement of the world standing on the machines, and on the necks of the machines that are running the machines, and defining poetry to us day and night, shall not make men believe a definition like this. Poetry that can be confined to the top of a lid shuts itself fatally and irrecoverably out from the last chance that poetry can ever have of being poetry. Poetry that down in its heart, at least, is not vital enough and primeval and elemental enough to belong to all men is not worthy of a few men nor beautiful enough for one man. Any definition that divides the spirit, that entails beauty, that sets bounds to it, is cut off forever from where all

beauty comes from, whether in the world we see around us, or the world within the world.

When it comes to pass that in order to make life continue to be beautiful upon the earth two things must be put together that never have been put together before, if a poet is a small poet and cannot see how to do it, he stops singing as poets are doing now, or he sings softly that he cannot sing, or that he would like to sing if he could, or he sings hesitation. In some wistful and pretty sadness and pale helpfulness he wanders about the world, unnoticed and unnoticing. He cannot feel the poetry of the machine because he has not mastered the machine. The machine has mastered him. The spirit that made the machine is not in him. The hearts of stokers shall pity him. He pities himself. A poet who pities himself is the essence of prose.

If he is a great poet, on the other hand, and if, in order to make life beautiful on the earth, two things must be put together that never have been put together before, it is the essence of his power that he, in the spiritual glow and splendor of his life, shall fuse the paradox into its eternal truism, shall bring together the blindly separated things and the blindly separated men, and make the world whole again. It belongs to him to take the two great characteristic impossibilities of the age he lives in, and blend them into one great possibility.

It is a blind universe. It is a few men in it who are the eyes. Poetry is a poet, — looking at it, seeing it as it is.

It is also a dull universe. Poetry is something men do with it. The poet is the man who makes us do it. We have never meant to let him make us do it. We cannot help it. Nature is a barbarian. A poet is born, and with gods and goddesses and fauns Greece steals into human life. Another poet is born and the Hebrew makes a conscience out of a cloud. Another poet is born and the world learns Galilee. The centuries while themselves away as best they can. Poor dull huddled souls are born in them, afraid of God and the dark. We die under a sky we would rather not know. We make gardens for ourselves, — parlors in the hills. We plant diagrams of beauty on the earth, and sing poems and thrum our serenades in rows of box. We go forth from under our geometric trees into the natural and the wild with suspicious and averted eyes. There comes a Wordsworth who makes the wilderness the great wide garden of the world, where the Lord walks forth upon the hills both day and night.

Poetry is the discovering of new connections. Science is the grudging acknowledgment of them. Religion is the world's confession that the poets are right. One by one their dreams and moods, far-fetched and strange at first, are made the highway of the world's ideals, until as the ages pass, like some vast unconscious habit of all life, old poems are breathed in us before we are born, into our souls and into our bodies, and we wake and greet this world at last, the humblest of us, all of us, heirs of the poets forever.

It is thus the eternal office of the poet, — the discovering that a discord is a harmony out of order. It is not a gracious office at first. He has the last word only because his first word lasts the longest. His song is out of the force that made the heavens and the earth. The heavens and the earth both sing his refrains. Slowly, a very little at a time, dazed, tired, stumbling, broken, humbled, this old hero of a world lifts its eyes and follows him.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

AN ARCHER ON THE KANKAKEE.

THE first opossum-hunter on the Kankakee of whom we have a written account was La Salle; but his bag of game, if we may dare call a brace of 'possums by a name so honorable, was killed in a wood beside the St. Joseph River just before the Kankakee Portage was reached. It was December, the year 1679, with a snowstorm slanting down from the Canadian wilderness, and La Salle had been lost for a whole day from his little band.

That space of twenty-four hours would have been, to any other man than Robert Cavelier Sieur de La Salle, a most memorable cross-section of his life; yet our fearless explorer doubtless regarded it as not worth thinking about. Hennepin's sketch, our only source of information, is very slight; still, to one who understands outdoor life, it brings an immediate realization of what the wild-wood wanderers experienced two hundred years ago in the heart of America.

La Salle and his men had ascended the St. Joseph River and were looking for the portage point between it and the Kankakee, which they had inadvertently passed. Restless, impatient, ever energetic, La Salle went ashore all alone to examine the country. His little company paddled some distance farther upstream, where they came to anchor and awaited his return. "We stopped here for some time," says Hennepin, "and, as La Salle did not come, I went into the forest a considerable distance, with two men, who fired their guns to let him know where we were. At the same time two other men in canoes went up the river farther to look for him. In the afternoon we all got back after fruitless search, and on the following day I myself went up the river, but could hear nothing of him, and came back to find our men greatly troubled, fearing he was lost. But at about four of the clock in the afternoon here came M. La Salle back to us, his face as black as tar. He was carrying two animals of the size of muskrats, with fine, ermine-like fur. These he had killed with a club while they hung from the branches of trees by their tails."

Hennepin then tells how La Salle had wandered in the snowstorm, getting lost in swamps and woods, and how when night fell he stumbled on until he saw a fire on a hillock, approaching which he hallooed in a friendly way. No answer came, so he strode boldly to the spot and took possession of a bed of grass, made warm by the body of the Indian who had just fled from it. And here, after building a bush barricade, he lay down and slept, while the pine-wood fire smoked his face and hands to African dinginess. Meantime the snow fell thick and fast.

Now for myself, two hundred and odd years later, I can say that my sleep would be a trifle disturbed under the circumstances surrounding La Salle. Indeed, I awoke one fair spring night, not so very far down the Kankakee from the portage, to have a creepy feeling when but a bullfrog groaned close by. While I am not willing that it shall go upon the record as a case of fright, I cheerfully acknowledge my bewilderment just at the point of opening my eyes. The voice of that bullfrog exceeded everything bass and guttural to which my ears have ever listened, nor can I, with a fairly willing imagination, make out how the grunt of an Indian scalp-hunter could have been more demoniacal.

And then something cold, snaky, rusty, dragged itself, like one of Pope's alexandrines, slowly along my jaw. It was an opossum's tail, which I involuntarily seized with a terror-clutch, letting go at

once when the animal snarled; for I recognized a certain rasping wheeze peculiar to its voice. This was the second time that such an experience had come to me. Once before, in the far South, a 'possum disturbed a nap for me.

La Salle's brace of marsupials must have been young, else Father Hennepin did not well remember the size of a muskrat. I did not kill the fellow who touched me with his tail, and so cannot speak of his size; but in the Gulf states *Didelphys* outgrows *Fiber zibethicus* beyond reasonable comparison, as it probably does in the Kankakee country. Hennepin does not give name to La Salle's animals, yet there can be no mistake; they were 'possums; for he found them dangling by their tails, a peculiarity of Didelphys to be claimed by no other animal of our country, or of any other, if we leave monkeys out of the count.

It was well for me that a bullfrog and a 'possum's tail woke me that sweet night, when the moon had risen halfway up the east side of heaven; otherwise I should have missed hearing a veery's nocturne blown softly from the dark foliage of a thicket close to my tent. A veery, I thought it was, at least; a thrush certainly, of one species or another, I knew it to be, singing as if under its breath; but the rapture in the notes made the vibrations strangely powerful, and the first fancy in my brain was that they were like music filtered dreamily through rich honeycomb. It was almost unearthly melody, tender, solemn, hesitating now and again, as if the bird's dream had its disturbance, yet the strains lapsed away, seemingly into infinite distance, seeking the remotest hollows of the night with their delicate, thrilling plangencies.

My tent (to call it one is a considerable risk, for it consisted of a rubber blanket stretched over some stakes) was near the river's bank on a dry spot; behind it lay a marsh, while on either side a thicket of maple, ash, and oak bushes straggled along a low ridge that ran almost parallel with the Kankakee's current. There was scant room under my roof to sit up while I gave the veery audience; meantime away scampered the duly frightened 'possum, leaving me to find out for myself next morning that he had been chewing the remnant of a prairie hen which I had stowed in a tin box for my breakfast. More than this, his curious handlike tracks were in my canvas boat where he had been prowling in search of eatables. Doubtless he was quite hungry, or he would not have been so daring. Wild things are finding it harder each year to get an honest living on their own grounds, and so they have to take greater risks when intruders tempt them with tidbits.

The veery's night song was the cause of my staying five days on that lonely spot; for when morning came there was a haunting echo in my mind of certain strains, more like a dream than reality, and before I had rubbed the remnants of sleep from my eyes I heard a yellow-billed cuckoo strike his tambourine. Then I wondered if there might not be something worth seeing in the thicket where the veery lived so happily that it must sing by night, and where the cuckoo could not wait till sunrise to begin his rattling monody.

A plunge into the river chilled me wide awake. Three minutes later I was handling my archery tackle; not that there was any probability of seeing game, but a bow in the hand is worth two a quarter mile away in the tent, and I walk better when my quiver rustles at my side well filled with good arrows. The poetry of solitude stalks embodied as a sylvan toxophilite who goes alone into a primeval grove. I feel this in myself when I play the part with my imagination for audience and the wilderness for my stage. On that particular morning the vigor of May circulating in the air gave promise of golden weather for a week to come, and it all crept

into my blood; not a bird in any grove of the Kankakee felt more than I the keen need of song for song's sake, and sing I did, silently, inwardly.

I had embarked upon the Kankakee with the purpose to follow La Salle from the portage near Fort Wayne to the rocks at Momence. At that time I had charge of the Department of Geology and Natural History of Indiana, and I meant to make a fortnight's vacation add something to my knowledge of a very interesting region, while at the same time I should have my fill of sylvan archery once more. I wished to be quite alone and quite unknown during this outing; for the politicians had their eyes upon me, and what would they have said of a state official who played "hookey" in the woods with a bow and arrows, when he should have been in his office chair with a case of fossils before him and looking as grim as Diogenes?

I found it not practicable to begin my voyage as high up the river as I had planned, and my present camping spot was at the end of two days of hard rowing downstream, a part of which took me over a beautiful lake formed by the widening of the river, which soon narrowed again, however, until at my stopping place it was pinched between wooded banks and ran deep with considerable current in the middle. There was a farmhouse on a prairie swell less than half a mile away beyond a marsh, while on the opposite side of the river I could hear cocks crowing at another homestead; but my tent stood ages away from civilization in a place not likely to be invaded by any beings save wild birds and wary animals. So much I found out by my morning's exploration, as will better appear in a paragraph from my notebook: —

"Have found a most delightfully promising piece of wilderness; shall try its charms for a day or two, maybe longer. A chalybeate spring of delicious water a stone's cast from my tent, two farm places not far away, and thrushes, — I have never before seen so many; they are everywhere in the thickets round about, blowing 'the flutes of Arcady' even in the middle of the night."

A pretty full record of my doings went into the notebook, from which, as well as from memory, I make up this chapter of joy. I got eggs from the farmer's wife, and contracted with her for a large rhubarb pie to be sent to me with a pint of milk every day until further notice. A liberal bunch of young onions and some very small and almost over pungent red radishes were thrown in for good measure. I cut bushes and built me a tent large enough for four men, thatching it with last year's grass over the particular spot on which my bed was to be, and further covering it with my rubber blanket. I might have spared myself the work, for not a drop of rain fell during my stay.

There was a lagoon between my tent and the farm from which my supplies were to come, and I arranged for a boy to bring the basket of eggs, vegetables, and pie, and hang it in a tree at a certain point on the farther bank, where I could reach it by crossing in my boat. Thus I shut off the only probable danger of being visited. To get into the lagoon I had to row some distance down the river, then double back, following a bilious looking and ditchlike channel through a marsh. The spot upon which I was encamped proved to be the highest and driest part of a slight ridge or hummock between the river and the lagoon. All of the marsh land round about was but a few inches above the water line, so that the wooded ridge was really an island a mile long, varying in width from a hundred yards to three quarters of a mile.

My first day slipped almost by before I could spare a moment to the birds, albeit in going twice by way of the lagoon to the farmstead, and in gathering materials for the bush tent, I kept the

tail of an eye upon every feather that sparkled and every wing that flickered, thus mapping out, as it were, the places where I might expect success on the morrow. But at an hour to sundown, although tired, I went for a good tramp along the ridge, and did not get back to camp before dusk fell.

In my notebook is the following entry:

"No 'possum last night. If any thrushes sang, the sweet noise was lost on me; not even the bullfrogs disturbed my slumber. Woke at daybreak with my ears overflowing, so strong the pour of morning's tender discords. My eyes opened perfectly clear and ready for work, my blood felt fresh. One does not stretch and yawn when sleep slips off one's brain in a wildwood lair. A gentle stir of the nerves, a deep breath, and then the sweet chill of a dewy touch; it is Morning on tiptoe at your Arcadian bedside, and there is an ambrosial richness in the first conscious taste of what she brings."

I remember many a serenade at dawn, but the thrushes of that May morning — it was very near June — were *plus canora quam putes*, as the old poet has it, and they literally deluged the wood with their gladness, — "Cantibus vernis strepebat et susurris dulcibus."

Brown thrushes, wood thrushes, veeries, catbirds, robins, — what a lot of melodious cousins! — all their voices deliciously confused, were fairly splitting their pipes. I wonder if Father Hennepin and Father Gabriel heard the like while paddling down past my island? But no, it was winter. Jays may have jeered at them, flickers may have shown them the gold of their wings; as for the songbirds, they were far down by the warm Gulf coast. Besides, I feel sure that it is only since the woods have been narrowed down to mere patches that these birds have learned the value of mutual friendliness, and have agreed to share together, in the few ancient groves, what is left of original freedom.

Hennepin tells us, however, that the savages had been hunting buffalo on the Kankakee flats, and he saw the ground covered with horns where vast numbers of the animals had been slaughtered. Probably an Englishman, who corresponded with me a few years ago, had been reading the good priest's account, for he inquired very particularly about buffalo-hunting in Indiana! He might just as well have expected antelope-shooting on our Kankakee prairies; for Hennepin says that one was killed by a hunter of his party while on their way down the river. The good Jesuit, it being winter, did not see or hear any "thunder pumpers" in the plashy flats, but my record mentions them frequently.

"This morning," runs a somewhat blurred entry, "I got a fine specimen of *Botaurus mugitans*, called by the Kankakee folk 'thunder pumper' on account of its rumbling voice. Good sport is bittern-shooting, too, if the archer does n't mind crawling in the mud through high, musty-smelling dead grass!"

The note recalls many an adventure with the herons and bitterns, birds peculiarly interesting to me. I recollect very well how I worked in order to bag the thunder pumper, on that hazy and delightfully cool morning, between the Kankakee and the lagoon. A triangular patch of bog covered with last year's grass three feet tall was the scene of my operations. There the birds were pumping thunder at daybreak, and I saw them flying in their awkward manner low over the slanting tufts, and dropping down into them here and yonder. I wanted one for dissection regarding its vocal organs, but I had no arrows to lose, and the thing was to be sure of my aim.

At sunrise, fresh from a cold plunge in the river, I began my campaign with all the strategy suggested by experience. My purpose was to approach very near to a bird, make sure of him, and so close the incident. An excellent plan,

in theory, which when subjected to a practical test developed surprising and irritating defects, mainly on account of the birds, — they seemed not inclined to assist me in my difficult task. From the beginning, moreover, little mishaps worked me evil; but at last, to make my story short, I saw a fine point and got the benefit of it. One of the birds, after a short flight, dropped into the grass twenty yards beyond a clump of low shrubs behind which I crawled to position. Musty smelling was that grass; it was more; the smell suggested the quintessence of malaria. In the little pools, through which I went on hands and feet, the water looked red with a purplish iridescence on the surface. The colors were due to oxide of iron from bog ore in the soil.

I had to hang my bow around my neck, and let it lie along my back while crawling thus; and a very unwieldy, troublesome appendage it was, catching in the grass and weeds and interfering with my legs at almost every step. When you try it, as I hope you will some day, you will find your temper much opposed to suavity during such a crawl. The cool air and the damp grass did not hinder perspiration; I was beaded all over when I reached the clump of bushes and began to lift myself erect. My hands were as muddy as a hod-carrier's, quite unfit to lay hold of a bow or an arrow with, and while I was wiping them on a wisp of grass, up and away flew my thunder pumper!

It is a strong stipulation of the contract, when you bind yourself to sylvan archery, that you will not feel aggrieved at any bird for giving you the slip just at the most exciting moment of an adventure. So I stolidly accepted the rebuff to expectation, and stood there gazing aimlessly upon the spot left vacant by my vanished game. At that moment an indirect ray of my vision fell upon something as brilliant as a diamond flaming starlike just beyond a tuft of greenish water weed at the edge of a pool. Out went my bow-arm and bow, swiftly, gently; and to the string of the bow my right hand fitted a broad-feathered arrow. It is stale to say this, but every shot is a delight to the archer, and a thunder pumper's eye is a good target, even when you miss it, as I did.

My notes inform me that I shot eleven times during two hours of hard crawling in the grass before I bagged my bird. On paper the whole proceeding very little resembles good sport, but the archer who reads will understand that the sport was there. At this moment I seem to hear the breezy "whish" of those broad-feathered shafts and the sodden "chuck" of each at the end of its flight. In the midst of my pursuit, and while every moment added to the wariness of the bitterns, I flushed a rail, — fairly kicked it out of the watery grass at my toe's end, — and I risked a shot. The bird flew lazily, with its characteristic flutter, straight away four or five feet above the grass. Going thus it was as easy to hit, almost, as if sitting on a tussock; but when I bowled it over in the air I could not repress a cry of self-admiration. I was my only audience, save some red-winged blackbirds swinging on tall dry stalks of rush at the rim of a pond. These encored me while I was searching for my arrow, which I at last found half buried in the black mud.

The following bits from my note-book will smack of what I cannot describe; at least they will

"Fill in the symphony between"

what I did and what I felt.

"Found brown thrushes nesting in a tangle of low trees. The nests, three of them, lay flat as saucers on the pronged boughs. The wind blowing hard would surely whisk them off, as it so often does the nests of doves. A scattering, loosely woven platform of sticks with a shallow cup in the middle is all that

a brown thrush's nest amounts to. The wood thrush adds a daubing of mud to the leaves and grass of its well-built nest, while the veery makes a clean and pretty little home (sometimes on the ground, never far above it) almost exactly like the nest of the hermit thrush."

"If I could, I would stay right here a month to enjoy the bird song. Even the blue jay sings sweetly — or flutes, rather, in a soft, wheedling, minor. I hear one now, 'tee-doodle-doodle-doodle,' a tender, melodious iteration and reiteration of love. 'Doodle-tee-doodle-doodle-doodle,' he goes on and on right overhead, and I note it down phonetically. But I can't record how he acts meantime. His motions are absurd. Every time that he says 'doodle' he wags himself grotesquely and seesaws his body up and down exactly in time to his tune. He looks like a fool; but he is n't."

"Below here, scarcely two miles, I found where a party of sportsmen had camped some days ago. From Chicago, doubtless, for they left some monster newspapers — Inter-Ocean, Times, Journal — and two or three letter envelopes with Chicago addresses, not to mention sundry cans and bottles remarkably empty. Near this spot I made a fine shot at a woodcock, — out of season, but precious good to eat, — and bagged it for a broil. It is broiling now with expanding savory fragrance. Rowing back upstream I met two summer ducks midway of the channel. Of course my back was toward them, else they would never have let me come so near. When they flew up and away their noise gave me the shock well known to sportsmen, — the thrill of what might have been. It was a fit of reverie that caused the carelessness. At the time I was with the Muse of the waters, listening to the river's cool song!"

Many of my notes are too frankly ornithological to make pleasant reading. I was dissecting throats, with remarks upon glottis and bronchials and syrinx valves, etc. Plainly, however, recreation pleased me more than work, — the bow claimed far the greatest share of attention and use, while knives and needles and pocket lens did the best they could.

Here is what I put down in the way of comment upon the fletcher's art. I copy it that my readers may feel, if possible, how delicate must be the handiwork in making a good hunting arrow. The craftsmanship of the true fletcher is next to the poet's. A winged shaft and a winged song are worthless if genius be not in them.

"Among my arrows there is one that 'wags.' That is, it wabbles in the air and will not go true to the aim. In every particular it is faultless to the eye. Straight as a star beam, smooth, even, neatly feathered, solidly headed, nocked to perfection, it should fly like a bee; but it does n't. It wags horribly as soon as it leaves the string. A vexatious fascination in this problem has caused me to waste a deal of precious time whittling and trimming and scraping all to no good effect, — the arrow wags worse and worse, apparently with much delight. And it seems that I, through some instinct of perversity, share the thing's obstinate contrariness; for unless I take especial care I am sure to choose it whenever a particularly nice discrimination is to be made with a shot. Example: In the sweet of the morning I was sitting on a log, a quarter of a mile from my tent, thinking shop. In other words, a lyric was stirring my blood and illuminating my brain, when a very prosy scratching or scuffling sound in a tree nearly overhead brought me up short against reality. The first glance aloft set my gaze upon a supremely savage object outlined vigorously against a spot of blue sky in a rift of the foliage. It was a white owl with a bird, still feebly struggling, clutched in its talons. An atrocious glare and

an expression of unbridled rapacity flashed upon me from its countenance which was hideously human in a way. It was about forty feet above ground on a stout maple bough, a fair shot, but a trifle steep. At first it looked snow-white and very large, enormous indeed, on account of its partially extended wings and a vicious lifting of the feathers of its breast and neck. A snowy owl — *Nyctea scandiaca* — I knew it to be ; a rare bird here, and so late in the season. I had to get upon my feet to shoot. But the owl had not seen me; its glaring flame-colored eyes were fixed upon the bird under foot. Just as I was in the act of settling upon my aim, it discovered me; and such a stare! I had to steady my arm again. Then, when it was too late, I saw that I had chosen my wagging shaft! Of course the usual antics were performed, the feather seesawing with the pile and making the shaft shy away leftward. At the same moment the owl flew, dropping its prey. But what did I see ? Arrow and owl met in the air — whack! Thereupon I danced and yelled. Give me a wagging arrow for luck! But I had to change my mind suddenly. The shot was a glancing one between wing and body, knocking out a bunch of feathers, nothing more. Away like a ghost flickered the pallid bird. I picked up its victim, which was a Wilson snipe, and never went to look for that dastardly arrow. Let it rot where it fell."

I might now add to this note some of old Roger Ascham's fletcher-wisdom; but even he left the mystery of the wagging, "or hobbling" arrow, quite unsolved. Says he: "Yf the shafte be lyght, it wyl starte, if it be heuye, it wil hoble." I have tried every trick of the shaft-maker's art to very indifferent effect, — a wagging arrow is incorrigible. Sometimes use will cure the defect; how, I do not know, possibly by slightly wearing the feather. Ford, the greatest of English target archers, in his book, Archery: Its Theory and Practice, avoids our point. He merely says: "Two things are essential to a good arrow, namely, perfect straightness, and a stiffness or rigidity sufficient to stand in the bow, that is, to receive the whole force of the bow, without flirting or gadding." But a stiff arrow will sometimes gad or wag just as persistently as a limber one. Ascham was nearer right than Ford. An arrow too weak for the bow will "start," that is, quiver and shake; but one will hobble or wag apparently without reference to either stiffness or limberness. Yet I have tried trimming the vanes, or putting on different ones, without success. That the defect is nearly always in the feathering, seems to me, however, quite certain.

On the last day of my stay in the Kankakee camp I arose before daybreak for fear of oversleeping. I meant to resume my voyage down the river early in the morning, but wished first to take one more "round" in the wood. I packed my things in my boat, after a light breakfast, so as to be ready to embark, and was off toward the lagoon just as a gray light dulled the eastern stars. There was a keen, peculiar freshness in the air which, as my note reminds me, blew out of the northwest with almost a hint of frost. It gave me a sense of strength and energy; I felt as if it would do me good to frisk and gambol and shout. At the same time a sly, furtive, predatory instinct controlled me. In the twilight all was strangely silent, save that the breeze whispered in a large, comprehensive phrase.

A brisk, noiseless walk of five minutes bore me deep into the wood, where, in obedience to a habit of long standing, I halted behind a tree bole to listen and peer. For you must learn that one's eyes and ears are quicker when one is motionless. I swept the solitude deliberately, gazing expectantly down every aisle, hearkening with a certain

delightful flutter in my blood. In one direction the brownish gray water of the lagoon shimmered beyond a scattering growth of tufted aquatic grass. A tall object suddenly held my eyes, — a great blue heron, stock-still on one foot, his neck partly folded. Of course he was in full plumage; I could see the long streamers at the back of his head. "I should like those," I thought, or rather felt, while swiftly considering a plan of approach. Then, as if by premeditated action, the songsters began for the morning's melic battle; and what a tune they marched me to! I stooped and crept from cover to cover, light of foot as any cat; but the shot would be a long one for my heavy arrows with their wide feathers, as the strip of shore marsh on which the heron stood prevented close approach. Fifty yards I call long range when using heavy-headed bird-bolts. From cover of the last bush I carefully estimated the distance to be forty-five paces, and then drew up. Beyond the bird a line of silvery light began to twinkle on little choppy waves. This was hard to overcome, for it shook my vision and interfered with fixing a point of aim, which I felt had to be above my target. Then, too, allowance for the drifting force of the breeze was a nice point to settle. A heavy arrow with a broad vane does not resist a side wind very well. Not more than two seconds elapsed, however, before my bow added its ancient note to the woodland medley, and "whish-sh!" whispered the arrow, going with tremendous force. I say tremendous, and hearing it hit you would not erase the adjective. Although its trajectory was high for so short a flight, the arrow went like a flash, and, as true as it was swift, struck solidly with a successful sound.

When I measured my bird, his dimensions were recorded thus: "Length, fifty-one inches; extent, seventy-three inches. The biggest one yet! A fine trophy (his plumage) to bear home. It was a great shot in the crack o' day, forty-five yards. Had to wade in black mud a foot deep to get him."

It was but little past sunrise when I pushed away from my pleasant camp and rowed downstream past the bayou's mouth, once more pursuing La Salle and Hennepin. In the stern of my boat lay a bloated rhubarb pie, four hard roasted eggs, and a sharp stick decorated with slices of well-broiled bacon. My mode of progress favored a natural aversion in me to hard labor. Every now and then something worth noting stopped me short while I wrote it down in my notebook, or a bird inveigled me into dallying by holding out flattering signs of approachability. I stood up in my boat and shot four arrows at a killdeer which squatted flat when my first shaft just grazed its back. I have often seen a quail, a meadow lark, and even a woodpecker do this; but a killdeer never before or since, I think, was known to take such a risk. It had the laugh on its side, however, in the end; for after sitting there until I had stuck four shafts deep in the ooze all around it, it gave forth a derisive cry and flew off across the marsh. I soon discovered that I could not get to my arrows on account of quicksands surrounding the spot where they had struck.

At the end of an hour's work, however, I lassoed them and drew them to me with a shotted fish line. It is a part of an archer's religion to be faithful to a good arrow, and all four of those were perfect missiles in every way. Three of them I still have. Since then they have been shot in some wild places. The fourth one I lost by breaking it when I tumbled down a twenty-foot bluff with it in my hand. I know these shafts from all my other arrows by their steles of wagon-spoke hickory and their extraordinary weight. At short range they are more reliable than the best London target arrows. I have made others very much like them, but (it may be imagination) the old ones are best.

There are notes sufficient to make a good stout book in my Kankakee memoranda, and next to going on the voyage again, I should enjoy expanding them into literature. My space, however, is almost full. One more entry I will copy and have done: —

"When I reached the cabin of the Crawfordsville Fishing and Shooting Club to-day at noon I found it empty and fast locked, much to my discomfort; for it was threatening rain, with a chill wind from the east, and gray, sad clouds all over the sky. One of my subordinates in office had promised to meet me here, where a railroad crosses the river, and I was expecting important mail. The place looked forlorn; something in its air impressed me gloomily. Under the building, which stood upon stiltlike posts, was a fair shelter. But the clouds went away before the east wind with little rain, and now it is cold. I am ten miles below the clubhouse, camping on the edge of a prairie. Reached here at four o'clock. Chickens (grouse) on a dry swell of wild prairie southward. Went after them, — a hungry man regards not the game law of Indiana, — and had a breezy time shooting. They were not very wild; or possibly the stiff, piercing, east wind numbed them. I tramped around after them and shot perhaps fifty times; but the wind caught my arrows with rough hands and tossed them up, down, sidewise. It was almost impossible to foretell the drift of a shot in extent or direction, and the wily birds somehow would manage not to be down the wind much of the time. I killed but one, and that in a remarkable way. The wind every moment increased in velocity, finally becoming gusty, changeful, as if about to shift southward. (It is now blowing hard from the southeast, and still growing colder.) I had nearly lost hope of bagging a chicken and had turned a shoulder to the breeze, when something whistled, or chirped, close behind me. At the same time wings fluttered, and upon turning I saw a cock grouse in the act of alighting beside a tuft of prairie grass not more than six feet from me. When he struck the ground he erected all of his feathers and looked at me wildly. I had twisted myself and was turned but half around. I saw that he was going to fly, — I must shoot instantly or not at all. It was an awkward situation. Then a new feature was added. Flying like a bullet came another cock and struck the first, whereupon the two fought like savages, tumbling on the grass, striking with their wings, pecking, kicking, chattering. Evidently they were bent upon killing each other if possible. I let drive an arrow at them and missed. Shot again and knocked one over. The other flew away in crazy haste. On my way back to camp I passed through a scrub-oak grove on a low, sandy ridge lying at right angles to the river, and in the midst of it found a pond literally swarming with ducks of different species. They must have sought the sheltered place to avoid the chill and worry of the wind. It was deep water and the birds kept well out from shore, so I did not shoot, as every arrow would have been lost."

Next morning the sky was clear, the weather calm, with a delightful freshness in every breath, and I rowed back up the river to the clubhouse, where I found my clerk just arrived from the little town near by with my mail, in which I discovered that I should have to go to Indianapolis on the next train. So good-by to the trail of La Salle, and farewell to the birds of the Kankakee.

Maurice Thompson.

GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

THERE died not long ago in an academic community a man of whom men said, with singular unanimity, "He was a gentleman and a scholar, and he was the last of his kind." We are prone to call certain figures the last of their kind. Cato was "the last of the Romans," Maximilian I., Bayard, Sidney, and I know not how many others, were each "the last of the knights," and so on. What we mean by the phrase is that when a certain type of man has become well fixed and has done its special service in the world, there comes a time when it inevitably gives way to some new type. In the period of transition, when the two are in conflict, it is as if the older type became intensified in the persons of those who have to maintain it against the assaults of new and strange ideals. Instinctively they gather themselves together for the shock. They seem to feel the foundations of all true things slipping away, and they brace themselves to resist, with all the tenacity of a faith founded upon generations of experience. They become therefore to the men of a new day even more strongly marked specimens of their type than those earlier men who really founded it, but who were not forced by opposition into quite so clear a consciousness of their own quality.

The man whom we carried to his grave was eminently formed by such a process of transition. He stood for a conception of scholarship which had dominated the world for many generations. In naming him thus instinctively "gentleman and scholar" we did not mean that scholars had ceased or were likely to cease to be gentlemen; nor did we mean that gentlemen would no longer turn to the profession of the scholar. The phrase was meant to convey rather the idea of a certain necessary and inevitable connection of the two things, — scholarship and gentle living. This man had not begun life as a "gentleman," and then sought scholarship as an adornment, a kind of decoration suited to his class. Nor had he, because he was a scholar, come to put on the outward seeming of a gentleman as being the appropriate livery of his profession. Both these devices are familiar to the observer of academic types. We know the man of refined tastes and easy fortune who comes into the scholar's life from above, — choosing it rather than chosen by it, and expecting to gather its rewards without going through its sacrifices of drudgery and obscurity. We know also the man of parts, capable of hard work and gifted with all the technical qualities of the scholar, who is driven into the formal relations of cultivated intercourse without ever really grasping its spirit or sharing its refining influence.

The man whose memory we are recalling would never have suggested even the inquiry whether he was gentleman first and scholar afterward or the reverse. One felt that the very distinctive quality in his type was the inseparable interfusion of the two. His outward man gave instant assurance not merely of the gentleman, but of the refining touch which a true spirit of scholarship ought to add. His dress, his gait, his bearing all combined to give the impression of careful dignity which yet had no suggestion of effort. He wore no uniform of a class, but was equally far from following the caprices of fashion. His linen was scrupulously neat, but it would have been hard to name its precise brand. His clothes were always of sober black, neither of antique nor of the latest fashion. His high hat, of no particular mould, was always carefully brushed, and his ivory-headed cane suited his mea-

sured but businesslike step. His manner was cordial, but not effusive; his greeting always expressing a hint of surprise, as if he had been suddenly called out of his own world of thought, but was glad to meet the human being who had called him.

Modest as some women, he was firm in his opinions, and knew how to express them in language that was always forcible and often seemed to him on reflection to have been violent. Then, with what eager haste he would try to repair the wrong of which no one could ever have suspected him, — to take away the sting no one but himself ever felt. "Old-fashioned" he undoubtedly was, in the fair sense that most good fashions maintain themselves to a ripe old age, but one never quite thought of him as a piece of the antique world, so fresh and vital was his interest in all that was best and finest in the new world around him. As to his whole outward bearing among men there could be but one natural expression for it, — the grand simple name of gentleman.

So was it also with his scholarship. It sat upon him lightly, as something into which he had grown by a natural process of evolution. How he had got it no one ever thought of inquiring. In what schools he had been taught, what academic degrees he had gained, to what faction of scholars he belonged, — these were all indifferent things. Even the question, now so often asked, and not always quite relevant, "What has he done?" was never asked of him. What he had "done" was of no importance compared with what he *was*. He had never written a book. He could only with difficulty be persuaded to do now and then some little editorial work. His ideal of what books ought to be was so high that his modesty shrank from the risk of adding to the stock of the world's mediocrity. There was so much always to be learned, and, as he came to know more and more, his own attainment seemed ever so much the more inadequate, that he simply and naturally went on always making himself a fuller man, and pouring out his surplus upon the unresponsive youth in the intimate circle of the classroom and the study.

It would have been impossible for him to describe his method in learning or in teaching. It probably never occurred to him that he had any method. What he did was to keep himself always busy reading, and ordering what he read in such fashion as would best serve him in giving it out again to untrained minds. That was all there was of it, and if he had been asked how he did it, he would have flashed upon his inquirer with some bit of epigram that would have been worth a volume of pedagogic lore. Only now and again, in the fierce academic battles of his later years, as the new ideals of scholarship began to shape themselves in discussion, he would speak with no uncertain voice in defense of principles which were only clearly revealed to him when others began to crowd them from their place.

He died with his harness on, vigorous and beautiful to the last, reverenced by those who fancied themselves the prophets of better ideals, as embodying, after all, a something they could hardly ever hope to reach.

One thing there could be no doubt of: the ideal he so clearly set forth has pretty well passed from our sight. Again let me say that this does not mean an inevitable and general divorce between scholarship and gentle living. It does not rest upon any single or narrow definition either of the gentleman or the scholar. It means that the two are no longer thought of as necessarily combined or as forming two essential parts of a single complete and beautiful whole. The standards of scholarship are in many ways more exacting than in the generation now closed. The standard of the gentleman is a thing so elusive, so dependent upon the unreasoning sentiment

of a day or of a nation, that one would hardly venture to formulate it; but it would be rash to say that it is lowered in any essential degree. The change has come, not in a lowering of these two ideals, but in a separation of them. The gentleman may or may not be a scholar; the scholar may or may not be a gentleman.

With the phrase "gentleman and scholar" have been disappearing at about equal pace certain others of similar suggestion, — "the education of a gentleman," a "liberal education," "an educated man." One hardly dares use these phrases to-day, so sure is one to be called upon with a certain accent of contempt to define them in terms that will be acceptable to all hearers. Until our generation we thought we knew what an educated man, in the ordinary use of language, was. He was a man who knew, or had known, certain things, and it was assumed that in the process of acquiring these things his mind had gained a certain kind of power and an openness to certain orders of ideas which made this man, in distinction from others not so disciplined, a man of education. By virtue of this academic discipline — assuming, of course, that he had done his part in the process — he entered into a fellowship of unspeakable value to himself. He became one in an order of men who had enjoyed a great and precious privilege, and were therefore bound to justify themselves by doing so much the better whatever work they might have to do in the world. Nothing was more common than to hear it said of a man, "He is an admirable lawyer, or doctor, or engineer, or architect, but he is not an educated man." He might have been educated in the school of life infinitely more effectively than he could have been in any college, but it was felt, and by no one probably more keenly than himself, that a certain kind of capacity and certain orders of ideas were lost to him forever by reason of that lack. This thing lacking, such as it was, he and others agreed to call "an education."

If we try to analyze this somewhat vague conception, we find that the essential quality of this earlier education was that it was in no sense professional. That is what men tried to express by the word "liberal," a word one hesitates now to use, because one fears to be understood as thereby describing all other education as "illiberal." No such opposition was ever intended, nor was it felt by the generations which came and went under those conditions. They rejoiced in the privilege of spending a certain period of youth in studies, and in a mental attitude which had in view no direct practical use of what they were acquiring; in other words, no professional or technical aim. At the conclusion of that period they were not, and knew they were not, fitted to carry on any given work of life. They did believe, however, that they had made the best preparation for living, no matter what specific line of work they might follow. If, at that moment, they were to enter the world of scholarship, they were without technical training in any field. That was all to come, and they were as ready to begin the necessary professional discipline in their way as were the lawyer, the physician, and the engineer in theirs.

What they had had was a chance to fix solidly in their mental character the largeness and the beauty of the intellectual life. They had had time to think and to ripen without concern as to just whither their thinking and their unconscious development were leading them. No matter into what direction they might now turn their activity, they were bound to carry with them that essential thing which, for lack of a better name, we agreed to call the liberal spirit. If they had made a proper use of their chance they could never be *mere* specialists in their field. Their special and technical

skill must always be infused with that higher and larger spirit of culture to which the professional spirit is always and necessarily more or less antagonistic. Expressed in terms of the inner life, such a scholar was, and was felt to be, a gentleman. No one cared what his origin might be. There was no fixed type to which he was forced to correspond. There might be endless diversity in his outward expression of himself; only, through all diversity and with every allowance made for original advantage or disadvantage, there was the inevitable stamp of the gentleman and the scholar.

Unquestionably the origin of this typical man is to be found in the traditions of English scholarship. It is only a few months since an English scholar said to the writer in all seriousness: "Education in England is intended for the sons of gentlemen, and if by chance any one else gets possession of it, he is sure to find himself bitterly reminded that he has gone out of his class." He was using the word "gentleman" in its narrowest sense, and his statement, if it were true, as I do not believe it is, would be an indictment against English education more fatal than any that could be pronounced. It serves, however, to show that there still survives, though here expressed in a degrading and perverted form, the idea of an essential connection between the notions of gentle breeding and intellectual culture. Its expression by my English friend was perverted, because it assumed the man of gentle birth who let himself be educated as a necessary decoration of his class.

But behind this perversion there lies the long history of an association of the two ideas from which we in America have derived our now rapidly fading tradition. English scholarship has, as a matter of fact, not only been largely in the hands of gentlemen, technically so called, but when men outside that mysterious circle have become scholars, they in their turn have cultivated the ideal of a necessary and vital union between life and learning. In other words, English scholarship has never been in any strict sense professional. Naturally, as we in America were forming our educational ideals, we followed largely in the same direction. To be sure we rejected, long since, the narrow use of the word "gentleman" which still widely prevails in England; but we clung fondly to the notion of the gentle life as a life not primarily devoted to a practical calling, and we still thought of it as associated almost necessarily with intellectual culture.

Within a generation, however, this tradition has been interrupted, and again, without drawing national lines too sharply, we may fairly say that the new conception of scholarship is German in its origin. German life has long been marked above all else by the quality of professionalism. The typical German is not a man of culture; he is a man of training. Earlier than elsewhere the ideal of scholarship was modeled in Germany upon this fundamental notion of training. Above all things else the German loves a system, and will have it at any cost. So far as German scholarship has affected the world, it has done so less by the intrinsic value of its contribution than by the help it has given to other peoples in the systematic ordering of their study and thought.

A generation ago German scholarship was practically without direct influence upon American methods. Here and there an isolated scholar or writer, himself perhaps an importation, was calling attention to a new something which Germany had to offer to the world of scholarship. The discovery of German system coincided with the vast widening of the intellectual field produced by our new interest in natural science, — an interest, by the way, which did not in any sense originate in Germany. "Science," "the scientific method," "truth by induction," have been the cry of the generation now

coming to its close. To meet this new demand, education has had to modify its ideals. It has had to emphasize "training" instead of "culture" as its main purpose. It has come to aim at making a man fit for something in particular, rather than for anything he might afterward decide upon.

Education has felt powerfully the reaction of the immense material advance of this past generation. Not only have the subjects of education been greatly increased in number, and that chiefly in the direction of material and technical branches, but the mechanism of all education has been developed to an almost alarming extent. We have been learning from the Germans something of their own *Systemsucht*, and we have shown signs of our usual determination to better our instruction. There is not an educational nostrum from the elaborate fooleries of the kindergarten up to the highly sublimated pedagogical psychology of the "graduate schools" that we have not been willing to try.

It has been a period of great activity, and, misdirected as much of this activity has been, there can be no absolute waste of serious and conscientious effort. Great good things have come to pass and greater are to come. Only let us ask ourselves, just now, at the close of one generation of energy, what shape our ideals have come to take, and whether we may well modify them in any particular. The merest glance at the programmes of our schools and colleges shows the enormous advance in all the mechanism of education, and in the term mechanism I would include not merely the material equipment, but all that great chapter of our subject which in the books comes under the head of "organization," — grouping of topics in departments, gradation of instruction, quality of textbooks, — opportunities of every sort for getting the most out of the great educational "plant."

The only serious question before us at this moment is whether our machinery is not too dangerously complete. When we had less machinery we were compelled to rely more upon personal quality. A perfect machine does its work almost without human aid; set it going, supply it with raw material, and it turns out the finished product with inevitable success. More than this, the highly developed machine is able by its very perfection to give to comparatively poor material an apparent finish, which may deceive the unwary. The very uniformity of the machine product conceals many a defect and irregularity. On the other hand, a comparatively poor tool working on good material may, in the right hands, give the best results. One theory of manual training has been that pupils ought to be required to work first with dull and ill-contrived tools, lest they learn to depend too much on the tool, and too little on their own skill and talent.

There is precisely the question as to our new educational methods. Not really, of course, whether we have made our machinery too good. No one could advise going back one step along the road we have already traversed in that direction. Let us go on even, gaining always better apparatus, better organization, better comprehension of detail; but while we do this let us not forget that our ultimate salvation is never to be found in these things. While we present to ambitious youth the pathways of scholarship, and hang out all the lights we can to guide him, we must guard him carefully from the delusion that he has only to march through these pathways in order to attain to the desired goal. We may prescribe conditions and defend them by every practicable test; but all conditions must be graded to a certain level of capacity, and all tests must be held within certain limits of human fairness. The more precisely conditions are defined, and the more formally accurate the tests applied, the more we appeal to an average grade of capacity.

Our machinery will enable us to turn out men trained to certain definable forms of mental activity, men who can be ticketed off in groups and applied in various kinds of work in the world. It will never give us any guaranty that these are men of real intellectual power, whose personal quality can of itself command respect. Underneath all the machine work there must lie the same quality upon which the scholar of the earlier generation exclusively relied. He had no training by any organization whatever. If he were trained at all, he trained himself. He came to be what he was by virtue of the inner impulse which alone, maintained through years of action and intensified by time, can guarantee the quality of a man.

Obviously this quality is difficult to describe. It cannot be measured in terms of academic honors. Erasmus of Rotterdam, explaining why he felt obliged to take a doctor's degree in Italy, says: "Formerly a man was called 'doctor' because he was a learned man; but nowadays no one will believe a man is learned unless he is called 'doctor.'" A college president seeking a professor not long since made it a *sine qua non* that the candidate should be a doctor of philosophy. Another man might know more, be more highly qualified as a man, and a more effective teacher, but he must give way to the man, very possibly of less value, who had the trade-mark of his profession. I have known many a man, whose great fundamental need was intellectual refinement and culture, sacrificed to this semi-civilized demand for a certifiable kind of expert training.

So we come round again to the point from which we started, and the ideal of the past is seen to be also the truest ideal of the present. "Gentleman and scholar" remains the best expression of the product by which the new education must justify itself before the world. The mechanical appliances are pretty well completed. It remains for us to use them and not to let them use us. The American scholar of the future is undoubtedly to be a trained man in a sense quite different from that in which the older scholar could be said to be trained. Is he to be nothing else? The question is not an idle one. It is coming to us from many sides, not by any means solely from the *laudatores temporis acti*, who might be expected to cling fondly to traditions. It comes already from institutions which have made trial of men "trained" upon no foundation of scholarly character, and found them wanting. It comes from young men who have found their own best development checked and hampered by the mechanical processes of the academic mill. And it is coming also in vague and indistinct forms from that great helpless thing, the public, which misses, to its pain, the sacred something it was wont to associate with the name of the scholar.

The answer is to be found in a return to the conception of a necessary and essential union between learning and the higher life of the spirit. This conception must be made to enter vitally into every grade of our education from lowest to highest. It must not be set in opposition to the other conception of learning as essentially applicable to some human purpose. It must be united with it, so that our youth may grow up steadily to the conviction that a gentleman is a better tool than a scrub, — that he will work better, play better, and fight better; and conversely that he who will not work well, play well, and fight well, is no gentleman. In that sense I should be glad to have it said of our education, as my English friend said of his, that American education is primarily intended for gentlemen.

Ephraim Emerton.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN.

I.

My Garden of Content lies high on Onteora Mountain. It is a half-round space of rough red soil, sloping to the east, and inclining upward and inclosing the log studio.

When I began to dig and plant, I little knew the joy which would grow out of the soil, and descend from the skies, and gather from far-off places and times to gladden my soul; but to-day, as I walk therein, or sit in the spicy shadow of its pair of fir trees, and think what it has done for me, I feel that untroubled happiness begins and ends within it; that it is truly the Land of Content.

It was just a rocky patch of pasture land lying between us and the woods, when it came into my mind to plant it as a garden, and how could I guess that the ground of it had been longing to blossom; but when I saw how it received and fostered and urged into growth the things I planted, I understood that the earth mother had coveted the power of making herself beautiful.

Before the garden was made, there were two young balsam-fir trees growing almost under the house eaves, — young things pulled from the roadside in one of our drives. It was easy to see that they approved of the garden, for summer by summer they threw up yard-long blue-green spires, until now, as I stand on the upper piazza, I can hold a cup and gather their drops of balsam.

How fine they are! Just at the college graduate age, and full to overflow of the joy of living. Two other live species my garden contained at the very outset: an apple tree, and varied clumps of the wild pink mountain azalea. Now, in late May and early June, when the garden is in fullest flower, this dear apple tree, just grown to full maturity, stands at the garden edge and showers shell-like leaves over it all, and the pink azaleas, from their places here and there among the purple iris, lift each a glowing torch of color to the spring.

The moment I began to plant, I found I must build some kind of a discouraging barrier between my precious half acre and grazing horses and straying dogs. Not a fence; for a fence would be incongruous in the face of the near woods and far mountains, and the heavenly slope which begins at the garden, and, flowing off for fenceless miles, at last reaches the Kaaterskill Clove, and is lapped into the blue distance of the Hudson Valley. So it happens, that because we do not mean to cut ourselves off from careless nature by careful civilization, the garden ground is rimmed with a lengthened stone heap which does not separate it too positively from the rocky slope of which it was originally a part. In truth, it is not a wall, but a rolling up and circling around of boulders left in the track of a former glacier.

When one looks at the landscape, it is not hard to imagine a great ice sea streaming through the deep mountain hollows, and creeping, creeping, creeping over the slopes toward its final dissolution, grinding all the great rocks into fragments of broken uniformity! After the glacier came the forests of beautiful evergreen giants, but that race also has followed the glaciers into eternal vacancy. The æons of time are all within the compass of a thought. Glacial days, when the world was shaped with an ice axe; forest days, which sheltered unimaginable prehistoric beasts; later days of primitive man; and after them all the days of to-day, when my garden smiles and smells. My own little day, so full of love and joy and sorrow and contentment!

When I inclosed my garden, I meant that the wall should be broad enough to grow weeds and grasses and blossoming stone-crop on its top. I planted wild clematis along its outside border, and inside, the sweet striped-honeysuckle. Twice in the summer the irregular wall is a mound of blossom and sweetness, for I have so planted my garden that the flowers come in procession, — each month or period with its own special glory. To make this summer procession a perfect one, I have taken care that while one kind of flower is passing, it shall occupy all the garden with an unbroken sheet of bloom. Thousands of flowers of one variety, lifting their faces to the sun in the morning, or standing on dress-parade through the afternoon, make an impression upon the eye and the imagination which is impossible to mixed masses, however beautiful their separate parts.

In a large and new garden it is not quite a simple matter to secure this breadth of effect, but with time and care, and parsimonious hoarding of every wandering rootlet, it is easily possible. When I acquire a new variety by purchase or gift, and there is not enough to plant broadcast, I put it in the nursery. This is an indiscriminate flower bed absolutely sacred to my own care, where I plant parted roots, and seeds and cuttings of anything of which I am avaricious; and, having planted, encourage them with kindness and tendance, until each has made a family after its kind. When any one variety has multiplied largely, I consider its color and time of flower, and decide what it will harmonize with or what it shall follow; and so, upon a settled plan of flower decoration, I plant it everywhere. When it comes into bloom, perhaps it has the whole stage to itself, and the garden becomes a one-flower garden; or perhaps it has a companion tribe of kindred tint; or perhaps it can be opposed to some sympathetic color. In this case I do not plant them together, but in neighboring masses, as I have planted the yellow lilies and purple iris, or the white lilies and rose-colored peony; and in this way I follow the laws of beauty and reap the fullest benefit.

If, on the other hand, one must buy flowers for planting, — which to a real gardener seems an unnatural proceeding, and to one of long experience an unnecessary one, — it is as easy to buy by the thousand as by the dozen, and a certain sentiment will attach itself to a thousand tulip bulbs, which you know were grown on the mud flats of Holland, tended by slow and heavy men in blue blouses; and after they were grown and harvested, ferried along low-lying canals to some sea city, there to be gathered into innumerable thousands, and shipped to America. As you scatter the thousand over your garden ground, each into its own little pit in its own little place, you can see in your mind the flattened fields of their nativity, covered with millions of blossoming tulips, and the grass-edged canals along which slow boats are creeping, and here and there a group of red-tiled roofs, pointed and ruffled, and accented with small dormers. All this you see because you bought your tulip bulbs by the thousand instead of by the dozen; and yet you will not love them as you would inevitably do, if you, your very self, were responsible for their growth and increase.

In my procession of flowers there are one or two wild things which precede the rest. Before even the daffodil has made ready to blow its golden trumpet, all along the borders the bloodroot is spreading its transcendent silver stars, and the green-striped sheaths of the star-of-Bethlehem are opening. After this salutation come the poets' narcissus and the daffodil; and after them, suddenly the garden is a garden of tulips, and by that time June has arrived, and it is the time of the iris, its variations of purple and lavender, and the bluish pinks and pinkish blues which tend to-

ward those colors, are mingled in a crowd of stately blossoms which stream in radiating rows to the garden's outermost verge. Then a border of golden lilies encircles them, and outside of these a mound of scented honeysuckle hides for the time its purple-lined leaves under trumpeted flowers, and the growing sprays go wavering up in air in search of invisible fibre by which to climb. At this time I am apt to think that the very limit of garden beauty has been reached; that, in the summer procession I have planned, nothing can be so beautiful; and yet, all the while a detachment is on its way with its own special glories of color and costume. The tightly packed apple-shaped buds of pink peonies are beginning to show streaks of color, and when the latest of the fleur-de-lis has blossomed, and the purple banners which it had flaunted are dried and shriveled in the sun, the spaces between the radiating rows are filled with the deeply lobed leaves of peony, and the globes of buds are opening into scented flowers, each one like a separate bouquet too heavy for its stem. The great pink globes roll from side to side, like heavy-headed babies, and the garden becomes a mass of rose color set in green. Behind them rise tall spikes of ascension lilies, opening in clusters of six and seven to the stalk, their silver-white urn-blossoms against the outer wall of green-white clematis flowers. In front of them a curd of spicy cinnamon pinks is blowing, and dancing groups of humming-birds hang over them, making no hesitation about resting upon the flower stalks.

I carry and leave my piazza chair under the balsam-fir trees, where half a layer of the low-growing branches have been cut away to make its place, and give myself bits of the summer day wrapped in fragrance and beauty. And what morsels of happiness they are! There is a heavenly landscape beyond the pinks and peony flowers and high-piled white lilies: a procession of mountains, changing from green-black to violet-blue as the sun smites the slopes and ridges, and fails to reach the hollows and deep-down chasms. What a blessed lot to be witness of such beauty! I am lost in wonder at the perfection of it possible to one small half acre and its outlook.

And the fragrance! From the border of pinks, holding up millions of tufted umbrellas to the sun, streams a spicy odor which seems to cover the garden like a cloud. It projects itself along the path to the northern and eastern woods, and meets me, as I return by them, with something like a special greeting. As it spreads and sifts itself between the trunks of great beeches, — losing itself among the branches of young balsam-fir trees, — I can fancy their dipping little spiky green fingers into its intangible substance, and saying to each other and themselves, "Ho! ho! here is a new smell! it is stronger than ours, but it smells like a brother!"

The fragrance overflows and pervades them all. The shoots which have sprung from scattered beechnuts of two or three seasons ago, and stand trembling with haste to push their satin-folded leaves into space, are wrapped around with scented air which is not of the forest. And I, standing in the wood path, delighted through all my senses with the taste and smell of it, feel like greeting and advising it with speech; as if I were saying, "Go south into the pastures, my beloved! Float under the sun and over the grass. The woods have their own sweetness, and will not miss you!"

This unvoiced thought speaks to the air, as I come out of the shadow and lean over the wall of my garden. The pinks are standing in the sun and never heed my thought. They are like little censers, set by nature to distribute her hidden manufactures, her distillations and cunning extracts, and each tuft of fringed blossom obediently urges its deli-

cate spiral into the general cloud which hangs in the upper air. I seem to see it as I stand by the wall looking at the millions of blossoms; I can taste it and smell it. What ails my eyes that I do not really see it? It is there; it has form; I know it is cloud-shaped, and blows hither and thither, because I can follow its boundaries. Why should I not see it? And then I fall into speculation as to what I should see if my eyes were privileged to all of nature's miracles.

I think the color of this one would be palest pink, with bluish tints and shadows and flecks of deeper color; where the underside would reflect the blue-green of the leaf mat from which the blossoms spring, — the wonderful blue-green which is like the shadow of a wave. And this, to my fancy, makes the cloud like an opal, a floating, intangible, gigantic opal, which is made of the breath of flowers, and floats, and breaks, and wanders hither and thither, — a body and no body, a spirit of a cloud.

It is, in truth, the spiritual part of the garden, this changing mass which hovers snow-white over the lily beds, and rose-pink over the peonies, and purple and lavender where lilacs and fleur-de-lis are in bloom, and golden-yellow where the ranks of lemon lily stand against the garden wall.

I have great and overwhelming joy in them all, even though my outward, practical, bodily eyes refuse to see them as they should. Surely we might look at them through the closed limit of our present powers, as one looks at nature through a window! I am glad I can follow and recognize them in unbroken masses. I am certain I should not enjoy in the same degree a crowd of sweet-smelling vari-colored bits of cloud hovering over my garden, — a hand's breadth of faintly fragrant purple, and a shred of spicy pink, and a blot of pungent, ethereal blue crowding one another; but my mind can see with joy a bank of golden cloud lying above the yellow lilies in a giant curve like a cloudy comet, compassing the entire sweep and boundary of the garden, while lying within it like an amethyst wave rests the purple breath of the fleur-de-lis.

Flowers in masses give fragrance in masses, and if we would have our enjoyment whole, instead of broken into bits, we must plant and sow with unstinted liberality. This, as I have said, is not difficult, indeed it is delightful! We can plant largely, even in limited ground, if we have learned to understand the idiosyncrasies of different families, and the gregariousness of all. There are few solitary flowers, as few in proportion as there are hermits among men. They enjoy living together, and even among wild things we find them founding vegetable cities whenever circumstances are favorable; much as men cluster around seaports, or at good landing-places on navigable rivers.

I have learned a lesson of the comradeship of plants from a little settlement of them growing on a near roadside bank on the way to the village. Here, in a few square feet of earth, a dozen species find a common home, and share it with the grass, and each in turn rises up and smiles at the world with its particular blossom.

While in flower it seems to own the whole bit of ground in fee simple. We say in passing, "Look at that patch of buttercups," or "daisies," or "redweed," or "purple aster;" not realizing that it is in reality a patch of a dozen, touching toes under the sod, and living together in entire and blessed harmony.

What an advantage, in decorative gardening, to learn that, for the most part, plants will joyfully share their holdings!

I have set myself to learn which of the selected darlings of my garden love each other well enough to live together in the same few feet of earth, so that every inch of ground may blossom in a continuous wave of beauty.

I find the neighborliest of them among the bulbs, and I am especially interested in bulbs. The small, compact round which I hold in my hand in the spring includes such a variety of possibilities. If it has been turned up in the border by the spading-fork, it may be an ascension lily, or a Canadian lily, or a scarlet wood lily; and the little bulb knows where it belongs, though I do not. I cannot tell what sort of blossom it carries folded within its layers, and what it will become when its growth impulse is awakened. If I put it back into the ground, I may be blindly planting it out of accord with its surroundings; for at this stage of its being it looks a bulb, and nothing more. I do not know its nature by its shape or size or color; it keeps its individuality for summer days.

And there is the same difficulty with the lesser bulbs. Tulip and daffodil and narcissus are twin sisters or triplets, and one of them astray may be anybody's child: therefore it often happens that where I look for narcissus blooms I find daffodil, and that where I expect a cluster of daffodil leaves a single broad tulip leaf will appear, guarding a central bud.

One of the wood walks of our Long Island homestead borders a long swale of black mucky ground, which, in the days before the Brooklyn waterworks were, was a sluggish brook and a ferny swamp. It came to me to utilize this place by transplanting into it the army of poets' narcissus which regularly every spring budded on the lawn in millions, and later shriveled in millions, if the spring rains were not copious enough to satisfy their thirsty souls. And this plan answered beautifully. The narcissus sent up its spears of buds dutifully, and when they came to the bursting point, the swampy ground was, and is, every recurring spring, covered with a blanket of creamy white blossoms. But something else has happened. The first spring after they were planted, and buds began to show like sharp green bayonets along the rows, here and there I found a plant with longer leaves and fatter buds. Presently these outstripped the others, and opened into double daffodils; and spring after spring they have increased, making clusters of themselves in the rows, until now we go down to pick daffodils early in May, and narcissus some two weeks later, — from mixed masses of yellow and white blossoms. It seems then that, where bulbs are concerned, we sometimes reap where we have not sown.

It is a pity that daffodils ever took it into their heads to grow double. Some one of them at some time in flower history must have had a double tulip for a neighbor, and seeing it turn out its bunch of magnificence to the sun, said in its heart, "I can do that," and straightway begun in a hurry to grow inner leaves, and has continued, until the golden trumpet is crowded out of existence. They are not perfect leaves, by any means: half of them are stained with the green of the calyx, and half are of an intense yellow which is almost orange, not at all the true daffodil color. I miss and regret the beautiful ruffled-edged trumpet; but taken as it is, the double daffodil represents as perfect a determination to grow and *be* as I find in any flower, save the orange day lily.

The single daffodil is not so persistent as the double, and, in fact, I am tempted to believe that it is naturally an ambitious flower, and changes its style from pure determination to do all it can in the way of what one of my farmer friends calls *blowth*. If it could know, down in the depths of its single heart, how fascinating its trumpeted flower can be, it would surely keep itself single. The very poise of its head is the perfection of grace, and to watch an early cluster of them, as they stand, swaying upon their stems, is to fancy they are like a group of nymphs, each one more graceful than the other.

The daffodil and narcissus, which are really blood relations, are the most prolific of flowers. If I plant a single bulb,

it will not be long in gathering a family, and in the course of two or three years the spot in which it grows will have become as populous as the tents of the patriarchs. Its clustering habit makes it a convenient bulb for transplantation. I need never search for separate ones in the flower beds. When I come upon them, there are hundreds packed so closely together that I peel them off like the scales of a pine cone ; and each separate one I plant will make itself into another clump, if I give it time. It is not so with tulips ; their little rootlets will run off and start a bulb at a greater distance.

In the fall or spring I fill my marigold and nasturtium beds with tulip bulbs, which, being early risers by nature, get up and blossom in the spring days in great beauty, while the dormant speck of life in the marigold and nasturtium seed is just beginning to be conscious of an awakening thrill. I can fancy that through July and August and September days, when the summer flowers are rioting above them, the buried bulbs are quite as contentedly busy underground, living a hidden domestic life, and adding children to themselves by the dozens. Perhaps — who knows ? — they feel a sort of placid burgher contempt for the untimely activity of the seed plants, that adds a stronger flavor of contentment to their own quiet days.

When I see them in May preparing for this peaceful underlife, I feel like blessing them with Herrick's song, To the Daffodil, and saying to them after him :

> "Stay, stay,
> Until the hastening day has run
> But to the even-song,
> And having prayed together, we
> Will go with you along."

I am quite sure that the apartment-house fashion I have adopted of planting bulbs and seeds in layers is agreeable to both ; since they make no sign of disapproval, but go on, each doing its best in its own flower season to cover the ground with blossoms. It is a convenient fashion for the gardener, since spaces bare of either foliage or bloom suggest insufficient love or inefficient labor, and either of these would be out of harmony with the cheerful power and grateful joy which reign in every well-kept garden.

Candace Wheeler.

A CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

The Ex-Member was in his sitting room, huddled down in the hollow of his old cloth armchair. There was no fire in the room, and it was cold with the damp, chill cold of the early spring. The ex-member had on his battered old slouch hat, drawn down over his eyes : he had buttoned his rusty coat about him and turned its collar up about his neck. The dull light from the rainy, slate-colored spring sky slanting in upon his face set forth like a cameo the outlines of his fine old Roman nose, his clear-cut, close-shaven chin, and the aged hollows in his temples and his cheeks. A wisp of gray hair strayed out from underneath his hat beside his ear.

Since the death of his wife he had lived in the old house alone. The whole place showed it ; a house without a woman is a body without a soul. On the mantelpiece the old clock, with the painted robin on the glass beneath the dial, gone crazy with neglect, rambled through the morning, striking the hours of the late afternoon. Some old cuffs, a dog collar, a piece of harness, and a long array of medicine bottles occupied the remainder of the shelf. On the table and on the floor were piles of books,

funny gray-backed volumes with yellow edges to their leaves, — histories of political demigods now almost obscured by the mists of half a century, or entirely forgotten. An early print of Lincoln, the photograph which Sumner had given him, and a group picture of the state Senate when he was there, — strange wooden figures, with queer beards, and stiff loose clothing, and top-boots, — looked down upon him from the walls.

The ex-member was intensely excited. From the depths of his armchair he was haranguing his one hearer in the manner of a stump speaker calling aloud to a multitude. His aged chin shook back and forth with the excitement and weakness of old age, and his resonant old voice broke and wavered like that of a boy of fourteen. Occasionally he beat upon the arm of his chair for emphasis.

"Mr. Jennings, sir," he was saying, "when I see the kind of men they choose to do our public business for us nowadays, I can't hardly stan' it. Seems as if they picked out the meanest, poorest, most picayuney fellers they could find. Take that feller they 've just elected to the United States Senate. He ain't no more fit for that high office, sir, than — than " — the old man hesitated, waving his arms helplessly about in his impotent search for a fit simile — "than anything in this world, sir. No, sir.

"Put him alongside that man on the wall, sir, — that Sumner thar, and compare 'em. Look at that brow and those eyes and that mouth. Thar was a giant, sir. I tell you, this feller ain't no more fit to be compared with Sumner, nor Seward, nor Webster, sir, than a dog is fit to be associated with seraphim. No, sir. I knew Sumner personally, and I 've heard Webster speak. My father took me to hear him one time when I was a boy. Those men wa'n't none of your twopenny politicians you have nowadays. No, sir.

"I tell you, young man, you don't appreciate what changes have taken place in this republic the last thirty-five or forty years. In those days it was a government for the people and by the people; an American citizen *was* somebody. Yes, sir, he was a king. A man was a man when Abraham Lincoln was President no matter what kind of a coat he had on.

"And now what is it? It 's all money, money, money; that 's all people can talk about. These corporations own us body and soul. We 're bein' et up by 'em We 've got a corporation legislature and corporation commissions, and I don't know but what we 've got a corporation governor, — though I *did* think he was an honest man.

"And all the time I sit here with the women and children, — no better, you might say, than one of those disembodied spirits they tell about, — a mind without a body, just thinkin', thinkin', thinkin' through all eternity, and no power of accomplishment. I tell you, Mr. Jennings, I tell you, sir, it 's many a long night I wish I was a young man like you and could *do* something."

"I suppose," said the audience, finally breaking in, "you 're following this revision of the state laws pretty close, ain't you, Mr. Osgood?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the veteran. "I read the newspapers pretty close, and I get the documents from our representative as they come out. And I dare say there 's twenty jobs bein' put through there right now. There 's one thing thar I think 's goin' to be done that if it goes through — and I think it will — will be the most abominable, unjust, outrageous, detestable" —

The obnoxious measure was never named. There was a soft, irregular knock at the door, followed promptly by a confused rattling of the knob, and a fat, sturdy-looking, four-year-old boy pushed in and stood on the threshold, out of breath from his exertions.

"Hello, sir," said the ex-member heartily, "good-mornin'."

The child, diffident before the stranger, murmured a confused reply.

"Well, sir, how are you this mornin'?"

"Pretty well, sir," the child said under his breath.

"Thought you 'd come over and see grandpa, did ye?" said the old man, taking him on his knee.

"Yes, sir."

The child showed signs of retreat. "Guess I 'll go," he announced, squirming to get away.

"Ain't there something you want to do first?"

"Yes, sir," the boy said irresolutely.

"Take your hat off to Mr. Lincoln."

The sturdy little chap stood before the homely picture on the wall, and solemnly removed his cap.

"That 's a good boy. Now, sir, when you get up, what are you goin' to be, Henry? Tell the gentleman."

"I 'm goin' to be a 'Merican citizen," said the boy bashfully.

"That 's it," said the ex-member, stooping over and patting him on the cheek; "that 's it. Now run along."

The boy lost no time in obeying him.

"You can't begin teachin' 'em too early," said the ex-member, after the side door had slammed. "And I don't mean that any of my descendants shall forget what they owe to this great country. No, sir. For patriotism and loyalty and gratitude to my country, I don't yield to no man, so far 's my strength will allow. It 's got to be considerable like a religion to me. 'My Country' — when I hear that sung, old as I am, sir, I take off my hat to it. Yes, sir."

Again the knob of the door rattled and the small boy appeared. "Ma says she 's comin' over to sit with you this afternoon," he called.

The old man laughed. "You made him forget what he come for the first time," he said.

The boy started to escape again, but the visitor caught him up in his arms.

"I 'm goin' over by your house, young man. I guess I 'll take you along with me. You 'd like to ride with me, would n't you?"

"Yes, sir," said the child faintly.

"Don't hurry," said the ex-member.

"I guess I 'd better go; they 'll be lookin' for me at home before long."

"Well, I wish you 'd come in real often," said the old man wistfully. "I don't know when I 've had a call before. It seems mighty good to see somebody now and then."

"All right, I 'll try to. Don't get up, Mr. Osgood," said the visitor, as he went out with the boy.

Across a common yard, but a few steps away, appeared the dwelling of the ex-member's son, a structure of the so-called Queen Anne style, painted a faded salmon color, perched on a high and ugly brick foundation, and as yet unprovided with blinds. It was largely the inspiration of the bride of five years ago. A great scar had been torn in the old tangled garden for its reception; the trees and shrubs were gone, and the turf had not yet healed about it. It shone forth, vainglorious and bare, beside the low, old-fashioned house of the ex-member beyond it.

On the back porch a sharp-voiced woman was crying aloud, "Henree, *Henree*." It was the daughter-in-law calling for her son.

The woman stopped when she saw the man and child coming toward her.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Jennin's," she said to the caller, and took the boy from him.

"Go into the kitchen, Henry, and stay there until mother says you may come out."

The child, after one more awed inspection of the strange monster which had carried him across, disappeared through the door.

"Won't you come in and sit down, Mr. Jennin's?" she asked.

She was a young woman still, but with the lines of youth sharpened and drawn

by the drudgery and confinement of a farmer's kitchen. She wore a loose and dingy wrapper of black and white, unbelted at the waist. Her feet were in old slippers, down at the heel, which clattered as she walked, and her hair was wrapped in curl papers.

The caller did not care to go in.

"No thank you, Mrs. Osgood," he said, "I can't stop. I've just been over seein' your father a minute. He 's pretty bright for his years, ain't he? A pretty well-posted man, I call him."

"Yes," said the woman, "I don't know but what he is. He 'd ought to be, that 's certain. He takes enough time to it."

"How is he to get along with, pretty good?"

"Well, now, I 'll tell you, Mr. Jennin's. Strangers see the best side of father. They think he 's interestin' and all that; and maybe he is when you don't see much of him. But if they had to live with him I guess it 'd be different. Father 's awful queer. He just sits there alone day in and day out, and fusses and fumes over politics and the rights of the people and a lot of high-soundin' things like that. He 'll talk, talk, talk about 'em mornin' and night if you 'll only let him. It gets mighty tedious after a while. If you lived with him yourself, you 'd see how it was."

"Prob'ly I would," said the visitor.

"But *I* won't let him," she continued. "I won't stan' it. I was n't brought up that way. My folks was practical, and I guess I 'm about as practical as they make 'em. I say we 've got trouble enough to look out for number one in this world, and when that 's done, it 's time enough to worry about the rest of folks. If he seen that years ago, we 'd been fixed different from what we are now; you know that. It 's ridiculous, in my way of thinkin', for a man of his age to think he 's goin' to do anybody any good fussin' over politics, when we 've got men hired a-purpose for that very thing.

"Well, I 'm 'fraid you 'll think you 've got me wound up and I won't never stop. But you asked me, and I thought I 'd tell you. Father 's old and sort of childish, and we have to be watchin' him and keepin' him down all the time to see he don't do anything foolish. I don't think he 's just right about those things sometimes; so he 's a good deal of trouble to us, both that way and a good many others."

"I don't doubt what you say, Mrs. Osgood," said the caller, starting away. "I don't doubt it a bit. Old folks get to be an awful care; I can appreciate that."

The ex-member, when his visitor had left the house, returned to his armchair, readjusted his spectacles, smoothed out his newspaper, and started reading once more. A newspaper was a long day's journey to him, from which he emerged laden with much spoil. It was mostly politics, of course, he sought and found. He belonged to a generation which took its self-government more seriously than we do now, — a sort of golden age of politics, — belated representatives of which still linger with us to write those queer, long letters to the editor, which wail unseen in the corners of the country paper. From odd little hiding places all over the land the eyes of these are upon us, seeing strange and fearful things. But their voices are faint, their strength is gone from them; they can accomplish nothing. Sunk in the impotence of old age, they are no more to us than ghosts to living men.

The ex-member plunged immediately into an abstract of the obnoxious bill. As he read it, he began talking to himself and pounding on the arm of the chair. Finally he threw the paper on the floor, got up, and began walking back and forth across the room. In his anger he even forgot to get his dinner. At last, tired out with excitement, he sank back into the depths of the chair and fell into a drowse.

He was aroused by the advent of his daughter-in-law in the afternoon. It was quite a state occasion with Mrs. Osgood, Jr. She was wearing for the first time her new best dress, a creation of purple cloth, — a little drawn across the back, a little straightened in the sleeves, a little stiff and self-conscious in its whole appearance, — a triumph of patient country art, destined to shine among a hundred sister garments in the village church.

"Well, Sarah, I 'm glad to see ye," said the old man warmly. "Sit right down and make yourself at home."

The woman took a seat opposite him in the little low rocking chair, where his old wife used to sit.

"I thought you 'd be kind of lonesome, father, so I 'd come over and we 'd have a real good talk," she began.

"That 's right; that 's right."

She began preparations for her sewing; there was a little pause. In a minute the woman spoke again.

"I wore over my new dress, so 's you could see it," she said, getting up and turning round.

"That 's nice."

"You like it, do you ? "

"Yes, first class, far 's I can see. You know I ain't much of a hand on dresses."

The artist seated herself again, not well satisfied with the indifferent praise of the old man. But then what could one expect?

"I 'm going to have something else pretty, too," she went on, holding up the lace arrangement on which she was working.

"That 's good."

"Yes, father, I 've been without anything so long I was actually ashamed of myself, and I just made up my mind this spring I 'd have some things anyhow. I think I needed 'em, don't you?"

No answer from the old man; he was back brooding over his country's degeneration.

"You ain't very sociable this afternoon," said his visitor, piqued. "What 's the matter now ? "

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it is too. What is it? "

The smouldering fires in the old man's soul burst forth again. "It 's that land law they 're passin' in the legislature, — that 's what it is. I tell you I can't stan' it. Ain't we got any rights in this country? Ain't we got any laws? Ain't we got any common decency? By great heaven " —

"Now, father," said the woman sharply, "you stop right where you are. I don't think it looks very well for a man of your years to take on like that for anything, I don't care what."

"I understand all that, Sarah, but when I see the people of this state bein' swindled and sold by Tom, Dick, and the devil down thar at the state house, I can't help it. What right have those little whipper-snappers down thar to trade and barter and squander our rights for us? What right have they, I want to know? What " —

"There you go again. If you keep on like that a little while longer you 'll be down sick the way you was last election."

"I 'm afraid you ain't so much interested in your country as you ought to be. You ain't ever paid much attention to the affairs of this great state that raised you, have you ? "

"No, I don't believe I have," the woman flared, "and I don't want to, if it would make me act the way you do. If you 've got to do something," she continued sarcastically, "why don't you begin at home and help Henry and me some? "

"What 's the use of your goin' all over that again ? " protested the old man.

"Because you ought to, that 's why. Look at the way we 're livin'; it 's disgraceful. I 'm ashamed to poke my head out of doors. No clothes, no time to go out, no nothin'. If I 'd known how things was goin', you can make up

your mind I would n't have married into this family."

The old man said nothing.

"The trouble is," she went on bitterly, "you won't see our side."

"Well, I dunno. I guess I 've heard enough about it."

"No you ain't, and you won't," said the woman, flaring up again, "till you do what 's right."

"What do you want? I ain't got any money, have I?"

"No, but you 've got the farm, an' you 've got Henry, a grown man workin' for you. I tell you, Henry 's gettin' tired of bein' your hired man."

"He 's had the whole use of the farm, ain't he, and everything that 's come off it? And I 've built you a house of your own and given it to you, and you 're to have everything when I die. What more could you do if you had the title to the land?"

"We could sell off some of it, that 's what we could do. We could get some money for some of that land we don't need, and live like somebody."

"You 'd sell it, — that 's just what you 'd do. You 'd sell it and you 'd mortgage it, and you 'd clear off my trees, and you 'd tear down my house and bring me over to your house to live, and you 'd get rid of my horse and dogs, that 's been good servants to me all these years. That 's what you 'd do. My feelin's and my sentiments don't mean anything to you. What 's an old man amount to anyhow? But I want you to understand one thing, Sarah, you won't never do it, — not while I 'm alive. I won't listen to givin' up the title to this farm one minute. No, sir, I won't."

"No," jeered the angry woman. "You 'll sit here and talk, talk, talk about your duties of citizenship and your legislatures and senates, and your rights of the people, and your Sumners, and your Lincolns, and this and that till everybody 's sick and tired. But you won't listen when you 're asked to be kind of decent to your own folks. I tell you one thing: it only makes you ridiculous, and it 's time you knew it. People have got something else to do besides listen to an old man go on forever about politics.

"What do you know about politics now, anyhow?" she said, fiercely staring at the silent old man. "You 're talkin' about something that 's twenty-five years old. I don't believe you could appreciate what they 're doin' down there anyhow. They 're smart fellers down there, and you 're a feeble old man. If I was you I 'd keep what I thought to myself, and not make myself any more of a laughingstock than I could help, — that 's what I 'd do. You can do just as you please. Only hereafter I don't want you to talk any more of that stuff to me nor to my boy. And you want to remember that."

She gathered up her work and flounced out of the house.

When she had gone, the old man sank back into his chair, crushed by the sordid quarrel and the heavy sense of utter uselessness. For a long time he sat there, staring despondently at the wall. The old dog slept at his side, the old clock ticked loudly through the silence, the old portraits looked solemnly down upon his head. He was like a silent ghost dreaming in a gallery of the dead.

After a time he raised his eyes to where the portrait of Lincoln stared benignantly down upon him from the wall. It seemed an inspiration to the old man. He straightened up again, and the courage gradually returned to his face. Suddenly he sat up.

"No, sir; no, sir; no, sir," he said aloud.

Then he sat erect several minutes thinking. At last determination was fixed on his face.

"I 'll do it," said the ex-member, smiting the arm of his chair with his fist. He got up soon after, went into his bedroom, and carefully laid out his

black broadcloth suit and his best black soft hat. Last of all he set beside them his heavy gold-headed cane, — the tribute of his fellow citizens of Plainfield when he retired from their service in the legislature. Then he went out and bribed a neighboring small boy to take care of his animals while he was gone.

The veteran was excited. He was going before the public again, and it was nervous work. The local paper occasionally alluded to "our respected townsman, the venerable Cincinnatus of Plainfield, Jared Osgood," but otherwise he had been out of print for many years. Late in the dusk the ex-member could be seen walking among his pear trees, with his hands behind his back, looking at the sky and speculating on the weather for tomorrow. He slept very little that night; in the morning he took the first train for the capital.

By the middle of the morning, the ex-member had arrived at the state house and was going in, — a slight, uncertain, black figure on the great white marble steps. When he had gotten well into the building he stopped, somewhat confused. A very active young man, dressed in a finely moulded "Prince Albert," with an irreproachable tie, came bustling up the corridor.

"Can you show me," asked the ex-member, "where the committee on the revision of the statutes is having its hearings? I'm kind of confused in here. You see" —

"Yes, yes, uncle, excuse me," said the active young man, hurrying on. "You'll have to see some one else. I'm very busy just now."

The ex-member disapproved of the manner of the active young man. He objected seriously to being called uncle. As the active young man bustled on he encountered a good-natured member coming in.

"Say, Fogg," he said, "take care of that old fossil down there, will you, before he wanders up into the dome and falls off? I guess he wants to go in and give some good advice to the committee."

The good-natured member took the old man in charge, ushered him into the committee room, and introduced him to the chairman. The committee did not seem to be overworked at just that moment. Its members were lounging in their chairs, waiting for something to turn up.

"Here is a gentleman," said the good-natured member to the chairman, "who wants to address the committee on a matter connected with the revision."

"Oh yes," said the chairman, "what is your name, please?"

"Jared Osgood from Plainfield, sir. I was formerly connected with the legislature in both branches."

"Is that so? Well, Mr. Osgood, we shall be very glad to hear you."

The chairman rapped for order; the ex-member laid aside his hat and stood before the committee.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," he began in his best oratorical manner, "I wish to call your attention for a few moments to a matter which appears to me to be a mighty serious and important thing to the people of this state."

The ex-member, with his long white hair and his smooth, ruddy face, did credit to the old school, as he started talking. He seemed quite vigorous, except that his chin *would* tremble back and forth. There was fire in his eye, and a spot of color in each cheek, and his old voice was sonorous and impressive.

"I refer, sir," he continued, "to this revision of the property laws."

Since he had begun speaking, the active member had bustled in and taken his seat.

"Excuse *me*," he interrupted, "Mr. — Mr." —

"Mr. Osgood."

"Oh yes, Mr. Osgood. Well, Mr. Osgood, I think the chair will tell you that there is no use in discussing that subject at this late day. It was coming

up in the House this morning, and unless I am greatly mistaken it has already been acted upon."

"According to what I saw in the papers," said the ex-member stoutly, "it was n't going to come up till to-morrow morning."

"I think," said the chairman, smiling slightly at the active member, "you will find Mr. Osgood to be correct. The matter is to be considered to-morrow."

A general smile was indulged in at the expense of the active member. It naturally piqued him.

"I submit," he urged, "that in any case it is too late, with our rush of business, to reopen this matter again."

"I must say," said the chairman, "that I see no objection to hearing Mr. Osgood on the question."

"Of course, Mr. Chairman, it 's immaterial to me," said the active member scornfully. "I merely wished to save the time of the committee." He sat down and began drumming lightly on his desk.

"I thank you, sir," said the ex-member to the chairman, "and I want to take up just as little of your time as I can; so I 'll get right at what I was goin' to say. The other day, in readin' over this real estate law, I came across something that 's bothered me considerable, and that 's what I came down here to call your attention to. Gentlemen, if you 'll take your documents and turn to the third section you 'll find it runs something like this: 'Any title to land *duly guaranteed* and conveyed by a deed, executed and delivered by the person or by the attorney having authority therefor, shall be sufficient without any other act or ceremony to convey real estate.' Now, gentlemen, what I want to know is, just why that change was made thar."

"I understand, Mr. Chairman," said one member, "that that part of the law was an exact copy of the old one."

"It is," said the ex-member, "with the exception of one thing, and that is the insertion of the word 'guarantee' in thar. Now, I 'd like to ask you, gentlemen, — if it 's in order, — just what that word 'guarantee' means?"

"I think I can answer that question, Mr. Chairman, if that 's all our friend wants to know," said the active member, jumping up rather quickly. "When that agitation of the Torrens registration system was up, some of those people got that word put in there for reasons best known to themselves. Then they got beaten, and since then nobody 's taken the trouble to cut it out.

"And there 's no reason why they should, Mr. Chairman. It 's perfectly safe as it stands. All it can be construed to mean is, that the seller of the property gives his guarantee that his title is all right, which, as you are aware, sir, is practically what he does now."

"Maybe that 's right, sir," said the ex-member, regarding the active member severely. "Maybe that 's all there is to it. But I 'll not give in till somebody explains to me one more thing, — about a little paragraph that they 're tackin' on to the end of the corporation laws the last minute. Maybe you can tell all about that, too. If you can I wisht you would."

The ex-member stopped and began fumbling with some papers in the inside pocket of his coat.

"Well, sir," said the active member, "if you will state your question, I will endeavor to do what I can for you."

The ex-member evidently had difficulty in finding what he wanted. Meanwhile the active member began irritating him, and diverting his attention by a fire of suggestions, none of which seemed pertinent.

"It was n't the section on their taxation, was it?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the one on registration?"

"No, sir, it ain't; you wait a minute and I 'll find it."

The active member sat back and

yawned demonstratively. A number of others followed his example. The committee was getting restive. The ex-member saw it and grew more and more confused. If he should lose the attention of the committee now, he might as well have never come.

"I thought I had it where I could lay my hands right on it," he said apologetically, shuffling over his papers with agitated hands. "I don't see how I could have lost it."

"Give us the substance of it, Mr. Osgood," suggested the chairman.

"Well, you see, Mr. Chairman," said the ex-member, "my memory is n't so good as it once was, especially when I get a little excited, and I 'm afraid I would n't make my point clear."

He went on with his tremulous hunting. The longer it took him the more pleased apparently was the active member. He leaned over and whispered to another committeeman to amuse himself.

"Can't I help you find it?" asked the good-natured member.

"No, sir, I 'm afraid not," said the ex-member. Just then his face lighted up. "Oh, here it is now." He opened the shaking paper and read aloud: —

"'No person, or persons, or corporation, shall engage in the guaranteeing of land titles in this state who shall not have a paid-in capital of at least $250,000.'"

As he read this his courage returned to him.

"I wisht you 'd tell me, if you can," he said, looking toward the active member, "how those two laws are goin' to get along on the statute books together."

The active member suddenly grew red.

"You 'll have to go over that again," he said.

"Well, then, this is it in a nutshell: in the first section I gave you, you have to guarantee your land, don't you? In the second, thar 's only one thing can guarantee it, ain't there, — one of these land guarantee companies, with $250,000 capital? Now, what I want to know is, how do you get around that?"

He paused, and turned toward the active member, waiting for his reply.

The active member had become very much flushed and embarrassed. Several members began whispering and looking in his direction. Finally he spoke; he seemed to think something was expected of him.

"I — don't think I ever gave that matter any particular attention," he stammered; "in fact, the idea is new to me. And I 'm not sure but that last clause was introduced by me for some of my constituents, too. But the thought — of any connection — between the two sections — never occurred to me until this moment.

"It may be," he added, "that this gentleman has called our attention to something which we have all overlooked."

The other committeemen certainly saw the point.

"By George!" said one member, "I believe the old man 's right."

The ex-member went on to his final appeal.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "what I 'm interested in is this more especially: what would a law like that mean to the farmers of this state? I speak for them because I know about 'em; I 've been a farmer among farmin' people all my life. You know just as well 's I do how things have been goin' with the farmers late years; their land 's all they 've got, but more 'n half the farmers' lands in the state ain't worth enough to pay taxes on to-day. And now somebody comes along and says that every farmer and every farmer's widow and orphans in the state that wants to sell a little piece of land has got to pay twenty-five dollars to one of these big, greedy corporations for the privilege. Maybe that ain't robbery, sir, but it looks to me about as thorough as if you stood up a majority of the decent, self-supportin'

people of this state in a line, and went through their pockets and took out twenty-five dollars apiece for the benefit of these land guarantee companies. What 's the excuse for that kind of law, Mr. Chairman? What 's the defense of it? Thar ain't any, sir, and you know it, except that thar 's somebody taking advantage of this legislature and its rush of business, and tryin' to push it through unwatched and unnoticed under cover of darkness.

"And when I saw that, sir, I could n't stan' it; I just had to come down here and speak about it. And now I 've done so, sir, I know it 'll be all right.

"This is the state I was born and raised in, Mr. Chairman, and have been proud of for more than sixty years," said the ex-member, with a growing waver in his voice, "and my father and grandfather before me; and I know at this late day thar ain't any legislature of hers here assembled that 's goin' to foul her record by passing any such unjust and inequitable laws as this one is. No, sir.

"I 've got to be an old man, Mr. Chairman, and old men are apt to be tedious, I understand that. And if I 've taken up too much of your time, I want you to excuse me. But I 've been bound up in the affairs of this republic, and more especially in this state of ours, ever since I was a boy. And when I saw this thing, I said to myself, 'Maybe here 's a chance where I can do her just one more service before I die.' And I believe I 've done it; yes, sir, I believe I have. And if it turns out the way I think it will, Mr. Chairman, it 'll be a satisfaction that there can't anybody take away from me, not so long as I live — to think, old as I am, I 've been able to be of some service to this state. This grand old state, sir, God bless her, may she stan' pure and upright and powerful among her sister states, sir, long after you and I, and our children, and our grandchildren's children, have been gathered into honored graves in her soil.

"And now, Mr. Chairman," said the ex-member, apologetically lowering his voice after his outburst of sentiment, "I guess that 's all, unless somebody wants to ask me any questions. And I want to thank your committee for their attention."

When he had finished, the committeemen were busy comparing the two sections and whispering to one another.

"That would be a *nice* little steal," said one.

"Yes, that would be pretty," said another.

Then they began laughing, though two or three, among them the active member, did not laugh so loud as the rest. The last-named gentleman seemed especially self-conscious.

The ex-member stood waiting.

"Gentlemen," asked the chairman, "is there any question you would like to ask Mr. Osgood?"

"I guess not," said one voice, "I guess that 's all we want."

The ex-member secured his hat and cane and started for the door.

The good-natured member detained him. "I wish to state, Mr. Chairman," he said, "in behalf of this committee, that we are exceedingly grateful to Mr. Osgood for appearing before us. I for one am practically convinced that he is right in the matter; and I can assure him that if such is the case, this law will be amended before it is passed. I may add also, as the sentiment of my associates, as well as of myself, that this state was fortunate when she enjoyed the services of the generation of men of which Mr. Osgood is a representative. Apparently they set a standard which is rather high for the present generation to realize."

The members of the committee applauded generously at this, and the ex-member, flushed and excited, bowed his acknowledgments and retreated to the

corridor, full of the fierce delight of accomplishment. He had been outside but a few moments before the good-natured member overtook him.

"We are n't going to let you run away like this," he said pleasantly.

Then they took the ex-member and showed him through the magnificent new state house; and they brought in the oldest member of the legislature, who had just started his service in the House when the ex-member was leaving the Senate, and these two shook hands and discussed forgotten issues together. And, finally, the good-natured member, who was a personal friend of the governor, took the ex-member in to meet the chief executive.

The governor told the ex-member that he understood he had done the people of the state a most valuable service in calling the attention of the legislature to its oversight, and the soul of the ex-member was filled with pride and exultation. The ex-member told the governor he had known his father, and admired him as much as any man in the politics of his time, which pleased the governor greatly. He insisted on the ex-member's calling again at the close of the day's work.

Toward the end of the afternoon, when business was over in the state house, an unusual couple ascended the big front steps. One was an awkward man of middle age, clad in a dull, heavy suit of gray store clothes. The other was a white, sharp-faced woman, dressed in a purple gown, black cotton gloves, and a most eccentric hat. She was evidently the commander of the expedition.

"This is the state house, ain't it?" she inquired of a janitor.

"Yes 'm," said that official.

"Well, we 've come here lookin' for our father; he 's run away from home, and we kind of suspect he 's come down here to talk to the legislature. He 's real kind of feeble, and sometimes we think he ain't just right in his mind, especially on politics. He 's been talkin' considerable lately about some new statutes or something of that kind, and we were sort of 'fraid he 'd wandered down here and made a fuss. You ain't seen anything of him round here, have you?"

"Is it the old gentleman with white hair, that 's been talkin' to the committee on the land law you mean?" asked the janitor.

"Yes," said the woman, "that 's him."

"Yes 'm," said the janitor impressively, "I know where *he* is. He 's up takin' dinner with the governor."

George Kibbe Turner.

IN AN ALPINE POSTING-INN.

To the mind curious in contrasts — surely one of the chief pleasures of travel — there can be no better preparation for a descent into Italy than a sojourn among the upper Swiss valleys. To pass from the region of the obviously picturesque — the country contrived, it would seem, for the delectation of the *cœur à poésie facile* — to that sophisticated landscape where the face of nature seems moulded by the passions and imaginings of man is one of the most suggestive transitions in the rapidly diminishing range of such experiences.

Nowhere is this contrast more acutely felt than in one of the upper Grisons villages. The anecdotic Switzerland of the lakes is too remote from Italy, geographically and historically, to evoke a comparison. The toy chalet, with its air of self-conscious neatness, making one feel that if one lifted the roof it would

disclose a row of tapes and scissors, or the shining cylinders of a musical box, recalls cabinetwork rather than architecture ; the swept and garnished streets, the precise gardens, the subjugated vines, present the image of an old maids' paradise that would be thrown into hopeless disarray by the introduction of anything as irregular as a work of art. In the Grisons, however, where only a bald gray pass divides one from Italy, its influence is felt, in a negative sense, in the very untidiness of the streets, the growth of rank weeds along the base of rough glaring walls, the drone of flies about candidly exposed manure heaps. More agreeably, the same influence shows itself in the rude old centaurean houses, with their wrought-iron window grilles and great escutcheons surmounting the malodorous darkness of a stable. These are the houses of people conscious of Italy, and transplanting to their bleak heights, either from poverty of invention, or an impulse as sentimental as our modern habit of " collecting," the thick walls, the small windows, the jutting eaves of dwellings designed under a sultry sky. So vivid is the reminiscence that one almost expects to see a cypress leaning against the peach-colored walls of the village *douane ;* but the cypress, with all it stands for, is missing. . . .

It is not easy, in the height of the Swiss season, to light on a nook neglected by the pervasive tourist ; but at Splügen he still sweeps by in a cloud of diligence-dust, or pauses only to gulp a flask of Paradiso and a rosy trout from the Suretta Lakes. One's enjoyment of the place is thus enhanced by the spectacle of the misguided hundreds who pass it by, and from the vantage of the solitary meadows above the village one may watch the throngs descending on Thusis or Chiavenna with something of the satisfaction that mediæval schoolmen believed to be the portion of angels looking down upon the damned.

Splügen abounds in such points of observation. On all sides one may climb from the shores of the Rhine, through larch thickets tremulous with the leap of water, to the grassy levels far above, whence the valley is seen lengthening southward to a great concourse of peaks. In the morning these upper meadows are hot and bright, and one is glad of the red-aisled pines and the streams cooling the aromatic dusk ; but toward sunset, when the shadows make the slopes of turf look like an expanse of tumbled velvet, it is pleasant to pace the open ledges, watching the sun recede from the valley, where stooping mowers are still sweeping the grass into long curved lines like ridges of the sea, while the pine woods on the eastern slopes grow black and the upper snows whiten like cold ashes.

The landscape is simple, spacious, and serene. The fields suggest the tranquil rumination of generations of cattle, the woods offer cool security to sylvan life, the mountains present blunt weather-beaten surfaces rather than the subtle contours, wrinkled as by meditation, of the Italian Alps. It is a scene in which one feels that *nothing has ever happened :* the haunting adjective is that which Whitman applies to the American West, — " the large *unconscious* scenery of my native land."

Switzerland is like a dinner served in the old-fashioned way, with all the dishes put on the table at once : every valley has its flowery mead, its " horrid " gorge, its chamois-haunted peak, its wood and waterfall. In Italy the effects are brought on in courses, and memory is thus able to differentiate the landscape, even without the help of that touch of human individuality to which, after all, the best Italian scenery is but a setting. At Splügen, as in most Swiss landscapes, the human interest — the evidence of man's presence — is an interruption rather than a climax. The village of Splügen, huddled on a ledge above the

Rhine, sheepishly turns the backs of its houses on the view, as though conscious of making a poor show compared to the tremendous performance of nature. Between these houses, set at unconsidered angles like boxes hastily piled on a shelf, cobblestone streets ramble up the hills; but after a few yards they lapse into mountain paths, and the pastures stoop unabashed to the back doors of Splügen.

Agriculture seems, in fact, the little town's excuse for being. The whole of Splügen, at this season, is as one arm at the end of a scythe. All day long the lines of stooping figures — men, women, and children, grandfathers and industrious babes — spread themselves over the hillsides in an ever-widening radius, interminably cutting, raking, and stacking the grass. The lower slopes are first laid bare; then, to the sheer upper zone of pines, the long grass thick with larkspur, mountain pink and orchis gradually recedes before the rising tide of mowers. Even in the graveyard of the high-perched church the scythes swing between mounds overgrown with campanulas and martagon lilies; so that one may fancy the dust of generations of thrifty villagers enriching the harvests of posterity.

This, indeed, is the only destiny one can imagine for them. The past of such a place must have been as bucolic as its present: the mediæval keep crumbling on its wooded spur above the Rhine was surely perched there that the lords of the valley might have an eye to the grazing cattle and command the manœuvres of the mowers. The noble Georgiis, who lived in the escutcheoned houses and now lie under such a wealth of quarterings in the church and graveyard, must have been experts in fertilizers and stock-raising; nor can one figure, even for the seventeenth-century mercenary of the name, whose epitaph declares him to have been "captain of his Spanish Majesty's cohorts," emotions more poignant, when he came home from the wars, than that evoked by the tinkle of cow bells in the pasture and the cognate vision of a table groaning with smoked beef and Cyclopean cheeses.

So completely are the peasants in the fields a part of the soil they cultivate, that during the day one may be said to have the whole of Splügen to one's self, from the topmost peaks to the deserted highroad. In the evening the scene changes; and the transformation is not unintentionally described in theatrical terms, since the square which, after sunset, becomes the centre of life in Splügen bears an absurd resemblance to a stage setting. One side of this square is bounded by the long weather-beaten front of the posting-inn — but the inn deserves a parenthesis. Built long ago, and then abandoned, so the village tradition runs, by a "great Italian family," its exterior shows the thick walls, the projecting eaves and oval attic openings of an old Tuscan house; while within, a monastic ramification of stone-vaulted corridors leads to rooms ceiled and paneled with sixteenth-century woodwork. The stone terrace before this impressive dwelling forms the proscenium where, after dinner, the spectators assemble. To the right of the square stands the pale pink "Post and Telegraph Bureau." Beyond, closing in the right wing at a stage angle, is a mysterious yellowish house with an arched entrance. Facing these, on the left, are the *dépendance* of the inn and the custom house; while in the left background the village street is seen winding down, between houses that look like "studies" in old-fashioned drawing books (with the cracks in the plaster done in very black lead), to the bridge across the Rhine and the first loops of the post road over the Splügen. Opposite the inn is the obligatory village fountain, the rallying point of the chorus, backed by a stone parapet overhanging the torrent which acts

as an invisible orchestra; and beyond the parapet, snow peaks fill the distance.

Dinner over, the orchestra is heard tuning its instruments, and the chorus, recruited from the hayfields, begin to gather in the wings. A dozen choristers straggle in and squat on the jutting basement of the post office; others hang picturesquely about the fountain, or hover up the steep street, awaiting the prompter's call. Presently some of the subordinate characters stroll across the stage: the owner of the sawmill on the Rhine, a tall man deferentially saluted by the chorus; two personages in black coats, with walking sticks, who always appear together and have the air of being joint syndics of the village; a gentleman of leisure, in a cap with a visor, smoking a long Italian cigar and attended by an inquisitive Pomeranian; a citizen in white socks and carpet slippers, giving his arm to his wife, and preceded by a Bewickian little boy with a green butterfly-box over his shoulder; the gold-braided custom-house officer hurrying up rather late for his cue; two or three local ladies in sunburnt millinery and spectacles, who drop in to see the postmistress; and a showy young man with the look of having seen life at Chur or Bellinzona, who emerges from the post office conspicuously reading a letter, to the undisguised interest of the chorus, the ladies, and the Pomeranian. As these figures pass and repass in a kind of social silence, they suggest the leisurely opening of some play composed before the unities were abolished, and peopled by types with generic names, — the innkeeper, the postmistress, the syndic; some comedy of Goldoni's, perhaps, but void even of Goldoni's simple malice. . . .

Meanwhile the porter has lit the oil lantern hanging by a chain over the door of the inn; a celestial hand has performed a similar office for the evening star above the peaks; and through the hush that has settled on the square comes a distant sound of bells. . . . Instantly the action begins; the innkeeper appears, supported by the porter and waiter; a wave of animation runs through the chorus; the Pomeranian trots down the road; and presently the fagged leaders of the Thusis diligence turn their heads round the corner of the square. The preposterous yellow coach — a landau attached to a glass "Clarence" — crosses the cobble-paved stage, swinging round with a grand curve to the inn door; vague figures, detaching themselves from the chorus, flit about the horses or help the guard to lift the luggage down; the two syndics, critically aloof, lean on their sticks to watch the scene; the Pomeranian bustles between the tired horses' legs; and the diligence doors let out a menagerie of those strange folk whom one sees only on one's travels. Here they come, familiar as the figures in a Noah's ark: Germans first, the little triple-chinned man with a Dachshund, out of Fliegende Blätter, the slippered Hercules with a face like that at the end of a meerschaum pipe, and their sentimental females; shrill and vivid Italians; a pleasant fat-faced priest; Americans going "right through," with their city and state writ large upon their luggage; English girls like navvies, and Frenchmen like girls. The arched doorway absorbs them, and another jingle of bells and a flash of lamps on the bridge proclaim that the Chiavenna diligence is coming. . . .

The same ceremony repeats itself; and another detachment of the traveling menagerie descends. This time there is a family of rodents, who look as though they ought to be inclosed in wire-netting and judiciously nourished on lettuce; there is a small fierce man in knickerbockers and a sash, conducting a large submissive wife and two hypocritical little boys who might have stepped out of The Mirror of the Mind; there is an unfortunate lady in spectacles, who looks

like one of the Creator's rejected experiments, and carries a gray linen bag embroidered with forget-me-nots; there is the inevitable youth with an alpenstock, who sends home a bunch of edelweiss to his awe-struck family. . . . These too disappear; the horses are led away; the chorus disperses, the lights go out, the performance is over. Only one spectator lingers, a thoughtful man in a snuff-colored overcoat, who gives the measure of the social resources of Splügen by the deliberate way in which, evening after evening, he walks round the empty diligences, looks into their windows, examines the wheels and poles, and then mournfully vanishes into the darkness.

At last the two diligences have the silent square to themselves. There they stand, side by side in dusty slumber, till the morning cow bells wake them to departure. One goes back to Thusis; to the region of good hotels, pure air, and scenic platitudes. It may go empty for all we care. But the other . . . the other wakes from its Alpine sleep to climb the cold pass at sunrise and descend by hot windings into the land where the church steeples turn into *campanili*, where the vine, breaking from perpendicular bondage, flings a liberated embrace about the mulberries, and far off, beyond the plain, the mirage of domes and spires, of painted walls and sculptured altars, beckons forever across the dustiest tracts of memory. In that diligence our seats are taken.

Edith Wharton.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

THE Dreyfus affair, never so all-absorbing and sensational an interest here as most foreigners supposed, has long ceased to be talked about. Its uglier phases having been emphasized by the pestilential activity of the politicians, of all parties, it dropped into the background, from which it should never have been forced, as soon as the politicians, seeing no more capital to be made out of it, ceased to busy themselves with it. It has taken something like its proper place in history, and seems to-day quite as remote as the Panama or the Boulanger scandal. Without having agreed to forgive or having any notion of forgiving, all but the protagonists have come, quite involuntarily, to forget.

The Dreyfus affair defined roughly the respective spheres of the civil and military powers, but did not settle the question of the supremacy of the one over the other, about which so much ado was made, for the very good reason that the question was never directly raised. It rendered unavoidable the humiliation of Fashoda. It occasioned several strange marriages; none quite so strange as that between the revolutionists (anarchists and socialists) and a hitherto anti-socialistic republican group.

It revealed many things — everything almost, except its own secret — by a sort of cathode-ray efficacy with which it was strangely endowed: long-forgotten or ignored but permanent cleavages and affinities in society; the nastiness of the entire European spy system; the uncertainty of the morals of diplomats; the unwisdom of public trials where either the one or the other of these two factors is involved; the crying defects of the Latin code of law and legal procedure; the anomalies of the French Constitution, especially on the side of the separation of powers; the tyrannical rigidity of the military code of honor; the *esprit de corps* of the army,

its stringent discipline (evidenced by a remarkable passivity under violent attack), and its loyalty to the Republic; the esteem in which the army is held by the majority, and the loathing in which it is held by the minority; the growth of disarmament sentiment; the vigor of internationalism; the patriotism of the supposed dilettante classes; the inconvenience of an unbridled, sensational press.

Like war — it was a kind of bloodless civil war — it brought out the best and the worst there is in men. Dreyfusards and Anti-Dreyfusards vied with one another in faith, in moral heroism, in Quixotic sacrifice, for what they respectively believed to be the right; as they did in meanness, narrowness, bitterness, cruelty, brutality, and blackguardism. It has left little behind it, apart from personal rancors, except an aroused national self-consciousness, a Nationalist party garrulous but small, the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, and the open advocacy, in certain quarters, of a militia instead of a standing army, — an advocacy which waxes and wanes humorously enough at present, in exact correspondence with the victories and defeats of the Boers.

Of the events of one sort or another growing out of the Dreyfus affair, — the stifling by the Dupuy ministry of the popular welcome to Marchand, Déroulède's attempt to debauch the army at Reuilly, his trial and acquittal by the Jury of the Seine, the suppression of the principal Dreyfusard and Anti-Dreyfusard leagues, the assault on President Loubet at the races, the siege of Fort Chabrol, the pillaging of the church of St. Joseph by the anarchists, the revolutionary manifestation at the dedication of Dalon's monument Le Triomphe de la République, the conspiracy trial before the Senate sitting as a high court, and the prosecution of the Assumptionist Fathers (what a list!), — no one seems, even at this short distance, of any great moment.

True, the high court trial was provided with the pomp and circumstance that should bespeak a ceremony of the first importance; but it was so plainly a mere move in a political game that the country was quite unable to take it seriously. Its main interest lay in the emphasis it placed on the confusion of powers in the French Constitution. "There is a real confusion of powers," says Montesquieu, "when the legislative function and the judicial function are exercised by the same man or the same body of men." That three dangerous disturbers of the public peace — Déroulède, Habert, and Guérin — received thereby well-merited punishment does not palliate the enormity of the trial, by an elective, legislative body whose members are actively engaged in politics, of political opponents for political crimes. Déroulède, threatening to overthrow the Senate, is judged by the Senate. There is confusion of powers for you and worse! If such a proceeding is constitutional, — and there is no reason to doubt that it is, — so much the worse for the Constitution.

Lamartine once said, "The first need of a government is to live, well or ill." The present coalition ministry, the three principal members of which — Waldeck-Rousseau, Millerand, and de Gallifet — are natural antagonists, has come to be popularly known as "the irreversible." It has kept itself in power far beyond the wildest prophecy or its own fondest hope by a supple talent that compels admiration. Aside from showing a wavering tendency to pursue Jules Ferry's policy of destroying the political influence of the church by coercion, it has done little else, perhaps, that is worth recounting except keep itself in power, — for it is impossible to admit its claim, based on the high court trial, to be the saviour of the Republic; but in view of the circumstances under which it took office, as a sort of "special police" to oversee the retrial of Dreyfus at Rennes, and its more than heterogeneous compo-

sition, it is a colossal triumph of address to have done that. The Waldeck-Rousseau ministry must be rated, then, a success, as ministries go, and must be admitted to have earned honestly the honor it has obtrusively coveted of presiding over the fêtes of the Exposition.

The internal dissensions incident to the Dreyfus affair and the nearness of the Exposition have combined to prevent aggressiveness in foreign relations during the last three years. The foreign policy of 1899, thanks to the continuance of M. Delcassé in power, was the logical consequence of that of the year preceding, — rare thing in France! A better feeling toward Germany, a worse feeling toward England, and a lively sympathy for the Boers have prevailed among the people, for reasons good and bad; but the foreign department has wisely limited itself, in the impossibility of being brilliant, to being impeccably correct. Nothing, therefore, is more improbable than the war between France and England which yellow journals on both sides of the Channel have been tirelessly predicting and doing their impotent utmost to force. On this subject, M. Delcassé's official declaration (April 3), which has been posted on the walls of all the communes of France, should be convincing.

It has been said that the politicians were responsible for the uglier aspects of the Dreyfus case, and that the high court trial was a political manœuvre. Contemporary France is suffering acutely from the exploitation of the professional politician. The professional politician dominates the Chambers, and the Chambers dominate, in their turn, not only the ministry, the presidency, and the magistracy, but also, by reason of the high degree of centralization inherited from the Second Empire, nearly every phase of the country's corporate life, and many phases of the private life of the citizens. The President of the Republic is the Chambers' creation, and must be, if he aspires to reëlection, their creature. The ministers are totally at the mercy of the Chambers, and the magistrates, who are not venal, to their credit be it said, but who are ambitious, — Brieux's La Robe Rouge, now running at the Vaudeville, satirizes admirably their preoccupation with promotion, — offend them at their peril. The Chambers are, furthermore, the non-resident landlords, so to speak, of the departments and the communes, and industry, trade, and agriculture are their playthings. In a word, they are cursed with that omnipotence which Lamartine called (1848) "the pitfall of legislatures; the delirium of popular assemblies as despotism is the delirium of kings."

Though they were angels, the members of the Chambers could hardly refrain from abusing such excessive power, and they are so far from being angels that they are not even high-minded men. They are, allowing for fine exceptions, vulgar, mediocre, selfish types, swayed by ignoble ambitions, petty jealousies, and contemptible rivalries, politicians, and tools of politicians, in public life for what is to be got out of it, and consequently, even when not downright dishonest, unreluctant to sacrifice the general interest to their private ends.

The result of the multiplication of inefficiency and unscrupulousness by power is scurrility in debate, tumultuous sessions, malicious manœuvrings, frequent ministerial crises,[1] — the ministerial crisis is the ambitious deputy's opportunity, — and correspondingly frequent distributions of spoils; narrowness, capriciousness, incoherence and inadequacy in legislation; shortsightedness and instability in foreign and colonial programmes; popular discontent, disenchantment, and distrust.

The unloveliness of the situation cannot be exaggerated, but it may easily be taken too much to heart.

[1] There have been thirty-eight ministries since the Republic began, with an average duration of nine months.

M. Paul de Rousiers, in the last volume of his able work La Vie Américaine, says: "America has her evils like all human societies; but it is not by its evils, it is by the force of resistance it opposes to them, that the vigor of a society is to be judged. All societies would be doomed to perish speedily if the diseases with which they are afflicted constituted a cause of ruin, and yet history shows us that some peoples manage to grow and prosper despite the crises they meet, while others disappear under the assault of analogous crises. Now, one of the most striking traits of American society is its marvelous capacity for surmounting crises."

If the test which M. de Rousiers applies to the United States is applied to France, the verdict, *mutatis mutandis*, is the same. One of the most striking characteristics of French society is its marvelous capacity for surmounting crises. All French history proves it: —

"Le Français semble au saule verdissant,
Plus on le coupe et plus il est naissant;
Il rejétonne en branches davantage
Et prend vigueur dans son propre dommage."

So sang Ronsard centuries ago, and so, in the light of the last hundred years, or even of the last thirty years (Sedan, the Commune, McMahonism, Boulangerism, Panamaism, Dreyfusism), a modern Ronsard might sing. It is not idle rhetoric to say that France has "a hope as great as her past."

Intelligent reaction against the deplorable governmental situation has set in. The chief prerequisite to betterment is already completely fulfilled. The evil is universally known and acknowledged. Men of all parties, agreed in little else, concur in the opinion that the government works badly. Disgust with the current spoils system is widespread.

"As to the government under which we live, it seems to me," says Émile Faguet, "that it has 'done' its time, that it has 'done' its darndest (pardon the paraphrase), and that it has 'done' little else."

"I despise," says Léon Daudet, "the profession of politician such as I see it practiced in France by most of our parliamentarians. Hypocrisy, deceit; such is the programme of these knaves. They believe in but one thing, the patience of the people, and they exploit it in a thousand ways."

"I think, for my part," says Maurice Barrès, "that the apparent decadence of our country is due to the fact that our incompetent governors do not know how to utilize its real superiorities. The masses of the people, the workers, the taxpayers, have immense reserves of force." Even Le Temps, the orthodoxy of whose republicanism cannot be questioned, laments: "We find ourselves to-day in such a state of uneasiness and upon so dangerous a declivity that all minds not altogether reckless of the future are seeking some organic and profound reform."

This general disaffection and desire for change is too well based and honestly reasoned to be classed as fickleness. It is not to be confounded with the machinations of the monarchic reactionaries, on the one hand, or with the propaganda of the socialists and anarchists, on the other, though in charging the atmosphere with unrest it may add somewhat to the strength of each of these. It is not derived from the blind faith in the infallibility and saving power of institutions which leads logically to revolutions, — revolution, and no wonder, has come to be a synonym, almost, for disillusion, — but from a sane conviction, grounded in observation and experience, that the improvement of institutions, while it cannot annihilate the evils of society, may somewhat lessen them. It is entirely consistent with loyalty to the Republic which is stronger at this moment, there is every reason to believe, than ever before. Indeed, as a certain Academician wittily puts it, "France loves the Republic so much that, having had her fill of the one she possesses, she would like another."

The principal reforms being advocated are: compulsory suffrage; administrative decentralization; a supreme court on the model of the Supreme Court of the United States; election of judges by the Cour de Cassation, and of the Cour de Cassation by the bar of France; individual responsibility of ministers; a single term for deputies and senators; proportional representation; withdrawal from the Chambers of the right of initiative in matters of finance; election of President by direct vote of the people, for advocating which somewhat too noisily and impatiently Paul Déroulède is now in banishment; limited initiative and referendum for the people.

If opinion were as unanimous regarding the exact change needed as it is regarding the need of a change, the present régime would not last longer than the time necessary to call and hold a constitutional convention. But the schemes of revision brought forward are so many and so conflicting, of such varying degrees of sense and of nonsense, that a constitutional convention, though favored by so sagacious and sound a Republican as Paul Deschanel (President of the Chamber), is regarded by a majority of the thoughtful as impracticable for the present, the circumstances which seem to cry loudest for it being the very circumstances which render its convocation difficult and even dangerous.

In this dilemma, a commendable tendency is manifest to do the simple, obvious things; to get what little may be got from legislation in the way of improvement; and to enlighten and elevate the universal suffrage ("organize the universal suffrage" is the catchword) to the end of putting better men in office against the time when the destinies of the country may be intrusted, without the slightest risk, to an Assembly of Revision.

Of the numerous movements occupied with the "organization of the universal suffrage," the decentralization movement enlists the most parties, the most classes, and the most tastes: the idyllist, Theuriet, as well as the "professor of energy," Barrès; the dilettante, Bourget, as well as the iconoclast, Paul Adam. It is gradually effecting the real decentralization, the mental, moral, and æsthetic emancipation of the provinces from Paris, of which political emancipation must be, in the long run, the consequence whether it is put deliberately to the fore or not.

By diverse and in some cases seemingly trivial efforts for the regeneration and enrichment of local life, civic interest, civic loyalty, and a sense of civic responsibility — qualities as essential to good citizenship in the national as in the communal field — are being developed among the voting masses. They constitute a current of progress that is broad, deep, and strong. The decentralization activity, viewed in its entirety, is the most interesting, the most wholesome, and the most promising political movement that France has produced in many years. Carried to its logical conclusion, as with time and patience it may be, it will accomplish, for the good of the country, the utter annihilation of the enormous, demoralizing, and demoralized Napoleonic machine.

This accomplished, France can snap her fingers, as we do in the United States, at the mediocrity and corruption of her legislature, if it continues to be mediocre and corrupt, since it will be powerless to do her, as it is powerless to do us, great harm. So that root, stem, and branch are sound, it is not so very tragic an affair if caterpillars do prey upon a tree's foliage.

At the dedication of the Imperial Museum of Industrial Art at Berlin, in 1881, the Crown Prince of Germany said: "We conquered France on the field of battle in 1870; we wish to conquer her now on the fields of industry and commerce." Frenchmen are not wanting who affirm that the Hohenzol-

lern's wish has been granted, and that the Exposition lately opened will give thereof irrefutable proof. Perhaps these Frenchmen are too easily discouraged, or, perhaps, in the commendable effort to be honest with themselves, they exaggerate. In any event, this much is certain, on the eve of an exposition, one of the main objects of which is to illustrate the progress of industry and commerce, French industry and commerce are not as flourishing as they should be.

Time was, not so very remote either, that France was the first commercial nation in Europe and the second in the world. A large part of the business of Havre and Marseilles, then the most important European ports, has gone since to Genoa, Bremen, Antwerp, Ostend, and Hamburg. Of the shipping that does frequent French ports only thirty per cent is French. France has been crowded out of the Levant, where her activity was prodigious, by England, Germany, the United States, Russia, and even by Austria, Italy, and Greece. During the past decade, a period of exceptional commercial expansion for nearly every country of America and Europe, the volume of France's foreign trade has remained almost stationary.

As it is with her commerce, so it is with her industry. The exportation of manufactured articles has decreased, while their importation has proportionally increased, to the advantage of Germany, mainly. Furthermore, she is beginning to encounter serious competition in the field of industrial art, where her supremacy for all time seemed to be secure. The government is in a measure responsible for this deplorable state of affairs. The dearth of navigable water ways, inadequacy of port and transportation facilities, exorbitance of freight charges and port dues, indifference and insolence of the railroad and steamboat monopolies, maladjustment of the protective tariff and the annoying manner in which the taxes, unavoidably high, are imposed and collected, — these, as well as a lack of the steadiness and continuity in policy which inspires business confidence, must be laid at its door. But the government is not the only culprit by any means.

The merchants of France are, as a rule, wedded to routine and wanting in intelligent enterprise, not to say audacity. Disliking travel, they depend too much on middlemen who exact excessive commissions. They do not know, and do not seem to care to know, the fluctuations of the markets in which they operate, or the needs and tastes of the populations they are supposed to serve.

The manufacturers are almost equally devoid of initiative and enterprise. They cling to old-fashioned machinery, put up with slow workmen, and placidly permit Lowell, Manchester, and Berlin to profit by the French designs and designers it should be their first business to exploit. So long as they can rub along from season to season without deficits, they are content with their prosperity and at peace with God and the world.

French investors are timid, unwilling to take large risks for large profits. Funds that should go to found new industries are put into government securities, the big folk being satisfied if their incomes are not curtailed, the small folk being solely ambitious to become modest *rentiers*. An antediluvian prejudice against business and an exaggerated, ridiculous reverence for the government service and the liberal professions condemn to relative unproductiveness persons who are well equipped for industrial and commercial enterprise.

Fonctionnarisme is, after professional politics, of which, in a sense, it forms a part, the greatest evil of contemporary France. Of the 420,000 national functionaries, maintained at an annual outlay of 630,000,000 francs, 50,000, by the most conservative estimate, hold absolute sinecures. In other words, 50,000 persons, mainly of the middle class,

are a drain on the community to the producing power of which they should be contributing their capital and intelligence. Fonctionnarisme has another much more serious aspect. Rejected applicants, hoping always for ultimate success, postpone year after year establishing themselves in life. Many of them are permanently demoralized in consequence, and go to swell, sooner or later, the army of the shabby-genteel proletariat. At the prefecture of the Seine, 64,000 applications for 1100 positions are on record. To be sure, this dismaying proportion, or rather disproportion, does not hold good throughout France, but it is worth noting as illustrating the phenomena the bureaucratic mania from time to time develops. With only six applications for one place instead of sixty, two million and a half persons would be directly, many more indirectly, involved.

Happily, there are plenty of signs that the industrial and commercial retrogression of France — which is, after all, not so much a retrogression as a failure to advance while other nations are advancing — has been arrested. Necessity, the best of logicians, is forcing young men to do the things they never would have done from choice. What is more, they are taking, to their own great surprise, infinite zest in the doing, and thus gaining an entirely new outlook on life with which to endow their children. The overcrowding of the public offices and the liberal professions, the low rate of interest and the high rate of taxes, the entrance of women upon careers hitherto considered the exclusive property of men, and the prospect of their entry into the public offices, are combining to render the placid, unhurried gentility of the professional man and the sunny tranquillity of the functionary and the modest rentier more and more chimerical, and must end by driving thousands of non-producers into active careers.

Besides, France is as keenly alive to her industrial and commercial as she is to her governmental situation (nothing damaging or uncomplimentary has been said here that Frenchmen do not say hourly about themselves), and quite as full of resolves to mend it, because of its closer touch with daily living. She knows that her industrial and business forces, too long fatuously incredulous of foreign competition, need to be organized like her universal suffrage, and has set about the task.

In Mexico, the Argentine Republic, and the kingdom of Menelik a business foothold has been acquired. The rage for cheapness which possesses the world has at last, after much reluctance, been admitted. National pride has at last succumbed to a sane resolve to copy foreigners as, for centuries, foreigners have copied Frenchmen. Long-established, dead-and-alive technical and industrial schools are being rejuvenated and new ones founded. Secondary education, both public and private, is gradually being given a highly practical turn. The honorableness of trade, its place and function in civilization, the benefits of travel, the value of vigorous initiative, the pettiness of fonctionnarisme are being inculcated by the schools, the press, and even the pulpit. It is becoming the fashion for boys destined to industry or commerce to finish off their education by a sort of apprenticeship in some one of the advanced commercial and industrial countries.

Furthermore, energy is being transferred from the acquirement of new colonies to the development of those already possessed. M. Delcassé's two recent official declarations of policy to this effect have been exceedingly well received by the country, and may be taken as reflecting its opinion. The Comité Dupleix, an alert organization of citizens for the encouragement of colonization, has given thousands of lectures on colonial subjects to hundreds

of thousands of people, and has done much to develop a colonizing spirit in the schools and universities besides directly aiding emigration to the colonies in many practical ways. The witty reproach that the cultivation of functionaries constitutes the chief industry of the French colonies will soon cease to be witty if the government and the colonization societies follow their present programmes persistently.

M. Gabriel Bouvalot, the President of the Comité Dupleix, who has devoted the greater part of his life to studying, on the ground, the industries, trade, and colonizing expedients of various peoples, has drawn a highly suggestive and encouraging parallel between the situation of France under Louis XV., after which she "manifested herself by leaps and bounds" of progress, and her situation to-day. French trademarks are still among those most counterfeited. Whatever else has been lost the national reputation for taste, sound workmanship, and exceptional business honesty persists. With this to build on it is not unreasonable to expect that France is about to advance industrially and commercially, not, perhaps, "by leaps and bounds," not, perhaps, sufficiently to rival the colossal mechanical progress of Germany, the United States, and Great Britain (which might not be altogether desirable), but steadily and surely, and sufficiently to restore and maintain the wholesome equilibrium between the forces of the nation which is for the time being disturbed.

There is at least one article of exportation in the manufacture and disposal of which France stands at no disadvantage, namely, the theatrical piece. Her activity in this direction is extraordinary. Émile Augier affirmed, thirty years ago, that the dramatic art is as dear to the French as it was to the Athenians, and only the other day Paul Perret wrote in the Matin: "One would hardly be advancing too bold a proposition in saying that at this hour the French people are divided into halves, one of which can, in all tranquillity, abandon itself to its passion for the theatre since the other half is working furiously to provide it the material for its pleasure. A great writer has said of the Englishman 'he is a political animal.' The same compliment — under a more courteous form — could not be addressed to the Frenchman, but he deserves another; the Frenchman is a 'dramatic biped.'"

More extraordinary than the degree of French activity in the production of the theatrical piece is the nature of the activity. It is, speaking generally, a literary activity. It is one of the real, unassailable glories of France that she has never, for an instant, ceased to have a literary stage in the best and fullest sense of the expression. The plays on the boards constitute an appreciable part of the stock of the bookstalls. Most of them stand that severest of all tests for a play, reading in a quiet corner at home; and this is as true within limits, so general is the insistence on form, of the light as of the heavy pieces.

It is another extraordinary thing that a fair proportion of this literary playwriting activity is and has never ceased to be a poetic activity. A goodly number of each season's productions, and by no means the least successful, — Richepin's Chemineau, Coppée's Pour la Couronne, Mendès' Reine Frammette are cases in point, — are written in rhymed verse.

L'Aiglon is the sensation of 1900 as Cyrano was of the seasons of 1898 and 1899, and it is primarily because Rostand is a poet that he has put completely in the shadow such an incomparable stage machinist as Sardou. It gives fresh proof of the persistence of a strong and fine appreciation of poetry in the French people that Rostand's plays have won such signal success.

Literature other than the drama has

suffered somewhat the past year, the past two or three years in fact, from a more or less active participation in the Dreyfus agitation on one side or the other — and as much on the one side as on the other — of nearly all the authoritative writers. No unsuspected, electrifying genius has been revealed; but René Bazin, by the publication of La Terre qui Meurt (a study of the Vendée), has earned the right to be rated with the half dozen ablest living French romancers. Bazin's work illustrates a prevalent tendency to "return to the soil," as it were, in literature which promises solid results. The imitation of the local literary movement of Provence, about which so much has been written, to Brittany and Normandy is another illustration of this tendency. Maurice Barrès' studies of Lorraine are still another.

The definite constitution of the de Goncourt Academy (after years of litigation) and the admission to the French Academy of three such youngsters as Henri Lavedan, Paul Deschanel, and Paul Hervieu (Rostand, still younger, is soon to follow) are good auguries for French letters.

The supremacy of French sculpture is almost a truism. No country but America can present the slightest claim to rivalry, and our two most famous sculptors, St. Gaudens and MacMonnies, have, as luck would fix it, taken up their permanent abode in Paris. There is no possibility that French sculptors will become inferior in the present generation to the sculptors of any other people, and there are no signs that they are becoming inferior to their predecessors. Add to the names of Bartholomé, Meunier, and Rodin the names of Barrias, Falguière (spite of some recent failures), Dalon, Chapu, Dubois, St. Marceaux, Caru, Frémiet, and Mercié, give a thought to the list of the great dead, — Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, — and wonder not that enthusiasts say that the spirit of Greece and of the Italy of the Renaissance is reincarnated in the sculpture of modern France.

Notwithstanding the great loss sustained by the death of Puvis de Chavannes, and the absence of the slightest new impulse in the men who were justly admired fifteen years back, — Carolus-Duran, Bonnat, Gérôme, Flameng, Laurens, Chartran, Constant, Lefèvre, Hebert, Robert-Fleury, Breton, Courtois, and Henner (in whom alone the lack of new impulse seems to be completely pardoned), — French painting is very much alive, and alive to very good purpose. Paris remains, what it has been for a generation, the art school of the world, and, with no serious competition but that of America to meet, the art centre. The atmosphere of the hour is one of general striving rather than of combat. Naturalists, Impressionists, Luminists, and Symbolists have each fought their special fight and won, and left art richer for their victories.

M. René Doumic, writing in 1895, characterized the "movement for the renovation of French poetry" as the "most interesting intellectual movement of the time." If he were called upon to express himself now, he would probably for poetry read music. The production at the Opéra Comique a few months ago of Gustave Charpentier's Louise was as striking an event in the musical world as the production of Cyrano a couple of years ago was in the dramatic. Louise is by no means the first work representing the latest stage of French musical evolution that has been written or performed, but it is the first that has had a dazzling popular success. Its popularity has roused France to the consciousness of possessing not only a new composer of talent, but a new school of music of which it has every reason to be proud.

More books are published in France each year than in Great Britain and the United States combined; more books of a serious nature especially, since France publishes only a quarter as many novels

as England, and only half as many as the United States. In pure learning and in science (in which latter, despite the deaths of the leaders of research Pasteur and Charcot, she was never more earnest than now) she is second only to Germany, and her competition with Germany is growing keener every day.

The French army, none the worse for its recent shaking up, is sound and true, and ample for defense if not for aggression. Her navy, temporarily neglected, is receiving proper attention. She has an alliance which will not aid her in hare-brained adventures, but which may be counted on, which is better, to keep her out of them.

In a word, nothing but good government and good business seem to be lacking her. Even without them, since she is straining toward them with intelligence and zest, she may greet the nations coming to her Exposition without shame as without vanity.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GREEK.

It may be well to nail at once to the outer gate certain fundamental theses, not here argued, for which, however, the essayist is quite willing to make due defense on occasion: (1.) Every study should contribute, in a large sense, to good citizenship. That is the true common bond, *commune vinculum*, which Cicero saw uniting all culture. (2.) Every study should be preparatory, not loading the memory with accumulated facts, but strengthening the reasoning faculty, so that it may apply universal principles through a lifelong educational experience. (3.) Therefore, though the subjects, the materials, may vary somewhat, the methods of instruction must be essentially the same, whether we graduate our students into the machine shop, the countingroom, or the university.

In a great city high school, where each teacher has about fifty students under constant supervision, we recently saw a Greek class of three only, of average ability at best, occupying for an hour daily a skillful and well-equipped teacher. Another Greek class had consisted of *one*, out of over two thousand pupils in the school. Meantime more than two-score must study in the same room, distracted more or less by discussions and blackboard exercises of which they understand nothing.

This state of things is largely typical, but none the less clearly abnormal. It is also, as a matter of fact, likely to pass quickly. Nearly all colleges for women already accept other languages as readily as Greek. Their example is followed more and more widely by institutions of learning generally. Beginners' Greek courses must soon be offered in every college of liberal arts. Greek will be taught in schools only exceptionally, to groups or single students who early show remarkable aptitude for linguistic studies. We must greet the inevitable with a smile. The present writer does not even regret the relegation of his favorite study to specialists as teachers, and to the student's maturer years.

There is already apparent a hopeful attempt to agree upon a series of indispensable studies to be pursued by all children. About this required course will eventually radiate, at each larger stage, a moderate number of electives. Choice among these will be made for, rather than by, each child, and will be based on a study of each individual, of his peculiar aptitudes or needs.

There is no room, in any rational system, for petty groups, reluctantly carrying on a difficult and uncongenial study, merely because the next gate is barred to all who bring not with them that particular shibboleth. Indeed, the college and the university will soon fling their portals wide open to all whose general scholarly maturity fits them to work in the larger ether of academic freedom. Few will contend that the Greek language, studied before the eighteenth birthday, or after it, is *indispensable* to the acquirement of a liberal philosophic culture. Therefore no large-minded faculty will require it of all entering students. No high school supported by public taxation will be compelled to teach it at the need of one student in a hundred or a thousand. The need itself will have vanished.

Recent political events seem destined to quicken and illuminate incalculably the recasting of educational programmes. For instance, Mr. Dooley's delicious banter about the Anglo-Saxon cannot obfuscate the large truth that our kinship with England, and hardly less with Germany, is the greatest factor in the present and future of world politics. The tie of blood may be ridiculed; the unbroken tradition of language, of social and political usages, the common economic interests, cannot be ignored.

This consciousness of kin will doubtless become one corner stone in our popular education. What forms of natural science, what branches of mathematics, what purely ethical, artistic, civic, mechanical, or physical culture, may be fixed upon as indispensable, others can better foretell. But certainly, the political growth, the language and literature, in short the entire story, of the Anglo-Saxon race, will be prominent in that core of essential studies already foreshadowed.

Be it said in passing that the learning and recitation of the best verse should be vigorously revived. Poetry is the most direct and natural appeal to the eager imagination and to the warm heart of youth. A hundred of Longfellow's poems are better worth knowing by heart than any mere statements in the text-books.

It is a familiar axiom that to understand ourselves we must know other men. Eventually, the remotest civilizations can all teach us something: the Japanese and the Hindu more than many races nearer home. But our nearest neighbors are undoubtedly the German and the Roman; for the German Anglo-Saxons received through Norman rulers a Romanized speech and a Roman civilization. In a century Germany has contributed millions to our population. A living language, fully known, can be more easily and thoroughly studied than the fragmentary records of an artificial literary dialect, long since practically dead.

Such considerations alone might drop Latin to the second place. German has, however, another decisive claim. It is to-day, and must long remain, the chief instrument of utterance for the most advanced specialists in many fields of research. It is needless to argue this point, to any one who knows Germany at all. The wonderful organization of its scholarly forces has won in this century a thousand peaceful victories as signal as Sadowa or Sedan. For example, a man who knows nothing of Blass or Brugmann, Mommsen or Böckh, — yea, add Furtwängler and Dörpfeld, Roscher and Iwan von Müller, — has no right to call himself a classical teacher at all. He cannot breathe the same intellectual air with the poorest-paid gymnasium instructor in German Elsass or Pomerania. If he does not know his own ignorance, so much the worse. In general, the man who has no well-thumbed German books upon his desk is not to be counted among scholars.

This condition of things may pass away, but not until we first assimilate

the high-piled results of German research, and rival, not to say improve upon, the organization of German scholarship. That tremendous task will keep busy the three generations of the incoming century, at least.

Meantime, German should be the first foreign language studied in our schools. The tenth year is quite late enough to begin it. In four or five years it could be really mastered as a working tool. Nor should the best literature be long postponed. The supreme masterpieces, indeed, Faust, Wallenstein, Nathan, are ill suited for children. Most of Wilhelm Tell or Hermann und Dorothea could be read in grammar schools. But perhaps the greatest wealth of the German speech is in ballad and lyric. The vocabulary of this literature, also, is very close to the hearty homely Saxon English of our own homes and hearts. Scores, if not hundreds, of such lyrics as Uhland's should be stored in the memory of every child of fourteen or fifteen.

There may be, in certain communities, sufficient reason for the election, or even the peremptory substitution, of a different living language, though the grounds for the choice here made seem difficult to assail. As Milton long ago intimated, a little Spanish or Italian may be a fit pastime for boyish leisure. For linguistic prodigies we do not shape our curricula. John Stuart Mill and Elihu Burritt may still be reincarnated in every generation.

Thus far I have spoken mainly of primary and grammar courses, extending through nine or ten years. The higher education is, and will long remain, the privilege of a valuable but relatively small minority, which should be selected not by the favoring chance of wealth, but by evident fitness for enlarged intellectual vision. Now, our high-school course needs a central study, or a mighty connecting bond among its studies, springing naturally out of the previous education, which shall illuminate and enliven all tasks set during these four or five years. This is the true "correlation of studies," when all are felt to be converging toward a visible and worthy central goal. Of course the inner or subjective ideal in all education is the philosophic adjustment of the individual, with all his powers, to life, with all its problems. But is it possible to outline or to name a corresponding external and objective field of work?

The essential unity of all human history gleams upon the seer in his moments of purest inspiration.

> "And step by step, since Time began,
> I count the gradual gain of Man,"

as Whittier sings, devoutest of our home poets. More easily unified is the advance of the Western Aryan, belting the globe at last, from the first dawning self-consciousness in the Homeric Hellene to the impending invasion of China by the European spirit of progress. Africa is no longer the dark continent. Asia will soon be no more the mysterious Orient. The task left unfinished by Alexander is completed by the English in India, by Russia on the northern steppes. The passing of China, lastly, we may well live to see. The antithesis of East and West is dissolving as we gaze. We can all realize, to-day, the unity of our history, as no generation before us, as hardly a Freeman or a Von Ranke of fifty years ago, could descry it. Mere children may

> "gather as their own
> The harvest that the dead have sown,"

in the spirit of large-minded philosophic scholarship.

The story of the Aryan race, I say, is one. Its literature is one great side of that story, the imaginative and ideal side, far more faithful, at least to the divine possibilities of our nature, than the mere chronicle of bloody wars, or even the slow tale of physical and mechanical improvement. The arts that make life beautiful are in truth usually identical with those which make it endurable. Music,

most ideal of all, has won more battles than gunpowder, has steadied a wavering column oftener than coffee, whiskey, or bread. The architect builds the temple, and strengthens the hut walls against the winter cold. Is either alone his proper task? Both are essential to a true history of civilization.

So the poet who creates an Iliad, a Commedia, a Canterbury pilgrimage, performs, incidentally, more economic work than a million ordinary toilers, by quickening the growth of a common speech, rousing a prouder consciousness of unity in race, religion, and political ideals. All this prepares men for larger combined action, of which the selfish barbarian could not even dream. Even if Troy never existed, any more than Camelot, yet the Iliad is none the less the first chapter in European history, because it was the Bible of the first civilized race, moulding a dozen generations far more than did the dim tradition of an actual past. We may not believe Achilles ever lived, but Alexander envied and imitated him.

My substitute for Greek is already foreshadowed. Latin should remain as the chief alien language study in high schools and other secondary institutions. On its purely linguistic side it should be frankly affiliated with the vital study of English. At the same time, German should at least be used enough so that it shall not be lost. But there should appear prominently in all our curricula a study whose textbooks are not yet written, whose competent special teachers we have hardly begun to train, — the true history of civilization. Indeed, the creation of such books, the equipment of such teachers, should command at once the best united efforts of the historian, the literary critic, and the philosophic student of those arts which create comfort and beauty, which are therefore indispensable alike to man's body and to his soul.

A day may come when no schoolboy shall know the five Homeric variants for the infinitive *to be*, provided every boy and girl has a living realization that the Iliad created the consciousness of kin among Hellenes; that Helen is, from Homer's day to Tennyson's, in all civilized lands, the type of treacherous beauty, Penelope of wifely devotion, Achilles of short-lived valor, Odysseus of self-preserving craft. Perhaps the number of those students who read Æschylus' Prometheus in Greek is destined still to grow less; we hope all will hear the myth expounded by the professor of sociology. Though every youth can trace a Latin derivation in the Century Dictionary, and differentiate, for instance, *preposterous* from *ridiculous*, I doubt if all can fully enjoy the long pathetic roll of the Virgilian hexameter, the

> "stateliest measure
> Ever moulded by the lips of man."

At least they may see how near Augustus came to world-wide dominion, and how truly the Æneid was the chief bulwark of the imperial throne, the widest interpreter of Roman statesmanship.

Such a study as this must never harden into rigid moulds, never become dead and fossilized. It may always crave many books, or teachers wiser, more alive, than any book. Meantime, even an ideal stigmatized as unattainable need not be wholly fruitless. Surely we may insist on two elemental necessities: all teachers must themselves be enthusiastic students; all enlightened study is an attempt to adjust the minutest fact, or the largest principle, in its proper relation to the whole law of truth one and indivisible, to life.

William Cranston Lawton.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.

VI. ENGLAND AGAIN.

I HAVE always been happy at sea; or when not so, it has been from reasons apart from the sea itself, — preoccupations which kept me insensible to the old charm, or mental troubles which made me insensible to everything beside them. On this voyage I had the company of an old friend of the days of The Crayon, one of our most thoughtful and successful portrait painters, George Fuller, and a young friend of his, a Mr. Ames. We sailed just before Christmas in an old sailing ship of about eight hundred tons burthen, for unless time is of importance I prefer a sailing ship to a steamer, and one pleasant companion is worth a shipload of commonplace fellow voyagers.

A stiff west wind caught us off Sandy Hook, and never left us till we were halfway across the Atlantic, increasing in violence every day until it gave me, what I had always longed for but never seen, a first-class gale on the open ocean. I had said to the captain — one of the old sort of Cape Cod sailors, still a young man, however — that I wanted to see a real gale, and one day, after we had been out nearly a week, he called me up on deck saying, "You wanted to see a gale, and now you may see it; for unless you get into a tornado you will never see anything worse than this." I went on deck, obliged to hold firmly to the rails or some part of the rigging, for the wind was such as to have carried me overboard if I had attempted to stand alone on the quarter-deck. We were running with the wind dead abaft, under a reefed foretopsail and a storm jib, everything else having been taken in the night before. A studding-sail boom which had been left out, for some reason I did not inquire into, had been broken off short in the earing, though nothing but its ropes drew on it. The roaring of the wind through the rigging was such as only one who has heard it can conceive. I gripped firmly the quarter-deck railing, and drew myself aft to the shelter of the wheelhouse, where, securing myself from being blown away, I watched the sea. It rose behind us in huge billows, and as a wave overtook us and we lay in the bottom of the valley, it so overhung us that it seemed impossible it should not bury us when it broke, but the stern was caught by the forefoot of it, and the old ship began to rise and went up, up, up, until I was dizzy. Then we hovered on the summit a moment, looking out — though the distance was hidden by the driving spray — on such an expanse of mountainous waves as I had never pictured to myself. While I looked the wave passed from under us, we went down and down with a rapidity of descent which was almost like falling from a balloon, and after another moment's rest in the valley came the shuddering half apprehension of the next wave as it rose threatening above us, and then after again soaring aloft we raced down again into the driving of the spray.

The old ship was rolling, plunging, and now quivering as some side wave struck her, with a complication of motions sidelong and headlong, the huge waves flying before us and yet carrying us on, with wild motions, while in all this tumult and complexity of forces we were as helpless as feathers in the wind. The feeling of absolute insignificance grew on one as the ship drove on; the creaking of the vessel and the hissing rush of the waters hardly audible for the shrieking of the gale through the rigging, — in all my life I have never so understood the utter impotence and

triviality of humanity as I felt it then. The ship, though not comparable in size with the colossi of later times, was yet a huge mass as measured by man, and she was no more than a cork on the tide. Up and down like a child's swing; wallowing and rolling, with the sea breaking over the side till the channels were full, pouring over the bows in green torrents and then in blinding deluges of spray and water over the stern; tearing along ten knots an hour, and yet always seeming to be left stationary by the waves that rushed by us. Now and then two great waves raced each other, as they will at long intervals, till they ran close one to the other, and we were thrown aloft a little higher still to see nothing more than a wild waste of foam, spray, and watery chaos which defies human language to express it.

This was the sea as I had wanted to behold it, and as no painter has ever painted, or probably ever will, paint it, and as very few can ever have seen it, for in seventy thousand miles of sea travel I have seen it thus only once. For three days and nights our captain never left the bridge. Of three ships that left New York the same day, one was dismasted to the south of us, and another had her quarters stove in, and barely escaped foundering just to the north of us. The gale blew out and left us in a dead calm which lasted a couple of days, when another gale of three days drove us in the direction we wanted to go, and dropped us off Torquay in the morning of what, compared to the winter we had left behind, seemed a delicious spring day, all sunshine and south wind. We hailed a fishing boat and went ashore. We had left a land buried in snow and ice, and we reached one seemingly in early spring though it was still January, the gorse in odorous blossoming, and in the hedgerows the early wild flowers. But we learned, on landing, that the recent gales had strewn the shores of England with wrecks, and caused great loss of life. It had been one of those terrible winters which have helped make the British sailor the sea dog he is.

I took lodgings in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, near Wehnert, and worked hard. I had brought my Bed of Ferns, a large study from nature on Saranac Lake, and one or two smaller studies. I had visits from Dante Rossetti, Leighton, then in all the glory of his Cimabue picture and in the promise of even a greater career than he finally attained, Millais, Val Prinsep, and Boyce. I had brought letters from Lowell to Tom Hughes, from Norton to Arthur Hugh Clough, from Agassiz to Professor Owen. Hughes introduced me to the Cosmopolitan Club, where I made the acquaintance, amongst others whom I do not remember, of Millais and Monckton Milnes. The artists seemed to be interested in my work, especially in the Bed of Ferns, of which Rossetti, whose opinion I valued more than any other, — for he was very honest and blunt in his criticisms, and not at all inclined to flattery, — expressed himself in strong terms of praise. As it was the first thing in which I had attempted to introduce a human interest in the landscape, I was naturally inclined to consider it my most important work, and I was dismayed when Ruskin came to see me, and in a tone of extreme disgust said, pointing to the dead deer and man, "What do you put that stuff in for? Take it out, it stinks!" My reverence for Ruskin's opinions was such that I made no hesitation in painting out the central motive of the picture, for which both the subject itself and the effect of light had been selected. Unfortunately I habitually used copal varnish as a medium. When Rossetti called again, he asked me, with a look of dismay, what I had done to my picture. I explained to him that on Ruskin's advice I had painted out the figures, and exclaiming, "You have spoiled your picture!" he walked out of the room. However, I sent it to the Academy as

it was, and had it back "Accepted, but not hung for want of room," or something equivalent. I then tried to remove the pigment which hid my figures, but the varnish was refractory, and after a vain attempt I finally cut the picture up and stuck it in the fire. The incident, though it cost me the work of three months, and was in fact the only important outcome of the summer's study, did not diminish my confidence in Ruskin's judgment and correct feeling for art. It required a still more severe experience. As all the world knows, that knows anything of Ruskin's ways with artists, he was blunt and outspoken in his criticisms, and not in the least tender of their feelings, unless, indeed, they happened to be women; and knowing this I took his praise of certain studies and drawings I had brought with me as a patent of ability; and though I was never extravagant in my opinion of my own capacities for art, his approbation of some things that I had done, and his assurance of a respectable attainment if I followed the best methods of study, encouraged me. I took it without question that these methods were his, and it was a costly experience which undeceived me.

Of the people with whom I made acquaintance in London at this visit, those who most interested me were Clough and Owen. Of the artists I saw little, as they and I had other things to do than to frequent one another's studios, but of the Rossetti family I profited largely. Of Dante, indeed, I saw little at that time, but with William my relations were constant and cordial, dating from the time when he undertook the correspondence of The Crayon from England, and he was for many years my most valued English friend. Of an extreme honesty and liberality and an extensive knowledge of and wide feeling for art, there was great community of appreciation between us, and our friendship lasted long beyond the direct interest I had in English matters.

The hospitality of the Rossetti family was informal and cordial, and of Christina I saw a good deal. She was then in excellent health, and though she was never what would be by the generality of tastes considered a beautiful woman, there was a noble serenity and dignity of expression in her face which was, as is often said of women of the higher type of character, "better than beauty," and wherein one saw the spiritual exaltation which, without the least trace of the *dévote*, dominated in her, and made her, before all other women of whom I know anything, the poetess of the divine life. The faith in the divine flamed out in her with a mild radiance which had in it no earthly warmth. She attracted me very strongly, but I should as soon have thought of falling in love with the Madonna del Gran Duca as with her. Being, myself, in the regions of dogmatic faith, I was in a position to feel sympathetically toward her religion, and though we differed in tenets as far as two sincere believers in Christianity could, I found in her a broad and affectionate charity toward all differences from the ideal of credence she had formed for herself. I do not remember ever meeting any one who held such exalted and unquestioning faith in the true spiritual life. From my mother, who was in most respects the most purely spiritual woman I have ever known, Christina differed by this serenity, which in my mother was often disturbed by the doubts that had their seed in the old and superstitious Calvinism that formed the ground of her creed, and from which she never could liberate herself. Christina believed in God, in heaven, in the eternal life with an unfaltering constancy and fullness which left no questionings except, it might be, as regards her fulfillment of her religious obligations. And while I thought her belief in certain dogmas, such as transubstantiation and in the fasting and ritual of her High Church observances, to be too trivial for such a really exalted in-

tellect, so near the perception of the essential truth, she held them with so child-like and confident faith that I would sooner have worshiped with her than have disturbed her tranquillity in it.

She gave me a demonstration of doctrinal charity which was to me a novelty, and showed me that tenets which are to me, and those trained like me, idle formalities were for others like her the steps of a ladder by which they climb to the realization of the abstract good. Dogmas and observances apart, I felt that her religion was so much loftier than my own that though it would have been impossible for me to profess acceptation of it, it was equally impossible to argue with her about it, — that it was so woven into the fibre of her existence that to move it in the least would be impossible, and if possible, only at the cost of mental and spiritual dislocation. But with all this there was not in her a trace of the assumption of a religious superiority which I have so often found in the driest nonconformist, nor was there that putting me apart with the creatures that perish and are doomed, which I have sometimes found in Catholic friends, who have made me feel that they regarded me with a sort of pitiful friendship as one certain to be damned, and so only worth limited regard, lest love should be wasted. In after years I saw her not infrequently, and when illness and grief had touched her, finding always the same serenity and the same wide personal charity.

Much of Christina's character one could see in her mother, a noble and worshipful woman in whom the domestic virtues mingled with the spiritual in a way that set off the singleness of life of Christina singularly, as if it were the same light in an earthen vessel. Mrs. Rossetti was a person such as we often hear spoken of as "a dear, good woman," and one whose motherly life had absorbed her existence, — one of the witnesses (martyrs) of the practical Christianity who go, unseen and unknown, to build the universal church of humanity, and whom we reverence without naming them. Of Maria, the elder sister of Christina, I saw less, but enough to know that the same ardent, beautiful, religious spirit burned in her, mute. In later years when I saw most of the family, Maria lived in a sisterhood. She had none of the poetic genius or the personal charm of her sister, but possessed a similar elevation of character.

Of Clough I saw a good deal, though his occupation in a government office left him not much leisure, and it seemed to me that of all public officials I ever knew he was the most misplaced at an office desk. Of fragile health and the temperament of a poet, gentle as a woman, he often reminded me of Pegasus in harness. I had a commission from Norton to paint a small full-length portrait of him, and had several sittings, but it did not get on to suit me, and his being compelled to go to Italy for his health before I had finished with it, for well or ill, put an end to it. He left me in occupation of his house while he and his wife were away. Of all the people of the poet's temper I ever knew, Clough was the least inclined to talk of poetry, and but for the sensitive mouth and the dreamy eye, with a reflective way he had when talking, as if an undercurrent of thought were going on while he spoke, one might have taken him for a well-educated man of business, a poet-banker or publisher. Perhaps it is in the memory more than it was in the life, but as I recall him there seemed to be in him an arcanum of thought, something beyond what came into the everyday existence, a life beyond the actual life, into which he withdrew and out of which he came to speak. I should have liked to live beside him and know him always, for in his reserves was infinite study. He left on me the impression of a man who had far greater capabilities than were expressed in anything he did, admirable as much of his work is.

Lowell had given me, as I have mentioned, a letter to Tom Hughes, saying that though they had never met, yet, as Hughes had edited his Biglow Papers, he thought he might assume an acquaintance sufficient to warrant a letter of introduction. He was not mistaken, for Hughes did the fullest honor to his letter, and as long as I was in London, and indeed for many years after, our relations were most cordial, and a short time before his death he made me a visit at Rome. Very much of the enjoyment of that winter in London was due to the hospitable and companionable welcome of the author of Tom Brown. One of the pleasantest services he rendered me was the introduction to the evenings at Macmillan's where the contributors to the magazine used to meet. There I saw the Kingsleys; Charles only once, but Henry often enough to contract with him a pleasant friendship. Hughes was one of the largest and most genial English natures I knew, — robust, all alive to every human obligation; and in those troublesome days when the American question was coming to the crisis of our civil war, he was a consistent friend of the North while the dominant feeling in English society was hostile to it: this was a strong bond between us.

Owen I saw frequently, and though my scientific education was superficial, he interested me greatly, for he had, like Agassiz, the gift of making his knowledge accessible to those who only understood the philosophy and not the facts of science, and I knew enough of the former to profit by his knowledge. Then he was a warm friend of Agassiz, and we used to talk much of his theories and studies. Like Agassiz he had at first resisted the theory of natural selection, but had, unlike Agassiz, come to recognize the necessity of admitting, like Asa Gray and Professor Wyman, the idea of evolution in some form. How far he finally went in recognizing the agency of natural selection as the sufficient element in this I do not know; but that he did not accept the solution proposed by Darwin as final I have reason to believe from the fact of his assuring me the last time I saw him that he was confident that if he could have seen Agassiz again before he died, he could have persuaded him that evolution was the solution of the problem of creation; and he knew that Agassiz, absolutely convinced as he was of the agency of Conscious Mind in Creation, could never have accepted the sufficiency of natural selection. And I had the further declaration of Owen himself of his conviction that the process of evolution was directed by the Divine Intelligence. One statement he made struck me forcibly in this connection, namely, that he believed that the evolution of the horse reached its culmination synchronously with the evolution of man, and that the agreement was a part of the Divine plan.

I heard much bitterness expressed concerning Owen for what was considered his yielding to the pressure of public opinion and adopting the theory of evolution in contradiction to his real convictions, but I saw enough of him to be certain that he really believed in evolution subject to the dominance of the Divine Intelligence, nor did any of the accusations brought against him persuade me of the least insincerity on his part. It is possible that the impressions of that time have been modified by my subsequent intercourse with scientific men in England, but they are, that the very wide acceptance of the theory of natural selection was largely due to the relief it offered from the incubus of the old theological conception of the Creator as a personal agency always interfering with the course of events, an infinite, omnipotent, and omniscient stage manager.

The world had been up to that time chained to the anthropomorphic conception of Deity, and it was less to the purely scientific faculty than to the philosophic that Darwin came as a liberator from a depressing superstition, the belief in the

terrible Hebrew God, ingrained in the consciences of every reverently educated boy, and often inseparable from the maturer beliefs. The evolution of the human mind itself had finally reached the point at which this anthropomorphism became a thing impossible to maintain reasonably any longer, and the magic word was spoken by Darwin, which broke the spell and set those free who wished to be free, from a mental servitude grown dangerously dear to our deepest faculties, — those of reverence and devotion. And contemporaneously with, if not consequent on, this evolution of the human mind, came the liberation from religious persecution, either inquisitorial, legal, or social, and perhaps for the first time in the history of the religious dogma a man might openly dispute the fundamental ideas of a dominant religion and suffer no penalty for his skepticism.

Though my Bed of Ferns was sent back from the Academy, one of my large studies was exhibited at the British Society, and the result of the year's work was on the whole satisfactory. Ruskin invited me to go to Switzerland with him for the summer, finding in my studies and drawings the possibility of getting from me some of the Alpine work he wanted done. Unfortunately for both of us I cannot draw well in traces, and he did not quite well know how to drive, so that the summer ended in disappointment, and even in disaster. I was too undisciplined to work except when the mood suited, and our moods rarely agreed; he wanted things done which were to me of no interest, and I could not interest myself vicariously to do them to his satisfaction. He preceded me some weeks, and it was arranged that I should come to meet him at Geneva early in June.

Certainly I owe to him my earliest and most delightful memories of the Alps and of Switzerland. More princely hospitality than his no man ever received, or more kindly companionship. He met me with a carriage at Culoz to give me and to enjoy my first impressions of the distant Alps, and for the ten days we stopped at Geneva I stayed with him at the Hôtel des Bergues. We climbed the Salève, and I saw what gave me more pleasure, I confess, than the distant view of Mont Blanc, which he expected me to be enthusiastic over, the soldenella and the gentians. The great accidents of nature, Niagara and the high Alps, though they awed me, have always left me cold, and all that summer I would rather have been in some nook of English scenery where nature had been undisturbed by catastrophes and cataclysms.

Our first sketching excursion was to the Perte du Rhone, and while Ruskin was drawing mountain forms beyond the river he asked me to draw some huts near by; not picturesque cottages, with thatched roofs and lichen-stained walls, but "shanties," such as the Irish laborers on our railways build by the roadside of deal boards stood on end, — irregular and careless without being picturesque, and too closely associated with pigsty construction in my mind to be worth drawing. When Ruskin came back I had made a careless and slipshod five minutes' sketch of no more worth than the originals were to me. Ruskin was angry, and had a right to be, for at least I should have found it enough that he wanted the thing done to make me do my best on it, but I did not think of it in that light. We drove back to Geneva in silence, he moody and I sullen, and halfway there he broke out saying, the fact that he wanted it done ought to have been enough for me. I replied that I could see no interest in the subject, which only suggested fever and discomfort and wretched habitations for human beings. We relapsed into silence, and for another mile nothing was said, when Ruskin broke out with, "You were right, Stillman, about those cottages; your way of looking at them was nobler than mine, and now for the first time in

my life I understand how anybody can live in America."

We went to Bonneville to hunt out the point of view of a Turner drawing which Ruskin liked, and then we went on to St. Martin, the little village opposite Sallanches, on the Arve. For a subalpine landscape with Mont Blanc in the distance, this is the most attractive bit of the Alpine country I know, with picturesque detail and pleasant climbing up to seven thousand feet, while the view of Mont Blanc is certainly the finest from below that can be found. In fine weather the mountain is often hidden to the summit by clouds which clear away at sunset, and from the little and picturesque bridge over the Arve we saw the vast dome come out, glowing in the sunlight when all the valley was in shadow. It was a marvelous spectacle, this huge orb, thus appearing, suggesting a huger moon rising above the clouds, until, slowly, the clouds below melted away and the mountain stood disclosed to its base. If anything in the high Alps can be called truly picturesque it is the view of the Aiguille de Varens which overhangs the village of St. Martin, with its quaint and lichenous church and cemetery, and I made a large drawing of it from the bridge, intending to return and work it up after Ruskin had left me. The little inn of the village was the most comfortable auberge I was ever in, and its landlord the kindest and most hospitable of hosts. Twenty years after I went back to the locality, hoping to find something of the old time, but there was only a deserted hostel, the weeds growing over the courtyard, and the sealed and mouldy doors and windows witnessing to long desertion.

Hardly had I become interested in my drawing when Ruskin decided to move on to Chamouni where we hoped to get really to work. I was only geologically interested in Chamouni, — it left me cold, and I went to work mechanically. After a few days of prospecting we went up to the Montanvert where Ruskin wished me to paint him a wreath of Alpine Rose. We found the rose growing luxuriantly against a huge granite boulder, a pretty natural composition, and I set to work on it with great satisfaction, for botanical painting always interested me. Ruskin sat and watched me work and expressed his surprise at my facility of execution of details and texture, saying that of the painters he knew, only Millais had so great facility. We were living at the little hotel of the Montanvert, and he was impatient to get back to the better accommodation of the valley hotels, so that when the roses and the rocks were done, we went back, the completion of the picture being left for later study. From Paris, in the ensuing winter, I sent it to Ruskin, the distance being made of the view down the valley of Chamouni, and he wrote me a bitter condemnation of it, as a disappointment, for he said that he "had expected to see the Alpine Roses overhanging an awful chasm," etc., — an expectation he ought to have expressed earlier, — and found it very commonplace and uninteresting. So it was, and I burnt it after the fashion of the Bed of Ferns.

I was very much interested in Ruskin's old guide, Coutet, with whom I had many climbs. He liked to go with me, he said, because I was sure-footed, and could go wherever he did. He was a famous crystal hunter, and some of the rarest specimens in the museum of Geneva were of his finding. There was one locality of which he only knew, where the rock was pitted with small turquoises like a plum pudding, and I begged him to tell me where it was. There is a superstition amongst the crystal hunters that to tell where the crystals are found brings bad luck, and he would never tell me in so many words, but one day, after my importunity, I saw him leveling his alpenstock on the ground in a

very curious way, sighting along it and correcting the direction, and when he had finished he said, as he walked past me, "Look where it points," and went away. It was pointing to a stratum halfway up to the summit of one of the aiguilles to the west of the Mer de Glace, a chamois climb. He told me later that he found the crystals in the couloir that brought them down from that stratum. He was a dear old man, and fully deserving the affection and confidence of Ruskin. Connected with him was a story which Ruskin told me of a locality in the valley of Chamouni, haunted by a ghost that could only be seen by children. It was a figure of a woman who raked the dead leaves, and when she looked up at them the children said they only saw a skull in place of a face. Ruskin sent to a neighboring valley for a child who could know nothing of the legend, and went with him to the locality which the ghost was reported to haunt. Arrived there, he said to the boy, "What a lonely place! there is nobody here but ourselves." "Yes, there is," said the child, "there is a woman there raking the leaves," pointing in a certain direction. "Let us go nearer to her," said Ruskin, and they walked that way, when the boy stopped and said that he did not want to go nearer, for the woman looked up, and he said that she had no eyes in her head, "only holes."

The valley of Chamouni was to me the most gloomy and depressing place I was ever in, and the least inspiring of any artistic motive. I felt from the day of our arrival there as if I were in a cemetery, oppressed and overborne by the immensity of disaster and the menace of chaos. We made excursions and a few sketches, but I had no sympathy with the place, though I tried to do what Ruskin wanted, and to get a faithful study of some characteristic subject in the valley. Every fine day we climbed some secondary peak, five or six thousand feet, and in the evenings we discussed art or played chess, mainly in rehearsing problems, until midnight. On Sundays no work was done; we used to climb to some easy hilltop, and there Ruskin spent the afternoon in writing a sermon for a girls' school in which he was much interested, but not a line of drawing would he do. To me, brought up in the severity of Sabbatarianism, the sanctity of the first day of the week had always been a theological fiction, and the result of contact with the larger world and the widening of my range of thought had also made me see that the observances of "new moons and fast-days" had nothing to do with true religion, and that the Eden repose of the Creator was too large a matter to be fenced into a day of the week; so that this slavery to a formality in which Ruskin was held by his terrible conscience provoked me to the discussion of the subject. I declared that there was no authority for the transference of the weekly rest from the seventh to the first day of the week. We went over the texts together, and in this study my Sabbatarian education gave me an advantage in argument, for he had never given the matter a thought. Of course he took refuge in the celebration of the weekly return of the day of Christ's resurrection, but I showed him that the text does not support the claim that Christ rose on the first day of the week, and that the early fathers who arranged that portion of the ritual did not understand the tradition of the resurrection. Three days and three nights, according to the gospel, Christ was to lie in the tomb, not parts of three times twenty-four hours. But the women went to the tomb "in the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," and they found that he had already risen and was gone. Now as by the Jewish ritual the day began at sunset, the first day of the week began with the going down of the sun, and therefore as Christ had already risen he must have risen on the seventh day.

The reason of this twilight visit was in the prohibition to touch a dead body on the sabbath, and the zeal of the disciples sent them to the sepulchre at the earliest possible moment. I showed Ruskin how careless or ignorant of the record the distribution of the sacred time had been, in the fact of the total disregard of the words of Christ that he should "be killed and raised again the third day," for they supposed him to have been crucified on Friday, while he must have lain buried Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and was therefore buried on Wednesday just before sunset. And this is confirmed by the text which says that the disciples hastened to bury Christ on the day of crucifixion because the next day was the day of preparation for one of the high sabbaths, which the early Christians who instituted the observance of the first day confounded with the weekly sabbath, not knowing that the high sabbath could not fall on the weekly sabbath.

To this demonstration Ruskin, always deferent to the literal interpretation of the gospel, could not make a defense, — the creed had so bound him to the letter that the least enlargement of the stricture broke it, and he rejected not only the tradition of the Sunday sabbath, but the whole of the ecclesiastical interpretation of the texts. He said, "If they have deceived me in this they have probably deceived me in all." This I had not conceived as a possible consequence of the criticism of his creed, and it gave me great pain, for I was not a skeptic, as I have since learned he for a time became. It was useless to argue with him for the spirit of the gospel, — he had always held to its infallibility and the exactitude of doctrine, and his indignation was too strong to be pacified. He returned somewhat, I have heard, to his original beliefs in later days, as old men will to the beliefs of their younger years, for his Christianity was too sincere and profound for a matter of mistaken credence in mere formalities ever to affect its substance, and the years which followed showed that in no essential trait had the religious foundations of his character been moved. For myself I was still a sincere believer in the substantial accuracy of the body of Christian doctrine, and the revolt of Ruskin from it hurt me deeply. My own liberation from the burthens of futile beliefs had yet to come. But we never discussed theological matters again.

I found a subject which interested me in a view of the foot of the Mer de Glace from the opposite side of the river, looking up the glacier, with the bridge under the Brevent and a cottage in the foreground, and set to work on it energetically. In the distance was the Montanvert, and the Aiguille de Dru, but where the lines of the glacier and the slopes of the mountain at the right met, five nearly straight lines converged at a point far from the centre, and I did not see how to get rid of them without violating the topography. I pointed this out to Ruskin, and he immediately exclaimed, "Oh, nothing can be done with a subject like that with five lines radiating from an unimportant point! I will not stay here to see you finish that study," and the next day we packed up and left for Geneva. At Lausanne I made some careful architectural drawings which he praised, some pencil sketches on the lake, and then we drove across country to Fribourg, and finally to Neuchâtel where I found a magnificent subject in the view from the hill behind the city looking over the lake toward the Alps, with Mont Blanc and the Bernese Alps in the extreme distance. In the near distance rises the castle and its old church, which Ruskin drew for me in pencil with exquisite refinement of detail, in which kind of drawing he was most admirable. As we should stay only a few days I could not paint anything, and spent all my time, working nine hours a day, hard, on the one subject in pencil.

We still passed our evenings in discussions and arguments, with a little chess, rarely going to bed before midnight, and the steady strain, with my anxiety to lose none of my time and opportunities, finally told on my eyes. One day while working on the view of Neuchâtel I felt something snap behind my eyes, and in a few minutes I could no longer see my drawing, the slightest attempt to fix my vision on anything causing such indistinctness that I could see neither my work nor the landscape, and I was obliged to suspend work altogether. In a few days we went to Basle, and after a rest my vision came back partially, and we went to Lauffenburg, where Turner had found the subject for one of his Liber Studiorum engravings. Here the subjects were entirely after my feeling, and as my eyes had ceased to trouble me, I set to work on a large drawing of the town and fall from below. In the midst of it the snapping behind my eyes came back worse than ever, and now not to leave me for a long time. It was followed by an incessant headache with obstinate indigestion, which made life a burthen. Here Ruskin suddenly found that he must go back to England, and I returned with him as far as Geneva, and thence went to St. Martin, where I spent the rest of the autumn as helpless for all work as a blind man.

My summer with Ruskin, to which I had looked for so much profit to my art, had ended in a catastrophe of which I did not then even measure the extent. It was nearly two years before I recovered sufficiently from the attack at Neuchâtel to work regularly, and then circumstances threw me still further from my chosen career. More exciting and absorbing occupations called me, and I obeyed, whether for better or worse it now matters not. Ruskin had dragged me from my old methods, and given me none to replace them. I lost my faith in myself and in him as a guide to art, but apart from questions of art he always remained to me one of the largest and noblest of the men I have known, liberal and generous beyond limit, with a fineness of sympathy and delicacy of organization quite womanly. Nothing could shake my admiration for his moral character or abate my reverence for him as a humanist. That art should have been anything more than a side interest with him, and that he should have thrown the whole energy of his most energetic nature into the reforming of it, was a misfortune to him and to the world, but especially to me.

At St. Martin I waited the return of my vision. I climbed and tried chamois hunting with no success so far as game was concerned, though I saw the beautiful creatures in their homes. One of my excursions was to the summit of the Aiguille de Varens, by a path in one place only a foot wide, cut in the face of a precipice, with sheer cliff above and below, and nothing to hold by. I have a good head, but to follow my guide on that path was something which only *mauvaise honte* brought me to. I was ashamed to hesitate where he walked along so cheerily. We arranged to spend the night at a chalet where a milkmaid tended a remnant of the herd, most of which had already descended to the valleys below, but as the sun was setting I walked out to the brow of the aiguille which from below seemed a cliff, but was in reality only the perpendicular face of a mass of mountain which in the other direction sloped away toward Switzerland for miles. The view of Mont Blanc, directly opposite, then bare of clouds from the base to the summit, with the red sunset glow falling full on the great fields of snow the extent of which I had never realized from any other point, was by far the most imposing view of the great mountain I have ever found. I stood at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, about halfway to the summit of Mont Blanc, with the whole broad expanse of glacier and

snowfield glowing in the rosy twilight; for while I watched the sun had set. Thousands of feet below me lay the valley of the Arve with the town of Sallanches and its attendant villages in the blue distance of gathering night, and as I looked, enchanted by the scene, the chimes of the convent below rang out with a music which came up to my heights like a solemn monition from the world of dreams, for nothing could be distinguished of its source. We started a chamois, and saw him race across the broad field of snow like the wind, while I could only follow, laboring knee-deep in the snow, like a tortoise after a hare. We slept that night buried in the hay. I am glad to say that the hunt in the morning was without other result than a delightful walk, for my guide was a better climber than hunter.

A few days later I made, with another guide, an excursion to the Val du Four, on the other side of the valley. The guide was an old professional hunter, and knew the habits of the chamois well. We climbed up leisurely in the afternoon, and slept in the hay of a deserted chalet, from which the cattle had already been driven down. While the guide prepared the supper I walked out to the edge of the cliffs to get the view, but looked out only on a sea of mist, a river rather, for the whole valley was filled with a moving billowy flood of fog flowing from Mont Blanc and enveloping it in a veil of changing vapor, melting, forming, and flowing beneath my feet, hiding every object in the landscape below the cliffs I stood on. It made me dizzy, for I seemed to be in the clouds. And while I waited there came a transfiguration of the scene, — the mist began to grow rosy and of deeper and deeper hue till it suggested a sea of blood. No source of light was visible from my point of view, but the cause of the phenomenon, though seemingly mysterious, was evident. The sun in setting illuminated the fields of snow at the summit of the mountain beyond, which reverberated its flaming light into the vapor below, penetrating it down to my feet, while the mountain itself was from my elevation invisible in its robe of mist.

The next morning we went to take our posts for a chamois drive; a friend of the guide, whom he had picked up to profit by my coming, took one side of the valley and I the other, while a boy with an umbrella went down the valley to drive the chamois up to us. Having posted me, the stupid guide crossed the line of the drive between me and the meadow where the chamois would come to feed, and took his post hiding nearer the peaks where they had passed the night. Soon after sunrise they made their appearance on a field of snow which sloped down into the Val, nine of them, young and old. I shall never see anything prettier than the play of those young chamois on the snow. They butted and chased one another, frolicked like kittens, standing on their hind legs and pushing one another until, probably, they grew hungry, and then came down to the grass to feed. This was the moment for the driver to come in, and he advanced up the valley waving his arms and shouting. The chamois ran in my direction till they crossed the track of the old hunter, scenting which they halted, snuffed the air, and then broke in panic, the majority running back past the driver and within a few yards of him, so that if he had had a gun he could easily have killed one, and went down the valley out of sight; three came up the valley, taking the flank of the apparently almost perpendicular rocks within shot of me but at full gallop, and I fired at the middle one of the group. They passed behind a mass of rock as I fired, and two emerged on the other side. If I hit one I could not know, for the place was inaccessible, but I hope that I missed. I have often thought of the possibility that I might have hit the poor beast and sent him mortally wounded among the rocks to die, and I never recur to the incident

without pain. It becomes incomprehensible to me as my own life wanes how I could ever have found pleasure in taking the lives of other creatures filling their stations in the world better than I ever did. The educated soul pays the penalty of ignorance, but there is no consolation in repentance.

I stayed at St. Martin while the plebiscite and annexation to France took place. It was a hollow affair, the voting being a mockery, but the Sardinian government had never made itself felt in Savoy, either for good or ill; the people were a quiet and law-abiding race, and while I was in the country I never heard of a crime or a prosecution. The regiments of Savoyard troops went into the French army with ill will, and there was a bloody fight between them and the French soldiers at Lyons when the former went into the barracks there. I was still at St. Martin when the Emperor and Empress made their tour through the new possession. The state carriages had to be left at Sallanches when the sovereigns went up to the great ball offered them at Chamouni, the road not permitting their passage, and when they returned the little mountain carriages which brought them down halted under the windows of the auberge where I was living, to wait for the state carriages to come across the river. They had to wait about half an hour, and as they walked up and down in the road under my window, beside which stood my loaded rifle, I thought how easily I might change the course of European politics, for I could have hit any button on the Emperor's clothes, and I hated him enough to have killed him cheerfully as an enemy of mankind, but regicide has always seemed to me a great mistake, as it would have been in that case, for it would only have placed the young Prince Imperial on the throne under the regency of the Empress. I was then a radical republican, with all the sympathies of a Parisian Red; for I had not learned that it is not the form of the government, but the character of the governed, that makes the difference between governments.

I did not spare the life of the Emperor from any apprehension of consequences to myself, for I had none. I knew the paths up the mountain at the back of the hotel, and before the confusion should have been overcome and a pursuit organized I could have been beyond danger on my way to the Swiss frontier, for the pine woods came to the back door of the hotel, and, more than this, I never had the habit of thinking of the consequences of what I proposed to do. When I returned to Paris, after the autumn had passed, I told the story to an artist friend, an ultra radical, how I stood at my window with a loaded rifle by my side and the Emperor twenty feet below, and he leaped and shouted with fury, "And you did n't kill him?" Time and fate punished him more fitly than I should have done, and these things are best left to time and fate.

I remained in Paris all that winter and took a studio with an American friend, Mr. Yewell, but I could do no work; the headache never left me, and though I could draw a little, my vision failed when it was strained, and I seemed to have lost my color sense. I was desperate, and when Garibaldi set out on the Marsala expedition I was just on the point of sailing to join him, when I received a letter from the father of my fiancée telling me that her perplexities and distress of mind about our marriage had so increased that they feared for her reason if her doubts were not ended. I took the next steamer, and ended the vacillation by insisting on being married at once. Nothing but a morbid self-depreciation had prevented her from coming to a decision in that sense long before, and my principal reason for going to Europe was to allow her to decide freely, but it seemed that there was no other solution than to assume command and impose my will. We were married

two days after my landing, and returned to Paris a few days later. When the spring opened we went down into Normandy, and there, returning to the study of nature, and living in quiet and freedom from anxiety, I slowly recovered my vision and began to recover in a measure the power of drawing. The landscape of the quiet French country suited me perfectly, and I made two or three good studies, but without getting into a really efficient condition for painting, which in fact I only did a year or two later in Rome.

Our winter in Paris had been greatly brightened by the acquaintance of the Brownings, the father and sister of the poet. We lived in the same section of Paris, near the Hôtel des Invalides, and much of our time was passed with them. "Old Mr. Browning," we have always called him, though the qualification of "old," by which we distinguished him from his son Robert, seemed a misnomer, for he had the perpetual juvenility of a blessed child. If to live in the world as if not of it indicates a saintly nature, then Robert Browning, the elder, was a saint, a serene, untroubled soul, conscious of no moral or theological problem to disturb his serenity, gentle as a gentle woman, a man in whom it seemed to me no moral conflict could ever have arisen to cloud his frank acceptance of life as it came to him. He had, many years before we knew him, inherited an estate in Jamaica, but on learning that to work it to profit he must become a slave-owner, he renounced the heritage. And, knowing him as we knew him, it was easy to see that he would renounce it cheerfully and without any hesitation. A man of a rougher and more energetic type might have tried the experiment, or questioned his own decision, at least have regretted his own integrity, but he could have done neither. The way was clear, and the decision must have been as quick as that of a child to reject a thing it abhorred. His unworldliness had not a flaw. So beautiful a life could never have become distinguished in the struggles and antagonisms which make the career of the man of the world or even the man of letters, as letters are now written, for he was one, and the only man I ever knew, of whom it could be said that he applied in the divine sense the maxim of Christ, "resist not evil," — he simply, and by the necessity of his own nature, ignored it.

He had a curious facility in drawing heads of quaint and always varied character, which character was not intentional on his part. They were always in profile, and he began at one extremity and ran his pencil round to the other, always bringing out a distinct individuality as unforeseen by him as by us, and he named the head when it was done according to the type it offered, generally in character, with a trace of caricature. For the most part his subjects were from the courts of law, a judge or a puzzled juror, a disappointed or a triumphant client, etc. He would draw a dozen or twenty in an evening, all different, and he was as much amused as we were when the drawing turned out more than usually funny. His chief amusement was hunting through the bookstalls along the quays, and I have among my old books an early life of Raphael which he gave me, with his name on the fly leaf.

Of Miss Browning, who still lives, I will not speak, but what she told me of the poet's mother may, I think, be repeated without indiscretion. She had the extraordinary power over animals of which we hear sometimes, but of which I have never known a case so perfect as hers. She would lure the butterflies in the garden to her, and the domestic animals obeyed her as if they reasoned. Somebody had given Robert a pure-blooded bulldog of a rare breed, which tolerated no interference from any person except him or his mother, nor did he permit any familiarity with her on the part of any stranger, so that when a neighbor came

in he was not permitted to shake hands with her, for the dog at once showed his teeth. Even her husband was not allowed to take the slightest liberty with her in the dog's presence, and when Robert was more familiar with her than the dog thought proper, he showed his teeth to him. They one day put him to a severe test, Robert putting his arm around his mother's neck as they sat side by side at the table. The dog went behind them, and, placing his forefeet up on the chair, lifted Robert's arm off her shoulder with his nose, giving an intimation that he would not permit any caress of that kind even from him. They had a favorite cat to which the dog had the usual antipathy of dogs, and one day he chased her under a cupboard and kept her there besieged, unable to reach her, and she unable to escape, till Mrs. Browning intervened and gave the dog a lecture, in which she told him of their attachment for the cat, and charged him never to molest her more. If the creature had understood speech he could not have obeyed better, for from that time he was never known to molest the cat, while she, taking her revenge for past tyranny, bore herself most insolently with him, and when she scratched him over the head, he only whimpered and turned away as if to avoid temptation. An injury to one of his feet made an operation necessary, and the family surgeon was called in to perform it, but found the dog so savage that he could not touch the foot or approach him. Mrs. Browning came and talked to him in her way, and the dog submitted at once without a whimper to the painful operation. Mrs. Browning had been long dead when I knew the family. We had planned to go together, the elder Browning, Robert and Mrs. Browning, Miss Browning, my wife and myself, to pass the summer at Fontainebleau, and we were waiting for the Brownings from Florence when the news came of Mrs. Browning's illness, followed not much later by that of her death. The presence even of a friend was too much after this catastrophe, and we saw little more of the family until years later, when, after many changes of fortune, we met Mr. and Miss Browning again in Italy.

Out of this quiet and happy life I was aroused by the complications of our civil war. An intimate friend living in Paris, the late Colonel W. B. Greene, a graduate of West Point, had applied for the command of a regiment of Massachusetts troops, and offered me a position on his staff. We agreed to go together, but his impatience carried him away, and he sailed without giving me notice. I followed by the next steamer, and leaving my wife with my parents, I went on to Washington and to Greene's headquarters. I was too late, and I could not pass the medical examination which was then very rigid, for all the North was volunteering. "Go home," said Greene, "we have already buried all the men like you. We have not seen the enemy yet, and we have buried six per cent of the regiment. It is no place for you." I had no choice, — there were eight hundred thousand men enlisted, and further enlistments were countermanded. I tried to get some position with Burnside, who was fitting out an expedition to North Carolina, even as cook, for I could not pass for the rank and file, and Burnside as a friend of my friends in Rhode Island might, I thought, help me. He replied that he had already nine applications for every post of any kind at his disposal. As a last resource I went up into the Adirondacks to raise a company of sharpshooters. My backwoodsmen were all ready to go, but they wanted special rifles and special organization, for they meant to go to "shoot secesh," not to be regular infantry. Their ambition was not reconcilable with the plans of the military authorities, so that the company was never formed.

Having exhausted every appliance to

open a way into the army, I determined to seek a consular appointment, and through Dr. Nott's influence with Mr. Seward I obtained my commission as consul at Rome, as I have told in a previous chapter. I went to Cambridge to get information and advice, and at Lowell's house met Howells for the first time. We could each of us offer condolence for the other's disappointment, for Howells had asked for the consulate at Dresden, and was appointed to Venice, while I had asked for Venice with intention to write the history of Venetian art. But Rome had always been given to an artist, and though there was no salary, but fees only, it seemed to have been a much-sought-for position, and I accepted. Leaving my wife at home for her confinement, I sailed for England, en route for Italy, just when the capture of Mason and Slidell had thrown the country into a new agitation, for it was foreseen that England would not submit to this disrespect to her flag, though the proceeding was in strict accordance with her own precedents.

I left New York before we had heard of the reception of the news in England, and found the agitation there intense. The consul at Liverpool told me that he could not go into the Exchange because of the insults offered him there, and American merchants were insulted on the street. In London, at the restaurants where I dined, the conversation turned altogether on the incident, and the language was most violent. As I was in the service of the government I waited on Mr. Adams, the Minister, and remained in London until the question was settled, in daily communication with him. He thought that the danger of war was great; that war had not already become inevitable he considered due entirely to the attitude of the Queen, who resisted any measure calculated to precipitate a hostile solution, and had refused her assent to a dispatch demanding the release of the envoys and worded in such peremptory terms that Lincoln could not have hesitated to repel it at any cost. This, in the opinion of Mr. Adams, was what Palmerston, Gladstone, and Lord John Russell wanted, but on the insistence of the Queen the offensive passage was struck out. Mr. Adams did not consider it improbable that even in its modified form the demand of the English ministry might be rejected. As the crisis was still undecided I waited until the solution was definite. The favorable reply came by the next steamer.

To the peace-loving heart of the Queen mainly, and next to the tact and diplomatic ability of Mr. Adams, the world owes that the most disastrous war possible for the civilization of the West was avoided. Put at rest with regard to this danger, I continued my journey and entered into my functions as representative of my government at Rome.

William James Stillman.

DANTE'S MESSAGE.

THE last half century has witnessed a remarkable awakening of interest in the study of Dante. It might be true in Macaulay's day that the majority of young people who read Italian would "as soon read a Babylonian brick as a canto of Dante," but to-day multitudes are learning Italian to enjoy the sweetest poet who ever spoke that tongue. This increasing appreciation is due to a fundamental sympathy between the poet and the spirit of our age. These are the days of the microscope, the etching tool, and the specialist. We delight in

minute investigation and exact scholarship; we believe in realism and in details. A poem whose mechanism is as precise as the structure of a delicate watch, and which is realistic to the last degree, cannot fail to challenge our attention. It was different in an age which looked up to Dr. Samuel Johnson as a model in composition, and reveled in broad generalization. This is a time when popular rights are much vaunted, and Dante, aristocratic and disdainful though he was, unhesitatingly ascribing the evils of Florence to the boorish plebeians, was still essentially a valiant democrat. The tremendous emphasis he placed upon the worth of the soul lifted the individual man above all titles and claims of blood, so that free Italy found in him its prophet. His writings have proved an armory filled with keenest weapons for the destruction of the claims of the Church to temporal dominion.

Again, the nineteenth century has been distinctively scientific. We have given over the last hundred years to the investigation of fluids and gases; and the price has been slight compared with the victories we have won. But a too steady gaze at the natural has made dim the supernatural. The soul is beginning to cry out fiercely against its bondage. The prophets of materialism and agnosticism have had their day, and now the clearest voice that ever spoke the soul's deep consciousness of its mastery over matter and fate is being heard. To Dante the physical is fleeting, the spiritual is the real. He saw time under the forms of eternity. The seen is the stepping stone into the unseen. This is the steadily growing conviction of the world. In a time of vanishing materialism with its attending fatalism, we exult in this superb reassertion of the freedom of the will, by one whom Lowell calls "the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form." The best religious life of our day is flowing, not in channels of contemplation, but of philanthropy. Our saints linger longer over their frater-nosters than over their pater-nosters. Dante is certainly not the prophet of socialism or of humanitarianism. He was a rigid individualist, and to him the noblest form of religious activity was the absorption of the mind in pondering the deep things of God rather than unflagging endeavor. "They shall see his face" was to him a more significant description of heaven than "His servants shall serve him." In this he does not reflect our age; but in his superb assertion of the reality and supremacy of the spiritual, in his passionate desire to know, in his conception of the strenuousness of life, and the austere rigors of the moral law, he strikes a responsive cord in many hearts.

The great Florentine felt that he was a prophet with an imperative communication from God. His rare ethical insight and his extraordinary intellectual gifts were the seals of his office. He spoke in the vulgar tongue that his word might come to all. Even Isaiah, after his exalted vision in the temple, had not a more urgent sense of mission than had this rugged soul as he wandered about the world experiencing and working out "his mystic, unfathomable song." He too had had a vision. In closing the Vita Nuova he says: "It was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision; wherein I saw things that determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such a time as I could discourse more worthily of her. And to this end I labor all I can, as she well knoweth." From our knowledge of Dante we may well believe that this was more than a beholding of the ascended Beatrice whom he had loved in the flesh. It was a vision of that which she symbolized to his mind, namely, the Divine Wisdom and its dealings with the children of men. He too would justify the ways of God to men, and his whole after life was a training, —

"So that the shadow of the blessed realm
Stamped in my brain I can make manifest."
(Par. i. 23, 24. Longfellow's trans.)

Dante was one of the three preëminent poets of the world, because first of all he was a seer. "The more I think of it," says John Ruskin, "I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, — that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion, — all in one." No eye ever saw more clearly the heart of man and the grandeur of the moral law than did this thirteenth-century prophet. What he saw so vividly he could state vitally. He was a poet, because the heart of all truth has rhythm and poetry in it.

What was the message this poet-prophet sought to deliver to the world? Let us use his own words in his letter dedicating the Paradiso to his friend and protector Can Grande. "The aim of the whole and the individual parts is twofold, a nearer and a farther, but if we seek into the matter closely, we may say briefly that the aim of the whole and the individual parts is to bring those who are living in this life out of a state of misery, and to guide them to a state of happiness." How the soul of man, lost in the mazes of life and defeated by the fierceness of its own passions, can learn its peril, escape from the stain and power of sin, and enter into perfect blessedness, this is his theme. He sets it forth in three works which are distinctively religious, and in which he uses his own life as a type of the experience of the race, namely, The New Life, The Banquet, and The Divine Comedy. The last is the completest and fullest statement of what is vital in the first two.

Following his great master St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante believed that the supreme end of all right endeavor is happiness. There is a twofold happiness for man because he is a dual creature. He has a corruptible and an incorruptible nature. As a citizen of this world he attains happiness by obeying Reason and practicing the four Cardinal virtues Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude. This gives to the natural man perfect temporal felicity. For the spiritual nature the Supreme Beatitude is the Vision of God. This lies beyond the capacity of the natural reason, therefore Revelation, whose channels are the Scriptures, the teachings of the Fathers, and the decisions of Councils, makes known the mysteries of God. By practicing the Theological virtues, Faith, Hope, Love, man becomes a partaker of the divine nature and enters into eternal blessedness; partially in this world, perfectly, according to his capacity, in the Celestial Paradise. But men miss the true way. They desire happiness. Love for the objects which seem good is implanted in the soul, even as zeal in the bee for making honey, yet man tastes the inferior good and is led on toward evil. This passion for the lower pleasures is no excuse, for men should bring their desires to the reason, which winnows the good from the evil, and then by the power of the will they can restrain the baser loves. They permit the reason and the will to slumber, and thus lose the way of happiness and wander into paths of misery. A fearful vision, even of Hell and the awful consequences of sin, is needed to keep back their feet from evil. The method of relief from the thrall of iniquity and the entrance into moral and spiritual joy Dante graphically describes in the story of his own soul's experience. Midway in the journey of life he found himself lost in a dark wood; coming to the foot of a high hill he looked upward and saw its shoulders clothed with light. Then was his fear quieted and he strove to ascend the desert slope. Almost at the beginning of the steep three beasts attack him, a she-leopard, a lion, and a

she-wolf. As he was falling back before them there appeared to him one who "through long silence seemed hoarse,"— hoarse, not merely because he had been dead thirteen hundred years, but because his message of imperialism had been so long neglected. It was Virgil, who conducts him through the deeps of Hell, and up the steeps of the Mount of Purgatory, where he leaves him in the Terrestrial Paradise. Here he meets Beatrice, who leads him upward through the Celestial Paradise until he sees God and the Rose of the Redeemed.

Thus Dante would teach us that men often unconsciously go astray and awake to find themselves lost in the tangled mazes of the world. Before them rise the shining shoulders of the Delectable Mountain. This does not appear to be the mountain of salvation as is usually stated. It is a mirage of happiness, which the soul blindly, as yet unguided by Reason, tries to ascend: —

> "Of trivial good at first it (the soul) tastes the savour;
> Is cheated by it, and runs after it,
> If guide or rein turn not aside its love."
> (Purg. xvi. 91–93. Longfellow's trans.)

The leopard of incontinence, the lion of violence, the wolf of avarice cannot be overcome. The joy and glory sought in delusive pleasures and in worldly ambitions cannot be attained. Reason, sent by the Divine Grace, leads them into a better way. It shows them the nature of sin and its awful consequences. It next guides up the steep path of purification and freedom until the soul is brought back to the stainlessness enjoyed by the first pair in Eden. Reason and the practice of the moral virtues can do no more. Spiritual life in this world, and the world to come, is the gift of God, made known through Revelation. Therefore, Beatrice, the Divine Wisdom, ushers the soul into the celestial mysteries, lifting it from glory to glory until it touches the height of bliss in a rapturous vision of God.

Is Dante a safe guide? Has he pointed out the way of life? The ultimate goal which all men seek he claimed is happiness. We are accustomed to consider the pursuit of happiness misleading. Well-being, the perfection of character, is the final good; happiness is the consequence of a fully developed life, not an end to be achieved: what is the Supreme Beatitude? Dante unhesitatingly affirms that it is the Vision of God. To know God, to love him perfectly, to be like him in holiness, this is life eternal, and the statement is unassailable. How shall this perfect blessedness be attained? In answering this question modern theology differs radically from Dante both in definition and in point of view. We Protestants assert that we enter upon the way of life by an act of faith. "Faith," says Horace Bushnell, "is a transaction. It is the trusting of one's being to a being, there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed, and possessed forever." Faith is that divine energy by which the soul attaches itself in vital union to God. Because of this union, the life of God enters into the soul, regenerating it, so that man becomes a new creature. This presence of the spirit of truth leads into a perfect knowledge of the truth. "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching." "And when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth." This diviner spirit perfects love and completes character, for we are transformed by the renewing of our minds.

Thus our modern orthodox view, beginning with faith, emphasizes the redemptive grace of God, and insists that man is saved, not by what he does for himself, but by what God does for him and in him. The thought constantly coming out in our hymns and sermons is that the first step in the way of salvation is the vital union of the soul with God through faith. We measure progress by our deepening consciousness

that our lives are "hid with Christ in God," and out of this sense of intimate relationship grows all Christian joy and peace and hope.

Coming to Dante from the atmosphere of the modern pulpit, we are surprised at the utter absence of this feeling of the union of the soul with God during the process of salvation. The redeemed look continually into his face and are sensibly one with him; but the toiling spirits who climb the Mount of Purification have no sweet sense of the indwelling Christ; no "joy in the Holy Ghost;" they do not "dwell in the secret place of the Most High;" they would apparently not understand what Paul meant when he said, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." Dante is certainly no mystic. God in his view is the "Emperor of Heaven," who can be contemplated in his works, Christ is the "Light of Heaven," the Holy Spirit kindles the affection of those in Paradise. Undoubtedly he would accept all that the Scriptures teach regarding the personal relation of the soul with God. With St. Thomas Aquinas he believes that by faith, hope, and love we become "partakers of the divine nature" in this world. In the Convito he goes so far as to say "our Beatitude, that is, this happiness of which we are speaking, we may first find imperfectly in the active life, and then almost perfectly in the exercise of the intellectual virtues (contemplation), which two operations are unimpeded and most direct ways to lead us to the Supreme Beatitude, that cannot be obtained here." (Con. iv. 22. 10.)

But conscious personal union with God was not a luminous truth with him. It did not occupy the place in his thought that it does in modern teachings. A few rare spirits richly dowered with spiritual insight, who could give much time to profound meditation, might attain to a serene consciousness of the nearness and love of God; but the masses that are struggling in the purgatorial fire of life while they may be submissive to the divine will, and even sing in the flames, have no sustaining realization that their lives are "hid with Christ in God." With Dante the root virtue is obedience to Reason and Revelation. Faith is the acceptance of a body of truth, it is belief in a proposition, not trust in a personal God. By the contemplation of revealed truth love is kindled, and love is the divine energy by which the soul unites itself to God. Would a man be saved? Christ has made the atonement, God has marked out the way, and will give the needed grace; now let man work out his own salvation. It is an arduous task. It is like climbing a precipitous mountain; vicious habits must be overcome by the constant practice of the opposite virtues; bad thoughts must be driven out by good ones; evil dispositions come not out but by prayer and tears and fiery sufferings. Dante lays tremendous stress on the human side of salvation. Goodness must be won; it must be worked out and worked in by heroic effort: this is his philosophy of Purgatory. The Protestant exclaims, "Receive the grace of God into your heart, and right actions and dispositions will grow out of it." Dante would teach that goodness is a toilsome achievement. Let a man be prudent, just, courageous, temperate and he will attain blessedness in this world. If he will believe revealed truth and meditate upon it, it will make him free, and will lead him to everlasting felicity.

Yet, after all, if we except a few minor details, such as the efficacy of baptism and prayers for the dead, his way of salvation differs from what we hear in Protestant pulpits more in point of view and in definition than in reality. With us faith is trust in a person; with him it is belief in a proposition. We consider Paul the greatest of the apostles. Dante did not even meet him in Paradise. We regard revelation as prima-

rily the communication of a new life; he thought it the declaration of a new truth. We are absorbed in what God does for us; he assumes the Divine Grace and cries, "Work out your own salvation."

But while the form into which this "Lord of the song preëminent" threw his message is alien to many of our modes of thought, the substance changes not. The materials with which he wrought his monumental work are essentially the same in all ages, and what this vivid man, with his preternatural insight into the heart of things, saw, this is his enduring word to the world. Such stuff as his dream was made of is permanent, and what he saw in his raw material is the real burden of his prophecy. His subject matter, as he himself stated it, is, "Man, subjected, in so far as by the freedom of his will he deserves it, to just reward or punishment." The accountability of man, the supremacy of the moral law, and the certainty of its rewards and punishments, — these truths, profoundly conceived by a master mind, and set forth with extraordinary dramatic power, can be written on no sibyl leaves, easily blown away. They command the attention of all times. Of these eternal verities Dante is the most powerful prophet in the Christian centuries. He differs from nearly all preeminent preachers of righteousness in his starting point. He begins with man, they with God. Among the austere Hebrew prophets Dante most closely resembled Isaiah in majesty of thought and vigor of language, but the theme of the Jewish statesman was the awful holiness of Jehovah. Among modern seers Jonathan Edwards is most nearly related to our poet in subtilty of intellect, intensity of conviction, and in terrific power of imagination. The New Englander saw God, high and lifted up. Before that august vision man shriveled into nothingness. He is a worm of the dust, depraved to the core, and if he is saved, it is through no merit of his own, but through the elective mercy of the Almighty. God, his glory, his decrees, his compassion; and man, a sinner "saved by grace," this is most often the message of the conspicuous teachers of Christianity. It seems impossible to have a majestic consciousness of the greatness of God without having man appear a pitiable creature. Dante began with man rather than with God. He riveted his gaze on the sovereign power of the human will instead of on the decrees of the Omnipotent. He stood at the opposite pole of thought to Calvin and Edwards. He could never say with the celebrated French preacher, "God alone is great!" Man is great, too; he is no mere worm, plucked by a mighty hand from destruction, and changed into celestial beauty by irresistible grace. He is an imposing figure, master of his fate, fighting against principalities and powers, yet strong through divine help to climb the rugged path of purification and achieve blessedness.

Not only was Dante antipodal to many illustrious religious teachers in his starting point, but he differed radically from the great dramatists in his conception of the regal power of the will to conquer all the ills of life. Free will is the greatest of God's gifts, as Beatrice informs the poet. This potential freedom, that in every right life is continually becoming actual, makes man superior to every disaster and hostile force. Dante called his greatest work a Comedy, because it had a happy ending. There is a deep reason why it had a happy ending. It is because man can be a complete victor in life's battle. Our poet leads the spectator through fiercer miseries than does Æschylus or Shakespeare; but their immortal works are tragedies, ending in death, while his is a comedy, issuing in triumphant life. Two apparently antagonistic elements enter into our lives, — Necessity and Freedom. The supreme tragedies of literature have been built up

upon Necessity. Dante has reared his monumental poem on Freedom. Notice the fundamental conception of Shakespeare in his masterpieces. He is looking at this life only, its happiness, its titles, its successes. He declares that man but half controls his fate. Mightier powers are working upon him in whose hands he is but a plaything. The individual, foolishly dreaming that he is free, is but a shuttlecock, tossed about by other spiritual forces. Hamlet wills with all his soul to kill the king, but he cannot do it. He has a fatal weakness which he is unable to overcome. Macbeth does not wish to commit murder, he is a puppet in the grasp of a stronger, darker spirit. Othello is blindly led on to his own undoing. He enters his hell through no will of his own; a craftier will controls him. The hero of modern tragedy is under the dominion of what happens to be his chief characteristic. Given this nature of his and certain untoward events and his doom is sealed.

The leading Greek dramas are still more impressively constructed on the idea that man is but a grain of wheat between the upper and nether millstones of adverse forces. The characters appear to be free, but if one looks deeper down, he perceives that they are the representatives of vast world powers, while the tragedy is the suffering of the individual as the two malign energies crush against each other. The classic tragedy is commonly constructed on the essential antagonism between the Family and the State. The necessity of such collision is no longer apparent to us, and we have changed the names of the colossal powers that make sport of human life. For family and state we read Heredity and Environment, — task-masters as exacting and irresistible, who allow even less room for the freedom of the individual will. Each one of us had living about three hundred years ago 1016 ancestors. Their blood mingling in us determines by an inexorable law what we are. Environment completes the work heredity began, so that our characters and careers are the inevitable resultants of these two forces. In their clashing life finds its sorrow and perhaps its tragic destruction.

With any such philosophy Dante might have written out of his own bitter experiences one of the world's darkest tragedies rather than its supreme comedy. He had certainly been the sport of hostile forces. Born of knightly blood, possessed of brilliant genius, cherishing pure aims, sensitive to the sweetest affections and noblest ideals, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, an unsullied patriot, by the fickle passions of a turbulent mob he was deprived of city, home, family, position, property, and made a lonely exile, condemned to a horrible death should he return to Florence. If tragedies grow out of the losses of the individual, held in the grasp of relentless and uncontrollable forces, then Dante had in his own life the materials for as black a drama as was ever played on ancient or modern stage.

But the immortal Florentine had no such fatalistic message for the world. Stripped of those very things, the loss of which the supreme poets had held made life a disaster, he turned his thoughts inward, and in his soul won a victory over malignant fate to which he reared an imperishable monument. He planted himself firmly on the Biblical teaching of the inherent greatness of man. He believed with Christ that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and with Paul that he could lose all things and still be more than conqueror. "For the free will, which if it endure fatigue in the first battles with the heavens, afterwards, if it be well nurtured, conquers everything." (Purg. xvi. 76–78.) His is not only the first great Christian poem, but it is distinctively the Christian poem of the world in its majestic conception of man and his possibilities. Shakespeare's religious instincts were comparatively weak.

He apparently never seized the essence of the Christian ideas, nor did he look at the soul in its relationship to God. He was "world-wide," while Dante was "world-deep" and "world-high." The Englishman held the mirror up to nature, the Italian looked into the face of God, and beheld all things with the light of the eternal world upon them. Tennyson had no such triumphant evangel for sorrowing humanity. He had a message of faith and hope for an age of doubt, but he utters no such stirring notes of victory as Dante. His friend Aubrey de Vere once remarked to him that In Memoriam was analogous to the Divina Commedia. It was the history of a soul contending with a great sorrow. It began all woe, it had its Purgatorio abounding in consolation and peace, why not add a Paradiso of triumph and joy? The poet answered, "I have written what I have felt and known, and I will never write anything else." Dante's poem is an autobiography. He passed beyond "consolation and peace" to a victorious joy. From the heaven of the Fixed Stars he looked back

> "and saw this globe
> So pitiful of semblance, that perforce
> It moved my smiles: and him in truth I hold
> For wisest who esteems it least."
> (Par. xxii. 130–133. Cary's trans.)

In the insufferable Light he saw his life and knew that the Primal Love had shone through it all. We know that in thought, and believe that to a large degree in experience, he had that *visio Dei* which made him the exultant and confident prophet of man's possible victory. That every life can turn the darkest tragedy into glorious comedy, that the dread foes of man are not belligerent circumstances, but the riotous passions, — the leopard of incontinence, the lion of violence, and the wolf of avarice, — this is the ringing proclamation of this mediæval prophet. No other masterpiece in literature, excepting the Bible, gives such an impression of the actual and potential greatness of man.

Having dwelt at length upon the tremendous emphasis the prophet-poet places on the sovereignty of the human will, it now remains to consider the correlated truth which gives his message its permanent worth and its austere grandeur. Man is indeed accountable, but to what? The throne of God. The "Emperor of Heaven" rules with sleepless vigilance and with strict justice. Right and wrong are as far apart as the Pit of Hell and the Rose of the Blessed. Having such an august conception of the authority and requitals of the moral law, Dante would startle a frivolous world into a keen realization of how dreadful sin is in its nature and results. This is the purpose of the Inferno. The book is a Vision of Sin. But one cannot set forth the true nature of evil except *sub specie æternitatis*. The scene must necessarily be laid in the next world where iniquity comes to its monstrous growth. If the poet would reveal what sin is, he must describe it when it has conceived and brought forth death. He must go among the "truly dead" for prophetic as well as artistic purposes. One of the most extraordinary characteristics of Dante's genius is his ability to exhibit the inner nature of evil in form and color. With singular penetration he detects the distinctive quality of each particular sin, and then portrays it in action fitted to its character. For example, the delights of carnal and illicit love seem enticing. Dante shows that at heart they are a devastating storm that never rests. The sleek sin of gluttony, so easily yielded to, so satisfying and deadening, in its gruesome nakedness is beastly filth, and is punished in a stenchful region where rain, eternal, cold, accursed, heavy, pours down through the tenebrous air while Cerberus, a personified stomach, tears and flays the spirits that howl like dogs.

What did this grim pilgrim find out

sin to be when in dolorous journey he went to its very depths?

He learned that sin is hopeless. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," is the dread motto set over the world of sighs. It is significant that no guard is there to keep the lost souls from escape. The Greek tradition placed the monster Cerberus at the gate, but sin leads downward to deeper death, and the soul once given over to evil does not seek to regain the light.

Sin is grotesque. Sin as it appears in the Paradise Lost is splendid rebellion. Mephistopheles is an elegant gentleman, but Dante's Lucifer is hideous and loathsome to the last degree. No one can read the Inferno and bear away the impression that wrong-doing contains any element of beauty or profit. Everywhere it is shown as ludicrous, foolish, detestable, ending not in fiery agony whose endurance lends to the sinner a touch of heroism, but in foulness and sterility. The lake of bloody ice, and not the lake of fire, is its true symbol.

Sin is selfishness, for the shades on the marge of Acheron blame everybody but themselves for their fate. It is thus a denial of true self-hood, being a repudiation of responsibility and a surrender of freedom.

Sin does not lead to spiritual annihilation. Sins of the flesh may brutalize, and sins of the spirit may demonize, but they do not destroy the power of the will. The fierce Capaneus, stretched naked on the blistering sand with flakes of fire falling like snow upon him, scornfully challenging Jove to weary Vulcan in forging thunderbolts, has suffered no abatement of the strength of his haughty will through sin.

But what is the punishment of sin? It is to be given over to itself. Sin is hell, and hell is the death which sin, when it has conceived, bringeth forth. Hell is to let one's sin have complete dominion over him. The punishment of wrath is to be the slave of wrath. The judgment of the flatterer is to wallow in the sewer-filth of his own lying words. Moreover, the requital of sin is inevitable. There is no escape. The doer and the deed are forever bound up together. The penalties of evil abide in it. Hell is not something happening *to* a man, it takes place *in* him, therefore it cannot be cheated or avoided. Souls are given their own character and conduct as a world to live in. "Wherewithal a man sinneth, with the same also shall he be punished."

The Inferno is a Vision of Sin in its essential nature. The Purgatorio is a masterly setting forth of the effect of sin on the soul. Pride is an enormous burden, envy is blinding, wrath a stifling smoke. From this defilement the spirit must and can be purged. This is not the work of a moment. Statius was twelve hundred years in Purgatory. The process may involve pain so hot that to cool one's self one would fain leap into boiling glass. But whatever the cost the soul must be cleansed. How is the stain of sin washed away? In redemption the divine and human must both put forth effort. God provides for the forgiveness of sins in the atonement wrought on Calvary, and makes a way of escape up the Mount of Purification; man's part is to climb the steep path and yield submissively to the purifying process.

The first step is for the soul to get out of the hopelessness of hell into a new environment, into a land of light and music and hope. The next essential is that the soul yield itself to the purging. To keep the spirit in a docile mood the prayers of those upon earth are efficacious. As Dr. Edward Moore has clearly shown in his recently published Studies in Dante, prayers for the souls in Purgatory do not directly abridge the sufferings, but, like all intercessory petitions, they lay hold of God's grace to influence the sufferer to be receptive of the divine dispensations, so

that the remedial pains may be more speedily effective. Dante also recognizes the healing power of art, of music, and of light. But given the contented mind that can even sing in the midst of the fire, and all these redemptive forces, the poet teaches with insistent iteration that it is only by strenuous effort that liberty is attained. Evil dispositions must be eradicated. The soul is not saved unless it keeps thinking. Good thoughts drive out the bad. Constant contemplation of virtue creates love for it, and hate for the opposite sin. The new thought and the new love are converted into character by continual practice. Purgatory, banished from Protestant theology, has come back into modern thought through the gates of literature, and the favorite theme of our most powerful novels is to show how the soul comes to purity by staggering under heavy burdens, and by passing through the fierce fires of suffering. Dante's message of what the stain of sin is upon the soul, and of how it is to be removed, is true to our best thought and experience. It is susceptible, however, to this criticism. It is too individualistic. He does not make the soul save its life by losing it. His Purgatory is too much like a gymnasium where activity is mere drill. In the Purgatory of life we cleanse the soul by loving service to others, not by conscious self-redemption.

The noble message which comes jubilantly down through all time in the Paradiso is that Reason cannot search out the deep things of God; but Revelation, received by faith, will lead the trusting spirit into the heights of celestial felicity. Here the rapt soul learns that God is indeed in the universe, and in the individual, and that every individual is in every other, and all are in God. This is the final vision of truth, and beyond this there is none other. All longing ceases, and the spirit attains perfect bliss when it joins its look unto the Infinite Goodness. There it learns that whatever is dispersed through the universe is included in the Eternal Light, bound with love in one volume. "In that Light one becomes such that it is impossible he should consent to turn himself from it to any other sight; because the Good which is the object of the will is all collected in it, and outside of it that is defective which is perfect there." When the heart is so pure that it can see God as he is, when the mind is so instructed that it perceives all truth in him, when the desires and will are turned by the Primal "Love which moves the sun and other stars," then the Ultimate Beatitude is reached.

"No uninspired hand," says Cardinal Manning, "has ever written thoughts so high in words so resplendent as the last stanza of the Divina Commedia. It was said of St. Thomas, 'Post summam Thomæ nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ!' It may be said of Dante, 'Post Dantis Paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei.'"

Charles A. Dinsmore.

THE MUNICIPAL VOTERS' LEAGUE OF CHICAGO.

MUNICIPAL reform has been so long a topic of languid discussion and so little an object of practical work among us, efforts to accomplish it have been so spasmodic and their results so transient, that it is too early to predict whether the present general movement to this end will prove persistent. There are, however, indications of popular interest that give promise of ultimate success.

The need of the hour is to make municipal government representative. It

is now dominated by special interests. It must be made representative of the people. To the extent that we have abandoned the legislature to private interests, and fallen back on the executive and the courts, we have armed special privilege with affirmative authority, and left public interests to be defended by officials exercising powers which are mainly negative. Thus, in lieu of simple and responsible municipal government exercising adequate affirmative powers, we have a hotchpotch of warring officials and boards.

Honesty and capacity are the essential qualifications for public service. A city government manned by officials having these qualifications will be both representative and efficient. How certainly to secure such public officials is the problem of municipal reform. It is prerequisite to the discussion of policies and measures. The aim must be to make municipal government sound to the core. All else will follow.

Some account of the work led by the Municipal Voters' League, and now going on in Chicago, may serve as a contribution to the movement to recover representative government. While the methods of the League may not prove to be generally or permanently applicable, their success thus far is full of promise.

The city government of Chicago touched bottom in 1895, when fifty-eight of its sixty-eight aldermen were organized into a "gang" for the service and blackmail of public service corporations. Within that year six great franchises of enormous value were shamelessly granted away, in utter disregard of general protest and the vetoes of the mayor. Most of the members of the council were without personal standing or character. The others were practically without voice or influence. The people scarcely realized that the council contained an element representative of public interests. The agitation led by the Civic Federation, the Civil Service Reform Association, and other reform organizations had, however, borne fruit. A wide interest in local administration had been aroused, and a desire for better things was already general. The task seemed all but impossible. Those looked to for leadership despaired of success. The city was in the grasp of strongly intrenched special interests. Certain public service corporations owned the council, and profited by undue influence with other agencies of the city government. Enormous private interests were at stake, and the city seemed to be at their mercy. The political organizations were of the usual character. Their relations with the corporations were not unfriendly. The city carried on its registration lists over three hundred and fifty thousand voters. About three fourths of these were of foreign birth or parentage, and many understood the English language but imperfectly, if at all. Nearly all who composed this vast aggregation of seemingly diverse elements were bent upon their private pursuits. Could they be united to rescue the city from the spoilsmen? Few so believed.

Such was the situation when, in January, 1896, at the call of the Civic Federation, about two hundred men, representing various clubs and reform organizations, met to consider what might be done. The year 1895 had brought the new civil service law, the most thorough yet enacted. This had cleared the way for a wide coöperation of good citizens, regardless of national politics. In the conference it was assumed that something must be done. No one was prepared to say what should be attempted. A sharp discussion arose on an individual proposition to form a "municipal party." The matter was finally referred to a committee of fifteen representative men. They subsequently reported in favor of the organization of a "Municipal Voters' League," to be composed of a hundred men, and have power to act.

The principal objects announced were to secure the election of "aggressively honest men" to the council, and to sustain the civil service law. As the conference could not agree upon a "municipal party," it chose the indefinite term "League." Thus the movement was left free to show by its works whether it was to be a party or something less.

The committee of one hundred met but twice: once to appoint a small executive committee, and again, after the first campaign, to hear its report. It then disbanded, giving the executive committee power to perpetuate itself. After the first campaign the League assumed its present simple form of organization. The executive committee is composed of nine members. The terms of one third of these expire each year. Their successors are elected by those holding over. The committee selects the officers from its own membership. Their duties as officers are administrative, no final action being taken without the vote of the committee. Advisory committees of from one to five members are appointed in the wards. Their duties are to furnish information and advice; especially when called for, and on occasion as directed to start movements for the nomination of independent candidates. Finance and other special committees are also appointed, some of whose members are usually drawn from outside the executive committee. No person, committee, or organization in the wards has authority to use the name of the League or in any way to commit it for or against any candidate. This makes its action definite and authoritative.

The general membership of the League is composed of voters, who sign cards expressing approval of its purposes and methods. No general meetings of the members are held; but circular letters advising those in a given ward of the local situation are frequently mailed during aldermanic campaigns to secure a wide coöperation. At the opening of its second campaign the League mailed a pamphlet to every registered voter in the city, giving the history for some years of franchise legislation by the council, with a full report on the records of retiring members. Since its work has become thoroughly known, the general publication by the newspapers of the reports and recommendations of the League is very effective. Its facts and conclusions are usually accepted by the press, and no substantial newspaper support can be had for candidates whom it opposes.

The League makes no attempt to keep up the usual pretense of direct representation of its general membership. No claim is made that the action of the executive committee represents any save those who approve it. The facts upon which such action is based are always given. The appeal is directly to the individual voter, by means of specific recommendations supported by the salient facts. In due time before nominations are made a full report of the official records of retiring members of the council is published, with specific judgments as to their respective fitness for defeat or reëlection. On the eve of the election a like report on all candidates is published for the information of the voters. It is assumed that the main issue is upon character and capacity. The voters are advised, however, whether a given candidate stands on the "League platform," which is a pledge to exact full compensation for franchises, support the civil service law, and unite with others to secure a non-partisan organization of the council.

The League is entirely non-partisan. The members of its executive committee want nothing for themselves. It strives only for the council. This one thing it does. It makes no fight, as yet, on "the machine" as such. Its fundamental purpose is to inform the voters of the facts about all candidates. There is nothing that the city statesman of the ordinary spoils variety so dislikes as a campaign in which the issue is upon the facts of

his own record. He abhors such an issue as nature abhors a vacuum. He prefers a campaign conducted on broad national issues. He regards discussions of the tariff and the currency as of much greater educational value than the facts of his own modest career. In this he is much mistaken. The League has demonstrated that there is nothing of such interest to the voters, on the eve of a municipal election, as an authoritative statement of these suggestive facts.

The headquarters of the League is the clearing house of the aldermanic campaign. It is thronged with candidates, party representatives, and citizens. They come with facts for the executive committee, or to advise and consult it. The president and secretary and their assistants patiently hear all. More and more they are consulted in advance about nominations. Party managers in many wards in which the League's support has become vital to success submit names of candidates in advance. It often happens that several are rejected before one is suggested who bears the close scrutiny of the League. The confidences of these conferences with party managers are faithfully kept. No claim is ever publicly made that a given nomination has been forced by the committee. The party managers are given full credit for all worthy nominations. The League rarely suggests a candidate in the first instance. It is thus able to deal fairly with all. It often participates directly in the campaign in close wards after the candidates are named.

Such in brief are the methods of the Municipal Voters' League. What are the results? It has now conducted five campaigns, in each of which the election of one half the membership of the council of the city of Chicago was involved. In its first campaign, twenty out of thirty-four wards returned candidates having its indorsement, two of these being independents. Five others, to whom it gave its qualified indorsement as the choice of evils, were chosen. Each of these last proved unfaithful to public interests. Five others betrayed their pledges. At the expiration of their term, two years later, the League recommended nineteen retiring members for defeat, and fifteen for reëlection. Of the first group, but five secured renominations, and but two reëlections. Of the second group, three declined renominations in advance; the twelve others were all renominated, and eleven of them reëlected. In the same campaign, twenty-five former members of bad record sought to return to the council. The League objected to their nomination, giving their records. Only six were nominated, and three elected. In the campaign of the spring of 1899, the Democratic candidate for mayor carried seventeen wards from which Republican candidates for the council having the support of the League were returned. All but two of the retiring members condemned by the League were defeated for reëlection.

The net result of the five campaigns must suffice, in lieu of further details of the several contests. Of the fifty-eight "gang" members of 1895 but four are now in the council. The "honest minority" of ten of 1895 became a two-thirds majority in 1899. The quality of the membership has steadily improved. Each year it is found easier to secure good candidates. To-day the council contains many men of character and force. A considerable number of prominent citizens have become members. The council is organized on a non-partisan basis, the good men of both parties being in charge of all the committees. It is steadily becoming more efficient. No general "boodle ordinance" has passed over the mayor's veto since the first election in which the League participated. Public despair has given place to general confidence in the early redemption of the council. It is no longer a good investment for public service corporations to

expend large sums to secure the reëlection of notorious boodlers. It is no longer profitable to pay large amounts to secure membership in a body in which "aldermanic business" has ceased to be good. It is now an honor to be a member of the Chicago council. Any capable member may easily acquire an honorable city reputation in a single term of service.

This change has been wrought in the face of the most powerful opposing influences. The licenses or franchises of the principal street railways of Chicago are soon to expire. For three years, from 1896, the companies sought renewals on terms without regard to the rights of the city. By grossly improper means the so-called Allen bill was secured from the legislature in 1897, permitting extensions of street railway franchises for fifty instead of twenty years, as before. From the passage of this bill certain of the street railway companies brought every possible influence to bear on the members of the Chicago council to secure fifty-year extensions without compensation to the city. It is believed that members of the rank and file could have taken fifty thousand dollars each for their votes. But the council stood firm. A clear majority refused all improper advances. The attempt ended in utter failure. It was finally, late in 1898, abandoned.

The enactment of the Allen bill in 1897 led to a demonstration of the irresistible power of a persistent public opinion. Within two years the succeeding legislature, with but one dissenting vote, repealed the act, and restored the law which it supplanted. The time had come when even vast private interests might not with impunity purchase legislation in Illinois. The deep disgrace to the state in the passage of the Allen bill was not forgotten by the people. The Municipal Voters' League, on the eve of the legislative campaign of 1898, caused to be published throughout the state, for their information, the detailed records of all members of the legislature on the passage of the Allen bill. The plain facts rendered unavailable for renomination most of those who had betrayed the people by its support. Fully eighty-two per cent of its supporters failed of reëlection. A vicious minority scheme of representation alone saved most of the others from political death.

The defeat of street railway legislation in Chicago under the Allen bill, the failure throughout the state of its supporters for reëlection, and the restoration by practically unanimous vote of the legislature of the law which it had supplanted, constitute the most notable triumph of public opinion of recent years. The end is not yet; but not soon again will public service corporations openly purchase legislation in Illinois.

The few busy men whose privilege it has been to direct the work of the Municipal Voters' League know full well that only a beginning has been made, that merely the edge of a great problem has been touched. They make no claims for themselves. It has only been their fortune to lead for a little while, in a single city, a growing movement of the people to recover representative government. To the united support of the reputable press, and the splendid coöperation of good citizens of all parties and elements of a mixed population, are due the results attained. Disinterested leadership was alone wanting. This the League has furnished. It has wasted no energy in merely making wheels go round. Its appeal has been directly to the people. It has entered no *ex cathedra* judgments. It has simply relied upon making the facts known. Aside from pledges of support of the civil service law, for a non-partisan organization of the council, and to exact adequate compensation for all municipal grants, it has exacted no pledges from candidates supported. The League has placed the emphasis on character and capacity.

It maintains that a council composed of men having these qualities will faithfully represent the people, treat justly all private interests, and dispose of every question on its merits.

A vision of representative government regained in the city, as the basis for its recovery in the state and nation, already appears. To realize it, we must renew our faith. Self-government is fundamental; good government is incidental.

Edwin Burritt Smith.

REALISM ON THE GHETTO STAGE.

The distinctive thing about the intellectual and artistic life of the Russian Jews of the New York Ghetto is the spirit of realism. Among them are men of learning and talent and of consuming energy. The Ghetto is full of socialists and men of expressive mood who in Russia were persecuted for their race, or at least hampered in the free expression of their opinions. Their energy is now let loose in this city, where there are six Yiddish newspapers and several reviews devoted to the discussion of intellectual and political questions. At the cafés on Grand and Canal streets there gather a band of socialists, poets, journalists, actors, and playwrights, — a Yiddish Bohemia, poor and picturesque.

The intellectual impulse of the Ghetto, no matter what its manifestation, is the spirit animating modern Russian literature, the spirit of Turgeniev and of Tolstoi, a spirit at once of realism in art and of revolt in political opinion.

This serious representation and criticism of life pervading the intellectual circles of the Ghetto is noticeable even on the popular stage. The most interesting plays are those in which the realistic spirit predominates, and the best among the actors and playwrights are the realists. The realistic element, too, is the latest one in the history of the Yiddish stage. The Jewish theatres in other parts of the world, which compared with the three in New York are unorganized, present only anachronistic and fantastic historical and Biblical plays, or comic opera with vaudeville specialties attached. These things, to be sure, are given in the Yiddish theatres on the Bowery too, but there are also plays which in part at least portray the customs and problems of the Ghetto community, and are of comparatively recent origin.

There are two men connected with the Ghetto stage who particularly express the distinctive realism of the intellectual east side, — Jacob Adler, one of the two best actors, and Jacob Gordin, the playwright. Adler, a man of great energy, tried for many years to make a theatre which should give only what he called good plays succeed on the Bowery. Gordin's plays, with a few exceptions, were the only dramas on contemporary life which Adler thought worthy of presentation. The attempt to give exclusively realistic art, which is the only art on the Bowery, failed. There, in spite of the widespread feeling for realism, the mass of the people desire to be amused and are bored by anything with the form of art. So now Adler is connected with the People's Theatre, which gives all sorts of shows, from Gordin's plays to ludicrous history, frivolous comic opera, and conventional melodrama. But Adler acts for the most part only in the better sort. He is an actor of unusual power and vividness. Indeed in his case, as in that of some other Bowery actors, it is only the

Yiddish dialect which stands between him and the distinction of a wide reputation.

In almost every play given on the Bowery all the elements are represented. Vaudeville, history, realism, comic opera, are generally mixed together. Even in the plays of Gordin there are clownish and operatic intrusions, inserted as a conscious condition of success. On the other hand, even in the distinctively formless plays, in comic opera and melodrama, there are striking illustrations of the popular feeling for realism, — bits of dialogue, happy strokes of characterization of well-known Ghetto types, sordid scenes faithful to the life of the people.

It is the acting which gives even to the plays having no intrinsic relation to reality a frequent quality of naturalness. The Yiddish players, even the poorer among them, act with remarkable sincerity. Entirely lacking in self-consciousness, they attain almost from the outset to a direct and forcible expressiveness. They, like the audience, rejoice in what they deem the truth. In the general lack of really good plays they yet succeed in introducing the note of realism. To be true to nature is their strongest passion, and even in a conventional melodrama their sincerity, or their characterization in the comic episodes, often redeems the play from utter barrenness.

And the little touches of truth to the life of the people are thoroughly appreciated by the audience, much more generally so than in the case of the better plays to be described later, where there is a more or less strict form and intellectual intention, difficult for the untutored crowd to understand. In the "easy" plays, it is the realistic touches which tell most. The audience laughs at the exact reproduction by the actor of a tattered type which they know well. A scene of perfect sordidness will arouse the sympathetic laughter or tears of the people. "It is so natural," they say to one another, "so true." The word "natural" indeed is the favorite term of praise in the Ghetto. What hits home to them, to their sense of humor or of sad fact, is sure to move, although sometimes in a manner surprising to a visitor. To what seems to him very sordid and sad they will frequently respond with laughter.

One of the most beloved actors in the Ghetto is Zelig Mogalesco, a comedian of natural talent and of the most felicitous instinct for characterization. Unlike the strenuous Adler, he has no ideas about realism or anything else. He acts in any kind of play, and could not tell the difference between truth and burlesque caricature. And yet he is remarkable for his naturalness, and popular because of it. Adler with his ideas is sometimes too serious for the people, but Mogalesco's naïve fidelity to reality always meets with the sympathy of a simple audience loving the homely and unpretentious truth. About Adler, strong actor that he is, there is something of the doctrinaire, and also about the talented Gordin.

But although the best actors of the three Yiddish theatres in the Ghetto are realists by instinct and training, the thoroughly frivolous element in the plays has its prominent interpreters. Joseph Latteiner is the most popular playwright in the Bowery, and Boris Thomashevsky perhaps the most popular actor. Latteiner has written over a hundred plays, no one of which has form or ideas. He calls them *Volksstücke* (plays of the people), and naïvely admits that he writes directly to the demand. They are mainly mixed melodrama, broad burlesque, and comic opera. His heroes are all intended for Boris Thomashevsky, a young man, fat, with curling black hair, languorous eyes, and a rather effeminate voice, who is thought very beautiful by the girls of the Ghetto. Thomashevsky has a face with no mimic capacity, and a temperament absolutely impervious to mood or feeling. But he picturesquely stands in the middle of the stage and declaims phlegmatically the rôle of

the hero, and satisfies the "romantic" demand of the audience. Nothing could show more clearly how much more genuine the feeling of the Ghetto is for fidelity to life than for romantic fancy. How small a part of the grace and charm of life the Yiddish audiences enjoy may be judged by the fact that the romantic appeal of a Thomashevsky is eminently satisfying to them. Girls and men from the sweatshops, a large part of such an audience, are moved by a very crude attempt at beauty. On the other hand they are so familiar with sordid fact, that the theatrical representation of it must be relatively excellent. Therefore the art of the Ghetto, theatrical and other, is deeply and painfully realistic.

When we turn to Jacob Gordin's plays, to other plays of similar character and to the audiences to which they specifically appeal, we have realism worked out consciously in art, the desire to express life as it is, and at the same time the frequent expression of revolt against the reality of things, and particularly against the actual system of society. Consequently the "problem" play has its representation in the Ghetto. It presents the hideous conditions of life in the Ghetto, — the poverty, the sordid constant reference to money, the immediate sensuality, the jocular callousness, — and underlying the mere statement of the facts an intellectual and passionate revolt.

The thinking element of the Ghetto is largely socialistic, and the socialists flock to the theatre the nights when the Gordin type of play is produced. They discuss the meaning and justice of the play between the acts, and after the performance repair to the Canal Street cafés to continue their serious discourse. The unthinking nihilists are also represented, but not so frequently at the best plays as at productions in which are found crude and screaming condemnation of existing conditions. It is the custom for various lodges and societies to buy out the theatre for some particular night, and have a fitting play presented as a benefit performance. The anarchistic propaganda, one night last winter, hired the Windsor Theatre for the establishment of a fund to start the Freie Arbeiter Stimme, an anarchistic newspaper. The Beggar of Odessa was the play selected, — an adaptation of The Ragpicker of Paris, a play by Felix Piot, the anarchistic agitator of the French Commune in 1871. The features of the play particularly interesting to the audience were those emphasizing the clashing of social classes. The old ragpicker, played by Jacob Adler, a model man, clever, brilliant, and good, is a philosopher too, and says many things warmly welcomed by the audience. As he picks up his rags he sings about how even the clothing of the great comes but to dust. His adopted daughter is poor, and consequently noble and sweet. The villains are all rich; all the very poor characters are good. Another play recently produced, Vögele, is partly a satire of the rich Jew by the poor Jew. "The rich Jews," sang the comedian, "toil not, neither do they spin. They work not, they suffer not, — why then do they live on this earth?" This unthinking revolt is the opposite pole to the unthinking vaudeville and melodrama represented by Latteiner and Thomashevsky. In many of the plays referred to roughly as the Gordin-Adler type, — although they were not all written by Gordin nor played by Adler, — we find a realism more true in feeling and cast in stronger dramatic form. In some of these plays there is no problem element; in few is that element so prominent as essentially to interfere with the character of the play as a presentation of life.

One of the plays most characteristic, as at once presenting the life of the Ghetto and suggesting its problems, is Minna, or the Yiddish Nora. Although the general idea of Ibsen's Doll's House

is taken, the atmosphere and life are original. The first scene represents the house of a poor Jewish laborer on the east side. His wife and daughter are dressing to go to see A Doll's House with the boarder, — a young man whom they have been forced to take into the house because of their poverty. He is full of ideas and philosophy, and the two women fall in love with him, and give him all the good things to eat. When the laborer returns from his hard day's work, he finds that there is nothing to eat, and that his wife and daughter are going to the play with the boarder. The women despise the poor man, who is fit only to work, eat, and sleep. The wife philosophizes on the atrocity of marrying a man without intellectual interests, and finally drinks carbolic acid. This Ibsen idea is set in a picture rich with realistic detail, — the dialect, the poverty, the types of character, the humor of Yiddish New York. Jacob Adler plays the husband, and displays a vivid imagination for details calculated to bring out the man's beseeching bestiality, — his filthy manners, his physical ailments, his greed, the quickness of his anger and of resulting pacification. Like most of the realistic plays of the Ghetto, Minna is a genuine play of manners. It has a general idea, and presents also the setting and characters of reality.

The Slaughter, written by Gordin, and the main masculine character taken by David Kessler, an actor of occasionally great realistic strength, is the story of the symbolic murder of a fragile young girl by her parents, who force her to marry a rich man who has all the vices and whom she hates. The picture of the poor house, the old mother and father, the half-witted stepson with whom the girl is unconsciously in love, is typical in its faithfulness of scenes in many of these plays. It is rich in character and *milieu* drawing. There is another scene of miserable life in the second act. She is married and living with the rich brute. In the same house is his mistress, curt and cold, and two children by a former wife. The old parents come to see her; she meets them with the joy of starved affection. But the husband enters and changes the scene to one of hate and violence. The old mother tells him, however, of the heir that is to come. Then there is a superb scene of naïve joy in the midst of all the sordid gloom. The rapturous delight of the old people, the turbulent triumph of the husband, the satisfaction of the young wife, — they make a holiday of it. Wine is brought. They all love one another for the time. The scene is representative of the way the poor Jews welcome their offspring. But indescribable violence and abuse follow, and the wife finally kills her husband, in a scene where realism riots into burlesque, as it frequently does on the Yiddish stage.

But for absolute, intense realism Gordin's Wild Man, unrelieved by a problem idea, is unrivaled. An idiot boy falls in love with his stepmother without knowing what love is. He is abused by his father and brother, beaten on account of his ineptitudes. His sister and another brother take his side, and the two camps revile each other in unmistakable language. The father marries again, a heartless, faithless woman, and she and the daughter quarrel. After repeated scenes of brutality to the idiot, the daughter is driven out to make her own living. Adler's portraiture of the idiot is a great bit of technical acting. The poor fellow is filled with the mysterious wonderings of an incapable mind. His shadow terrifies and interests him. He philosophizes about life and death. He is puzzled and worried by everything; the slightest sound preys on him. Physically alert, his senses serve only to trouble and terrify the mind which cannot interpret what they present. The burlesque which Mr. Adler puts into the part was inserted to please the crowd, but increases the horror of it, as when

Lear went mad; for the Elizabethan audiences laughed, and had their souls wrung at the same time. The idiot ludicrously describes his growing love. In pantomime he tells a long story. It is evident, even without words, that he is constructing a complicated symbolism to express what he does not know. He falls into epilepsy and joins stiffly in the riotous dance. The play ends so fearfully that it shades into mere burlesque.

This horrible element in so many of these plays marks the point where realism passes into fantastic sensationalism. The facts of life in the Ghetto are in themselves unpleasant, and consequently it is natural that a dramatic exaggeration of them results in something poignantly disagreeable. The intense seriousness of the Russian Jew, which accounts for what is excellent in these plays, explains also the rasping falseness of the extreme situations.

Some of the more striking of the realistic plays on the Ghetto stage have been partly described, but realism in the details of character and setting appears in all of them, even in comic opera and melodrama. In many the element of revolt, if not a conscious idea, is expressed in occasional dialogues. Burlesque runs through them all, but burlesque, after all, is a comment on the facts of life. And all these points are emphasized and driven home by sincere and forcible acting.

Crude in form as these plays are, and unpleasant as they often are in subject and in the life portrayed, they are yet refreshing to persons who have been bored by the empty farce and inane cheerfulness of the uptown theatres.

Hutchins Hapgood.

BERNARD QUARITCH.

Bernard Quaritch, who died in London in December last, was widely known as the great bookseller of his day; but comparatively few know the remarkable qualities and the intelligent and unremitting labor without which he never could have attained this high position. Mr. Quaritch was a rare union of the merchant, the scholar, and the bibliophilist, with the added and indescribable literary quality which made him the delight of all who knew him. He was not a man of "blandishments;" on the contrary, his demeanor was rather forbidding to strangers. He was impatient of differences of opinion, especially on matters connected with books; he was frank, sometimes unpleasantly so, in the expression of his views, and the openness of his egotism was amusing to some, and the reverse to others.

My acquaintance with Mr. Quaritch began twenty years since at his shop, 15 Piccadilly, where I looked about, unquestioned, for some time, and finally seeing a book I wanted, asked the price of it from an elderly man who seemed connected with the establishment. It was so much higher than I expected that I made some remark indicating my opinion, whereupon I was told that the price was low, and that I shared with many of my countrymen their objection to paying a fair amount for a good book. Somewhat nettled by this charge I said, "You must be Mr. Quaritch, for my friend Judge ——, of Portland, told me you combined great knowledge of books with great rudeness." The mention of the name of Judge —— appeased Mr. Quaritch at once. He intimated that though he did not admire Americans collectively, he had the highest opinion of many individuals among them, and

wound up by showing me a lot of his treasures, asking me to come again, which I did often during a stay of two months in London, laying the foundations of a friendship to which Mr. Quaritch contributed, up to his death, unnumbered kindnesses.

In 1880 Mr. Quaritch printed privately a pamphlet called Bernard Quaritch's Letter to General Starring, Special Agent of the U. S. Treasury in London. The object of this letter was to set himself right with General Starring regarding a charge which had been made or inspired by a bookseller in New York, that he had made fraudulent entries at the New York Custom House of certain books which were dutiable by reason of their having been printed inside of twenty years. The pamphlet is thoroughly in keeping with Mr. Quaritch's manly, straightforward nature, and a chapter of it is entitled History of my Life as a Bookseller and Publisher. He came to London from Prussia, his native country, in 1842, when twenty-three years of age, having had an apprenticeship of five years in the bookselling and publishing business in Nordhausen and Berlin. In London he found employment with Mr. Bohn, the well-known publisher and bookseller, with whom he remained four years, an intervening year being passed with a bookseller in Paris. In his earlier days with Mr. Bohn, when employed as general utility man and porter at 24*s.* a week, his confidence in the future was so great that he once said to his employer, "Oh, Mr. Bohn, you are the first bookseller in England, but I mean to become the first bookseller in Europe."

In 1847 Mr. Quaritch started in business for himself, settling at 16 Castle Street, Leicester Square, with a capital of £10. He says: "My exceptional industry, coupled with exceptional business aptitude, not to mention the enjoyment of an iron constitution (nowise impaired by an abstemious and frugal private life devoted to study), produced corresponding but unexpected results. My progress was marvelous, and surprised everybody. I worked day and night, and soon developed from a stallkeeper, selling penny books, into one of the leading second-hand booksellers of London." It will be seen from this paragraph that Mr. Quaritch did not hesitate to mention his own virtues, but it is none the less true that he never claimed any which he could not justly claim. Thirteen years of hard work in Castle Street enabled him to remove in 1860 to 15 Piccadilly, where the rest of his laborious and useful life was spent. The first opusculum of The Sette of Odd Volumes, an association of which I shall speak later, was printed in 1880, with the title, B. Q. A Biographical and Bibliographical Fragment. From this sketch came much of my information about Mr. Quaritch's career as a bookseller and book lover. From the time he began business for himself he made a specialty of collecting linguistic and philological works, Oriental and European. He published Turkish, Arabic, and Persian grammars and dictionaries, formed great collections of Oriental manuscripts, and indeed up to his last days did not abate his interest in Oriental literature and publication. His knowledge of books, especially those of the scarcer and older classes (for these had his choicest affections), was simply amazing, and the result of natural ability, a memory which appeared absolutely perfect, great love of the work, and an appetite for it which made everything else in life secondary. Holidays with him were opportunities afforded for catching up on work a little behindhand, were generally, I think, if not always, thus employed by him, and his attitude toward idlers — as he considered all who were not constantly employed — was that of more or less open disapproval. He once wrote of a near relative: "—— is just now traveling for the benefit of my health (*he* is very well) in Ireland. I am as usual at my post." In spite of his

incessant labors at his desk in the back and dimly lighted part of his shop, where his shining bald head could be discovered from near the outer door, he was always ready to drop his work for a time to converse, on book topics, with any one he knew and thought worthy. A friend from this country once walked into 15 Piccadilly, having just come from the shop of Jamrach, the famous animal dealer, where he had been looking at the hippopotami, boa constrictors, and other wonders of nature. "Where have you been this morning?" said Mr. Quaritch. "At Jamrach's, looking at his curiosities," was the reply. "Who in the world is Jamrach?" "Curiously enough, that is just what he said about you when I told him I was coming here." Another once telling him how fortunate he had been in leaving Germany and starting his career in England was answered in perfect seriousness, "Well, if I had stayed in Prussia I might have been a von Moltke."

The great monument left by Mr. Quaritch is in his wonderful catalogues, the first complete indexed one having been issued in 1860, and including about 7000 entries. This was followed by a larger one in 1862, and in 1868 one of 15,000 titles. In 1870 another of 1194 pages appeared, the last section of which was entitled Catalogue of Manuscripts, both Blocks and Productions of the Printing Press. This contained sixteen Greek manuscripts, a manuscript Evangelisterium executed in 1040, a manuscript German Bible with a large *engraved* initial 1445, two Caxton's Gutenberg's Catholicon, and three copies of Eliot's Indian Bible. The Bibliotheca, Xylographica Typographica and Palæographica came three years later, and is a work of great and increasing value, wherein about 1300 examples from the early presses of various countries are accurately described in chronological sequence from actual inspection. In the preface to another great catalogue in 1874, Mr. Quaritch says: "No such catalogue of valuable books and manuscripts has ever been issued, and it is unlikely that it can ever be done again, owing to the increasing rarity of good old books, and the fact that, financially considered, the capital to acquire it realizes less than the percentage of profit readily secured by ordinary investment. Whether, further, any bookseller will be blessed with such uniform good health, such universality of range in all branches of literature, and, I may add, such a devotion to his trade, time alone will tell. Anyhow, this catalogue has been the greatest effort in my career as a bookseller. . . . I trust that my house will remain, as it has been, useful to scholars and collectors from all countries. I will cheerfully devote the remainder of my life to gratify their wishes."

Mr. Quaritch meant every word he said in the above quotation. He knew he was the greatest living bookseller, and mentioned the fact as something patent and irrefutable. He was also perfectly sincere in stating his willingness to devote his life to gratifying the wishes of scholars and collectors, and he did it. He would take as much trouble in searching out some obscure, cheap book for which he might get 10*s.* as for one worth £100, and his customers could rely on his most unselfish efforts in either case. In 1880 Mr. Quaritch produced his greatest catalogue, which contains the descriptions of over 28,000 books, in 2395 pages. This enormous work, by reason of the rarity and extraordinary value of the books and manuscripts it describes, and its copious index, is a veritable monument of bibliography, bibliophily, and typography, which will be regarded with wonder and veneration so long as the love and use of books exist. Mr. Quaritch, in the interesting preface to the catalogue, says: "People who are ignorant of the real value of books, and who probably confound expensive articles with dear ones, exclaim

against the heavy prices to be found in my catalogues. It is as though they were incapable of seeing that the choicest copies of the best editions must necessarily command a far higher appraisement than ordinary copies of other issues. . . . In fact, a first copy of any edition of a book is, and ought to be, more than twice as costly as any other."

These catalogues and the numerous subsequent ones issued by Mr. Quaritch have the greatest value for collectors and book lovers, not only by reason of the enormous quantity of rare and valuable books mentioned, but for the full and exact bibliographical notes they contain, a large proportion of which are the original work of Mr. Quaritch, and the assistants whom he had educated and trained and inspired with his own love and appreciation of letters. Many of these catalogues — I think all those Mr. Quaritch considered important ones — have prefaces or introductions from his own hand which are really essays on books, that his peculiar individuality of style make as interesting as they are valuable. These catalogues are frequently, perhaps generally, confined to books on one or a few kindred subjects, and I know of none which do not include many items of great importance. One before me, dated 1890, is entitled A Catalogue of Mediæval Literature, especially of the Romances of Chivalry and Books relating to the Customs, Costumes, Art, and Pageantry of the Middle Ages. There are 461 titles, most of the books being rare, and many manuscripts of great value, the most precious one, priced at £850, being the illuminated manuscript of the Roman de la Rose of the fifteenth century. The introduction is a compendious and most interesting history of the literature of chivalry, and it is doubtful if there exists anything on the subject in which so much information is packed in a dozen pages. Another is A Catalogue of Bibles, Liturgies, Church History, and Theology. Of the 1000 titles (*circa*) 441 are Bibles, the two most valuable priced at £500 and £420 respectively. Then come collections of missal books, hagiology, and church history, all not in manuscript being from early presses, and about 200 titles of books on "the Church in the British Isles," mostly of the seventeenth century and earlier. It is doubtful if this catalogue, as well as many others from the same source, could have been made outside of Mr. Quaritch's establishment, as neither the material nor the skill in arranging and describing them existed elsewhere.

In 1890 Mr. Quaritch sent to New York, in charge of his son, what he called in his catalogue "a peerless collection of books and manuscripts exhibited to the Bibliophiles of America," and on the reverse of the title-page was this legend: "Hos artium et litterarum flores speciosos rarissimosque Populo Americano sapientiae veterum haeredi capiti scientiae novorum legendos, eligendos, diligendos commendat. B. Q." The interesting "foreword" begins: "There is, I believe, neither exaggeration nor brag in the statement I venture to make, that so many book rarities as are described in the present list can nowhere in America be found united in a single assemblage. A similar assertion applied to European libraries other than public collections would be no less true."

I will not attempt to specify the treasures of press and binding in this rare lot of books and manuscripts, and fortunately a large proportion of the whole remains in this country.

The constant and unfailing supply of desiderata that Mr. Quaritch always had on hand was due to his prodigious knowledge of books, which led him to judge with almost unerring certainty what was best worth buying from any of the large collections coming to the auction block, and his courage in purchasing at the great sales and elsewhere the best that was offered. He was truly the autocrat of the auction room, and

nothing, apparently, stopped him when something came up that he wanted or fancied. As long ago as 1873 his purchases at the Perkins sale of books and manuscripts amounted to £11,000, which was a small sum as compared with the cost of many of his later acquisitions, those from the Ashburnham sale reaching nearly £40,000.

In a letter from Mr. Quaritch in 1896 he concludes some remarks on a notorious scene which had lately taken place in the House of Commons with these words: "Physical force is the 'ultima ratio' of government, and I am an advocate of it even in private life. In my fights — at sale rooms — I give and take no quarter." When the great Spencer library was sold, in 1892, to Mrs. Rylands, who gave it to the city of Manchester, Mr. Quaritch, who was authorized too late to treat for its purchase by a gentleman of New York, wrote, "My collection of books is more valuable and useful than the Spencer library, and may be had for £120,000. This is about one half paid for the Spencer library." He afterward told me that the collection he spoke of could be selected from his stock then on hand on the lines of the Spencer collection, and would be equal in most respects, and superior in a good many.

Mr. Quaritch never hesitated to express his opinion, favorable or unfavorable, on any subject; and when it came to a question of the genuineness of some rare manuscript or early printed book, he was likely to give his views in strong language. The famous Columbus letter was a case in point. A letter purporting to be such was owned by a New York collector, and sold at his sale, I think in 1891. Of this letter Mr. Quaritch says: "The owner deliberately bought in preference a forgery, when he could have had from Maisonneuve in Paris the genuine first Spanish Columbus letter. I hear the —— letter fetched $4300. Surely no sane person would have bought it." Mr. Quaritch bought the Maisonneuve letter, which he afterward sold to the Lenox Library in New York. He wrote of it in 1892: "So long as my Spanish Columbus letter remains in my hands, the Chicago show is imperfect."

In the remarkable catalogue issued in February, 1895, entitled Bibliotheca Hispana, containing about 2400 titles of books in Castilian, Catalan, and Portuguese, Mr. Quaritch has a preface from which I quote the following: "I am desirous of becoming recognized as their London agent by all men outside of England who want books. The need of such an agent is frequently felt abroad by the heads of literary institutions, libraries, and book lovers generally. They shrink from giving trouble to a bookseller in matters which require more attention and effort than the mere furnishing of some specific article in his stock, and they must often wish it were possible to have the services of a man of experience and ability at their constant command. Such services I freely offer to any one who chooses to employ them. No fee is required to obtain them, and not a fraction is added to the cost of the supplies. . . . I ask for nothing but the pleasure of attending to the wants of those who are as yet without an agent in London. Whether the books to be procured through my intervention be rare or common, single items or groups, the gems of literature and art or the popular books of the day, I shall be happy to work in every way for book lovers of every degree."

This was the proclamation of a man who loved books and all who loved books, and many in this country can bear witness to the fervor and industry with which he carried out his offer in letter and spirit. His great wisdom and the accumulations of over half a century of book lore were at the service of anybody, high or low, who would take the trouble to ask of him. Outside of his kindliness and generosity, so universally extended, as a matter of business he was content

with fair profits on his bargains, and one could always feel, in buying high-priced books from Mr. Quaritch, that no defect would be unmentioned by the seller, and that the buyer was not paying more than the value of the article.

Mr. Quaritch was incomparably the best informed, most munificent, and most liberal bookseller of this or any age, and it is very doubtful if the man lives who has the combination of knowledge, industry, enthusiasm, and high principles necessary to fill his place. In the Letter to General Starring before mentioned, he says: "My conduct ever since I was a man has been such as to win the respect and confidence of most people. Though I am what is called in England only a tradesman, the standard of my honor is as high as that of the best in the land. The character of the Chevalier Bayard — *sans peur et sans reproche* — has been my ideal through life." This and other quotations I have made from what Mr. Quaritch has written might be taken to indicate an egotism that is sometimes, if not often, the mark of boastfulness rather than performance; but this conclusion would be far from correct in Mr. Quaritch's case. He was a man of absolute truthfulness, and his knowledge of books and of his own strong, masterful character was so profound and accurate that what would be extravagance of statement in ordinary men was generally within the facts when said by him.

The principal if not the only recreation of the latter years of Mr. Quaritch's laborious life came from his connection with the famous club known as The Sette of Odd Volumes. This association was the outgrowth of frequent meetings of Mr. Quaritch and a few friends which lasted for several years, and in 1878 they resolved themselves into a permanent club called "Odd Volumes, — united once a month to form a perfect Sette," the odd volumes being the different members. While the object of the club was stated, in the rules formulated by Mr. Quaritch, to be "conviviality and mutual admiration," the real idea was to make it an intellectual aristocracy, to which only representative men of their various vocations should be eligible. Mr. Quaritch was thrice made president, in 1878, 1879, and 1882, and his addresses on these and on other occasions before the Sette are most interesting, being full of learning, information, and humor. These are preserved in the Year Books of the "Sette," which also has had "issued" to it about seventy privately printed "opuscula" and "miscellanies." Of these Mr. Quaritch contributed A Short Sketch on Liturgical History and Literature, and an Account of the Great Learned Societies and Associations and of the Chief Printing Clubs of Great Britain and Ireland; also, not included in the opuscula, Palæography, Notes upon the History of Writing and the Mediæval Art of Illumination. This beautiful and important work, with its magnificent illustrations, was extended from a lecture delivered before the Sette of Odd Volumes by Mr. Quaritch, who privately printed 199 copies for his personal friends. The monthly dinners of the club, held of late years at Limmers Hotel, to which a member has apparently the privilege of inviting any number of guests, will always be considered, by those fortunate enough to have attended, as the most interesting gatherings in London; and there amongst his old friends, all distinguished in some way in letters, science, or arts, Mr. Quaritch appeared at his best. The Sette of Odd Volumes shared with his books his choicest affections, and it will mourn, with the happily fast increasing body of book lovers, the loss of that wise and wonderful man who, on the foundation of integrity, ability, and untiring industry, built up a name and fame which shall last as long as the flowers of literature are admired and cherished.

Dean Sage.

POEMS ON POETRY.

POET AND POTENTATE.

A POET at my portal? Ho!
Summon our household, knight and knave.
Let trumpets from the towers blow,
Strew rushes, make the chamber brave.

What say you, hath he garb of green
Silken and ample, folding down
Straightway from off a lordly mien;
Are laurels woven for his crown?

Are gems set deep upon the hand
That idles with the strings divine,
Do straining leopards lead his band,
Are bearers bent with skins of wine?

Go forth and greet him! Ho, my staff,
Mine ermines. Bid my queen attend!
A Poet? We shall love and laugh
And lift the cup till lamplight end.

Spread napery, trim the banquet wicks,
Make ready fruits and cates of price,
Let flow the vats, and straightway mix
A costly vintage rich with spice.

Lo, he has journeyed; make him ease
Of scented waters, linen sweet;
Forget no maiden ministries;
With unbound fillets dry his feet.

Music! Bring viols of tender tone,
Low-breathing horns, the silvery harp
No clamor, no bassoon to moan,
No hautboy shuddering high and sharp.

He enters, say you? Truth, but where
The Ethiops that should lift his train,
The rhythmic dancers ankle-bare,
The glow, the scent, the sapphic strain?

Alone, in simple tunic gray!
No harp, nor any leaf of green —
'T is but a whim, an antic play,
A masque to mock us of our spleen.

Bid him ascend beside us here.
Greeting, Sir Poet, joy and health.
But an you come to dwell a year
This realm were barren of its wealth.

Full many a moon we droop and die;
A very winter chills our wit;
Laughter we crave, the twinkling eye
And fond romance in passion writ.

God save us, thou hast come from far!
Ay, traveled many leagues, my Lord.
And much have seen? Ay, stream and star,
And mid-wood green and shadowed sward.

Then sit and tell us — eye and hand
And voice a triple music. — Yea,
My steps have measured many a land
Where beauty waits beside the way.

But what of dogging ballads sung,
And roses reddening every road,
And wreaths from castle casements flung,
And ribboned towns that flocked abroad?

Nay, these I knew not, save you, Sire;
I kept the byways sweet and still,
My feet were friendly with the mire,
My house is but a roofless hill.

My dance is when the tiptoe sun
Makes merry through an oaken wood,
My roses round the thatches run,
The brier berries are my food;

For music, just the nightingale —
Nay, 't is a jest. Ho, summon up
His people. Ere we hear the tale
Let 's eat and empty out the cup!

Nay, Sire, my people are but such
As fluted once on sylvan reeds:
Seers who felt the finger-touch
Of Pan and played of mythic deeds;

Or such as walk the moving air
With rumor of the might of old,
Of wisdom that was once despair,
Of love a thousand lutes foretold.

Marry, his wit is passing rare —
A merry fellow! — Nay, the quip
Hath lost its savor. Sire, I fare
Alone, what faithfuller fellowship?

For Nature loves no go-between
To listen at her cloister-latch;
Alone I trode the listening green
And slept below the forest thatch.

Alone I won the silences,
The summits of the sovereign mind,
And backward, like ascending seas
I saw the moving millions blind —

Save you, Sir Bard, 't is song we crave,
No sermon. Ere the banquet chill
Get down and dine, defy the grave
Pour wine within, the flagon fill!

Ho, draw the silks, the tapers touch;
Poet, behold, the lackeys bow —
Nay, Sire, I tarry overmuch,
A simple crust were sweeter now.

Harrison S. Morris.

WHEN, MUSE?

When, Muse, when shall the wondrous time revive,
That sees the withered sward of Hippocrene
With recreating dew of song grow green,
And the dry thorns Pierian blush alive, —
Break forth in bloom that draws the murmuring hive?
When, when shall youthful acolytes be seen
Urging some poet-peer of silvery mien
To sing for them — enchained in sportive gyve?

For now, with pipes untuned are we content,
With soulless themes diurnal that discard
The long-descended priesthood of the bard;
So rarely now, a trembling ear is lent
Unto the sires of song, whose brows are starred,
Whose alien music dieth heavenward.

Edith M. Thomas.

APOLLO'S SONG.

Not on the earth he stood, but lifted up
High on a changeful cloud, now tinct with dawn,
Now gray as starless night on dreaming snows,
And if the cloud turned, or the god alone
Turned in his song, I know not; but methought
All the world-throng beheld him face to face.

Low breathed the deep beginning. None might say
Where Silence dipped her coasts in Song's sweet seas,
Nor when we launched thereon; at once afloat
We found us, and to float on that strange tide
Was ecstasy. Nay, if Elysium lay
Beyond such seas, the great souls thither bound
Would loiter like schoolboys along the way.
All senses now were swallowed up in one,
All thought, all feeling, aye, the Soul itself
Sat in the ear; as when some city's throng
Stall, hall, and home, and market-place forsake
And crowd the minster gates to crown their king,
Crowned in their hearts already. If the spell
Lay on us for an hour, or hour of years,
None knew; but all too soon the tuneful flood
Caressed us homeward, and our spirits touched
Once more the gray coasts of Reality.

Thus the god sang and ceased — or would have ceased,
But for a passionate cry, born of a heart
Insatiate.
"Lo, thy songs" (so rang the cry),
"Be all of heaven. Sing us, O God, the songs
Of Men!"
An instant then Apollo paused,
Laid down his lyre, his lissome fingers clasped
Behind him, and, a simple-hearted youth
Supreme in beauty, lifted up his voice
Again.
He sang of Youth and June; green fields
And dancing feet and velvet orchard floors
Pink with perfumèd snows; of bees and birds
And the shy tinkle of too happy brooks
Wimpling among the roses. Then young Love
Moved through the music, and with him first came
The troubled note that, like the sombre lines
In imaged light, runs through all mortal joy.
Not this the sounding chant Olympus knew,
Nor a god singing; earthly bliss and grief

Mixed in these chords, an aching bliss, a grief
Dearer than half our joys. All human life
Flowed through the melody, and evermore
Echoing sighs; until at last the god,
Leaving the palpable, in haunting strains
Too keen, too thrilling sweet for homesick hearts
To exile doomed, 'gan breathe of voiceless hopes
And deep unutterable dreams that are
The soul's blind fumbling at the breast of Fate
Here in Time's darkness. Then with sound of tears,
Like the night rain in desolate autumn woods,
A broken cry went up, "Forbear, O God,
Forbear, lest thou shouldst slay us with thy song!"

William Hervey Woods.

THE NORTHERN MUSE.

The Northern Muse looked up
Into the ancient tree,
Where hang the seven apples
And twine the roses three.

I heard, like the eternal
Susurrus of the sea,
Her "*Scire quod sciendum*
Da mihi, Domine!"

Bliss Carman.

THE POET'S LAY.

He that has sipped from the honey-cell,
O listen him, and wish him well!
His are the thoughts that live with roses,
With cloud-shapes where the sun-gate closes;
The glintings through green summer leaves
Are in the measures that he weaves;
There all the secrets murmured, purled
By brooks, or in the rosebud curled,
Or in the winds o' the nesting-tree,
Not sleep can keep from melody.
Light fancy has he, frail and fair,
Like the orchid, rooted in the air;
And yet so searching is his art,
Gray Earth grows happy at her heart,
And wonders he, the while he sings,
At strangest bright, eternal things.
The accent is not all his own,
Betimes the god sings on alone.

John Vance Cheney.

TO SONG.

Now, who shall sing thine august, old desire?
For fury of the song,
And not for any hire?
What leagues of south, what vast of yearning north,
Unto the empty throng,
Like to a storm in spring shall drive him forth?

Dawn is his cup; his vintage is the night;
He seeks of sky and clod;
He houses with the height;
With Laughter wise, and yet hot with all Tears,
His word leaps up to God,
The searching, broken song of all the years.

The song of Sorrow gathering her sheaves;
The song of them that sow
Under the village eaves;
Of lovers musing in a land afar;
The song of great and low,
The rose, the worm, the tempest, and the star.

The song of Singers marching in their might
To viol and to horn,
Up to the gates of light;
Sooth as with honey, sharp as though with spears;
Men hail the rousing morn;
Archangels listen, bending low for tears.

He mixes with the folk upon the quay;
Churl is he and the sage;
He knows the desert's way;
Want is his kin, and Doubt his foe to fight;
Stark hunger all his wage;
The stars lean down and scoff him in the night.

Now drive him forth like to a storm in spring;
This is the hour of song,
And we would hear him sing;
For some shall heed, and hold it unforgot,
And, by that memory strong,
Grasp at the wheeling suns and perish not.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

One deathless song though singing it be death!
O God, one song in the full-throated prime,
One song — delicious cadences, soft rhyme,
To mingle in men's souls as breath in breath,
There linger as the sea voice lingereth
Forever in the sounding shell; to chime
With saddened thoughts and merry in their time,
Music immortal, beauty's shibboleth,
Breeding sweet thought, begetting sweeter deed,
Stirring fine souls to finer enterprise
In every land and unto every age —
Who would not barter life for such a meed,
Content to live in heavenly harmonies
Spirit of an imperishable page?

Eustace Cullinan.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Plea for Satire.

It would be entirely wrong, in this soft spoken age, to advocate a thing so disquieting as the revival of satire, were the writer inspired by any but the loftiest motives. Sure of my position, however, I undertake the task with due humility and gentleness. Of course the kind of satire I have in mind is not that old-fashioned, undiscriminating product of biliousness and ferocity that justified the text, "The tongue is a little member . . . and it is set on fire of hell." My plea is solely for a well-bred and decorous truculence that shall delight while it destroys.

We have plenty of entertainers, but no satirists. This dearth, however, is not due to any lack of properly equipped writers, but to the shrewdness of our great publishers. They realize how dangerous to their prosperity it would be to have an old-fashioned mocker at large, a Lone Wolf or Outlier, who would kill or spare as pleased him without regard to the wishes of the Pack. The blessings of free education are such that the army of readers has increased beyond computation during the past century, and the publishing industry has profited accordingly. It is also fortunate that those who appreciate the quality of what they read have either become extinct, or grown too slothfully gentle to tell the truth. Time was when the satirist could neither be silenced nor forced to moderate his strictures by either the prison or the pillory. It also availed nothing to put him to death, for his gibes were immortal; but see how much better we manage things to-day! As soon as a writer shows evidence of satiric power he is taken up and pampered so that he may be gentle. He is kept tame by some shrewd publisher who knows that people like to laugh when the laugh is not on themselves. So the sleek satirist devotes himself to putting up men of straw and battering them, though there is abundant material for his most caustic attention.

At the present time the world is full of people who know the wrong side of every question so accurately that there is no arguing with them, and satire is in reality the last resource of logic. To my thinking the work of the logician is only half finished when he has proved that his position is the right one. He should also prove that every other position is wrong, and with irresistible laughter convince his opponents that they must give up their folly. That it is not going too far to do this may be shown to some extent by consulting the writings of Euclid, the coldest of reasoners, whose excellent works have been recommended gravely as a manual of good manners. Although his arguments are notably free from personalities, he does not hesitate to end some of his subtlest disquisitions with the remark, "Which is absurd." Now if logical reasoning shows that everything except the truth or fact in question is absurd, to make the absurdity universally evident is simply to make complete the work of logic. Many a curious error has been perpetuated in the face of much fine reasoning simply because our teachers are too tender of the fat-witted to make their reasoning vital with satire.

It only remains to show what satire is, and how to produce it. As all the world knows, satire is something that provokes laughter at the expense of some person or object. Its usual expression is in the form of a spoken or written jest; for the practical form of satire that makes a man ridiculous by pulling the chair from under him when he is about to sit down is generally recognized as belonging to a more primitive stage of development than the one we now enjoy. Of course the principle underlying both forms of satire is the same, a deviation from some law, either man made or eternal, and a sudden exposure of the deviation. Analyze any joke you will from the good old one about a door not being a door when it is ajar, to the one that caused inextinguishable laughter among the gods, and you will find that this rule holds true. It will readily be seen that the only equipment needed by the would be satirist is a complete knowledge of all truth, both man made and eternal, and the ability to recognize them and all deviations from them at a glance. He who has that equipment can be satirical whenever he wishes.

It may be asked why I do not make a bid for satiric laurels myself by applying the laws I have discovered, but my reply is simple. I am no better than my fellow men, and I am a lover of peace and ease. Far be it from me to get into trouble by putting bent pins on the seat of the mighty. Rather would I point out the goal to those who are filled with a sense of duty, and cheer on the great but bilious thinkers who consider it their part to look after the world when God is neglectful.

But as the outbreak of satire will probably take a literary form, I wish with all possible earnestness to warn would be satirists that they must not under any circumstances level their shafts at literature. The ideal literary conditions now exist, and they must not be mocked at or made merry with. Until the present age the lot of literary men was always pathetic. Even the most consummate geniuses could not get their work recognized, but now matters have progressed so favorably that men of no ability at all have their writings clamored for. In other days poets, dramatists, and philosophers starved while bringing forth their great works, but it is different now. Literature has gained commercial importance, and is no longer a diversion of the learned. The manufacturing of books is a trade that shows a reasonable profit, and in order that books may be printed and published books must be written. If books were not written constantly, many presses would stand idle, and scores of union printers would be thrown out of work.

The stoppage of the presses would lessen the demand for white paper, and that branch of trade would suffer. The pulp mills of Maine would be obliged to shut down part of the time, and there would be suffering in more directions than any one not gifted with imagination can predict. Therefore nothing must be done to discourage the great industry of authorship. Writers must be coddled and puffed so that they will continue to turn out work that will keep union laboring men employed. Many now do this, and are syndicated into immortality by their grateful employers.

For the benefit of men who have not yet taken to authorship it may be kind to explain that the best way to begin at the trade is to write a novel. If the trained advertisers make a man's novel succeed his future is made. He can go on writing novels until his invention flags, and then he can write magazine articles telling how each one of them was written. Then he can take to writing reminiscences, and after that anecdotes about his early contemporaries. Besides, he can at any stage of his career deliver profitable lectures, and give readings from his own works. It is seldom that a man once started fails in literature now that it has become a department of commerce. Every important publishing house has its own literary review in which its own books are exploited. Corps of stall-fed critics low gently over their mangers, and write "Appreciations." Shades of Jeffries and Brougham and Macaulay and every one else that ever was scornful! Appreciations! How dignified and cloying is the word. The reviewer wades through the book that has been submitted to him, and instead of pillorying its faults he carefully collates and applauds the things that please him. He feeds the author most delicious poison that kills his soul but increases his productivity, and in that way the presses are kept going, and the union workmen employed and happy.

A Little Guide to French Manners.

I THINK one of the earliest lessons I ever learned was that the French are the most polite of nations. Unless I am much mistaken this was an assertion in some of our schoolbooks half a century ago. "French manners" certainly still expresses to me, as it always has, a suave ceremoniousness never looked for in my own countrymen. We all, I think, recognize instinctively the vastness of the difference between French manners and American manners. Probably with the great majority of us our initial impression upon hearing the former mentioned is of a profoundly bowing monsieur with chapeau describing a curve that no mere mister on earth ever attempts. Also it seems to me that a large proportion of the Frenchmen introduced to us in picture books are bowing supremely, while portraiture at the salon oftenest represents monsieur hat in hand ready for the magnificent *coup de chapeau* so distinctive of his race and country.

I have just been studying a Petit Guide de Savoir Vivre, published in Paris in 1898, to find that I have not been mistaken during all these fifty odd years. In spite of the democratic leveling of classes and the ill mannerliness of the republic of which its enemies say so much, the importance of the salutation or bow is as much insisted upon as ever I supposed it was. Moreover, it really is even more a matter of subtle endeavor, of superfine accomplishment and sublime display, than I had thought it to be. I had ignorantly imagined it an instinctive and spontaneous manifestation, whereas it is the result of such study as commands one's wonder, if not one's awe. According to the Petit Guide, when monsieur meets a lady he must not only "raise his hat above his head with arms half extended without stiffness, awkwardness, or affectation," but he must even have his calculating wits about him to "make the gesture more or less deliberate according to the qual-

ity of the lady." I wonder what happens when Madame Moyenne counts the seconds of the chapeau's elevation and of its periphery, to find them to lack some seconds of the *coup* just bestowed upon Madame Mieux. May I not guess that, as great oaks from little acorns grow, much of the bubble and squeak of ever-seething Paris may be traced to feminine jealousies and the coups of French chapeaux?

Yet with even this nicety of monsieur's calculation as to the lady's "quality" he has a much easier part to play than madame herself, be she Moyenne or Mieux. Listen to the Petit Guide. "For the lady it is not so simple. It is impossible to describe the thousand delicate shades of grace and dignity which form the value of a lady's salutation. It must, however, always combine a sentiment of reserve mingled with one of allurement."

I read on with hope that the Little Guide may make the next ceremony, that which it names the "shake-hand," more comprehensible to one, who, born outside the pale of French manners, has so little capacity for a combination of a thousand shades of grace and dignity with one of reserve and allurement. Alas! Says the Petit Guide: "At present the fashion of the shake-hand is the subject of much study, particularly for ladies. This ceremony comprises three movements although executed in one time: (1.) Separate the right elbow entirely from the body. (2.) Bend the forearm sufficiently to raise the hand to the level of the elbow. (3.) At the moment that the hands touch, slightly elevate the right shoulder, accompanying the movement by a delicate undulation of the body, — the least hint of a shadow of a suspicion of a reverence." This "reverence," so delicately suggested, is a work of art in itself. It also has three movements in one time: "(1.) Put the left foot a step behind the right, bending the knee and slightly stooping. (2.) Draw the right foot in line with the other, and slightly incline the body. (3.) Straighten one's self gracefully from the backward position."

The pretty woman whose *poignée de main* includes this subtle allusion to the courtly grace of courtly centuries has thus six movements to practice in one time (or shake-hand). We New England children, fifty or sixty years ago taught our already somewhat old-fashioned little manners, would have been made miserable indeed had those familiar three movements been complicated into six. In this country no freeborn American has ever been compelled to combine the hand-shake and the curtsy. These six movements (shake-hand and curtsy), says the Petit Guide, "when executed by a pretty woman and crowned by a smiling expression, have the value of a delicious poem." Surely. What else than the value of a poem, a poem of the profoundest, most inscrutable, most incomprehensible kind, could even hint at a shadow of a suspicion of a reverence during a French shake-hand, without an expression of agony or of idiocy?

It seems a sad pity that monsieur who shares this poetic ceremony cannot give his poetic soul to the enjoyment of its deliciousness. *Mais non.* "Monsieur must execute the first two movements in unison with madame. Then he must take her extended hand and press it, raising it a little above the level of the elbow, the finger nails beneath, not forgetting to bend the knees with an expression of deferential timidity."

Other directions are for the dinner table. Both madame and monsieur must hold themselves a little distant from the table "to avoid stains." "The shoulders must fall naturally, the elbows somewhat detached from the body and held high rather than low." Monsieur must not thrust his napkin under his *faux-col* or knot it round his neck, although no such prohibition extends to

madame who is only forbidden to put her gloves in her glass. Both must eat slowly, "harmoniously," and neither must cut his bread, "for only Germans use a knife for this purpose." With shoulders and elbows in position, napkin and gloves properly placed, the guest harmoniously eating, it is permissible in conversation with the mistress of the house *not* to inquire for the health of her husband "whom often the guest does not know." Somehow that last rule seems not altogether new to us. We all remember Madame Geoffrin's guest who asked what had become of the silent old gentleman who formerly sat at the end of the table. "He was my husband," answered the hostess. "He is dead."

Some years ago I returned to my native country from a long residence abroad. I went directly from my steamer to the rougher part of a middle state. The total absence of bows and "salutations," of deferential timidity and alluring reserve, even of smiling expressions, made me acutely realize our utter lack of manners. Indeed, the change from European politeness almost frightened me. At one station where I was to alight I hesitated before struggling with my large satchel, preferring to wait the exit of rather unkempt fellow passengers. Suddenly, without a bow, a smile, a "by your leave" or "pardon," a clumsy hand reached over my shoulder, grabbed my impedimenta, and the owner strode widely on before me. Breathless, anxious, I rushed after the possible thief till I saw him enter the waiting room, pile all my traps in one seat, then with the terse remark, "There you be, mum," disappear from view. As I sat down to recover I remembered that in a fifteen years' residence in France not once had I ever been helped with a parcel or satchel, though I had received there some of the most magnificent coups possible to the French chapeau.

Americans and Climate.

Disraeli said cleverly, that only two things were worth living for, — "climate, and the pursuit of the affections."

When shall we Americans learn that most of us live in a climate so different from that of England that it is little short of ridiculous to carry on our business and our pleasure at English times and seasons? Our fashions were set by the early colonists, and they have persisted, with very few modifications, up to the present time. Most Americans rise, summer and winter, about seven o'clock in the morning, breakfast at eight, hurry to business at nine, eat a hearty luncheon in the middle of the day, slave at their work for the rest of the daylight hours, and dine or sup late.

This is a programme suited to the damp and non-stimulating climate of England, or to a country like Holland, but it is preposterous to carry it out to the letter in Boston, in New York, in Washington, in Chicago, in Galveston, in San Francisco, as we do. In the first place our country has so great a variety of climates that no one programme is suited to its whole extent; and in the second place the English programme is not suited to any single region of our continent. The geographies tell us that we are living in the temperate zone, or, as Ptolemy would have said, "in the fifth climate," — but it only takes a little intelligence to see that our winters are almost arctic, our summers nearly tropical. We ought to take Stockholm and Sicily as our exemplars, rather than London. Our average summer is not very unlike that of Spain; and Spanish customs, once introduced, would make American life a new thing.

To be definite, let us think of a season spent in Washington by some one in the government service. In the winter season the English hours just named serve very well, but how about the long summer from early May to late September? In June the sun rises about half

past four, and the mornings are simply delightful until eight or nine o'clock, and not very oppressive till ten or even eleven. At noon the heat is intense, at three o'clock it is terrific, at five there is a relief, and for the rest of the day life can go on without too much discomfort. It would be intelligent to breakfast on coffee, bread, and fruit at sunrise, work at the office from half past five to half past ten (five hours), to return home for a *siesta* and for a lounge in very light clothing till five, and to finish the day by three hours' more work.

How differently our government official divides his time, following, as he does, the traditions of England. He is at his desk at nine, having made no use of the enchanting hours of the early day. He slaves at his work steadily, as steadily as he can, until five, and goes home utterly worn out, having wasted his strength and spirits uselessly. The summer temperatures in Wall Street and in a Spanish city are about the same. Wall Street at two o'clock in the afternoon is crowded with people fighting for money and for a breath of air. The Spanish city at that hour is as quiet as the grave. The shops are closed, a few beggars are asleep in the shadiest places of the plaza, and the rest of the world is resting in the cool interiors of houses built with massive walls. As a matter of fact there are more things accomplished in Wall Street than in all Spain; but it is not because the men of New York make the best use of their time and energy. Their business is done in spite of the temperature. More business could be done, and it could be done better, if the climate were taken into account.

It is noteworthy that Americans in foreign countries quickly learn to adapt themselves to the customs of the country. It is just possible that Cuba, Puerto-Rico, and the Philippines may teach a lesson to our whole country in this respect. If we learn it we shall obtain an increase of material comfort which would be cheaply bought at the whole cost of the Spanish-American war.

A Parable of Shipwreck.

In two different senses I live on the seashore, with such advantages as appertain to one whose dwelling overlooks the "road of the bold." Night and day, the sound of rhythmic waters never wholly dies away, however oblivious the land breeze blows, however serene the heavens above. Constantly comes the murmur of the sea, — like a Greek chorus to all other vocalities in nature. I do not myself adventure upon the sea, but it memorializes me, with its never silent voice, of those going down, thereto, in ships. In like manner, though I live sufficiently remote from the stirring activities of the world (which is as the sea to the shore of a quiet life), there, nevertheless, from time to time, come thrilling monitions from that outer ocean where triumph, hope, defeat, and despair, meet in counter currents, and where both sturdy and fragile craft drive onward before their fates. Listening attentively to the voices of wind and wave from off the great deep of human action and motive, I sometimes gather vague rumors of seagoing disaster, as in the following Parable of Shipwreck: —

There were shipmasters three, whom tempest drove;
They needs must lighten freight and treasure-trove:
So, each the Ocean's deity appeased,
Who from impending doom the vessel seized.

Of these shipmasters three, whate'er one gave,
As *flotsam*, lightly fled upon the wave;
And, blent with sea foam, it was tossed ashore,
To be some wrecked or exiled mortal's store.

Of these shipmasters three, the second cast
Such heavy treasure forth, it straightway passed,
As *jetsam*, down a rift in Ocean's floor, —
Forgotten and unsought forevermore!

The third shipmaster to his treasure tied
A weight beneath; above, a floating guide:
As *ligan*, safe his call it shall await —
Or if he early come, or tarry late!

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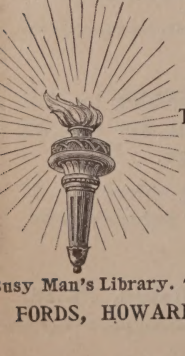

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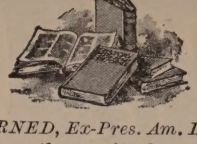

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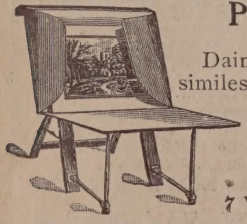

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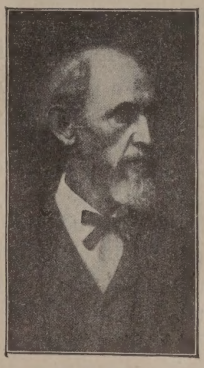
It is the aim of the Atlantic Monthly to present each month as varied a table of contents as possible. Arrangements have been made to print contributions of greater variety and more permanent interest during 1900 than ever before. A few of the more important features for the coming year follow.

¶

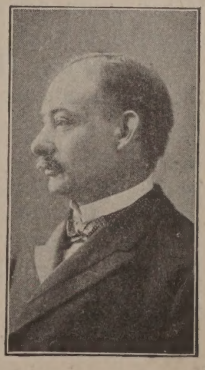
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. J. STILLMAN.



W. J. STILLMAN

Mr. Stillman's life has been crowded full of striking experiences, and he has known many of the men worth knowing in his time. Mr. Stillman devoted himself at first to painting, and made acquaintance with such men as Ruskin, Rossetti, and Turner, as well as Millet, and other French artists. At twenty-four he joined the Hungarian revolutionists, and went on a dangerous mission for Kossuth. He was United States Consul at Rome during the Civil War, and afterward took part in the Cretan insurrection. For more than twenty years he was the correspondent of the *London Times* at Rome. The first installment of his reminiscences, describing the peculiar environment of a New England boyhood, will appear in January.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH. BY WALTER H. PAGE.



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I. The White Man and the Negro.

A social study, explaining the relations of the races to each other, as modified in a generation of freedom.

II. The Race Problem and Education.

A study of the methods of elevating the negro and the neglected white man in the South.

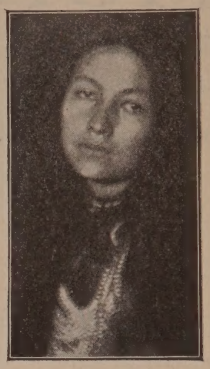
III. Politics in the South.

The practical disfranchisement of the negro and the gentler methods of perpetuating it; the creed of white rule and the probable future of the negro in politics.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1900

Mr. Page recently made a journey though most of the Southern States in the service of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In these three papers he has set down his conclusions, illustrated by many fresh experiences and observations.

ZITKALA–ŠA (RED BIRD)



ZITKALA-ŠA

Zitkala-Ša, a young Indian girl of the Yankton Sioux Tribe of Dakota Indians, who received her education in the East, has written

THE MEMORIES OF AN INDIAN CHILDHOOD

. These unique and genuine records of the mind of an Indian child are told precisely in her own words. A second paper,

THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN INDIAN GIRL,

will describe her experiences as a pupil in the Government schools; while a third,

AN INDIAN TEACHER AMONG INDIANS,

throws a good deal of light upon the vexed problem of Indian education.

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

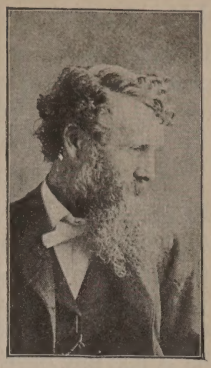
Mr. Hartt's lively and graceful articles on different sections and States of the country will include his impressions of Michigan and of Utah. Mr. Hartt has made a happy mingling of praise and blame, satire and sympathy, in these articles, and his keen observation gives a fresh color to familiar localities.

C. M. Harvey, associate editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, will contribute a paper on some of the social, political, and industrial conditions of the State of Missouri. T. J. J. See will write on the ASTRONOMY OF THE SOUTHERN SKIES. AN ARCHER IN THE KANKAKEE is one of Morris Thompson's delightful papers on Archery, to appear in an early number. W. S. Harwood, of the *Minneapolis Journal*, will contribute COOPERATION IN THE EAST AND WEST, with reference to recent English developments of the co-operative system.

W. Hastings Hughes will write of his brother, THOMAS HUGHES, the famous author of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Professor W. M. Daniels, of Princeton University, whose clever Letters to Dead Economists have attracted most favorable comment, will contribute to an early number AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN STUART MILL. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, will write an article on THE EQUIPMENT AND NEEDS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer will write a descriptive article on NIAGARA.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1900

MR. JOHN MUIR will contribute to early issues a group of four articles upon Camping in the Yosemite; The Trees, Shrubs, and Gardens of the Yosemite; Lakes, Streams, and Cañons of the Yosemite, and The Sequoia National Park.



JOHN MUIR

Fiction

One of the most important features of the *Atlantic* for 1900 will be the publication of a large number of short stories of the first quality. Conspicuous among these will be MAUD-EVELYN, by Henry James. The perfection of Mr. James's art and the delicacy of his psychological analysis have rarely been exhibited to better advantage than in this story, whose motive is a singularly fascinating phase of Spiritualism.

MRS. WIGGIN

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN has written two more Penelope stories, which will appear under the titles TUPPENNY TRAVELS IN LONDON and THE DEBUT OF PATRICIA.

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THE MACHINE OF MOSES	I. K. Friedman
IN THE ABSENCE OE MRS. HALLORAN	Norman Duncan
MOTHER	Elizabeth Knapp
PENNY WISE	Virginia Frazer Boyle

SARAH ORNE JEWETT whose work needs no praise to readers of the *Atlantic*, will contribute during 1900 some short stories of New England life.

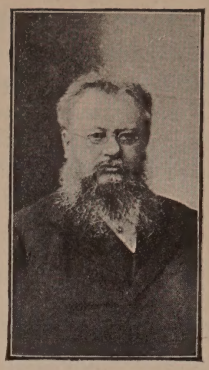
Poetry will occupy an important place in the pages of the *Atlantic* during the coming year, and the following authors will be represented: Alice Brown, William Vaughan Moody, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Clinton Scollard, Lizette W. Reese, J. Russell Taylor, Josephine Preston Peabody, John Vance Cheney, Anna Hempstead Branch, Madison Cawein, and several new writers of marked distinction and power.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB will appear regularly henceforward, and will continue to present to the readers of the *Atlantic* a variety of brief and clever "essays in little" upon topics that appeal to all cultivated people.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1900

JOHN FISKE

During 1900 the *Atlantic* will present several papers from Mr. Fiske, among which will be one upon THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE IN THE FIFTIES and another upon THE LIFE AND WORK OF HUXLEY



JOHN FISKE

FOREIGN LETTERS

One of the distinctive features of the *Atlantic* for 1900 will be the appearance at regular intervals of Letters from England, France, and Germany. The first letter in the series will be A REVIEW OF ENGLAND in 1899, by A. Brimley Johnson in the January *Atlantic*. RECENT SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CHANGES IN GERMANY will be commented upon in March by W. C. Dreher; and Alvan F. Sanborn will write in the early summer a letter entitled FRANCE BEFORE THE EXPOSITION.

The following list of special titles illustrates the variety of topics which will be treated in the pages of the *Atlantic* during 1900 by the foremost writers: —

DEMOCRACY AND EFFICIENCY
By Woodrow Wilson

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By W. DeW. Hyde

PROBLEMS OF INSURANCE
By James W. Alexander,
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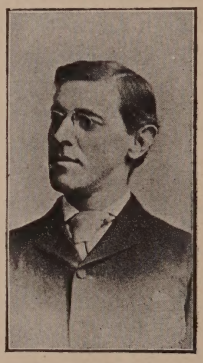
THE DRIFT TOWARD MUNICIPAL CONTROL
By Albert Shaw

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE CIVIL WAR
By Charles Francis Adams



WOODROW WILSON

POLITICAL AGITATION. By John J. Chapman
THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA By A. Maurice Low
AMERICAN DIPLOMACY By David Jayne Hill
Assistant Secretary of State
BRIDGING THE GAP FROM SCHOOL TO COLLEGE By L. B. R. Briggs

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The Portland *Press* finds "all eleven stories wonderfully clever bits of impressionism and full of human interest." The Philadelphia *Press* pronounces them "dramatic in conception and forcefully written, and a broad humanity enters into all the tales which move with dash and vigor."

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This book has been greeted with a heartiness much like that which welcomed Colonel Higginson's inimitable "Cheerful Yesterdays." *The Churchman* remarks: "If it is difficult to pick flaws in this fascinating volume, it is equally difficult to give, within the short compass of a review, clear proofs of its charm. Those who know Colonel Higginson's work in its various phases will indeed be sure that he could not fail to be entertaining when discussing such interesting characters as Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Helen Jackson ('H. H.'), Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Sumner, and Dr. Howe." The Boston *Beacon* speaks of the book as "a model of pure, fluent English."

Mr. Fiske's New Volumes of History.

There is a delightful unanimity in the thankful appreciation with which Mr. John Fiske's volumes on **The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America** are greeted. Mr. W. E. Chancellor, writing in the New York *School Journal*, says: "It is doubtful whether a man who is only a historian could write such a work as this, which is at once so broad, so sane, and so vivid. John Fiske was first known as the herald in America of the views of Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of the evolution movement. It was soon evident that here was a scientist who was both a keen observer of the facts of nature and a sage expounder of her ways. Next, our new light in the world of thought discoursed upon metaphysics and general philosophy. But all the while his historical studies were being faithfully pursued; and to-day we know John Fiske best as the author of eight historical works, which, taken together, constitute an admirable treatment of American history, chiefly from the year 1607 to the year 1789. This work has, perhaps, the greatest interest for American citizens."

The Springfield *Republican* observes that "his book is not merely an admirable piece of historical work, but fascinating to the general reader, and full of picturesque incident and enlightening obiter dicta. A word of praise should be spoken for the exceptionally attractive manner in which it is printed."

The Boston *Herald* remarks: "Our country, peculiarly fortunate in its historians, finds the most fascinating of all of them, in point of literary style, in John Fiske."

Two Important Autobiographies.

Very rarely do two volumes of autobiography appear simultaneously which are so important and so deeply interesting as the **Reminiscences** of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Prince Kropotkin's **Memoirs of a Revolutionist.** The dissimilarity of environment and experience could hardly be greater, yet one reads with almost equal interest the memories of the American woman of high social, scholarly, and philanthropic conditions and aims, — and the story of the high-born Russian revolutionist who has sacrificed nearly everything to promote the reforms on which he believes the well-being of men depends. Through both books a noble tone breathes; great and interesting figures move; historic events occur, — and one cannot read either of them without profound interest and soul-stirring admiration.

John Murray Forbes.

It is reassuring to observe anew by the reception given to Mr. Forbes's **Letters and Recollections** how strongly the world admires a powerful man who is also just,

wise, and unselfish. The Springfield *Republican* pronounces these two volumes "a fitting memorial of as true and zealous a patriot as Massachusetts ever produced, and a man who in the voluntary seclusion of private life showed qualities that would have honored any public station in the gift of state or nation."

The Spectator of London, in a review of the work, says:—

"Not a great man, as the world reckons greatness. But surely one who had more greatness in him than many who have earned the name of great.

"There remains only to be said that his daughter's biography of him deserves to be numbered among the best which this century has produced."

Square Pegs.

Speaking of Mrs. Whitney's new story, the Boston *Herald* says: "Mrs. Whitney has written a good many sensible books for girls just reaching out into the maturity of womanhood, and 'Square Pegs' is not the least significant of the lot. Human nature is very upsetting when too many varieties confront a thinking girl at once, and it is to show the latter how to estimate values correctly that the present volume is in part written. Mrs. Whitney takes a sensible view of life, and knows full well the value of an honest and open heart plus or minus riches, and her observations are extremely wise ones for all girls to ponder over and digest." The Minneapolis *Journal* calls this "one of Mrs. Whitney's delightful stories," and adds that "it is difficult to say whether Mrs. Whitney has ever given us a more charming girl character than Esther Charlock."

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's Latest Book.

Speaking of Mr. Harris's new Thimblefinger book, **Plantation Pageants**, *The Interior* of Chicago very felicitously remarks: "Of all delightful things, if here is n't Buster John again, and Sweetest Susan, and Drusilla, and Aaron, and Jemimy, Drusilla's mother, who was always going to do something dreadful the 'next time' Drusilla did anything; and here 's Aunt Minervy Ann who tells the delicious story of Brer Rabbit and the Goobers! These latest chapters from the pen of the dear wizard are a kind of commingling of all the best things he has ever done, from Uncle Remus to Mr. Thimblefinger and Aunt Minervy Ann, and there 's more charm 'to the square inch' of this book than to the square acre of many others — that 's all!"

Horace Bushnell.

Dr. Munger's book on Dr. Bushnell as a preacher and theologian is one of the most important of recent volumes in its department of literature. The Chicago *Evening Post* pronounces this an "invaluable study of the life and teachings of New England's great preacher and writer," adding: "Dr. Bushnell must be read to be appreciated. He was a great spirit working through a weak body for the freedom of the faith from the narrowness and littleness of bigotry and unscriptural orthodoxy. Dr. Munger's biography must be read to be appreciated. It breathes the fragrance of a life that was pure and sweet, chivalrous and true. This is a full indorsement of a book that well commands a place for itself in the library of every student. That all will not approve the conclusions of Dr. Bushnell does not detract from the merit and worth of his biography."

The Outlook says: "It is the inner life of Horace Bushnell which is of interest, and to write the biography of such a soul requires a spiritual interpreter. Such a spiritual interpreter is Dr. Munger;" and *The Independent* pronounces it "a freshly told and altogether stimulating story of a great man's life."

A Novel of the New West.

Mr. Francis Lynde has delved in the mining life of Colorado and found a very attractive novel.

The Boston *Herald* remarks: "Mr. Lynde is in very close touch with his story. He writes strongly and without affectation, describing a warmth of heart which is, perhaps, more characteristic of the West than of the East. And his story is a live one, that offers every opportunity for the development of heart and capacity — grand opportunities, not one of which he misses. Its love effects are well thrown in, but its aim, first and foremost, is to demonstrate by a perfectly natural sequence of events that the great heart of humanity is best understood by those who feel a sincere compassion for the weaknesses of others and a genuine love for all mankind. **The Helpers** is a novel of extraordinary interest, and it is unusually well put together. One feels the heart-beats of every character, and understands the forces within which are actuating him for better or for worse."

The Chicago *Chronicle* pronounces it "one of the very best novels of the year, written with a degree of literary finish and sterling excellence rarely found."

The End of an Era.

One of the frankest and most illuminating books yet written on Southern life and the Confederacy is that by Mr. John Sergeant Wise. The Hartford *Courant* pronounces it "one of the notable books of the year," adding: "It is a vivid record of experiences during a most eventful period; and both as personal narrative and as an historical sidelight it is a remarkable piece of work. It was with the lost cause that Mr. Wise's fortunes were allied when a youth, and in this volume of his recollections he adds a dramatic and excellently written account to the literature of the Confederacy. 'The End of an Era' will not be laid aside, when begun. The view that it gives of Southern life and feelings before and during the war does more than hold the attention, — it fascinates the reader."

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* remarks: "The era of which it treats will ever be a favorite one with writers, but I doubt if there be any writer who can describe it with greater accuracy, more sympathy, keener wit, and fuller knowledge than Mr. Wise. His volume is a distinct addition to the literature of the war and of life in the South."

The Springfield *Republican* says: "The whole book is vastly entertaining, and its pictures of Southern life will be indispensable to future historians. The reminiscences of the war, which he saw as a young man, are interesting, but still more valuable is the historical survey from a moderate Southern point of view, and the striking characterization of individuals and of social conditions."

Good for Gifts after the Holidays.

Good Holiday books ought to be worth having and enjoying after the Holidays are passed. Two of these are pointed out in *The Christian Advocate*, of New York, which

says: "A danger signal should be posted at the first page of these studies to warn off the man or woman who 'has no time,' for otherwise the book will steal many an hour (and at the same time refresh many a tired soul), by force of its undiminished fascination. We wish that just such books as these two ['Backlog Studies' and 'The Tent on the Beach'] might be the popular choice for Christmas gifts. Then would our public taste be elevated and purified, and the younger generation would read good English and imbibe wholesome sentiments."

Short, Bright, Interesting Plays.

Under the title of **The King's Jester and Other Short Plays for Small Stages**, Miss Caro Atherton Dugan has published a book that is just the thing for private theatricals and schools. The Chicago *Evening Post* says of it: "To write pretty little plays which shall be practicable is given to few, even among those who are really playwrights, but the difficulties of the situation are saved by Caro Atherton Dugan, who has really written a series of noteworthy dramas for parlor use, or use on the small stages, which are growing so common in spite of the lack of good plays to act on them. . . . Eleven plays, all bright, all humane, all sincere, and all interesting, mean such a revival in the art of play writing as seems almost revolutionary; but it has been achieved here without apparent effort."

A Jersey Boy in the Revolution.

Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson is very strong in his knowledge of Revolutionary history, especially that part which related to New Jersey. His "Boys of Old Monmouth" has proved of quite absorbing interest to a host of boys, who have gained a deal of history in a thoroughly delightful way. Of his new book the Boston *Herald* says: "While the narrative throws light upon a new period in the romantic history of the great rebellion, it has the exceptional interest of being true in detail, as well as founded on fact. Mr. Tomlinson's style is fresh and breezy, and whatever he has to say bristles with interest, and materially concerns the hero and his story." The *Advertiser* says: "The story is one of the best we have ever read, in which a great deal of historical fact is mingled with a little fiction. . . . The book is positively absorbing in its interest from beginning to end."

The Unknown Patriot.

This story of the "Secret Service" in Connecticut during the Revolution is a fine combination of history and romance. Rev. Frank Samuel Child has a genius for getting hold of historical documents, and also a happy talent for telling a story. The Bridgeport *Standard* says: "There can be no more romantic story told of any section of the thirteen colonies than that recorded in the pages of this book from the courtship and wedding of John Hancock with the fair Dorothy Q. of Boston, at the mansion of Thaddeus Burr in Fairfield, to the final visit of Washington to that place and his return of the letters of 'D. H.' to their owner, 'The Unknown Patriot.' Truth is stranger than fiction, and the romance of this story is nearly all absolute truth, and yet so strange and romantic as to seem almost incredible."

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